Woman in Sacred Song

EDITED BY

EVA MUNSON SMITH (MRS. G.C.S.)

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Please accept — this specimen of Christian Woman's work from the Compiler and Editor,

Mrs. G. C. Smith,
Springfield
Ill.

Oct. 22 — /86.
Minneapolis, Minn

THERE'S A SONG IN THE VALLEY OF BLESSING SO SWEET
AND ANGELS WOULD FAIN JOIN THE STRAIN.

WOMAN IN SACRED SONG.

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A LIBRARY OF

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BY WOMAN.

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A REFERENCE BOOK IN THE LIBRARY AND FOR USE IN THE HOME.

ILLUSTRATED.

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

EVA MUNSON SMITH. (Mrs. G. C. S.)

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

BOSTON:

D. LOTHROP & COMPANY.

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DEDICATED

TO THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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PREFACE.

In bringing this volume before the public, the only apology offered is that there has long been a demand for it. Not only have the Christian sisterhood, for a considerable length of time, been sending out appeals for some one to undertake the work of collecting and publishing the sacred songs of woman; but numerous members of the devout brotherhood, recognizing and appreciating her labor in this line, for the praise and glory of the Master, have united in the demand.

Accordingly, three years ago, the task was undertaken, and it must be confessed, with but a faint realization of the vast amount of research necessary to glean from a field the broad extent of which was little imagined.

Woman in Sacred Song is designed to be chiefly a reference book for the home and library, embracing about 2,500 hymns, dating from the year 1546 to the present time, and including the sacred verse of upwards of 820 authors.

With such a wide range, this compilation will necessarily be something akin to a garland of flowers gathered from mountain, valley, prairie, roadside and conservatory. Some of the choicest blossoms may be overlooked. Thus among so many hymn writers from the ranks of pious womankind, some of the most worthy may be inadvertently omitted, and perchance some pilgrim in search of a favorite hymn or song, may fail to find it in this collection. Another reason may be that a great number of hymns written by woman, have been published anonymously, or with the initials only, or without the prefix designating sex. Many gems of religious poetry have been purposely omitted, because positive information in regard to authorship could not be obtained, though there was every reason to believe that they belonged to woman.

Among such a multitude of authors, it will be quite remarkable if there are no errors in dates and names. The utmost care, together with an extensive inquiry, during the past three years, unite to render the work as nearly free from misstatement as possible. Should omissions or discrepancies be observed, it will be regarded a favor if notice is sent to the editor, together with information as to the omitted data, such as date of birth or death, or any item or incident of interest in connection with the author or writing of certain hymns or poems. This request is extended to all music publishers, composers and owners of copyright pieces. If anything has been included in this volume for which due credit has not been accorded to all concerned, it has been because of ignorance as to the rightful ownership, as for instance when the name of the book from which a song or hymn was taken, was not furnished to the editor of this compilation, by the person sending it. It has been the intention to make mention of every house publishing music to these songs of redeeming love, as well as to give the names of the composers; and any information for the correction of errors, in future editions, will be gratefully accepted. Caution as to the use of any hymn, poem or musical composition which bears the name of any book, publishing house, or composer on the margin, is recommended, as all such are copyrighted.

It is a noticeable fact that there is scarcely a hymn written by woman, that does not make frequent mention of or reference to Jesus. Is it any wonder? Has she not abundant reason? Christ's coming to earth has resulted in her exaltation to her proper position by the side of man, where God originally placed her. What has she done in return? Gladly do we point to the Mary who anointed Him with the perfume of gratitude; to the Marthas who have served Him; to the Priscillas who have taught His precious precepts; to the Harriet Newells and Emily Judsons, and the many pupils of

the sainted Mary Lyon, who, counting their lives as nothing for His sake, have gone to distant lands to spread the rich tidings of His saving love to those sitting in darkness. And now this volume is offered as a token of woman's gratitude expressed in song and verse, in praise of her Creator, Benefactor, and Redeemer.

Deep religious feeling is wont to call for a song, and inspires song; and although all will admit that some of the selections in this book rise to the height of true poetic fervor, many are yet very simple and unpretending, but none the less touching and sweet. Let us beware of prescribing too narrow limits to what may be considered hymns of a high order. Are not those which give testimony from the deepest experiences of the Christian heart, the most worthy, as being productive of the most good? Is it not apparent that the grandest of all, are those which set forth the doctrines of grace, the compassion of Jehovah, the condescension of Christ, the power of the Holy Spirit?

In this volume will be found the ancient hymns which have been handed down through the past 338 years; utterances of faith and trust by martyred woman (as witness that of Anne Askewe, written 1546, in the vernacular of those days, followed by those of Madame Guyon, and others), together with the portrayal of the deepest heart and soul experiences of other consecrated ones,—hymns now in general use by all evangelical churches in Christendom; then the later productions, written especially for this work, by hymnologists of the present day, which bear just as much witness for God, and bespeak equal gratitude for the blessed way of Salvation. These lay hold of the human heart, because they are entwined with the sacred experiences of other hearts. They touch and call out all the truest and best instincts of the being, because they breathe the very spirit of the Master. This is said without any disparagement of the productions of Watts, Bonar, Wesley, Heber, and others by devout men, which have stood the test of time. The hymns of woman dwell largely upon the suffering on Calvary, and the risen Lord, thereby taking deep hold on the heart, understanding and conscience; setting forth that redemption which virtually belongs to all churches in every age and clime. It has been the constant aim, that the hymns collected for this volume shall show forth the very symbol and might of the holy religion of our Lord and Saviour. In short, it is the glory of this compilation, that it teaches the Gospel and true Theology; that its hymns point out the way of Salvation, because they testify of Christ.

Hymns are characteristic of the times in which they were written. By comparing the hymnology of to-day with that of 50, 75 or 100 years ago, it will be noticed that the style has undergone a change, although the same essential Christian doctrines are as firmly inculcated. There is an aggressive warfare expressed in these more recent hymns, that is indicative of an awakening to the necessity of reform in many directions. Truly, "while man slept the enemy sowed tares." Note the difference of sentiment expressed by the singing army of to-day, marching forth to exterminate King Alcohol and other potentates of evil with "Rescue the Perishing," etc., etc., and the hymns of those conservative days—for instance:

"My willing soul would stay in such a frame as this
And sit and sing herself away, to everlasting bliss."

While it is a happy reflection that many have enjoyed their religion, it cannot be denied that there has been entirely too much of the "At ease in Zion" spirit. Our adorable Redeemer, while on earth, set the example of going about doing good, seeking the lost, casting the money-changers from the Temple; and his parting commission to his disciples was—"Go Ye." While heartily uniting with the grand chorus of singers in "Working will not save me," we are inclined to settle down into a narrow groove of thought and action. By faith in Christ alone, and not by works, are we redeemed. Works are the results of our having been saved. The fruit of laboring in the vineyard is borne spontaneously, because Christ is in us and working through us.

WOMAN AS A MUSICAL COMPOSER.

It was not until a late date that it was decided to include music in this volume. Music was sent with the request that it accompany the words, and after due consideration it has been so arranged. But the 130 or more pieces by these composers, must not be regarded as fully representing woman's work in this field. A few weeks have been entirely inadequate to obtain the addresses of our musical writers, and as many well-known pieces are copyrighted by various publishing houses, some of them cannot appear in this collection. Still, no one will be ashamed of the 130 productions of about fifty composers represented. That which has been accomplished by woman in this direction has been without the stimulus of encouragement, but with an irresistible impulse to place upon paper the melodies and harmonies in her

heart and soul, and this too, oftentimes, amid a multiplicity of domestic cares. Madame Schumann took up the golden thread of song that had been dropped by her husband, and has carried it on, weaving and interweaving, until his grand work has been supplemented by wonderful, rich, harmonious strains, pronounced, by the most eminent critics, fully equal to his in excellency. Miss Spindler, author of the famous hymn for piano, "St. Agnes Eve," and other works, has also proven that woman can write music. Madame Carreno, who is at present commanding much attention and admiration by her heaven-born voice, is a pronounced advocate, and herself a living example, of woman's ability to compose music of a high order. For years she has written much which is said to rank with that of Beethoven and Mozart. Apropos!— It is asserted that last Spring she was in the company of an eminent doctor of music, who remarked, "There have been women who were fine writers, poets, painters, and sculptors, but composers not one; and why, if woman possesses the genius you say?" "Ah, doctor," responded the artist, "if your assertion were true, one reason would be because, where a brother and sister begin to compose, everybody discourages the one and encourages the other. The girl is advised to keep to fancy work, more suitable to her sex." Seating herself at the piano, under the pretense of offering him a South American composition, she played a hymn, one of those touching, sacred songs without words, always so tender and devotional in spirit. Her listener was much pleased. "That is not South American!" exclaimed he. "It might have been composed by any of the best German musicians of the present day! It is an inspiration! Who wrote it?" Turning to him, Madame Carreno replied: "I wrote it." Our authority says she has many others in manuscript, just as good. Some day the world may hear them. It is with pride that we can point to our own Mrs. Gen. W. S. Hancock, author and editor of the "Church Service and Tune Book," than whom no one writes finer or more acceptable music for the Episcopalian service; to Mrs. Clara H. Scott, author of the "Royal Anthem Book;" to Mrs. J. F. Knapp, of Brooklyn, author of the Cantata, "*Prince of Peace*," a lady of wealth, culture and position, who sings beautifully, writes much music simply by inspiration, because she must give expression to the melody that rises a grateful incense within her; to Miss Hattie E. Sneed, of St Louis (Kirkwood Seminary), whose instrumental arrangement of "*Old Hundred*," "*Nearer, My God, to Thee*," etc., etc., are so much admired. Her setting to music of Tennyson's "*Break! Break! O Sea!*" is pronounced the most fitting melody yet applied to that grand poem. The same is said of Lady Carew's matchless music to "*The Bridge*." Then there is Lady Scott, Mrs. T. J. Cook, Emma Pitt, author and publisher of "Gospel Light," Helen Douglas, Sophia C. Hall, and Miss Lindsay (Mrs. J. W. Bliss), author of "*Far Away*," and many popular songs.

Vienna Demorest, and Virginia Gabriel, author of "*Cleansing Fires*," also occupy high rank as composers. And so the list might be extended. If a few weeks of research has brought to light the compositions, that are available, of fifty or more ladies, how many more there yet must be at present timidly writing under some *nom-de-plume*, or using their initials only, and many not publishing at all. The next few years, I venture to prophesy, will bring a revelation, showing that woman has already done much more in musical composition than is generally supposed, and concerning which this volume will give but a faint idea; a dim foreshadowing of what shall be achieved in the future, when she receives the stimulus, born of encouragement, which is her meed. As a late writer has beautifully expressed the same idea:—"The triumph of woman in sacred song, is but the prelude to the triumph that awaits her."

IN CONCLUSION

It is hoped that this book will be received as the uttered desire of a multitude of women to bear witness for Christ, "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs."

Thanks are hereby extended to the various publishers and owners of copyrights, for their kind and generous courtesy in granting permission to use the same.

A tribute of affection is tendered my devoted sister, Mrs. E. M. McGaughey, for substantial aid and sympathy, during all the progress of this work; to Miss Margaret E. Brooks, my faithful Secretary, to whose intelligent perception much is due; and to the hundreds of my Christian sisters who have written especially for this collection, and for whose co-operation and words of cheer, they will be held in grateful remembrance here and in eternity.

EVA MUNSON SMITH,
(Mrs. G. C. S.)

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., October, 1884.

INTRODUCTION.

WOMAN always had a great heart. In the sorrowful, unwritten ages of her history she still "loved much." Through this beautiful genius of the affections she had kinship closer than any other created being with Him "whose nature and whose name is love." Her own development, her own success and glory were not the motive power of character, but the happiness of her beloved formed woman's chief ambition. Subtract from the world to-day the sum total of "sweetness and light" shed into its heart out of the heart of woman, and a horror of great darkness would settle there, to be dispelled by no guiding star of ambition or galaxy of fame. What wonder, then, that when He came who was the express image of Eternal Love, his dual nature, outlined upon the background of the Disciples, should less clearly depict for us manhood as it is, than womanhood as it might be? What wonder that above all others she was honored by Him, and He, by her beloved? Forever blessed to every woman must be the thought enshrined in Elizabeth Barrett Browning's matchless verse:

"Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung;
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at His Cross, and earliest at His grave."

SONG is the universal language. It correlates the poetry of motion with the poetry of thought. No names are deathless save those of the world's singers, for they caught the vibration of universal nature, fell into accord with it, and repeated in the hungry ear of Humanity the music of the spheres. Whoever weds perfect music unto noblest words reaches the acme of expression and soothes the world's heart as no other can. Song is the symbol of perpetual gladness. "Somewhere the birds are singing, evermore." Somewhere the heart brims over with a sense of God, His beauty and His loveliness, and then we hear Anthems of Creation and Hymns of the Nativity.

SACRED SONG is the highest "sustained note" of Humanity's chorus; its aspiration is supernal and its object supreme. As the relation of child to parent is its earliest, its most determinative and sacred, so is our relation to the father and mother Soul of the Universe. Whatever expresses this comes from the deepest places of the soul and reaches to its highest note of Reason, Love and Worship. "But how shall we love God whom we have not seen, if we love not our brother whom we have seen?" No song of lips or life is SACRED save when it blends the precepts on which all the law and prophets hang: *The Love of God with Love for all His children.* No age has perceived so clearly and felt so tenderly this ruling law of spiritual dynamics as this nineteenth century, which Victor Hugo calls "The Woman's Century." And herein is to be found the explanation: That the great heart-force of the world is now the recognized motor of religious and philanthropic work. The highest verbal expression of this new force is our new Hymnology. Its prophecy is earliest found in that one tender Hymn of the primitive Church, the "Mater Dolorosa." But it has waited long for full expression, and meanwhile the "Dies Irae" has tinctured with portentous undertone the literature of sanctuaries.

WOMAN IN SACRED SONG could hardly become a felt force until woman in sacred deeds of public philanthropy had taken her true place. Twilight foreshadowings have gleamed along the centuries, as the chronology of this choice volume shows, but the sunshine dates from our own century. Even now it is a Rembrandt gleam rather than a Raphael noontide, but one blessedly significant of "more to follow." About fifteen years ago began the movement known as the "Women's Foreign Missionary Society," now an established auxiliary in every Christian Church. About ten years ago came that whirlwind of the Lord called the "Woman's Crusade," now crystalized into the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," and organized on a non-sectarian basis throughout Christendom. The sacred fire that burns on these twin altars has flamed into many a priceless song, of which this volume gives the fullest collection yet offered to the public. In looking over "Gospel (Good News) Songs," one cannot fail to note that their bright era is contemporary with woman as a song writer. "I need Thee every hour;" "O, Prodigal Child, come Home;" "Just as I am, without one plea;" "Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us;" "Rescue the Perishing, Care for the Dying;"—all these sweet songs, and a score besides, equally well known, have come to us warm from the heart of woman. Indeed, it is not too much to say that to her we owe the chief Gospel hymn of our own era, Elizabeth Clephane's "Ninety and Nine;" and the great world-hymn, acceptable to Catholic and Protestant, Gentile and Jew, Sarah Flower Adams's "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The highest patriotism is inseparable from religion, and the noblest Christian anthem of the Republic, its glorious "Battle Hymn," we owe to a woman, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Happily its use as an incentive in the strife of brothers has been superseded by its rare adaptation to the new anti-slavery war against the traffic in strong drink, where North and South march side by side to conquer the greatest foe of Home and native land.

We are fortunate in the compiler of this unique volume, because she has not only the rare taste and skill essential to a task at once delicate and difficult, but for the reason that her own gifts of music and of song help to enrich the work upon which she has bestowed such patient and laborious care. We who share the fruits of her long research can by no means rightly estimate the innumerable consultations, immense correspondence, and varied anxieties, to say nothing of the study and expense that have resulted in this beautiful volume, whose value is greatly enhanced by its double adaptation to the organ and the voice. May its pure, ennobling mission be abundantly fulfilled, and a blessing follow it into every home where it is welcomed as a friend.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

REST COTTAGE, EVANSTON, ILLINOIS, October 4, 1884.

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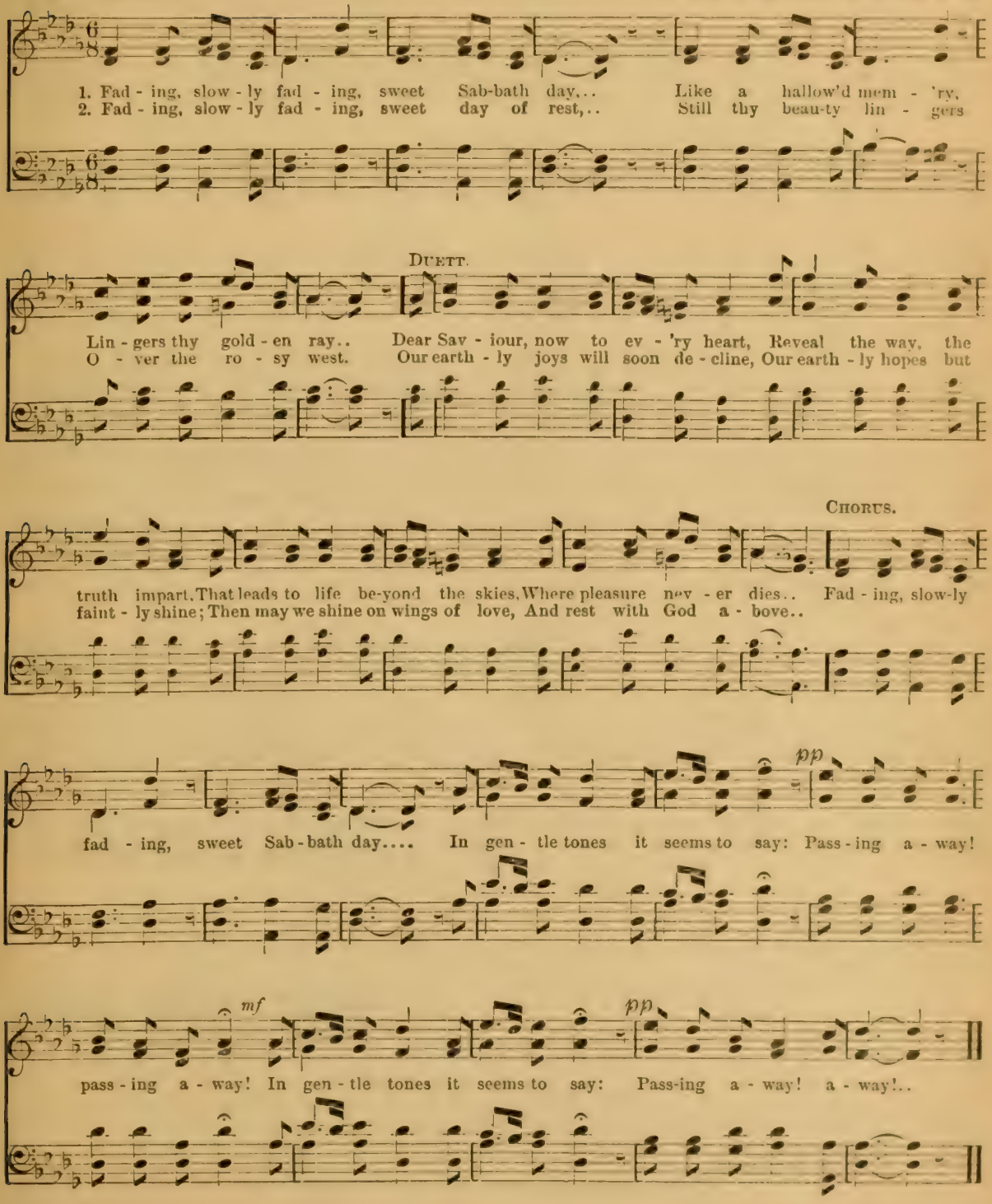
SABBATH CLOSING HYMN.

FANNY CROSBY. Music by MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.

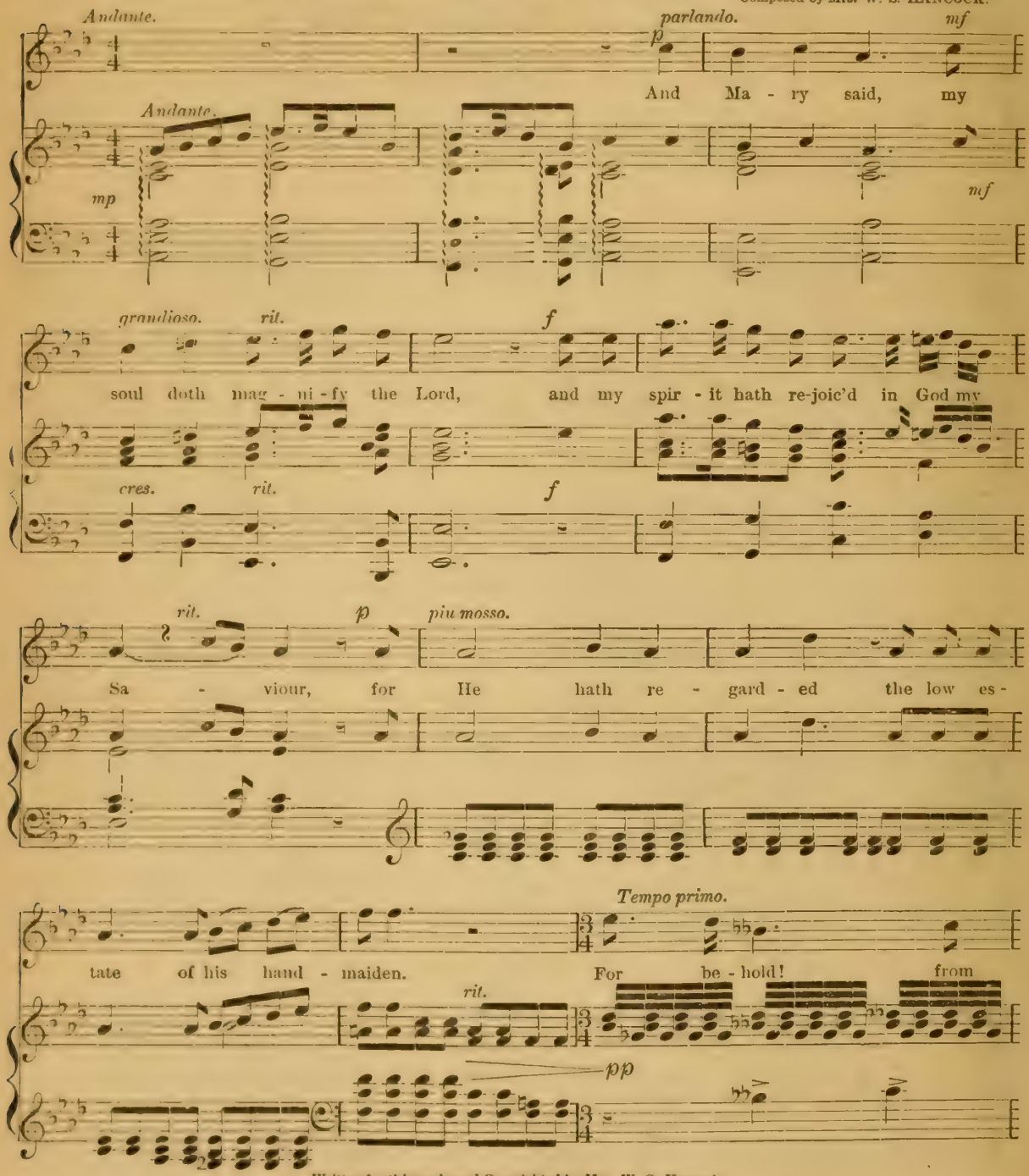


MARY'S SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

Luke, 1: 46—56.

Mrs. A. R Hancock, the wife of General W. S. Hancock of Governor's Island, New York, has composed much music of a high order, prominent among which is her Te Deum Laudamus in C, pronounced by musicians to be as fine and difficult a composition as any ever written for the Episcopal service. She is also the Author and Editor of The Service and Tune Book.

Composed by Mrs. W. S. HANCOCK.



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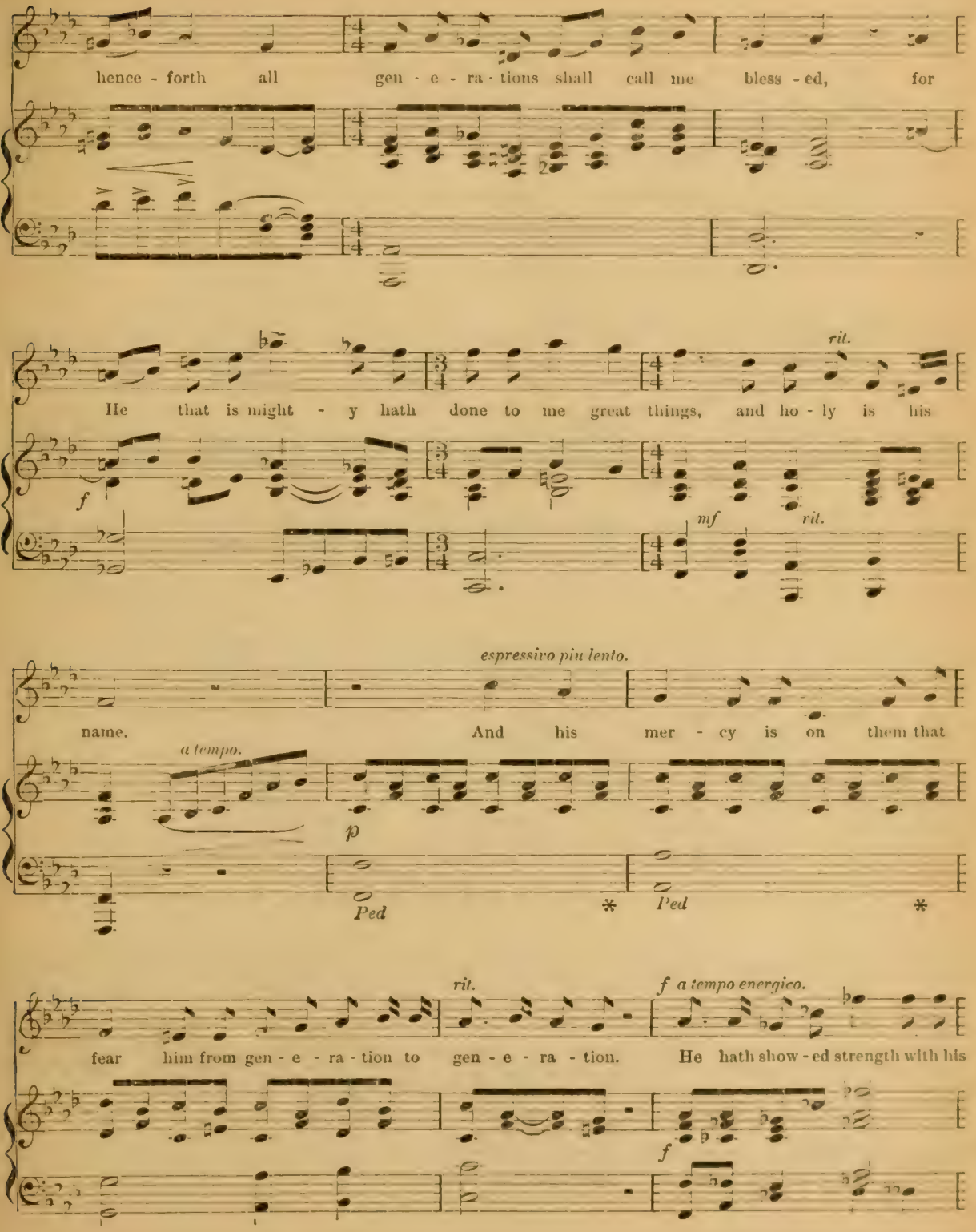
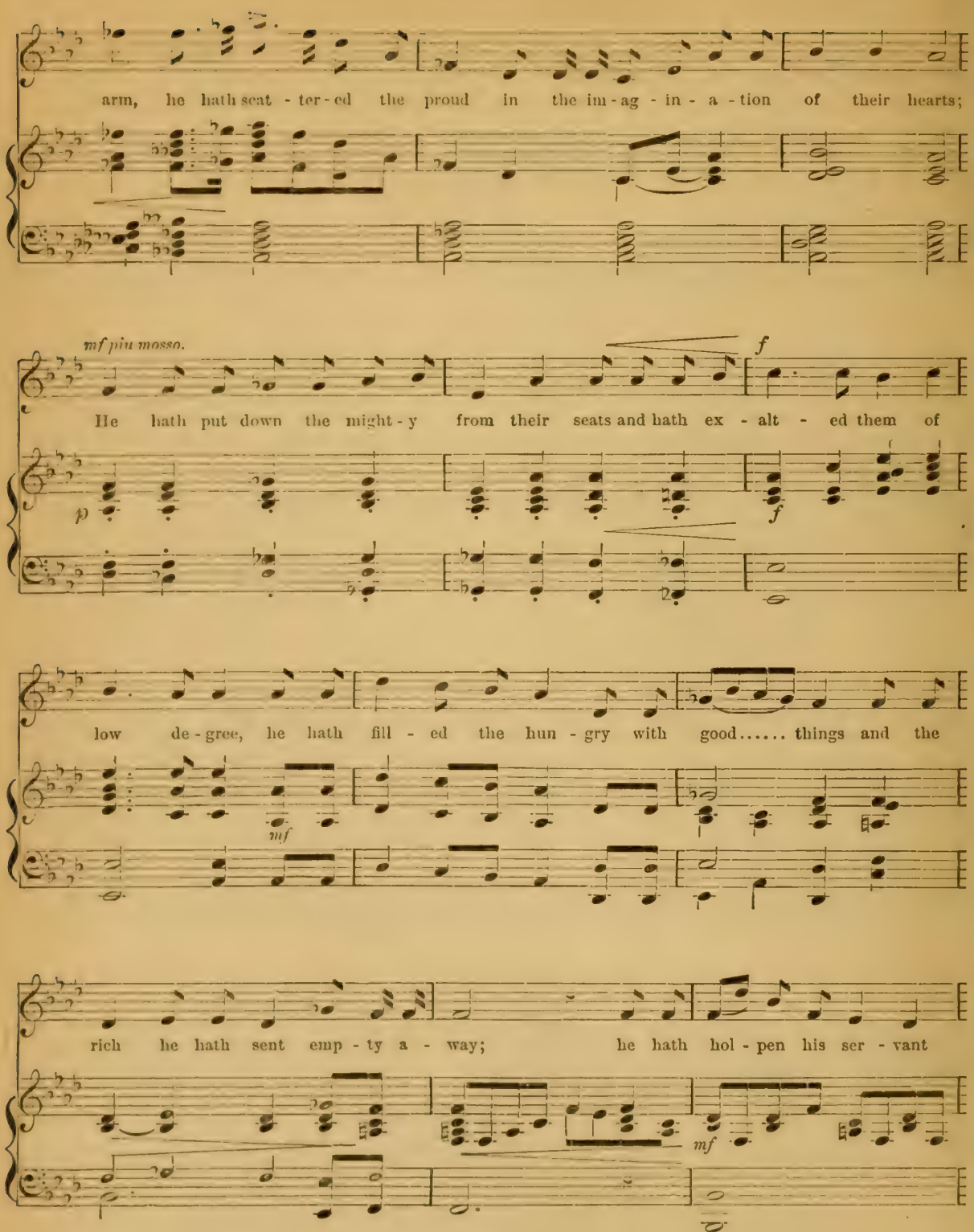
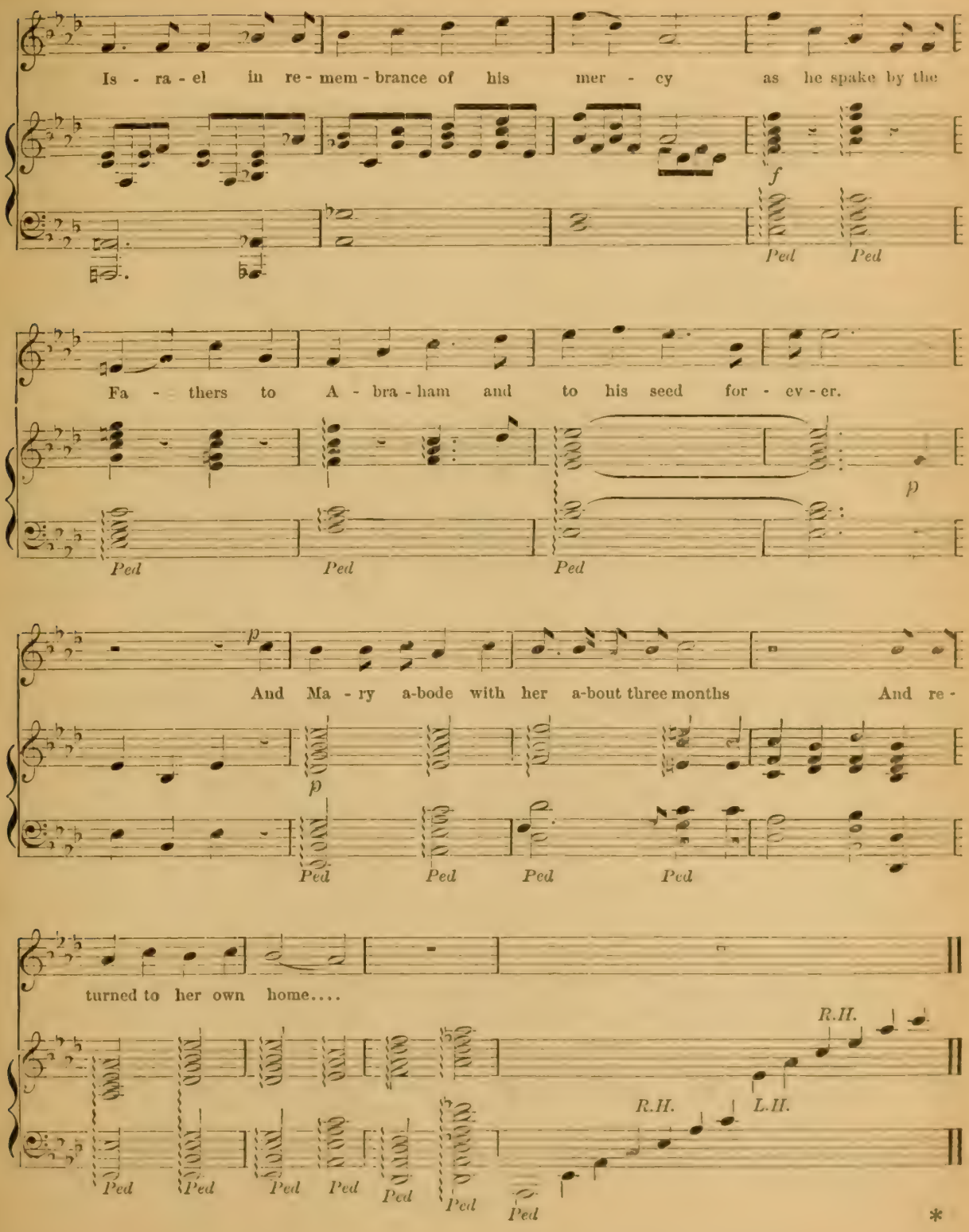

hence - forth all gen - e - ra - tions shall call me bless - ed, for
He that is might - y hath done to me great things, and ho - ly is his
rit.
f
mf
rit.
espressivo piu lento.
name. And his mer - cy is on them that
a tempo.
p
Ped
*
Ped
*
rit.
f a tempo energico.
fear him from gen - e - ra - tion to gen - e - ra - tion. He hath show - ed strength with his
f

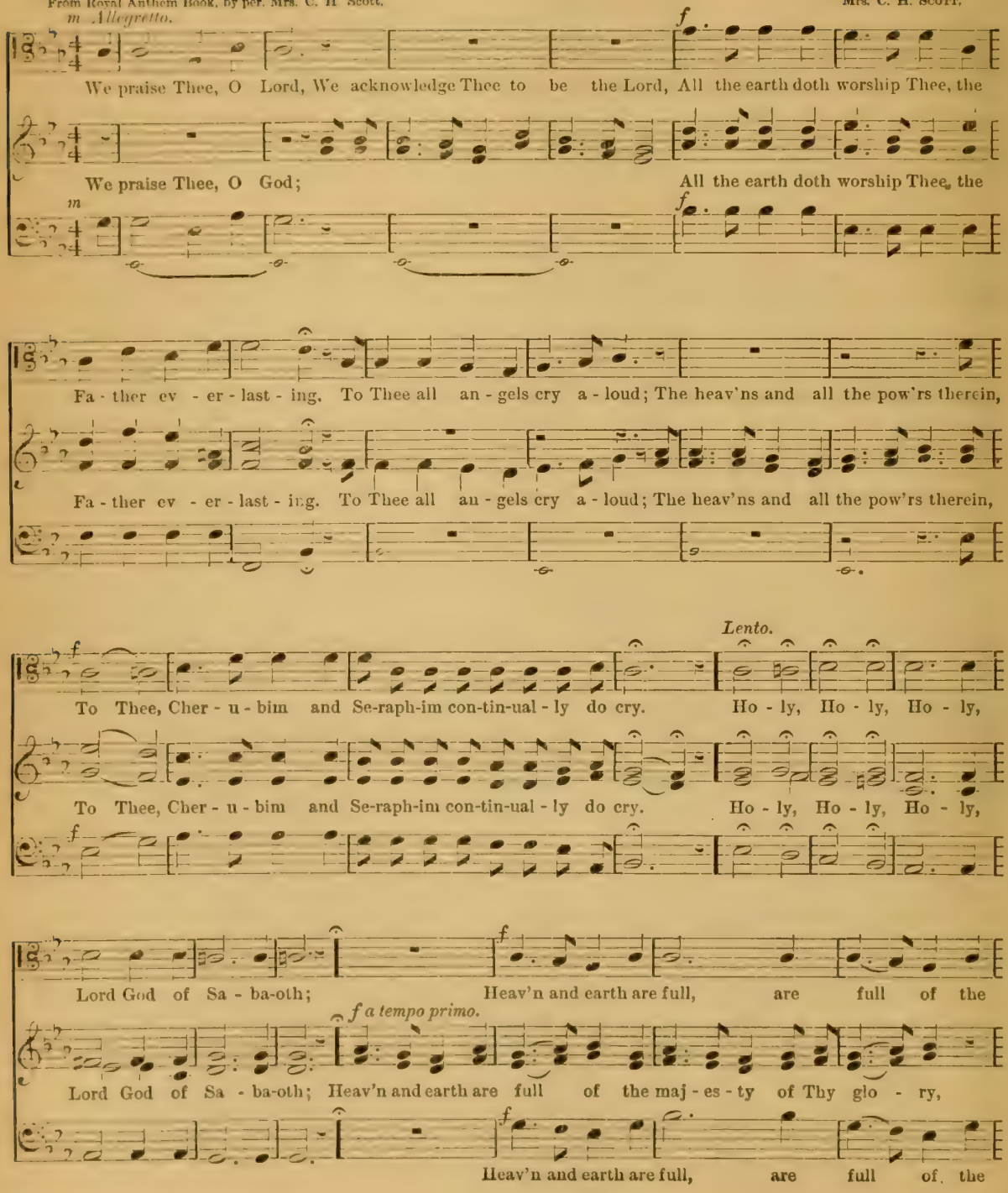

arm, he hath scat - ter - ed the proud in the im - ag - in - a - tion of their hearts;
mf piu mosso.
He hath put down the might - y from their seats and hath ex - alt - ed them of
low de - gree, he hath fill - ed the hun - gry with good..... things and the
rich he hath sent emp - ty a - way; he hath hol - pen his ser - vant

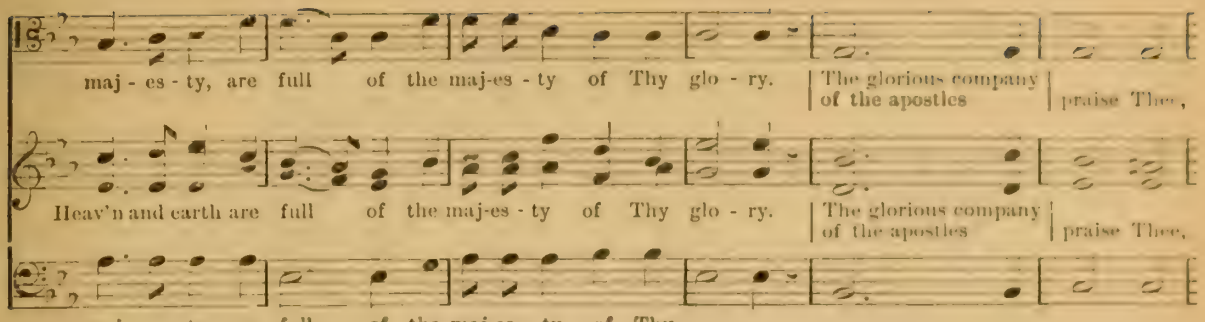

Is - ra - el in re - mem - brance of his mer - cy as he spake by the
f
Ped Ped
Fa - thers to A - bra - ham and to his seed for - ev - er.
p
Ped Ped Ped
p
And Ma - ry a-bode with her a-bout three months And re -
p
Ped Ped Ped Ped
turned to her own home....
R.H.
R.H. L.H.
Ped Ped Ped Ped Ped Ped Ped
*

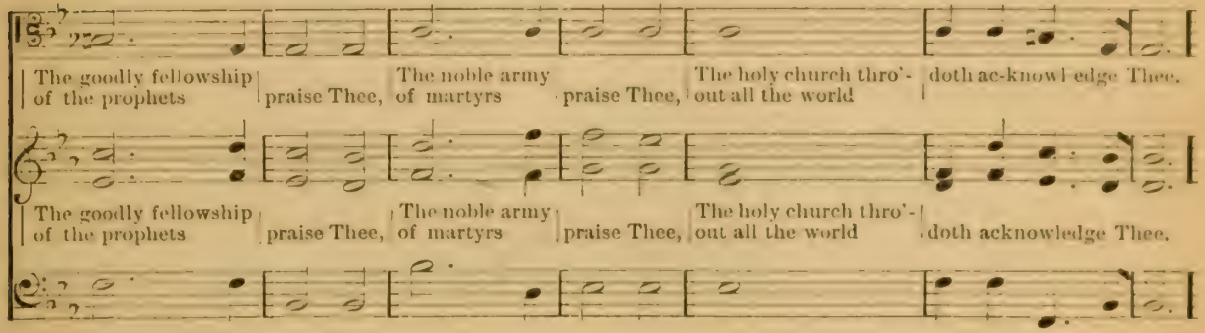
Inscribed to Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Palmer.

TE DEUM.

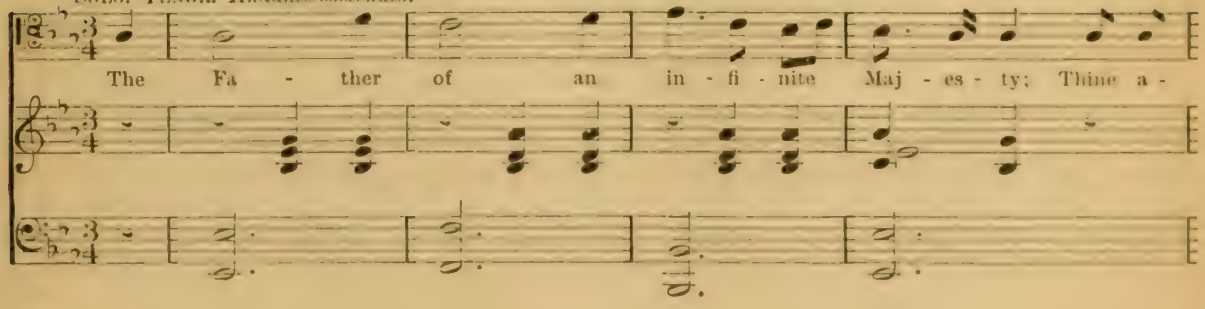
From Royal Anthem Book, by per. Mrs. C. H. Scott. Mrs. C. H. Scott.

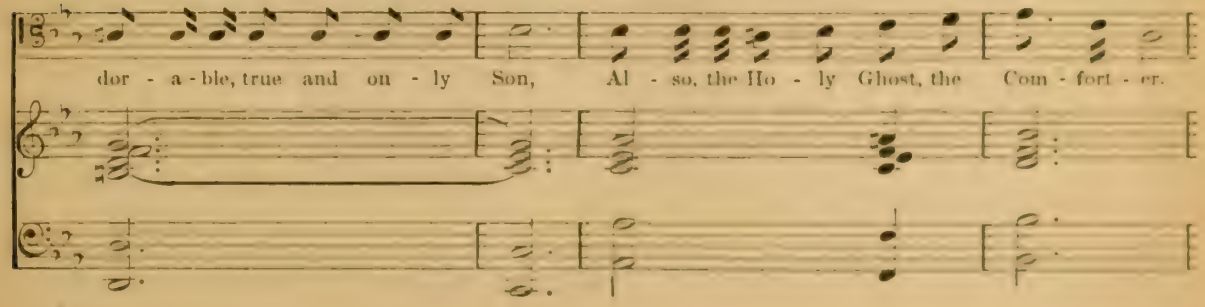


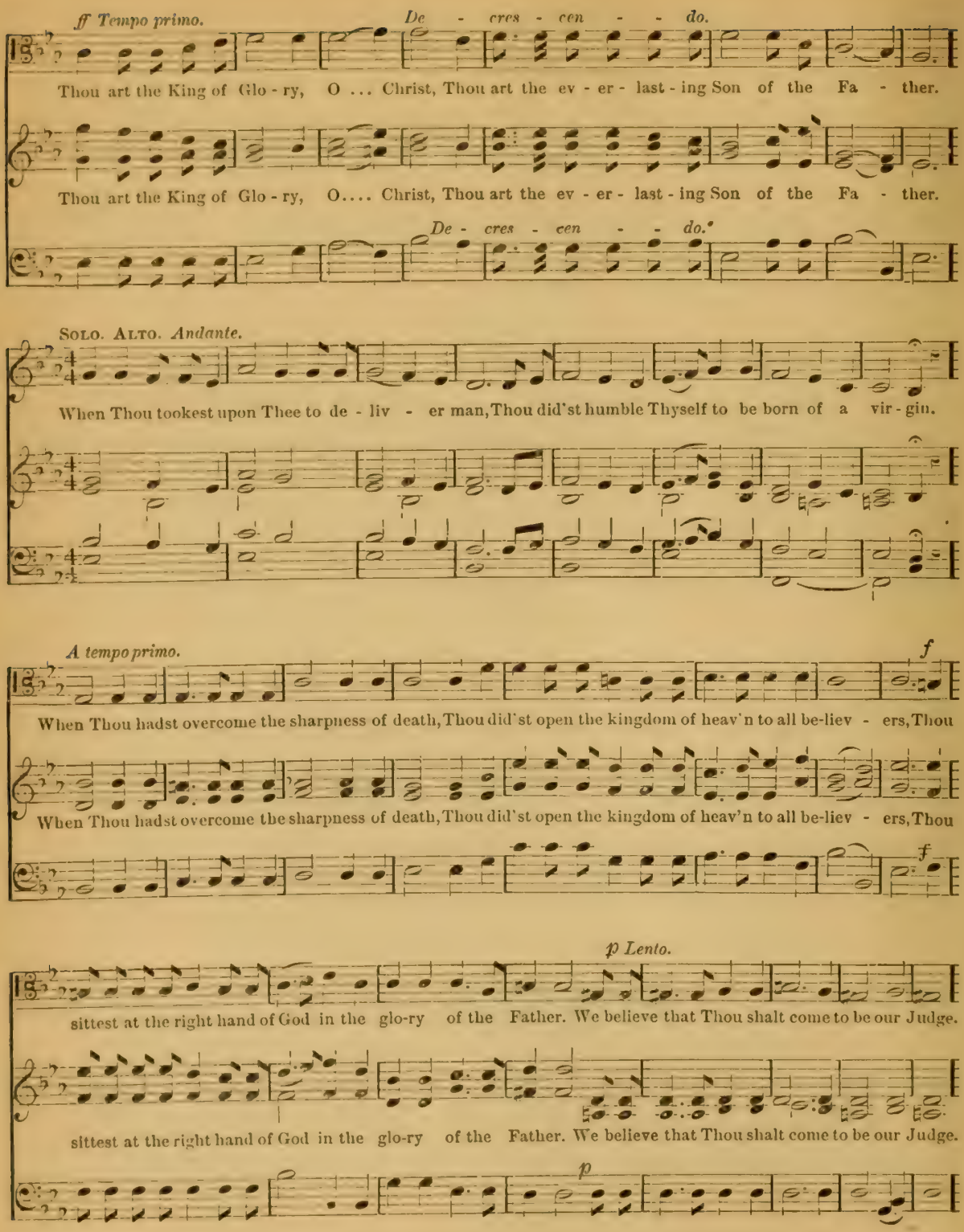


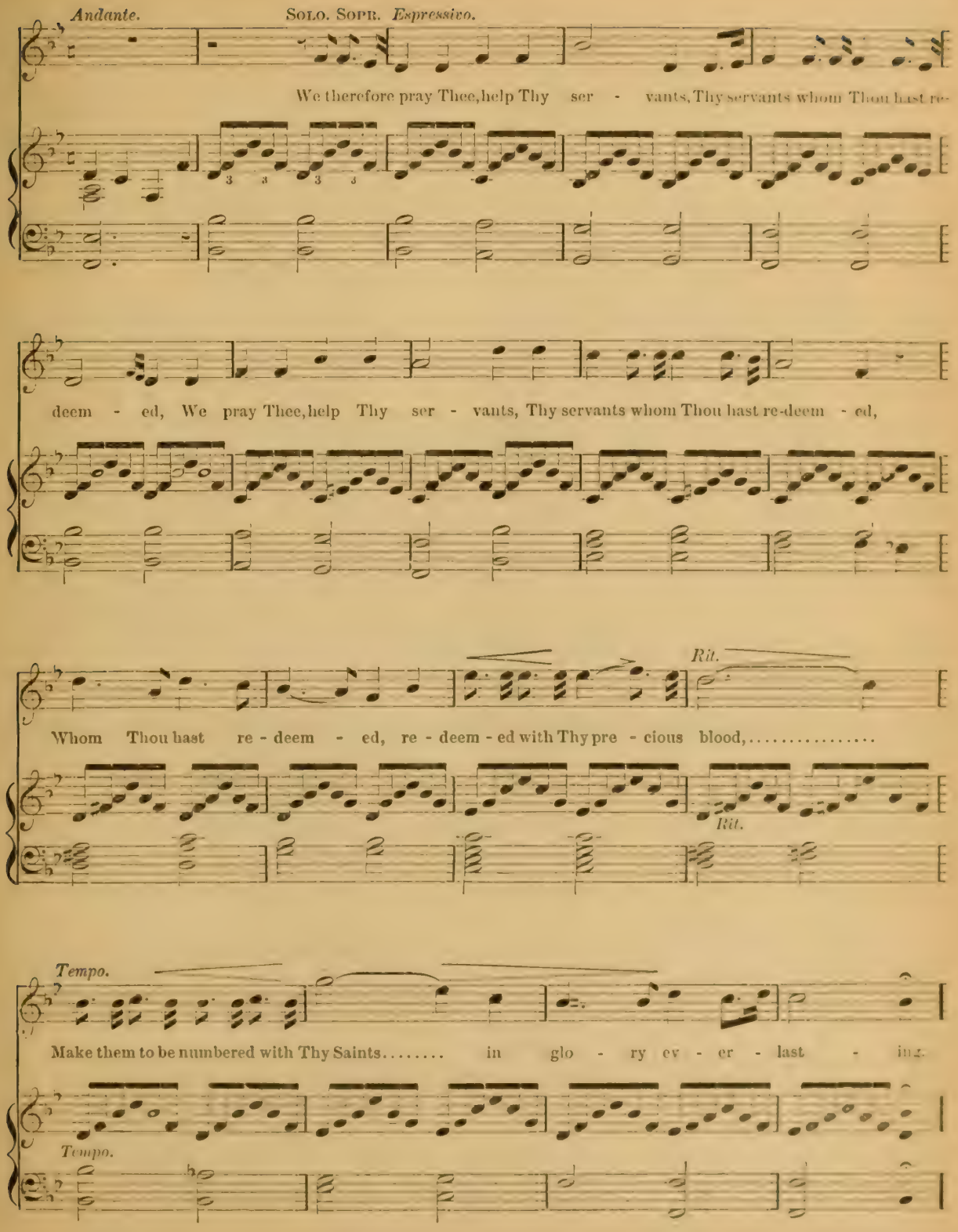


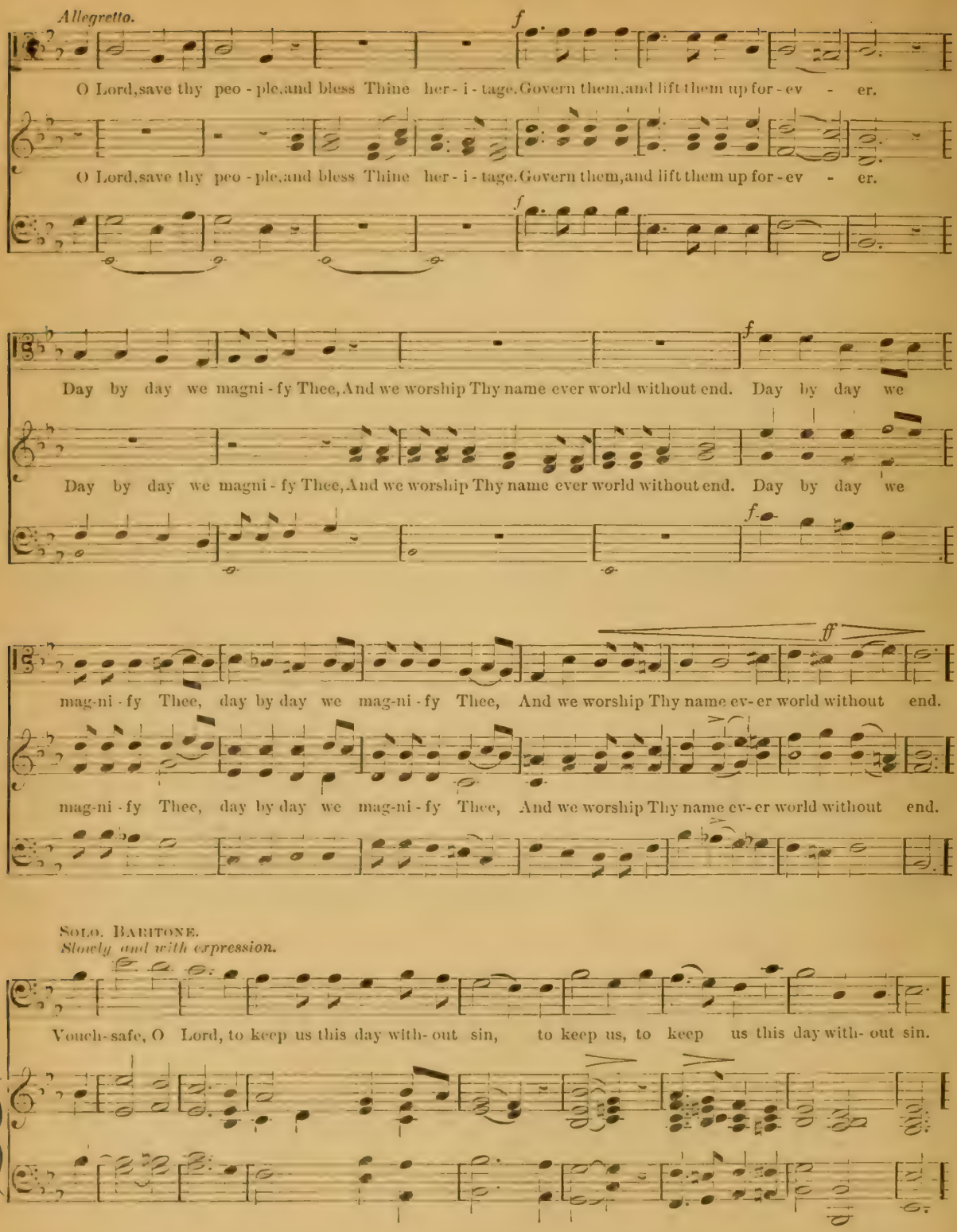
SOLO. TENOR. *Andante sostenuto.*

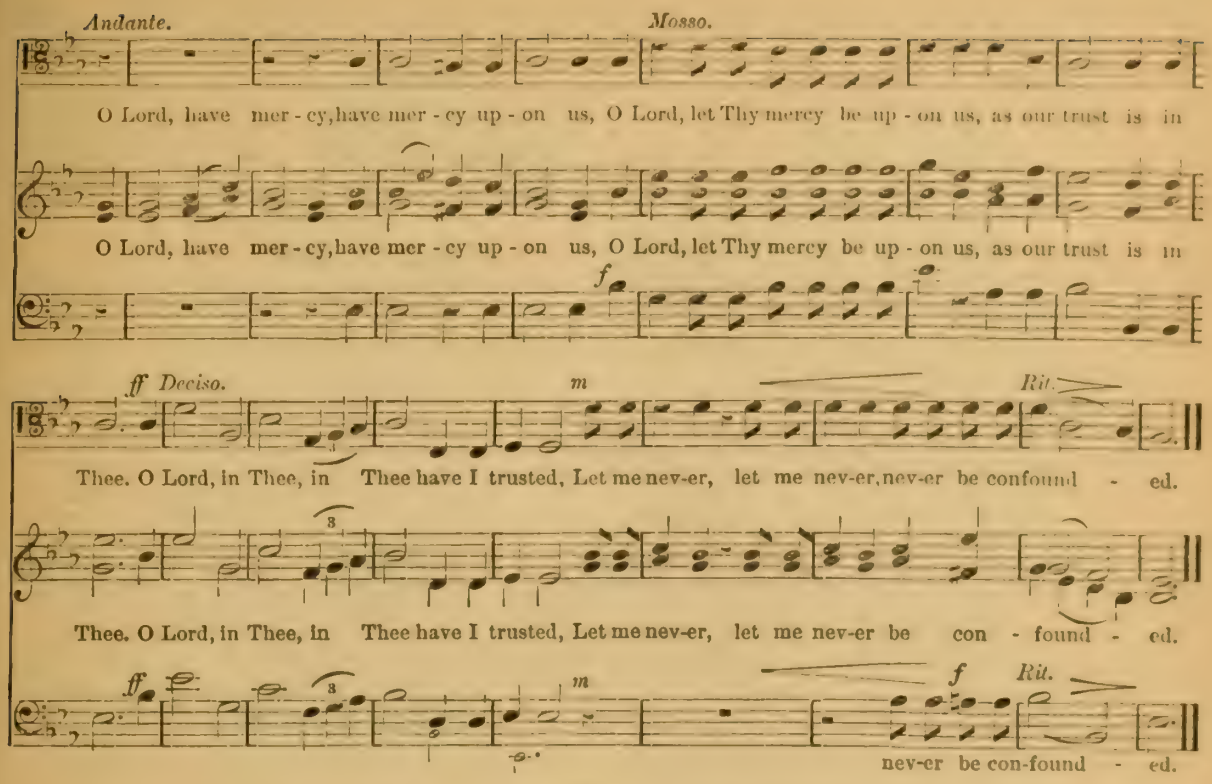




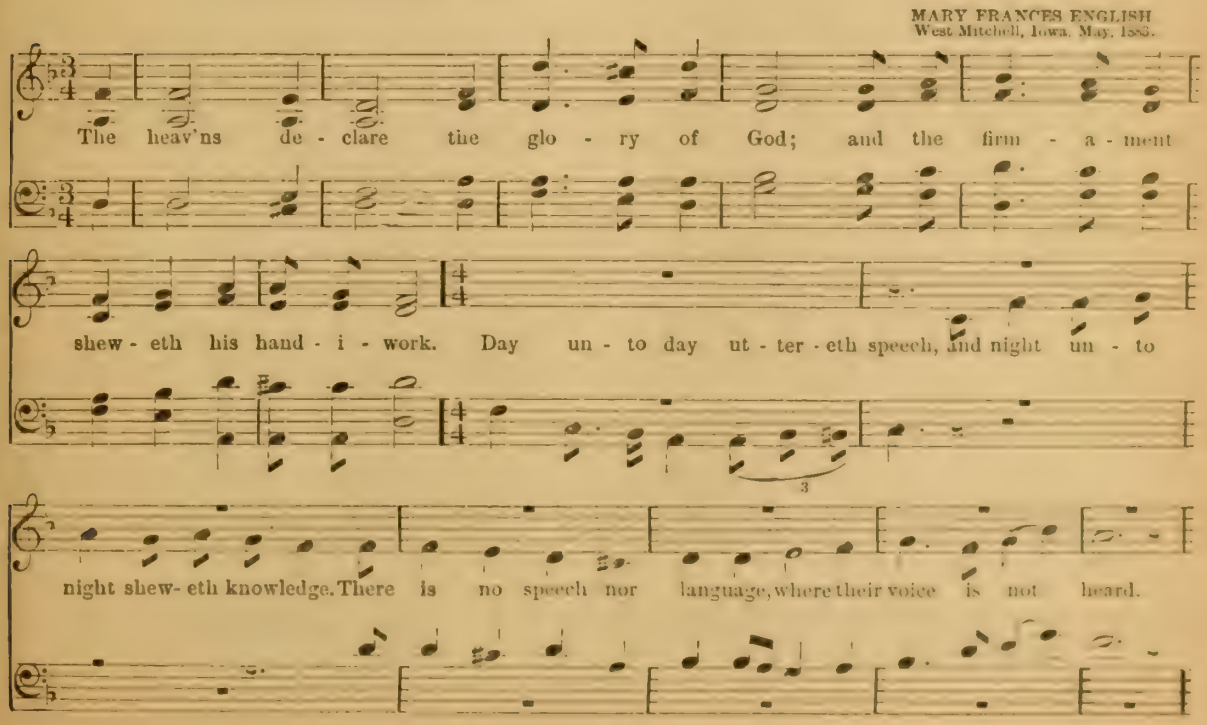

ff Tempo primo.
De - cres - cen - - do.
Thou art the King of Glo - ry, O ... Christ, Thou art the ev - er - last - ing Son of the Fa - ther.
Thou art the King of Glo - ry, O.... Christ, Thou art the ev - er - last - ing Son of the Fa - ther.
De - cres - cen - - do.
Solo. Alto. Andante.
When Thou tookest upon Thee to de - liv - er man, Thou did'st humble Thyself to be born of a vir - gin.
A tempo primo.
f
When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou did'st open the kingdom of heav'n to all be-liev - ers, Thou
When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou did'st open the kingdom of heav'n to all be-liev - ers, Thou
f
p Lento.
sittest at the right hand of God in the glo-ry of the Father. We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.
sittest at the right hand of God in the glo-ry of the Father. We believe that Thou shalt come to be our Judge.
p

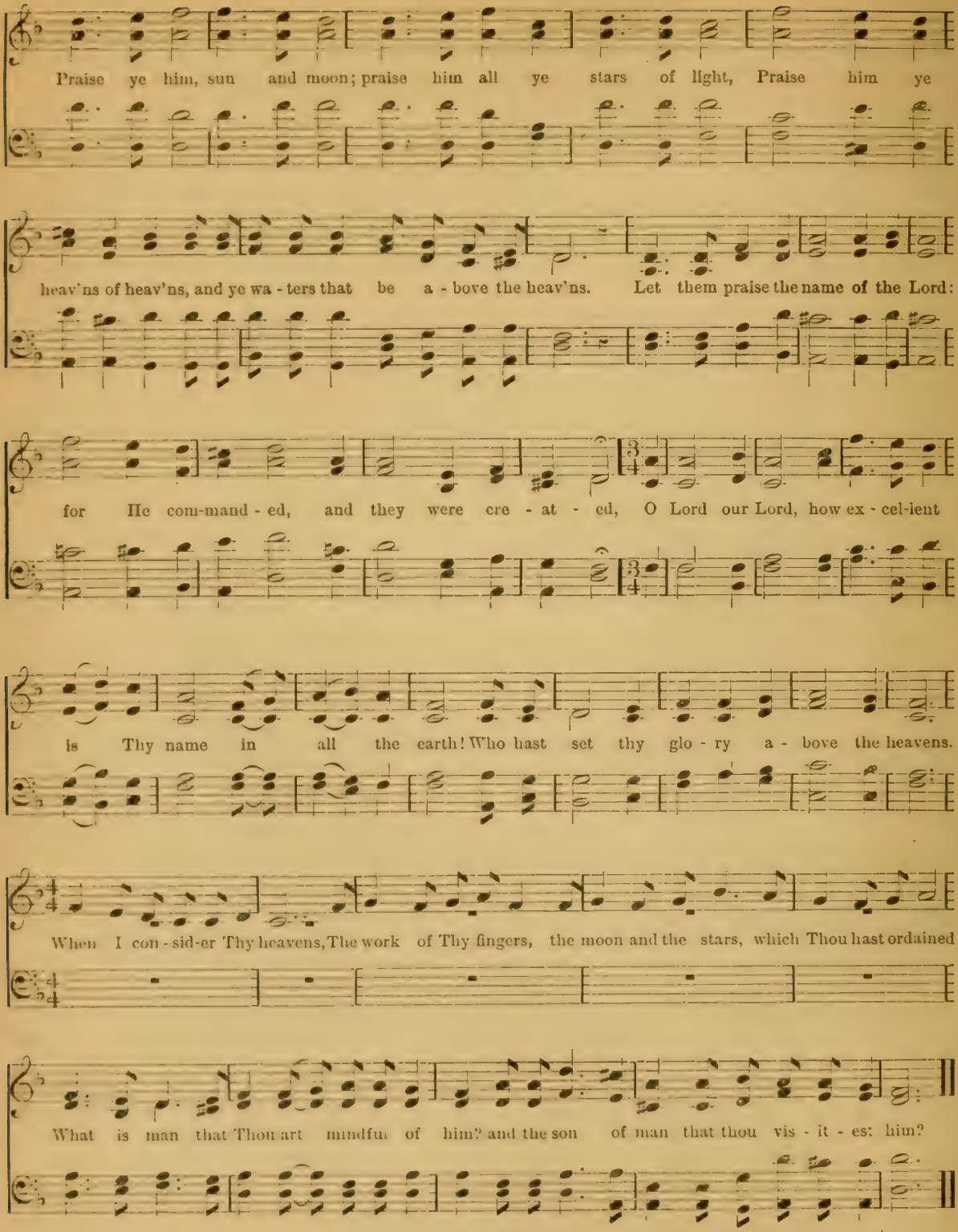

Andante.
Solo. Sopr. Espressivo.
We therefore pray Thee, help Thy ser - vants, Thy servants whom Thou hast re-
deem - ed, We pray Thee, help Thy ser - vants, Thy servants whom Thou hast re-deem - ed,
Rit.
Whom Thou hast re - deem - ed, re - deem - ed with Thy pre - cious blood,.....
Rit.
Tempo.
Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints..... in glo - ry ev - er - last - ing.
Tempo.


Allegretto.
f
O Lord, save thy peo - ple, and bless Thine her - i - tage. Govern them, and lift them up for - ev - er.
O Lord, save thy peo - ple, and bless Thine her - i - tage. Govern them, and lift them up for - ev - er.
Day by day we magni - fy Thee, And we worship Thy name ever world without end. Day by day we
Day by day we magni - fy Thee, And we worship Thy name ever world without end. Day by day we
ff
mag-ni - fy Thee, day by day we mag-ni - fy Thee, And we worship Thy name ev - er world without end.
mag-ni - fy Thee, day by day we mag-ni - fy Thee, And we worship Thy name ev - er world without end.
Solo. Baritone.
Slowly and with expression.
Vouch - safe, O Lord, to keep us this day with - out sin, to keep us, to keep us this day with - out sin.



THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY.




Praise ye him, sun and moon; praise him all ye stars of light, Praise him ye
heav'ns of heav'ns, and ye wa - ters that be a - bove the heav'ns. Let them praise the name of the Lord:
for He com-mand - ed, and they were cre - at - ed, O Lord our Lord, how ex - cel-lent
is Thy name in all the earth! Who hast set thy glo - ry a - bove the heavens.
When I con - sid-er Thy heavens, The work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained
What is man that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou vis - it - es: him?

Louisa Parsons Hopkins.

Louisa Parsons Hopkins is a graduate of Framingham, Mass., State Normal School. She is the author of "Motherhood," and "The Breath of Field and Shore," from which the following hymn of praise is taken, by her permission. Some of her stanzas rise to a poetic height that is rare. Very much that she has written has been done under a multitude of pressing duties, in obedience to that instinct for expression which indicates the mission of the heaven-born poet.

ELOHIM.

1 We praise thee, O Elohim,
Throned in the cloud!
Swift lightnings express thee,
And thunderings loud;
Sweep, burst like a whirlwind
From height unto height,
Grand chorus of trumpets
Proclaiming his might!

2 Unclothed are the mountains,
And naked and hoar
The ancient rocks tremble
Thy presence before.
In thick clouds and darkness
Thy majesty hide,
For the day of thy coming,
Ah! who may abide!

3 O'er foot-scorching deserts
Thy sun-arrows smite,
Devouring fire,
Thy glory and light!
Till in great rock-shadows
The heat fades away,
And the cool rest of eventide
Endeth the day.

4 Hark! hark! from the rock-cleft
We hear thee proclaim,
"Long-suffering, merciful!"
Gracious, new name!
O, gentle hand-cover!
O, soft touch of love!
O, heart like a mother,
Our weakness above!

5 Thy flock like a shepherd
Thou'st tenderly led,
In thirsty land nourished,
In barren land fed.
No longer thy glory
Our spirits appall,
But patience and tenderness
Covereth all.

6 Ye zones of winds rushing,
Ye streams of the sea,
Ye desert-wells gushing
Perennial and free,
Ye fountains of waters
And gathering rain,—
Join all your glad voices
To swell the refrain!

7 Ye grand rock-hewn temples,
Shafts piercing the skies,
Ye stairways of angels
From Sinai that rise;
Ye great congregation,
Redeemed by his rod,—
Awake the grand anthem
To Israel's God!

8 Touch gently, O maidens,
The timbrel and lute!
Sing softly, sweet singers,
Harsh cymbals, be mute!
But let the harp's yearning
Breathe out on the air
The sweetness of worship,
The nearness of prayer!

9 Toss high, O ye palm-trees,
Your emerald plumes!
Bright tamarisk blossoms,
Waft wide your perfumes!
Wave, purple acacia,
Your tassels abroad,
And offer sweet incense
To Israel's God.

LOUISA PARSONS HOPKINS.

Anne Steele.

Miss Anne Steele was born in 1716 and died in 1778. She was the daughter of a Baptist clergyman and wrote more than one hundred and forty hymns, most of which were first published in England, her native country. She frequently wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Theodosia."

ADORATION.

John 1: 14.

1 Awake, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord!
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made—
Oh, happy morn! illustrious hour!—
Was once in flesh arrayed!

3 Then shone almighty power and love,
In all their glorious forms,
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms!

4 Adoring angels tuned their songs
To hail the joyful day:
With rapture, then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

5 What glory, Lord, to Thee is due!
With wonder we adore;
But could we sing as angels do,
Our highest praise were poor.

ANNE STEELE.

CORONATION.

C. M.

1 Lord, when my raptured thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach Thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

2 Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

3 On me Thy providence hath shone
With gentle, smiling rays;
O let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness and Thy praise.

4 All-bounteous Lord, Thy grace impart;
O, teach me to improve
Thy gifts, with ever-grateful heart,
And crown them with Thy love!

ANNE STEELE.

Mrs. Carrie L. Post.

Mrs. Carrie L. Post was born 1824, in Ashford, Conn. She has written quite extensively for various papers and periodicals, prominent among which are The Advance, The Sunday Magazine, Life and Light, and the Illinois State Journal.

JEHOVAH'S DWELLING-PLACE.

S. M.

Tune, Boylston.

1 There is a truth so great
Nature dare not deny,
Yet foolish man sits in debate
And doubts a God on high!

2 "In my warm rays He dwells,"
Saith the uprising sun,
And crimson sky at twilight tells
Who hath its tinting done.

3 Gently the falling dew
Freshens the sunburnt sod,
And whispers sweetly, "Unto you
I am Jehovah, God."

4 "In me," the thunder roars;
"In me," the rain-drops cry;
"In our pavilion upward soars,"
The gathering clouds reply.

5 "And on my speedy wings
Rideth," the whirlwind saith;
The perfumed air, obeying, brings
His ever-quickening breath.

6 The garners full of grain,
The teeming earth and sea,
Sing evermore the glad refrain,
"Jehovah dwells in me."

7 The insect chirps his thanks,
And drinks his drop of dew;
White violets on mossy banks,
How sweet God maketh you!

8 An old, old Book I turn,
Scanning its leaves all o'er,
Jehovah's dwelling-place, I learn,
Is fixed—forevermore.

9 Yet a more powerful voice
Than all combined can be,
Sings me this song, and I rejoice,
"Jehovah dwells in me."

CARRIE L. POST.
Springfield, Ill., 1880.

AT THE MERCY SEAT.

8's & 7's double.

1 God is in His holy temple!
Let the waiting people bow
At the mercy-seat, imploring
Him a blessing to bestow;
For the sins of strange omission,
For the wrong which we have done,
Let us humbly pray for pardon
Thro' the dear atoning One.

2 God is in His holy temple!
Worshiping, let us adore,
Telling o'er the wondrous story
How the Lamb our sins once bore,
That our souls, all stained with crimson,
Pure and spotless might become,
Ready at the feast to gather
When He calls His children home.

3 Let glad songs and sweet hosannas
From each tuneful voice arise,
Songs of praises, which like incense,
Mount above these lower skies;
Till our earthly service ended,
We with saints above unite
In the everlasting chorus,
"Unto Him be power and might!"

SUSIE V. ALDRICH.
Boston, 1883.

IN HIS TEMPLE.

1 God is in His temple now;
God, Jehovah! King of kings!
All the angels lowly bow,
Veil their faces with their wings.
Oh, my soul, thyself abase!
Who shall stand before His face?

2 Oh, Thou One of Ancient Days,
Just and holy is thy name;
Solemn, fearful is thy praise
Whom our highest notes defame:
Holy reverence, deep and strong,
Checks our prayer and stills our song.

3 God in Heaven above the skies,
I, on earth, how wide the space!
From my heart, a bridge of sighs
Rises to that holy place;
But the Lofty One, the guest,
Comes to visit contrite dust.

JENNY ELAND BEAUCHAMP.

Margaret E. Winslow.

Margaret E. Winslow is regarded as one of the finest of American poets. She has written for many papers and periodicals, among them the New York Observer, and has numerous poems published in various volumes. She is also doing much good as a Gospel Temperance Evangelist.

TWO TEMPLES.

"Which temple ye are."

1 Two temples God hath builded Him,
His dwelling place to be,
The one is roofed with blue and gold
And paved with earth and sea;
Its pillars are the forest-shafts;
Its organ-swell, the breeze;
The echoes of its symphonies
Float wide among the trees.

2 Within this temple's treasure-vault
All gold and jewels lie,
With every precious thought of God
Inwrought in earth or sky;
The hidden springs of life are there,
And nature's endless chain;
Ten million myriad clasping links,
None falsely forged, or vain.

3 No center of barbaric pomp
Attests the temple's shrine,
No holiest of the holies; all
Is perfect, all divine,
Where priest and snowy acolyte
Pour ceaseless praise and prayer;
And the whole fane is flushed with light,
For God is everywhere.

4 The other temple, poor and mean
It seemeth unto me,
Narrow and ruinous and low,
And pitiful to see.
Its floors and walls are stained with sin,
Its chants are choked with tears,
Around the broken shafts of hopes
Sweep the sad blasts of fears.

5 In other not forgotten years
Foul spirits held their sway,
And round its altar day and night
Disported in their play;
And through the breach their entrance forced
The tempest sad and drear
Sweeps unresisted, and maintains
A winter all the year.

6 Yet He whose purpose hidden lies
Behind His loving will
Makes this His choice abiding-place,
And loves and guards it still;
Again He builds its altar-fires;
His Spirit warm and free,
Breathes through its darkened corridors
Fresh life and liberty.

7 Two temples! One, to worship grand
By bells of earth and air
Is calling all created things
For festal high and rare.
The other, where the Christ abides,
Sweet service day by day,
With homely interchange of love,
Doth in its ritual lay.

8 Two temples! Open eyes may see
God's glory everywhere,
And earthly ears may hear the bells
Proclaim it on the air;
But in the lowly and defiled,
Degraded and down-trod,
To see and prize the temple still
Is worthy of a God.

9 So we, while kneeling in the great,
While serving in the small,
Despise no temple's low estate,
Since God hath builded all;
But seek to open every heart
By love, and faith, and prayer,
That Christ may find His dwelling-place
And temple everywhere.

MARGARET E. WINSLOW.
In the "Christian Union." Saugerties, N. Y., 1875.

ALL THY WORKS SHALL PRAISE THEE.

Ps. 145 : 10.

1 There seems a voice in every gale,
A tongue in every flower,
Which tells, O Lord, the wondrous tale
Of Thy almighty power;
The birds, that rise on quivering wing,
Proclaim their Maker's praise,
And all the mingling sounds of spring
To Thee an anthem raise.

2 Shall I be mute, great God, alone
'Midst nature's loud acclaim?
Shall not my heart with answering tone,
Breathe forth Thy holy name?
All nature's debt is small to mine;
Nature shall cease to be;
Thou gavest—proof of love divine—
Immortal life to me.

MRS. AMELIA OPIE.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

C. M.

1 Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.

3 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heaven on earth appear.

ANNE STEELE.

ISRAEL'S GIFT, AND OURS.

I.

1 Whence came such store of gold,
And treasures manifold,
Offered by Israel at Thy sacred shrine,
When, in a desert land,
They brought, at Thy command,
With joyful heart and hand, these gifts of Thine?

2 Egyptian spoils were these,
From stately palaces,
Hastily torn from lovely arm or head,
To speed their slaves away;
When, on that woeful day,
In every house there lay the first born dead?

3 Or did the mines provide,
On the bare mountain side,
Their wealth of precious metal for Thy shrine,
Pillars and beams to enfold,
And form, of purest gold,
The vessels manifold for use divine?

4 With willing hearts and glad,
Bringing whate'er they had,
They laid their offerings at Thy prophets' feet;
The women spun and wove,
The men, wise-hearted, strove;
In varied ways their love wrought service meet.

5 So, day by day, they wrought,
And every morning brought
Free offerings, as their hearts were pure and free:
Until the wise men cried:
"More than enough, provide
These willing hearts, and tried, in poverty."

6 This people, whom the Lord
Supported by His word,
Fed in the desert with daily bread from heaven,
Whose garments waxed not old,
Their purple, linen, gold,
And precious things untold, to Him had given.

7 Glorious His shrine was made,
Its pillars overlaid,
And clad with gold its every shaft and rod;
And, holiest unto Him,
Within its chamber dim,
'Neath shadowing cherubim, the Ark of God.

8 What matter if they dwell
In tents of hair or fell
Of beast, and ever live on simple fare—
Who knoweth, far and wide,
Another state, beside,
With whom their God doth bide, they are His care?

II

1 Like Israel of old,
Our silver and our gold,
Our strength and skill, ourselves, we give to Thee,
In answer to Thy call,
Wilt Thou accept it all,
However poor or small the gift may be?

2 Our precious things misused,
Or to false gods abused,
Pass, if Thou wilt, through purifying flame,
So that Thou make them Thine,
And, in Thy hands divine,
Let them transmuted shine, all free from shame!

3 Ours be the willing mind,
And trusting heart, inclined
To give to Thee as we from Thee receive!
'Tis by Thy love alone
Such grace to us is shown,
For all things are Thine own; of Thine we give.

4 And Thou, who dost supply
The manna from on high,
And seed for sowing to the sowers' hand,
Wilt give us seed to sow,
And make it spring and grow
A thousand fold, we know, to bless Thy land.

ESTHER THORNE.
1882.

Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

Mrs. Sigourney, whose maiden name was Huntley, was born in Norwich, Connecticut, in 1791. She was the only child of pious parents. At the age of eight, she wrote verses which were marked by a rhythmical accuracy. She carefully hid, for years, all her effusions, with a nervous fear lest they should be discovered. One point in her childish character — so strong as to be worth recording — was an ardent love and reverence for the aged, and an extreme tenderness towards animals. Notwithstanding her poetic literary tastes, she was fond of domestic employments, and spinning was a favorite accomplishment. She thus assisted in constructing many fabrics of enduring benefit to the family; among others an entire suit of broadcloth for her father, which he is said to have worn with peculiar satisfaction. To those who have read Mrs. Sigourney's "Letters to Young Ladies," it will be pleasant to learn, that in her own case, precept and practice were not divided. At the age of eighteen she published her first volume, called "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse." At twenty she was married to a merchant of wealth and education in Hartford.

The one great aim of her life seemed to be to do good. In 1822 she published a poem called "Traits of the Aborigines of America," devoting all the proceeds to charity. In 1840 she spent a year abroad, and on her return gave to the world "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands." Her poems and hymns are very numerous, and no collection is considered complete without them. Nearly two years since, (in 1882) the compiler of this volume stood by her tomb in the cemetery at Hartford, Conn., where her body was hid from mortal sight in 1865, her pure soul having gone to its reward.

TRUE PRAYER.

"The Lord is in His holy temple; let all the Earth keep silence before Him."

1 The Lord is on His holy throne,
He sits in Kingly state;
Let those who for His favor seek,
In humble silence wait.

2 Your sorrows to His eye are known,
Your secret motives clear,
It needeth not the pomp of words
To pour them on His ear.

3 Doth Death thy bosom's cell invade?
Yield up thy flower of grass:
Swells the world's wrathful billows high?
Bow down and let it pass.

4 Press not thy purpose on thy God,
Urge not thine erring will,
Nor dictate to the Eternal mind,
Nor doubt thy Maker's skill.

5 True prayer is not the noisy sound
That clamorous lips repeat,
But the deep silence of a soul
That clasps Jehovah's feet.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.
Hartford, Conn, 1847.

GRATITUDE.

1 Now let my soul, eternal King,
To Thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

2 All nature sings Thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in Thy blesséd word I trace
Diviner wonders of Thy grace.

3 Here what delightful truths I read!
Here I behold the Saviour bleed;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart and checks my fear.

4 Here Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my laboring conscience peace;
Here lifts my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

5 For love like this, Oh, let my song,
Thro' endless years, Thy praise prolong;
Let distant climes Thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

ANNE STEELE.

FOR WHAT SHALL I PRAISE THEE?

1 For what shall I praise Thee, my God and my King,
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise Thee for pleasure, for health, or for ease,
For the sunshine of youth, for the garden of peace?

2 For this I should praise; but if only for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss!
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, and care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear;

3 For nights of anxiety, watching, and tears,
A present of pain, a prospective of fears;
I praise Thee, I bless Thee, my Lord and my God,
For the good and the evil Thy hand hath bestowed!

CAROLINE FRY. (WILSON.)
Died 1846.

OUR STRENGTH AND GUIDE.

1 Thou holy God, the truth, the light,
From everlasting still the same;
Our strength by day, our guide by night,
We bow before Thy righteous name:
We seek to know our Father's will,
And bid our troubled hearts be still.

2 From sin's dark mazes set us free,
From gloomy doubts and error's thrall;
Pure, meek, and trusting we would be,
And listening to Thy loving call,
We'll follow where the Shepherd leads,
O'er flinty rocks or dewy meads.

3 When pleasure's giddy paths allure,
Or dark temptation seeks to win
Our souls from thee, O make us pure,
O keep us from all guilt and sin;
May grace sufficient e'er be given,
To lead us home to Thee in heaven.

4 When we shall see Thee as Thou art,
And join the angels at Thy feet;
May we be given some humble part,
As we shall tread the golden street,
Some work for Thee, still done in love,
Among the ransomed hosts above.

SARAH M. PERKINS.

GOD OF MY LIFE.

L. M.

1 God of my life, to Thee belong
The grateful heart, the joyful song;
Touched by Thy love, each tuneful chord
Resounds the goodness of the Lord.

2 Yet why, dear Lord, this tender care?
Why doth Thy hand so kindly rear
A useless cumberer of the ground,
On which so little fruit is found?

3 Still let the barren fig-tree stand,
Upheld and fostered by Thy hand;
And let its fruit and verdure be
A grateful tribute, Lord, to Thee.

ELIZABETH SCOTT, 1764.

THE SOUL'S DESIRE

Rev. 3:11.

1 The roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!

2 Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

3 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How soon they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!

4 Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

5 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.

6 Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor fail to reach our crown!

MRS C. F. ALEXANDER.
Born, 1823.

IMMANUEL

7s.

1 God with us! oh, glorious name!
Let it shine in endless fame;
God and man in Christ unite;
Oh, mysterious depth and height!

2 God with us! the eternal Son
Took our soul, our flesh, and bone;
Now, ye saints, His grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did He our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! oh, wondrous grace!
Let us see Him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

SARAH SLINN.

HOW SWEET THE LAY.

Matt. 14: 23.

1 How sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear,
When at the hour of rising day
Christians unite in prayer.

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne:
He listens to their humble sighs,
And sends His blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light—
Once on the chilling mount did stay,
And wrestle all the night.

4 So Jesus still doth pray
Before the morning bright,
On heavenly mountains far away,
While we toil here in night.

5 Leave, Lord, Thy vigil there,
Descend upon life's wave;
Come to the bark through midnight air,
The storm shall cease to rave.

MRS. BROWN.

GOD IS LOVE.

From "Songs of Delight," by per.

1 Sing, the morning light is breaking,
And the shadows fly;
Earth, in all its beauty waking,
Praises God most high.
Sing, the zephyrs soft are o'er us,
Fleecy clouds above,
While the birds in joyful chorus,
Tell us God is love.

2 Now the noon is bright and glowing,
Rest would be so sweet;
When the brook is softly flowing,
And the shadows meet.
Summer's light and life are o'er us,
Summer skies above,
All the world is bright before us,
Knowing God is love.

3 Weary feet are homeward turning,
Lower sinks the sun;
Sunset clouds in splendor burning,
Tell us day is done.
Pray, the shadows deepen o'er us,
Darker all above,
But the stars in solemn chorus,
Whisper God is love.

CLARA B. HEATH. 1881.

Mrs. Barbauld.

Ann Letitia Aiken was born at Kibworth Harcourt, Leicestershire, 20th June, 1743. Her father, the Rev. J. Aiken, was principal of a boys' school. It was not until she was thirty years of age that Miss Aiken published, in 1773, a volume of poems, written at various periods. In 1774 she married the Rev. Rochement Barbauld, the minister of a Dissenting congregation at Palgrave, Suffolk, where he and Mrs. Barbauld conducted a boarding school for boys. Mrs. Barbauld published various works, and distinguished herself by promoting the cause of rational education. She wrote fourteen articles for "Evenings at Home," a work published by her brother, Dr. Aiken, with whom she resided after the death of her husband. Died 1825.

WELCOME MORN.

C. M.

1 Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 Oh, what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
Oh, what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

5 Jesus! the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion moved,
Descended, like a pitying God,
To save the souls He loved.

6 Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,
And boundless blessings flow.

7 And still for erring, guilty man
A brother's pity flows;
And still His bleeding heart is touched
With memory of our woes.

8 To Thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepared, like Thee, to die,
With Thee that I may live.

ANN LETITIA BARBAULD

AN ACCEPTABLE OFFERING.

C. M.

1 When, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his God,
What rites, what honors shall He pay?
How spread His praise abroad?

2 From marble domes and gilded spires,
Shall clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly sacrifice?

3 Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Thy God will hear thy prayer.

ANN LETITIA BARBAULD. 1778.

TRUSTFULNESS.

C. M.

1 O Father, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
No fear nor doubt shall enter here;
All shall be Thine to-day!

2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at Thy shrine;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple Thine.

3 Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.

MRS. A. L. BARBAULD.

SPRING.

C. M.

1 While verdant hill and blooming vale
Put on their fresh array,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day!

2 Oh, let my wondering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand that deigns to bless
The garden, field, and grove!

3 The bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.

4 That hand, in this hard heart of mine
Can make each virtue live;
And kindly showers of grace divine,
Life, beauty, fragrance give.

ANNE STEELE.

THE SACRED WORD.

1 Father of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be Thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou forever near;
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

WHERE JESUS REIGNS.

Rev. 21 : 23.

1 Oh, for a sweet, inspiring ray,
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day—
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns!

2 There, low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall;
And, with delightful worship, own
His smile their bliss, their heaven, their all.

3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph, spread
Through all the assemblies of the skies.

4 He smiles,—and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze;
Ten thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

5 There all the followers of the Lamb
Shall join at last the heavenly choir:
Oh, may the joy-inspiring theme
Awake our faith and warm desire!

ANNE STEELE.

HIS LOVE.

C. M.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
Oh, may his love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 Blest Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love Thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

ANNE STEELE.

Emily Huntington Miller.

Emily Huntington Miller has written much in prose and verse. Her stories and hymns are eagerly sought after by the readers of the Sunday-school periodicals, and she is frequently requested to furnish original hymns for special occasions.

THE EARTHLY AND THE HEAVENLY TEMPLE.

1 Enter Thy temple, glorious King!
And write Thy name upon its shrine,
Thy peace to shed, Thy joy to bring,
And seal its courts forever Thine.

2 Abide with us, O Lord, we pray,
Our strength, our comfort, and our light;
Sun of our joy's unclouded day!
Star of our sorrow's troubled night!

3 If from Thy paths our souls should stray,
Yet turn to seek Thy pardoning grace,
Cast not our contrite prayer away,
But hear from heaven, Thy dwelling-place.

4 Grant us to walk in peace and love,
And find, at last, some humble place
In that great temple built above,
Where dwell Thy saints before Thy face.

MRS. EMILY H. MILLER.

Mrs. Miller was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., in 1833. The well and favorably known D. Thomas Huntington was her father, and her mother was one of earth's rare fruits. Her grandfather Huntington was one of Washington's staff officers. At the Oberlin College, where she was educated, she first met Mr John H. Miller. They were married in 1859. Of their four children, three have grown up into the "whole symbol" sort of men who "are ever at the centre of influence," as another expresses it. For ten years Mrs. Miller was associate editor of the "Corporal," founded during the war by Alfred L. Sewell, a Chicago publisher, afterwards taking the entire supervision. She has contributed much prose and verse to many papers and magazines of the higher class, and has written and had published "The Royal Road to Fortune," "The Kirkwood Library," "Capt. Fritz," "Home Papers," and numerous other works. She is prominently connected with both foreign missions and temperance work, and has lectured with great acceptance in behalf of both causes. In regard to her husband's high appreciation of his wife's literary attainments, Miss Willard closes a sketch of her as follows:—

"Talk of the 'chivalry' of ancient days! Go to, ye modern ages, and learn what that word means. Behold the Christian light of the nineteenth century of grace, in which we have the spectacle, not of lances tilted to defend 'my lady's' beauty, by swaggering knights who could not write their names, but the noblest men of the world's foremost race placing upon the brows of those most dear to them, above the wreath of Venus the helmet of Minerva, and leading into broader paths of opportunity and knowledge the fair divinities who preside over their homes."

1866.

1 Praise ye the Lord—let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy;
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.

2 Recount His works in strains divine,
His wondrous works—how bright they shine!
Praise Him for all His mighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

3 Let all whom life and breath inspire,
Attend, and join the blissful choir;
But chiefly ye, who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord!

ANNE STEELE.

IN THE BATTLE.

1 God is in the din of battle; I have heard His
conq'ring car
As it rushed along the heavens from the
realms of glory far;
I have heard the stately steppings of His
coursers to the war
As they went marching on.

2 God is by the blazing camp-fire; I have
heard His "still, small voice,"
As He whispered to the sinner, "Make the
paths of right your choice:"
I have seen the contrite wand'rer in His pardon
free rejoice,
As he went marching on.

3 I have seen Him by the death-bed where the
wounded soldier lay,
I have seen the peaceful sweetness on the lips
of pallid clay,
I have watched the franchised spirit as it to the
realms of day
Went swiftly marching on.

4 I have seen Him in the struggle when retreat
was close cut off,
And the captive legions listened to their
conq'rer's taunting scoff;
I have heard Him say, "This potion to the dregs
my foes must quaff
As they go marching on."

5 I have heard Him in the vict'ry when the flag
was floating high,
And the people's joyous peans on the air rose far
and nigh,
When "To God be praise and glory" was our
exultant cry,
As we went marching on.

6 We are "treading in the wine press" where our
Surety trod before:
We are walking in the furnace where the gold is
melted o'er
And He waits to see His image in our spirit's
inward core,
As we go marching on.

7 Thou who ever with Thine armies in the days
of old didst dwell
Their glorious Lord and Leader when the hosts
before them fell,
Thou whose name wast proudly mentioned in the
song's triumphant swell,
As they went marching on;

8 Lead us onward thro' the conflict, the wine-
press and the flame,
Make our starry banner glorious with thine all-
prevailing name,
Nor put out the raging war-fires till our country,
free from shame,
Goes proudly marching on.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH. 1862.

I WOULD DRAW NIGH.

"Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to thee."

1 I would draw nigh, but tell me where?
In forest old and dim?
Or when on lonely mountain top
The soul seems nearer Him?

2 I would draw nigh! but whither go?
Where purple sunlight falls,
And music sways the charméd air
Within the temple walls?

3 Oh, soul! no outward circumstance
Of time, or state, or place,
Debars the visits of Thy God,
If thou dost seek His face—

4 If thou dost tread the holy ground
With shoes from off thy feet;
And welcome the dear Comforter
Who comes with solace sweet.

5 It is not thus with absent friends—
Our soul with anguish torn,
May cry, "Would God that they were here!"
On some refulgent morn,

6 When they go forth with gladsome eyes,
Unconscious of our woe,
And learn, at last with sad surprise,
When all too late to know!

7 And those who from our side have fled
To breathe celestial air,
How should they hear, midst harmonies,
The voice of our despair?

8 The stifling mountains shut it in,
The waters drown our cry;
No answer from untroubled depths
Of the far-distant sky!

9 Ah, thus it seems; yet who can say
That friend to friend no more
Returns—returns as embassy,
Fresh from the "Shining shore!"

10 But this we know, though friends should fail,
God will draw nigh His own;
A loving word, or wish, may bring
An answer from the throne.

11 And when we tread the sunless vale,
Which Christ before hath trod,
His word of promise shall not fail
While we go home to God.

ANNA LENTHAL SMITH.

HIS WITNESSES.

Heb. 11:6.

1 There is a God! all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See! from the clouds His glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
And bow before Him, and adore.

ANNE STEELE.

MIDDAY.

1 A little rest, Lord, midway of Life's hours,
A space of soft and summer-sweet repose;
Time to glance backward on bright morning's flowers,
On weary wanderings ere the noontide goes;
Give me one hour of rest!

2 A time to strengthen all the heart's faint hopes
For toil and battle in the day's decline;
In the cool shade, where streams glide down the slopes,
Thy humbler creatures drain noon's peaceful wine;
One hour, and I am blest!

3 But no? not e'en one little fleeting calm
Of folded hands, and dreams, and dear delay?
'Tis well; the path will yield some precious balm;
Straightway I rise to press adown the day,
And soon shall be Thy guest!

CELESTE M. A. WINSLOW.
Keokuk, Iowa.

OUR LIFE AND GUIDE.

1 Jesus, Son of Righteousness,
Brightest beam of love divine,
With the early morning rays
Do Thou on our darkness shine.
And dispel with purest light
All our night,—all our night.

2 Like the sun's reviving ray,
May Thy love, with tender glow,
All our coldness melt away,
Warm and cheer us forth to go;
Gladly serve Thee and obey,
All the day,—all the day.

3 Thou, our only Life and Guide,
Never leave us nor forsake;
In Thy light may we abide
Till the eternal morning break;
Moving on to Zion's hill,
Homeward still,—homeward still.

MISS JANE BORTHWICK.
Died 1862.

COMMUNION IN LOVE.

1 Hail, happy day! thou day of holy rest,
What heavenly peace and transport fill our breast!
When Christ, the God of grace, in love descends,
And kindly holds communion with his friends.

2 Let earth and all its vanities be gone,
Move from my sight, and leave my soul alone;
Its flattering, fading glories I despise,
And to immortal beauties turn my eyes.

3 Fain would I mount and penetrate the skies,
And on my Saviour's glories fix my eyes:
Oh, meet my rising soul, thou God of love,
And waft it to the blissful realms above!

[illegible]
Died 1851

FROM EVERLASTING.

L. M.

1 Ere mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood;
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting, Thou art God.

2 A thousand ages, in their flight,
With Thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to Thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream—
A passing thought, that soon is o'er—
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
Each passing moment so to spend
That we at length with Thee may live,
Where life and bliss shall never end.

HARRIET AUBER.

THOU HAST MADE SUMMER.

Psalm lxxiv: 17.

1 It is through a flower-strewn way
That Thy children walk to-day,
O God, who makest the Summer-time so beautiful to see;
And the sweetly-scented air
Bears upwards many a prayer
Of loving, happy gratitude from the sons of men to [Thee.

2 There is sunshine on the hills,
And the silver-sparkling rills
Seem to laugh in low, glad music at some pleasant [tale retold;
And the soft, caressing shadows
Steal about the sighing meadows,
When the daisy whiteness softens the broad space of [burnished gold.

3 All the world is full of song,
And the melody lasts long,
From the opening of the day when the dawn and [darkness meet,
Till the soft, reluctant light
Leaves the land to rest and night,
And Philomela's evening hymn arises soft and sweet.

4 O God, is any sad
When the world is all so glad,
And thou hast made the Summer so full of joy and [love?
Are there tears in any eyes
That look upward to Thy skies,
When the earth in beauty vieth with the azure space [above?

5 Alas, 'tis even so!
Thy children dwell below,
Where sin and sorrow darken e'en brightest days of [May;
Yet Thou, whose bounteous hand
Has made so fair the land,
Hast power to bless the sorrowful, when unto Thee [we pray.

6 For all the pain and sadness,
Thou canst put joy and gladness
In hearts that do not know them though "the corn [and wine increase."
Hush Thou the care and strife
That mar our human life,
And give to every troubled one some share of love [and peace.

7 All things own Thy control;
Make Summer in the soul,
Whose sobbings spoil with dissonance the season's [merry chime;
Thy blessings crowd the sod,—
Be merciful, O God,
And give to every child of Thine the joy of Summer- [time.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

IN ALL THINGS PRAISE.

1 For gladsome summer days,
For joy and peace always,
Dear Lord, I sing Thy praise;
For woful winter's night,
For grief's long fearful fight,
Still praise, O Lord of Light!

2 For all the calm I find,
For lightsome, happy mind,
I praise thee, Lord most kind!
For all life's toil and strain,
For weary heart and brain,
I praise Thee, Lord, again.

3 For dear one's health and peace,
And joys that still increase,
My praises shall not cease;
Yea, for their grief and care,
And burdens loved ones bear,
I praise Thee still with prayer.

4 For home, for each dear friend,
For life, till life shall end,
My praises shall ascend;
For dear ones gone before,
For Death's foot at my door,
I'll praise Thee, Lord, the more.

5 With gladness I'll receive
The joys my God shall give,
And praise Thee while I live;
The griefs Thou mayest send
My heart in twain may rend—
Still praises shall ascend.

6 And when kind Death shall stand
To lead us by the hand
Into Immanuel's land,
I'll praise Thee and adore,
Upon the heavenly shore,
Dear Lord, forevermore.

HETTA LORD HAYES WARD.
1882

ALL PRAISE AND GLORY.

1 Sing praise to God who reigns above,
The God of power, the God of love,
The God of our salvation;
With healing balm my soul He fills,
And every faithless murmur stills;
To God all praise and glory!

2 The Angel host, O King of kings,
Thy praise forever telling,
In earth and sky all living things
Beneath Thy shadow dwelling,
Adore the wisdom which could span,
And power which formed creation's plan:
To God all praise and glory!

3 What God's almighty power hath made,
His gracious mercy keepeth;
By morning glow, or evening shade,
His watchful eye ne'er sleepeth;
Within the kingdom of His might,
Lo! all is just, and all is right
To God all praise and glory!

4 O ye who bear Christ's holy name,
Give God all praise and glory!
All ye who own His power, proclaim
Aloud the wondrous story:
Cast each false idol from His throne,
The Lord is God, and He alone:
To God all praise and glory!

MISS COX.

Miss Ella A. Hotchkiss.

Miss E. A. Hotchkiss, who writes under the *nom de plume* of Hazel Wilde, is a popular verse writer of the present day. She is versatile in style, and her articles are on many and varied themes. The following hymn, and another entitled "Supplication," in this volume, were penned on recovery from severe illness. While her life was despaired of, her soul life was quickened, and she reconsecrated herself to the Master's service.

HIS NAME BE PRAISED.

1 God's love in all around I see,
But wondrous is His love to me,
Whose soul Himself from death set free:
His Name be praised!

2 Almost my earthly course was run,
God saved my life! His will be done,
Is now my prayer, through Christ His Son:
His Name be praised!

3 Long time, in sin, I went astray,
Oft as I ought I did not pray,
God led me, then, His heavenly way:
His Name be praised!

4 Let soul and body bless Thee, Lord,
Who strengthens both, who both restored;
And to my mind Thy truths afford,
Thy Name be praised!

ELLA A. HOTCHKISS.
Westville, New Haven, Conn., 1882.

Martha Day.

Martha Day was the eldest daughter of Jeremiah Day, L. L. D., President of Yale College, and was born at New Haven, Conn., on the 13th of February, 1813.

THE BOUNDLESS UNIVERSE.

Psalm civ.

All that it hath of splendor and of life,
The living, moving worlds, in their bright robes,
Of blooming lands, and heaving glittering waters,
Even the still and holy depths of heaven,
Where the glad planets bathe in floods of light,
Forever pouring from a thousand suns,
All, all, are but the garments of our God,
Yea, the dark foldings of His outmost skirts!
Mortal! who with a trembling, longing heart,
Watchest in silence the few rays that steal,
In their livid dimness, to thy feeble sight—
Watch on, in silence, till within thy soul,
Bearing away each taint of sin and death,
Springs the hid fountain of immortal life!
Then shall the mighty vail asunder rend,
And o'er the spirit, living, strong, and pure,
Shall the full glories of the God-head flow!

MARTHA DAY.

THE COMING OF THE SABBATH.

1 The sacred Sabbath came last night,
Silent, saintly, robed in white;
She parted the moonlit depths of blue
With her star-gemmed prow and glided through.

2 The world was weary and vexed with heat,
With sweat on his brow, and dust on his feet,
And with panting tongue and heaving breast,
He sighed for an hour of quiet rest.

3 She moored her boat on the fretted strand
Of Time, and touched the shifting sand
With her dainty foot, and sprang to meet
The care-worn world with waters sweet.

4 Upon his brow she laid her hands,
Unloosed his burden's galling bands,
Pressed to his lips the waters cool,
With which the springs of heaven are full.

5 "O vexing cares! I bid you cease,"
She said, "and give the poor world peace.
Stand ye aside one day in seven,
And let me bring a breath of Heaven."

6 'Twas done! With hands upon his breast
The poor world settled to his rest;
From cheek and brow the fevered flush
Was cooled away,—a sacred hush

7 With that sweet guarding Presence came;
The winds and waters learned her name,
And while her dainty sail is furled,
Steal lightly past the resting world.

MRS. M. J. HENRY
Evanston, Ill., 1883.

THE NEW SONG.

1 There's a song ever new that the angels are singing,
Thro' streets that are garden, from hearts ever [blest:
There's a song ever new that the sweet bells are [ringing,
As each week begins with its Sabbath of rest.

2 There's a song ever new that the ransomed in glory
Are singing to-day, as around the white throne,
From the infant of days to the head that was hoary,
They join in the praise of what Jesus hath done.

3 There's a song ever new that awaits us in heaven,
When earth-toil all finished, earth duties all done,
We shall meet upon high with our sins all forgiven,
And sit at the feet of the glorified One.

4 There's a song ever new, oh, proclaim it, ye mountains!
Shout, shout it with gladness, ye beautiful hills,
Pour it forth in your flowing, ye rivers and fountains,
While ev'ry green vale with its melody thrills.

By permission. M. E. SERVOSS.

SWEET SABBATH DAY.

"Call the Sabbath a delight," Isa. lviii: 13.

1 Sweet Sabbath-day of peace,
Sweet day of rest and prayer;
In it we read a Father's love,
A Father's tender care.

2 Thro' all the busy week,
To toil our days are given;
But now we put these cares aside,
And look from earth to heaven.

3 Here in this holy house,
This place where God doth meet
His friends, we lay our joyful songs
Our off'rings at his feet.

4 Dear Lord, may Sabbath peace
Pervade each troubled heart;
May tho'ts of worldly toil and gain,
And wrong desires depart.

5 Oh, fill our hearts with love
For thee, thou First and Best:
And may this day a foretaste be
Of thy eternal rest.

By permission. ANNA SHARE.

Julia Anne Elliott.

Julia Anne Elliott, the daughter of John Marshall, of Hallsteads, and wife of the Rev. H. V. Elliott, was the author of many beautiful hymns, some of which were published in a collection made by her husband in 1835, entitled, "Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship." She died on the 3d of November, 1841, in England, her native land.

BRIGHT AND SACRED MORN.

1 Hail! thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams!
Light, which not of earth is born,
From thy dawn in glory streams:
Airs of Heaven are breath'd around,
And each place is holy ground.

2 Sad and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessed day,
Resting-place on life's rough road!
Here flow forth the streams of grace,
Strengthen'd hence we run our race.

3 Great Creator! who this day
From Thy perfect work didst rest;
By the souls that own Thy sway
Hallow'd be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day giv'n to Heaven alone!

4 Saviour! who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom;
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin, and live to Thee!

5 Blessed Spirit! Comforter!
Sent this day from Christ on high;
Lord, on me Thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify!
All Thine influence shed abroad,
Lead me to the truth of God!

6 Soon, too soon, the sweet repose
Of this day of God will cease;
Soon this glimpse of Heaven will close,
Vanish soon the hours of peace;
Soon return the toil, the strife,
All the weariness of life.

7 But the rest which yet remains
For Thy people, Lord, above,
Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains,
Endless as their Saviour's love;
Oh! may every Sabbath here
Bring us to that rest more near!

JULIA ANNE ELLIOTT.

Mrs. Urania Locke Bailey.

Mrs. Urania Locke Bailey was born in Gill, Franklin Co., Mass., and died March 25th 1882, at Providence, R. I. She was the author of many touching hymns, the best known of which are perhaps, "The Master has come over Jordan" and "The mistakes of my life have been many." Through the kindness of her husband the following hymn is inserted from her well-known volume entitled "Star Flowers." Hers was a sweet and saintly spirit and the world has lost much by her removal. But being dead she yet speaketh through her beautiful hymns, breathing so much of patience and love.

THE LORD'S DAY COMETH.

1 Falling half asleep, some spirit
Seems to take me by the hand,
Suddenly, without transition,
To a radiant summer-land;
Where the light is like a glory,
Where the mountains are sublime,
And the feet of young immortals
Rather seem to fly than climb.

2 Trees are there, like palms in stature;
Birds of shape and plumage rare,
Streaked and hued like gorgeous lilies,
Float along the ambient air.
Then a voice, a stir, awakes me;
I am on a couch of pain;
And this weak and weary body
Holds me like an iron chain.

3 Hark! the robins in the linden!
Hark! the swallows in the sun!
Singing for the joy of living!
Bliss of being just begun!
Hark! the Lord's day chimes are playing!
List the sound of joyful feet
Passing onward to the temples
Where the Lord's beloved meet!

4 Lo! another Lord's day cometh!
Soon for me it may be here!
All my heart leaps up in gladness
When I think it draweth near!
Every fetter fallen from me
In His countenance divine,
I shall see Him in His beauty,
Mary's risen Lord and mine!

UNA LOCKE BAILEY.
Providence, R. I.

DAY OF REST.

1 At last the lingering shades of night
Have passed with mute adieu,
And Nature's face again is bright
With morning's roseate hue;
Day never dawned with fairer light
Beneath a sky of blue.

2 A radiance overhangs the town—
A charm half understood—
The splendor of a golden crown
Encircles field and wood;
Like that first morn when God looked down
And saw "that it was good."

3 A holy calm o'er all the earth,
A glory in the air,
As if the glad sunlight had birth
In some divinely fair
Enchanted land, where songs of mirth
Are echoed but in prayer.

4 Anon, the chime of sacred bells
Falls on each listening ear;
With many a note of praise, that swells
From choir and organ clear,
To Him "who in the heavens dwells,"
And yet is ever near.

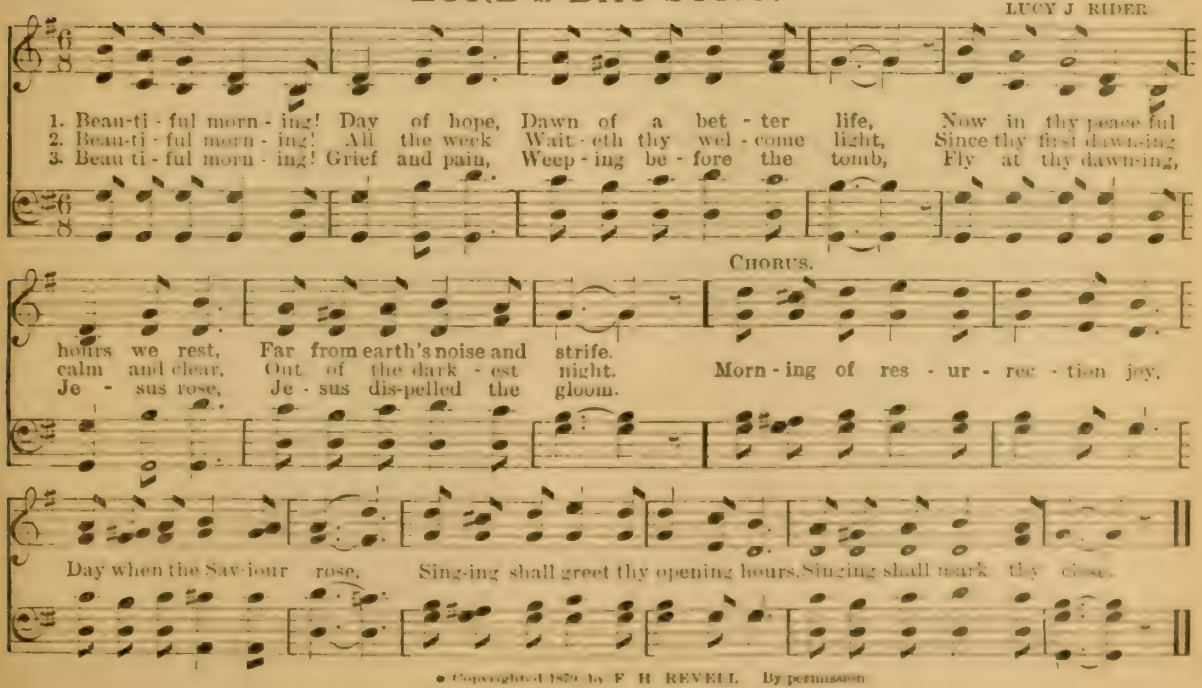
5 It is the Lord's appointed day—
Sweet Sabbath day of rest;
We put all earthly thoughts away,
And kneel, our sins confessed,
And humbly, penitently pray
That we may still be blest.

6 Oh, peaceful, sacred Sabbath day!
Blest day of all the seven;
'Twere rapture here alone to stay
From dawn till dewy even,
In contemplation of the way
That leadeth up to heaven.

LORD'S DAY SONG.*

HATTIE HOWARD.

LUCY J. RIDER.



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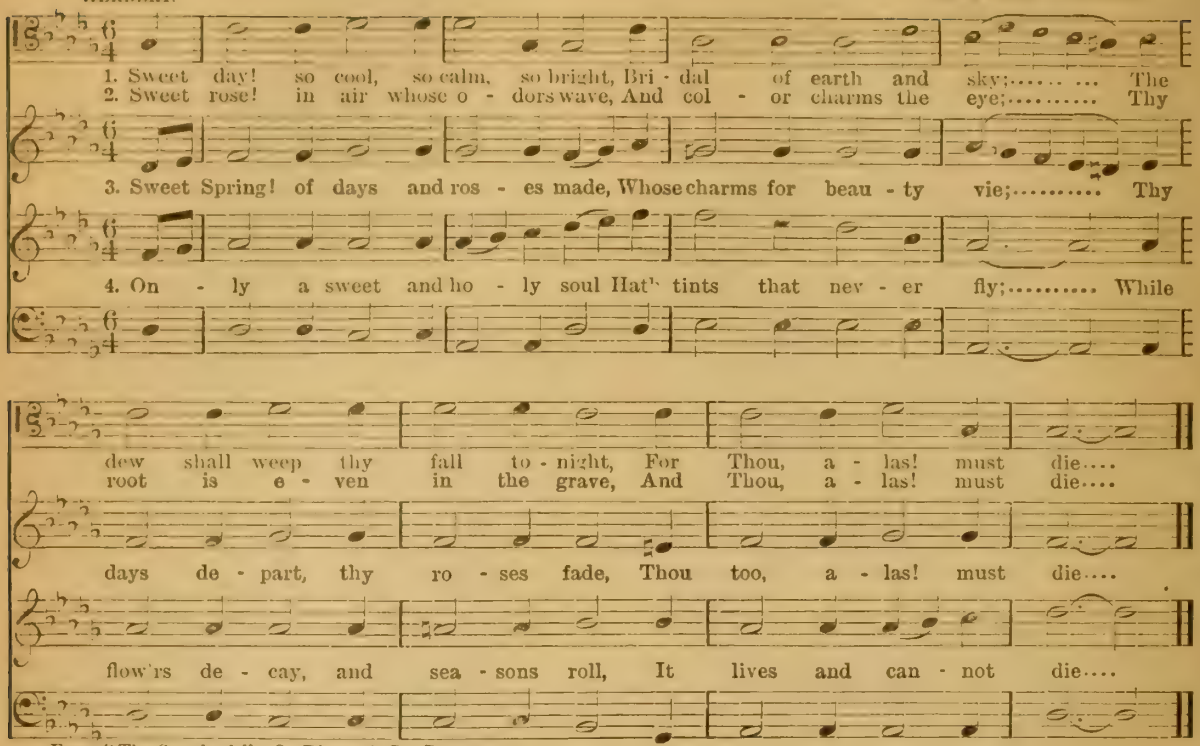
AGNES. C. M.

HERBERT. MISS MATE L. RICKEY.



From "The Standard." O. Ditson & Co. Boston.

Jenny Bland Beauchamp.

Mrs. Jenny Bland Beauchamp, is the wife of Rev. S. A. Beauchamp, pastor of the Baptist Church, Denton, Texas. She is a woman of vigorous intellect, though small in stature. Her writings in both prose and poetry have been considerable. "The Woman's Journal" "Woman at Work," and various other periodicals and news papers, are enriched and enlivened by her contributions. She was the first one to propose a compilation of hymns and sacred poems by woman, through the columns of The Inter-Ocean, some three and a half years since. Her appeal was at once seconded by men and women all over the land and has resulted in this volume. She is now President of the Texas Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and is filling the position most ably and acceptably. Thoroughly consecrated to the Master's use in any field, her power is felt for good in reform work, and especially in the uplifting of woman to the position God designed her to occupy by the side of her brother, as an equal and a help-meet.

DEDICATION HYMN.

C. M.

1 We dedicate to God, today,
This house for praise and prayer:
Oh may we in this Temple, Lord,
A better temple rear.

2 We'd build as built the saints of yore,
Like to the pattern shown;
A glorious compact it shall be
If Thou prepare the stone.

3 For goodly stones elect and clean,
And fashioned by thy grace,
Adorned with precious gems and gold
Shall mark thy dwelling place.

4 Be thou the rock on which we stand
Then we will fear no fall;
Although the fearful storms of life
May beat upon our wall.

5 Make here the fold of thine own sheep,
Where we may dwell secure;
Let none intrude, who come not thro'
The heaven appointed door.

6 Here we will tell thy dying love,
And show the tokens given;
Will oft our solemn vows renew
And tune our harps for Heaven.

7 But earthly temples made of clay,
How soon, alas! they fail;
Our feeble frames more frail than they
Shall moulder in the vale.

9 Oh grant when earthly scenes are o'er
To us this sweet reward,
To tread Thine upper courts, and see
Thy glorious temple, Lord.

JENNY BLAND BEAUCHAMP. 1882.

OUR WELCOME.

1 O God! into thy temple come,
Let Thy great presence bless!
Our yearning hearts could ask no more:
They would not rest with less.

2 This altar is their refuge, Lord!
Drooping beneath the load
Thy changeless love has ever laid,
Thou good and gracious God!

3 Thy changeless love! Come, Church of Christ
Gathered above, — below: —
Ye angel-lips, once vocal here,
Help us our thanks to show.

4 Distance and peril overpassed,
Pastor and people rest;
And home is reached when Zion's courts
The wandering feet have pressed.

5 O Heavenly Home! thy pearly gates
Are shining on our way;
There may our souls a welcome find,
Such as we give to-day.

MISS H. S. WARE.
Boston, Mass. 1882.

Lucy H. Washington.

Lucy H. Washington (née Walker) was born in Whitney, Addison County, Vermont, Jan. 4, 1835. She graduated at Clover Street Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., in 1856. Many of her poems and hymns have been published in a neat volume entitled "Echoes of Song." She has long been recognized as a poet of ability and an effective lecturer on temperance and kindred topics.

HALF A CENTURY.

1828. 1878.

Fiftieth Anniversary of the Diamond Grove Baptist Church, near Jacksonville, Illinois.

1 A half a century has rolled
Upon time's ceaseless flood,
Since here an earnest few were called
To plant a church of God.

2 Upheld by all sustaining grace,
In mingled joys and tears,
This church hath kept abiding place,
Through all these changing years.

3 With melting hearts and humble prayer
Unto our God we raise,
We'll thank him for his watchful care,
And sing his glorious praise.

4 For He hath led us all the way,
Our shield and buckler He,
Who brings us to this goodly day
Of anniversary.

5 As now we dwell upon the past,
In tender, sad review,
O may that love which holds us fast,
Our love and zeal renew.

6 The scrolls of half a century,
Undimmed to-day they show
The names of those who served their God
Those fifty years ago.

7 And all along adown the line
What record do they bring,
Of many who have loyal been
Unto their Glorious King.

8 Within the midst some still abide
The banner to uphold,
Which for these fifty years has stood,
Inviting to the fold.

9 Others afar toil not in vain,
Beneath the noontide sun,
Who ne'er may view the scenes again,
Where morning life begun.

10 Many have wearied by the way,
And gone unto their rest—
E'en as the sun, at close of day,
Sinks in the azure west.

11 Yet as the sun resplendently
Again at morn shall rise,
All, all, shall re-united be
In mansions in the skies.

12 When Time and Tide shall roll away,
Then pass'd Death's turbid flood
We'll dwell in everlasting day,
Church of the living God.

MRS. L. H. WASHINGTON,
Jacksonville, Ill. 1878.

OUR OFFERING.

Dedication of the Congregational Church, Hopkinton, Mass., January 19th, 1860.

1 Father, our offering we bring,
In Jesus' sacred name,
And humbly through His precious blood,
Would thine acceptance claim.

2 Here may the Spirit with us dwell,
An honored, constant Guest;
Here may His wondrous power be known,
To give the weary rest.

3 May here, on wings of living faith,
Ascend the voice of prayer,
And to Thy glorious throne on high,
Thy people's wishes bear.

4 Here may the notes of joyful praise,
Like incense sweet, arise,
To mingle with the angels' song,
Above the upper skies,—

5 Until, thine *earthly* worship o'er,
Through the Redeemer's love,
We meet to praise Thee better still,
Within Thy courts above.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH, Born 1838.
Hopkinton, Mass.

OUR FATHER AND OUR FRIEND.

1 O God, our Father and our Friend,
Around Thy throne our people bend,
For blessings sent through countless days,
Inspire our hearts with thanks and praise.

2 A life of working years has sped,
Since hands were laid upon his head,
With silvered locks, before Thee, now,
Our pastor breathes again his vow.

3 Thou'st guided him midst joys and tears,
Thy strength he's craved for doubts and fears,
Thy hand to smooth the dying bed,
Thy blessing begged on childhood's head.

4 Preserve our love as true and warm
When age shall bow the shepherd's form;
May we, long fostered by his care,
Our thanks to Thee unceasing bear.

MRS. FRANCES E. BRIDGES.
Hopkinton, Mass., 1863.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

1 Our Father's God, on Thee we call,
To meet Thy children here in love:
Indite each thought—accept our praise,
And make this scene a blessing prove.

2 We thank Thee that Thou'st spared so long
This guide, the way of life to show;
To feed this flock—their joys to share,
In hours of woe with them to mourn.

3 His labors, too, Thy hand has blessed,
And souls have for his "seal" been given;
Oh! still Thy gracious aid bestow,
And may Thy truth win souls for Heaven.

4 And when is hushed the "watchman's" voice,
His trumpet tones no more we hear—
Around Thy throne may we rejoice,
And join in nobler worship there.

MRS. SARAH B. CROOKS.
Hopkinton, Mass., 1863.

Ada Cambridge.

Ada Cambridge, an English writer, is the author of "Hymns on the Litany," "Hymns on the Holy Communion," published in 1866, and a tale entitled, "The Two Surplices."

THE TEMPLE OF CHRIST.

1 On the dark threshold of His dwelling-place
The Master stands;
And hark! He knocks all gently at the door,
As he has—oh! so often—knocked before;
His voice is raised to plead
With those His love has freed
From woe eternal and death's iron bands.

2 How shall He find His temple-home prepared
When He comes in?
That Light of light, with purity divine,
Must it upon a soul's pollution shine?
Is it in ruins there—
Once in His sight so fair?
Will it be choked with noisome weeds within?

3 O Lord of life! if it indeed be so,
Then grant, we pray,
Thine aid Divine its beauty to restore!
Let it be cold and dark and foul no more,
But build its altar up:
Pour out the brimming cup
Of Thine own love, to cleanse each stain away.

4 Ah! as within a great cathedral church
The sunbeams shine
On pure and perfect beauty, may the light
Of heavenly grace and pardon, soft and bright,
Shine upon hearts made fair
By daily work and prayer—
Meet for Thy presence and Thy love divine.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

1 Father, with our grateful praises
At Thy throne we bow to-day,
In the blessed name of Jesus
Hear us, as to Thee we pray.
Hear us, Father,
Turn not from our plea away.

2 Sins confessing, pardon asking,
Of ourselves we have no claim,
Yet we plead the full forgiveness
Thou hast promised in His name.
Oh! receive us
In our Surety's blessed name.

3 We have built this habitation
For Thy worship here below,
Wilt Thou, gracious God, accept it
And Thy blessing now bestow?
Help us, Father,
Here the seeds of life to sow.

4 May the gospel's precious story
Here in earnest words be told,
And may faithful shepherds gather
Many lambs to swell the fold;
While hosannas
Echo thro' the streets of gold.

5 Here may mourning hearts find comfort
Sweeter far than earth can give,
And the dying learn, triumphant,
How to die that they may live!
More than conquerors,
Learn to die that they may live!

6 Now, dear Lord, accept our offering,
Let Thy blessing on us rest;
In this earthly habitation
Ever dwell an honored guest:
May we serve Thee
Till we meet among the blest.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH.
Boston, Mass., 1883.

Miss Annie L. Smith.

TWO HUNDRED YEARS.

Read at the Bi-Centennial Anniversary of the First Congregational Church, Stonington, Conn.

1674. 1874.

1 Just where Delft-Haven's sons look out
Over the white sea-foam,
Once knelt upon its shining sand
Exiles from hearth and home.
Upon its shining beach knelt down
The May-Flower's little band,
And asked that God would be their Guide
To the far Western Land.

2 To that far Western Land they [1] came,
And prayed upon its shore;
Behind, the wild Atlantic wave;
The forests wild, before,—
Behind, they left their sculptur'd Fanes,
With windows broad and high,
Where one unfading sunset reigns
In rich emblazonry.

3 Before them spread the forest aisles,
With pillar'd vistas fair,
Where tones, like organ tones, were in
The undulating air,—
Where oft, through interlacing boughs,
And leafy canopy,
Streamed hints that God paints ev'ry day
The windows of the sky.

4 They brought with them a treasure rare,
Not of the land, or sea;
They nurtured it in faith and prayer,
The germ of Liberty!
Its branches spread to many climes;
The nations sit beneath!
Its roots upheave old dynasties
Of tyranny and death!

5 And others sought, with kindred zeal,
"The[2] River of the Pines,"
And others came where Wallingford
In azurn glory shines.
Just where[3] New Haven's steeples rise
'Mid wealth of greenery,
They worshiped[4] that first Sabbath day
Beneath the broad oak tree.

---

6 So, on this hillock green, where still
Is heard the voice of prayer,
Once[5] came a chosen few, whose names
We keep with rev'rent care.
They wrought with fond, forecasting love,
For ages yet to be;
And age to age repeats the praise
Of honored ancestry.

7 They [6]formed a church, whose shining light
Should point their sons to Heaven;
A beacon in each stormy night
For those by tempest driven;
And fast, and faster, came the storm!
And fast shut down the night!
And still from this lone hillock shone
The faithful beacon light.

8 And thus, by earnest men, who sought
Their best to consecrate,
Was founded dear New England's realm,
Were founded Church and State.

9 "He who transplanted, still sustained,"
When fierce their savage foes,
And skies were redden'd as the flames
From burning homes arose;
When life grew tearful 'mid its wants,
'Mid hunger and disease,
And death grew fearful 'mid the taunts
Of savage enemies.

ANNIE L. SMITH.

1. 1620.
2. Hartford, on the Connecticut—1635 and 1636.
3. New Haven, near Quinnipiac river 4 April 18th, 1638
5. First Congregational Church of Stonington, formed on Agreement Hill.
6. This Church was formed in 1674—the year preceding "Philip's war."

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

Tune.—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

1 O God! in dark and troublous times
The fathers trusted Thee;
And what was gain they counted loss,
For Christ and Liberty!
And when they slept untroubled sleep
New England hills among,
"He who transplanted still sustains,"
Became the children's song.

2 Swift 'neath dividing centuries
The electric current runs,
Linking through love and loyalty
The fathers and the sons.
For we are *one*, though they in dust
Sleep centuries away—
And strong with life our pulses beat,
Yet we are one to-day.

3 One, though our eyes have never seen
The City where they dwell:
Its pearly gates, its golden sheen,
To us invisible.
And we, their sons, when scatter'd far,
By mountain and by sea,
Though creeds divide, shall yet be one,
O Christ our Lord, in Thee!

4 God, their Deliv'rer and their Strength!
The children still upstay,
Nor suffer them in life or death,
To fall from Thee away!
"He who transplanted yet sustains,"
With ever-growing love,—
Age after age shall catch the strains,
Until we meet above!

ANNIE L. SMITH.

DEDICATION HYMN.

1 Our Father, God, this day we bring
To Thee our heartfelt offering:
The products of our stores and lands,
The work of many willing hands.
We ask for peace,
For sacred rest.

2 Those gifts of trust Thou dost bestow
Upon Thy children here below,
May we in harmony combine
And render back as ever Thine.
We ask for peace,
For sacred rest.

3 And in this temple for Thy praise,
We wish our thoughts and lives to raise
Up to a standard pure and fair,
So we be worthy of Thy care.
And Thy sweet peace,
Thy sacred rest.

4 May we all nobler, stronger prove,
As we may bring each gift of love;
Father, we bow to Thee to-day,
Let every trusting spirit pray
For Thy sweet peace,
Thy sacred rest.

MRS. M. M. FRAZIER.

THE CORNER STONE.

Upon the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of the Woman's College, Evanston, Ill.

1 Great Builder, from whose perfect thought
Burst like a flower creation's plan,
Whose mighty hand through ages wrought
To shape a dwelling-place for man,

2 Not with Thy wisdom or Thy might
Can we, Thy children, build to-day,
Since Thou could poise the stars of light,
And hold them on their shining way.

3 Weak are our hands, but striving still
To bring Thy glorious kingdom near,
We work obedient to Thy will,
And claim Thy strength and feel no fear.

4 Builder divine! beside each rope
Let Thy bright angels stand to-day,
Angels of Patience, Faith, and Hope,
Unseen our corner-stone to lay.

5 Speed Thou the work until we raise,
With shouts of joy, the topmost dome,
And grateful say, amid our praise,
We do but give Thee back Thine own.

MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

1 Through many years of light and shade,
How dear the bond has grown,
Which has the pastor and his flock
Cemented into one.

2 Their prayers have blent in bridal scenes—
Beside the bed of death;
And rose, a cloud of incense sweet,
Upon the zephyr's breath,

3 When contrite ones have bowed the knee,
And plead, with trembling tone,
That darkest sins might be forgiven,
Through the atoning One.

4 O gracious Father, Thou whose smile
Hath blessed these lengthened years
With all their glowing joy and love,
Their mingled hopes and fears,

5 Grant that this bond may never break,
But when we meet above,
May we, as pastor and as flock,
Still join to sing Thy love.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH.
Boston, Mass., 1883.

Mrs. Julia P. Ballard.

Mrs. Julia P. Ballard is the wife of the Professor of Moral Philosophy and Rhetoric, in Lafayette College, Pa. From 1866 to 1872 he was the pastor of Fort St. Church, Detroit, Mich. While there, the following hymn was written by Mrs. Ballard, and sung at the 25th anniversary of that church. She is the author of many beautiful hymns and poems that will have a permanent place in hymnology and literature. She is one of the authors of the "Scarlet Oak," a book of poems of rare merit, and from which she has courteously allowed selections to be made for this volume. The young people, for whom she has written much prose as well as poetry, will best know her by the name of Kruna.

HYMN FOR CHURCH DEDICATION OR ANNIVERSARY.

1 O Thou whose ever-listening ear
Thy children's faintest cry doth hear,
Thy gracious love to us impart,
Great Helper of each waiting heart.

2 Be with us while as one we meet,
Thy special mercies to repeat;
While we our song of praise renew,
The Lord hath helped us hitherto.

3 The past Thy tender care hath found,
The present with Thy love is crowned;
Let all the future work Thy will,
The Lord shall be our Helper still.

JULIA P. BALLARD.

WELCOME TO A PASTOR.

1 Our Lord hath sent a shepherd,
His flock to tend and feed;
We give thee joyful welcome,
Thy watchful care we need;
Come, lead us thro' green pastures,
Beside the waters still,
Till safe Thy flock is folded
Upon the heavenly hill.

2 Our Lord hath sent a teacher
The bread of life to break;
We give thee earnest welcome,
For our Great Teacher's sake.
Thou, looking unto Jesus,
Hast learned His truth divine;
Let now upon our spirits
Its tender glory shine.

3 Our Lord has sent a leader,
His gospel trump to sound;
We give thee loyal welcome,
His banner rally round.
Lead on, with thee we follow,
Against the hosts of sin;
Till in the church triumphant,
Our Lord's well-done we win.

4 To Bethany's sweet friendships,
To Cana's feasts, so fair;
To Zion's holy temple,
To Olive's mount of prayer;
From Bethlehem to Calvary,
E'en through Gethsemane,
With us to follow Jesus,
We welcome, welcome thee.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

VACATION HYMN.

7s. Tune "*Horton.*"

1 Pleasant church, undo thy doors!
For the morning sunlight pours
Down thy walls, and balmy breeze
Stirs among the waving trees,

2 And the fountain's diamond drops
Rise and fall in measured stops:
Open! let the praise go in,
Chording with the organ-hymn.

3 From the belfry, old and gray,
Swinging slow in solemn sway,
Sounds the voice that years ago
Called our fathers to and fro.

4 Now the children hither bring
Willing feet, and hearts that sing;
This, the parting hymn, they pour
'Till the summer-days are o'er.

MISS H. S. WARE.
Boston, Mass., 1880.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

1 We all believe in one true God,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Strong Deliverer in our need,
Praised by all the heavenly host.
By whose mighty power alone
All is made, and wrought, and done.

2 And we believe in Jesus Christ,
Son of man and Son of God;
Who, to raise us up to heaven,
Left His throne and bore our load;
By whose cross and death are we
Rescued from our misery.

3 And we confess the Holy Ghost,
Who from both forever flows;
Who upholds and comforts us,
In the midst of fears and woes.
Blest and holy Trinity,
Praise shall ave be brought to thee!

T. CLAUSNITZER. Tr. by MISS C. WINKWORTH.

A PASTOR'S WORK.

From a poem read at the tenth anniversary of Dr Gladden's pastorate of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, St. Louis.

1 O pastor! friend! to whom we bring
This greeting from our hearts to-night,
Yours was the face, the hand, the voice,
That gave our life its happiest light.
You've helped us all our burdens bear,
And never wearied night or day;
You've turned our thoughts and hearts aside
From earth and pain to heaven alway.

2 You have upon our children's heads
Laid softly the baptismal seal;
Or at the marriage altar joined
Their youthful lives for woe or weal;
You've turned their faces to the light
And radiance of the Father's throne,
Until they've learned His wondrous grace,
And He has marked them for His own.

3 You've held the hand of those we loved
When shadows gathered thick and fast,
When lights burned low and stars grew dim,
As from our clinging arms they passed;
You've stood beside the open graves
Wherein we laid them down to sleep,
And whispered to our aching hearts
That they were given to God to keep.

4 Your words full many a mother's voice
Has whispered to her listening child;
Your prayers full many a stubborn heart
From ways of sorrow have beguiled;
And in that light which you have cast
Upon this weary life of ours,
Small tasks and aims have grown divine,
And gained new purposes and powers.

5 You may not know what higher thought,
Or what uplifted argument,
The tenor of your life has given,
Or to your neighbor's life hath lent;
What hearts and souls you've made alive,
And taught how vast the world may be;
What visions you have shown to eyes
That knew not heaven was fair to see.

6 But soon or late, the time will come
When groves of countless palms shall spring
Upon the barren ground we know,
And in the branches birds shall sing;
And many witnesses shall rise
To bless your memory, and tell,
Beneath the grateful, pleasant shade,
From whom the seed thus quickened fell.

MRS. [illegible]
St. Louis.

AN ORDINATION HYMN.

1 O God of Israel! who hast led
Thy people night and day;
Who hast their Zion made to them
A fair and pleasant way;

2 A grief hath dimmed her altar fires—
Made pale her precious stones;
With angel-worshippers, her priest
The temple-service owns.

3 To Thee we bring another, Lord!
Let Thine ordaining hand
Seal him the "Minister of God,"
Within these courts to stand.

4 A watchman on Thy holy hill,
To hail the morning light;
A shepherd that shall fold his flock
From perils of the night.

5 His feet upon the mountain tops
Let them in beauty come;
His voice with heavenly tidings draw
The wandering people home.

6 The dew of youth is on his head—
O God! care Thou for him!
On priest and people pour the light
That earth-clouds cannot dim.

7 Light on his way and ours, great God!
God of that "Morning Star"
Which guides the nations to the house
Where many mansions are!

MISS H. S. WARE.
Boston, Mass., 1882.

ANNIVERSARY OF AN ORDINATION

1 Behold, the years, the conquering years,
Run out man's little life;
Furrows and frosts and pains and tears
Proclaim the unequal strife.

2 Behold the soul, serene and strong,
Beneath its patriarch day:
Its morning beauty plays along
Its evening's glorious way.

3 So shines the day of him who wrought,
O church of Christ! for you;
Your homes and graves and hearts have taught
How faithful and how true.

His way of duty girdled round
Your every varied lot;
To God's deep providences bound,
And to himself forgot.

5 Time's shadows fall; he rests him now;
O grace of God! descend,
Infold his heart and bless his brow,
And own him as thy friend.

MISS H. S. WARE.

Susan Hayes Ward.

Susan Hayes Ward is a prolific and pleasing writer of both prose and verse, though in the latter, her work has consisted mainly of German translations and Biblical paraphrases. For the missionary department of this work, she has written a beautiful paraphrase on the 6th of Isaiah, which chapter she considers the mainspring of all missionary effort.

THE MOUNT OF THE SERMON.

1 O sons of men! come and behold
The pulpit God hath built of old;
O sons of men! hear as ye ought
The preacher God Himself hath taught.
Christ teacheth from the mountain.

2 Ye priests, come from Jerusalem,
Ye shepherds, come from Bethlehem,
Thou traveller from Jericho,
Do not pass by; why hasten so?
Christ teacheth from the mountain.

3 Leave, husbandman, thy plough afar,
And maiden, leave thy water-jar;
Ye mothers, haste in eager throng
And bring your little ones along.
Christ teacheth from the mountain.

4 Come, weary graybeard, with thy staff;
Come, brown-haired boy, with merry laugh;
The draught He pours of truth divine
Is milk for babes, for old men wine.
Christ teacheth from the mountain.

5 Kings of the East, oh, haste! and ye
From far-off islands of the sea,
Let all the nations hither flow,
His word runs swiftly to and fro.
Christ teacheth from the mountain.

6 Ye little birds in ether blue,
Lilies that gleam the meadows through,
Ye birds of might that sweep the plain,
The Lord who made you speaks again:
Christ teacheth from the mountain.

7 When Moses on the mountain spoke,
The land in storm and thunder shook;
When Jesus on the mountain stands,
In sunlight glimmer all the lands.
Christ teacheth on the mountain.

8 O heart bowed down with agony,
Come, climb this mountain side with me;
Like mist, thy pain shall disappear,
Thine heart expand, thine eye grow clear.
Christ teacheth on the mountain.

9 Hence! arrogance and hate and pride,
That thrusts the publican aside;
The soul that thirsts for righteousness
Our God invites, our God will bless.
Christ teacheth from the mountain.

10 Hence! idle boast of dead works done;
Hence! pride of priestcraft, overblown;
Where'er an eye looks up to God,
Is temple, altar, holy rood.
Christ teacheth on the mountain.

11 And though He wait your door without,
And though the thankless bar Him out,
His gospel of eternal grace
Shall still resound through every place.
Christ teacheth from the mountain.

12 The birds will sing it in the air,
The flowers will waft its fragrance far,
The waves will bear it o'er the sea,
And winds will float His message free.
Christ teacheth from the mountain.

13 And if I go, or if I bide,
In valley deep, on mountain side,
'Neath noontide blaze, or starlight dim,
When Jesus speaks I'll hear to Him,
Christ teacheth from the mountain.

14 O nameless mountain! nobler far
Than all earth's loftier summits are,
Sinai and Zion well agree
With Gerazim to bow to thee.
Christ teacheth from the mountain.

15 O earth, so wide and fair and broad,
A temple sacred to our God,
O church, built by the Lord most high,
And reaching all beneath the sky;
Christ teacheth from the mountain.

16 Come, quickly come, that glorious day
When all the world shall Him obey,
When unto Him shall bow each knee,
And all flesh worship silently,
And Christ teach from the mountain.

Translated from the German of Gerok by
SUSAN HAYES WARD.
Newark, N. J., 1883.

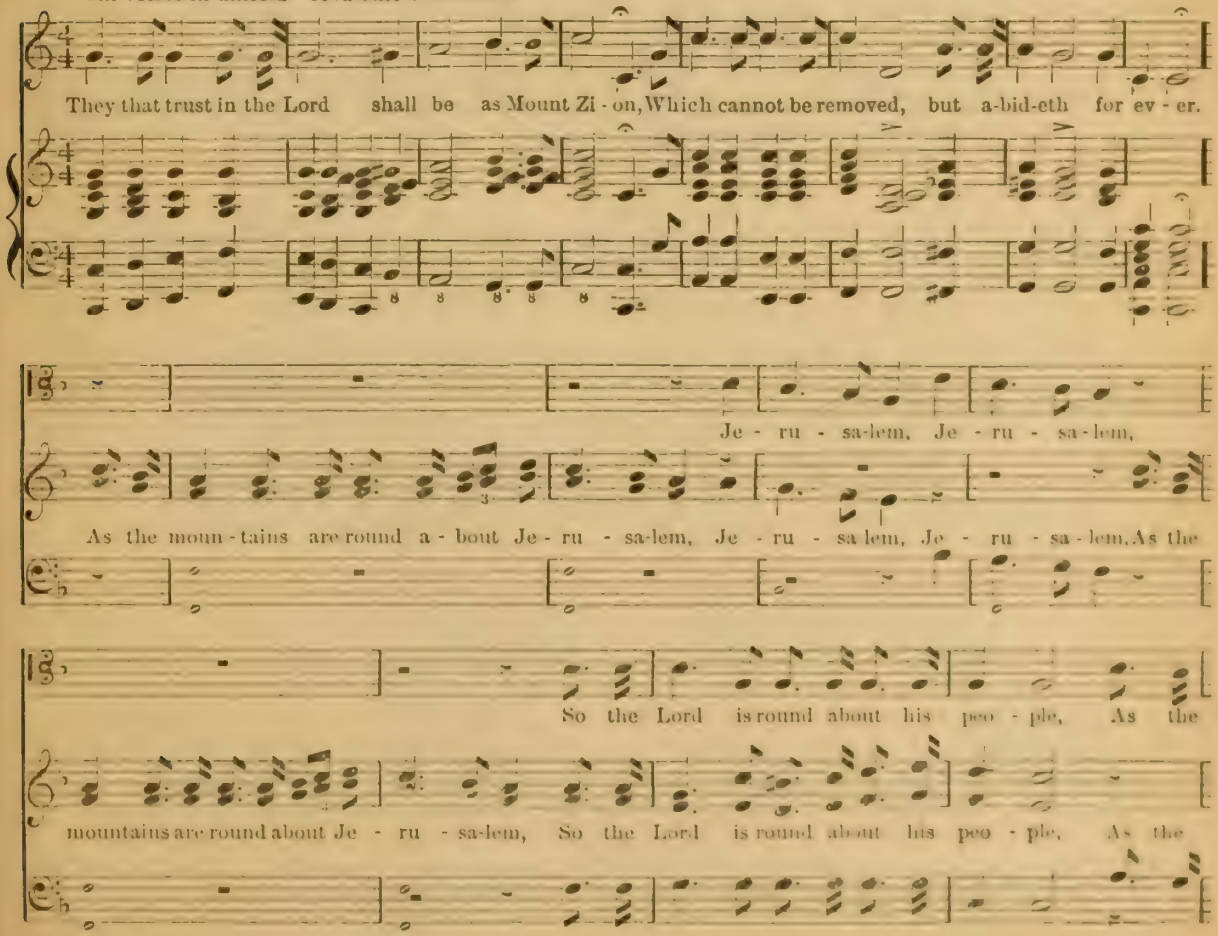
THEY THAT TRUST IN THE LORD.

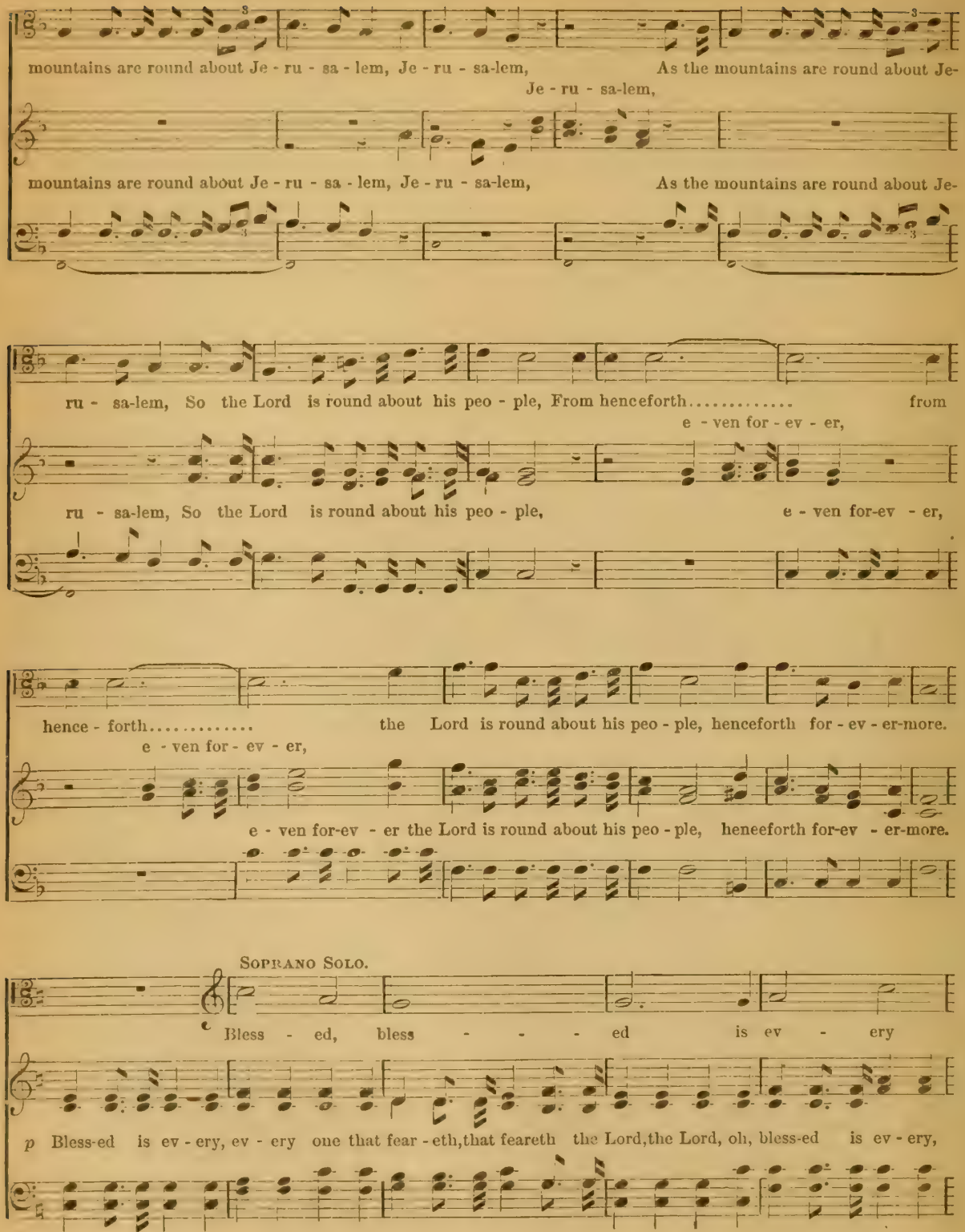
(ANTHEM.)

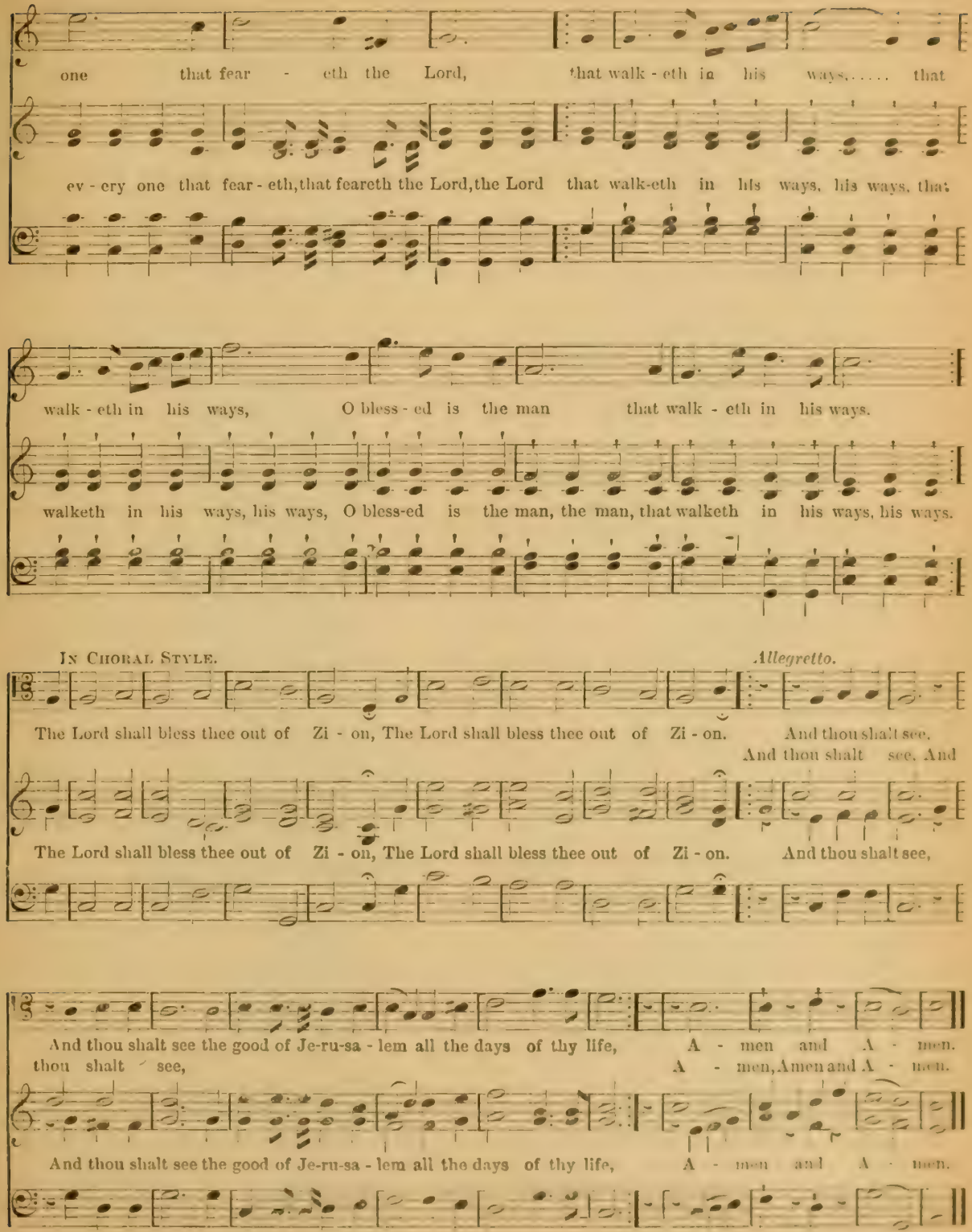
MET. ♩ = 88 = 184.

All voices in unison. *Moderato e maestoso.*

MRS. C. H. SCOTT
From "Song Herald." By per. Dr. H. R. PALMER.




mountains are round about Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa-lem, As the mountains are round about Je-
Je - ru - sa-lem,
mountains are round about Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa-lem, As the mountains are round about Je-
ru - sa-lem, So the Lord is round about his peo - ple, From henceforth..... from
e - ven for - ev - er,
ru - sa-lem, So the Lord is round about his peo - ple, e - ven for-ev - er,
hence - forth..... the Lord is round about his peo - ple, henceforth for - ev - er-more.
e - ven for - ev - er,
e - ven for-ev - er the Lord is round about his peo - ple, heneeforth for-ev - er-more.
Soprano Solo.
Bless - ed, bless - - - - ed is ev - ery
p Bless-ed is ev - ery, ev - ery one that fear - eth,that feareth the Lord,the Lord, oh, bless-ed is ev - ery,


one that fear - eth the Lord, that walk - eth in his ways, that
ev - ery one that fear - eth, that feareth the Lord, the Lord that walk-eth in his ways, his ways, that
walk - eth in his ways, O bless - ed is the man that walk - eth in his ways.
walketh in his ways, his ways, O bless-ed is the man, the man, that walketh in his ways, his ways.
In Choral Style.
Allegretto.
The Lord shall bless thee out of Zi - on, The Lord shall bless thee out of Zi - on. And thou shalt see.
And thou shalt see. And
The Lord shall bless thee out of Zi - on, The Lord shall bless thee out of Zi - on. And thou shalt see,
And thou shalt see the good of Je-ru-sa - lem all the days of thy life, A - men and A - men.
thou shalt see, A - men, Amen and A - men.
And thou shalt see the good of Je-ru-sa - lem all the days of thy life, A - men and A - men.

PARTING SONG.

For the class of 1837, *Andover Theological Seminary.*

1 Brethren, the hour hath come
That severs heart from heart,
And bids from Learning's sacred dome
Our pilgrim steps depart;

2 Some to yon eastern sphere,
Where the dead idols reign,
The banner of the Cross to rear
O'er Falsehood's giant fane;

3 Some to the youthful West,
The country of our love,
To sow that seed in earth's green breast
Whose fruit is reaped above.

4 Dear are the hallowed walls;
How dear each chosen friend;
Yet cheerful, when our Saviour calls,
Each cherished tie we rend.

5 And every deed of love
Deep on our hearts we'll grave,
Howe'er in foreign lands we rove,
Or ride the crested wave.

6 Prayer is the link of gold
That binds us heart to heart,
The watchword of our Master's fold
That joins us, though we part.

7 Why should we say farewell?
Are we not soon to meet,
The triumphs of our God to tell
Before His glorious seat?

8 Why should we say farewell?
How few and brief the days
Ere with the angel-host we swell
Our dear Redeemer's praise.

MRS. SIGOURNEY. 1837.

THE EVERLASTING YEA.

1 The first recorded words that brake
Across the silent Eden air,—
The first that lips created spake
To man, the sinless dweller there,—

2 Were words of covert doubt, that veiled
Denial in their cautious breath
Right subtly, or they else had failed
To lure their listener on to death.

3 "*Yea hath God said?*" One carping thought
Dropped with the tempter's sinuous slur
Into the startled soul, and caught
With strange assent, had power to stir

4 Such dread negation, that its force
Was strong in might to overthrow
Faith at the race's fountain source,
And whelm a skeptic world in woe.

5 "*Yea hath God said?*" The primal doubt
Wrought through the earliest sophist's skill,
Is flung, like some new question, out
From the last lip that cavils, still.

6 Its echo sinks and swells along
The ages, with a spell accurst;
Now arrogant, defiant, strong,
Now cunning, crafty, as at first.

7 And fast and far the lava flood
Will roll its ruin deep and broad,
Unstayed by even atoning blood,
Till the millennium of God.

8 Then shall the unavailing Nay
Uttered in Eden first, become,
Before the Everlasting Yea
Breathed in the olive garden, dumb!

9 For God *hath* said, and He will show
His word confirmed all worlds before,
Till the whole universe shall know
His Yea is *Yea*, forevermore!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

ANGELUS DOMINI.

1 Wavelets of harmony,
Circlets of sound,
Vibrations of melody,
Liquid and round,
Riplets so holy,
Beautiful chimes,
Angelus Domini,
Matin bell rhymes.

2 Seraphic intonings,
Breathings of prayer,
Rustle of angels' wings
Filling the air,—
Purer than lullaby
Right from the sea,
Angelus Domini,
Ave to Thee!

3 Ave Maria,
Maiden so true,
Listen, dear sinner,
She's pleading for you.
A sad Miserere
The bells seem to wail,
Angelus Domini,
Her prayers *must* avail.

4 Gratia plena
Seems floating through space,
Fit alleluia
To virginal grace.
Tower of ivory,
Mystical rose,
Angelus Domini,
Pray for our woes.

5 Back through dim ages
The memory sweeps,
Sin and death rages,
Mortality weeps.
No angel of beauty,
No mother most chaste,
Angelus Domini,
The world was a waste.

6 No Gloria Patri,
No star in the East,
No mother of pity
For even the least;
No stable so holy,
No manger of straw,
Angelus Domini,
Man an outlaw.

7 No Christ in agony,
No cruel thorn,
No lone Gethsemane,
No Saviour born;
No blood on Calvary,
No crucified Lord,
Angelus Domini,
Nor incarnate Word.

8 No five sacred wounds,
So willing to bleed,
Strict justice abounds,
No Jesus to plead;
No Mater Dei,
No way of the Cross,
Angelus Domini,
Think of the loss.

9 Then peal out your tragedy
All the year round,
Angelus Domini,
A Redeemer is found!
Riplets so holy,
Beautiful chimes,
Angelus Domini,
Vesper bell rhymes.

LAVINIA BATHURST.

Anne Bradstreet.

Anne Bradstreet was the wife of the governor of Massachusetts Colony, and daughter of Gov. Thomas Dudley. She was born in England in 1612, but the honor of her poetic fame belongs to America, for she is recorded as the earliest poet of New England, where she gained much celebrity. Cotton Mather was an ardent admirer of her writings, and the excellent John Norton pronounced her "the mirror of her age, and the glory of her sex, honored and esteemed for her piety and gracious demeanor." She died in 1672. Her poems fill a large volume. Below are given three stanzas from a lengthy poem.

CONTEMPLATION.

1 I wist not what to wish, yet sure, thought I,
If so much excellence abide below,
How excellent is He that dwells on high,
Whose power and beauty by His works we know.
Sure He is goodness, wisdom, glory, light,
That hath this under world so richly dight;
More heaven than earth was here, no winter and no night.

2 So he that saileth in this world of pleasure,
Feeding on sweets that never bit of th' sowre,
That's full of friends, of honour and of treasure,
Fond fool! he takes this earth ev'n for heav'n's bower;
But sad affliction comes, and makes him see
Here's neither honour, wealth, nor safety;
Only above is found all with security.

3 O Time! the fatal wrack of mortal things,
That draws oblivion's curtain over kings,
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,
Their names without a record are forgot;
Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all laid i' th' dust,
Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings, 'scape Time's rust;
But He whose name is graved in the white stone,
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

ANNE BRADSTREET. 1665.

CHRIST IS IN THE UNIVERSE.

1 Restless heart, that, worn with pain,
Dost thy bitter griefs rehearse,
Cease to murmur and complain:
Christ is in the universe!

2 Pilgrim, footsore, weak and poor,
Bearing neither scrip nor purse,
Hope, and cheerfully endure:
Christ is in the universe!

3 Wretched one, with conscience weighed
Heavily with secret curse,
Heavenward turn and cry for aid:
Christ is in the universe!

4 Soul in darkness, wrestling sore,
Doubts of Him forbear to nurse,
Knock and seek, and ne'er give o'er:
Christ is in the universe!

5 Anxious one, perturbed, distressed,
Evermore foreboding worse,
Comfort thee in thy unrest:
Christ is in the universe!

UNA LOCKE BAILEY.

"THOUGH HE BE NOT FAR."

1 Not far! and yet how many times and oft
Low-weighted with dire burdens of distress,
We strain dim eyes toward empty nothingness,
And toss wild arms, half-doubtingly, aloft,

2 Up toward vast sky-abysses, making moan,
Where faintly throbs that solemn, central star,
If, haply, we may send so high and far
One message to His white and shining throne.

3 "Not far from every one of us!" why, then,
The crouching beggar in the grimy street,
The trembling slave, whom no man turns to greet,
May seek for Him, and ask, and ask again,

4 For needed mercy and His loving care,
For light to lead where faltering feet must go;
For strength to battle with each subtle foe,
And keep the soul from uttermost despair.

5 Assurance blest! Though sorrows bind and bar
Our hearts from joyous bursting into bloom,
'Mid poignant pain and unrelenting gloom,
We still shall find our Helper is not far.

CELESTE M. A. WINSLOW
Keokuk, Iowa.

"I WILL ABIDE IN THINE HOUSE."

1 Among so many can He care?
Can special love be everywhere?
A myriad homes—a myriad ways—
And God's eye over every place.

2 *Over;* but *in?* The world is full;
A high Omnipotence must rule;
But is there Life that doth abide
With mine own living, side by side?

3 So many,—and so wide abroad;
Can any heart have all of God?
From the great spaces, vague and dim,
May one small household gather Him?

4 I asked; my soul bethought of this:
In just that very place of His
Where He hath put and keepeth you,
God hath no other thing to do!

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY.

Mrs. Ann Gilbert.

Ann Taylor was born in London, January 28, 1782. Her father, Isaac Taylor, was an eminent engraver: and she was the sister of Isaac Taylor, the author of "Ancient Christianity" and many other works, and of Jane Taylor, also the author of various works in prose and verse. The hymns written by Jane and Ann have been translated into various foreign languages. In 1813 Ann married the Rev. Joseph Gilbert, a Congregational minister, who was first a tutor in a college, then a pastor at Hull, and afterwards at Nottingham, where he died in 1852. Ann Gilbert died Dec. 20, 1866, in her 85th year.

GOD OMNIPRESENT.

1 Amongst the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes: God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No; for a constant watch He keeps
On every thought of every soul.

3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet had never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone;
On every side there would be God.

4 He smiles in heaven; He frowns in hell;
He fills the air, the earth, the sea;
I must within His presence dwell;
I cannot from His anger flee.

5 Yet I may flee; He shows me where;
To Jesus Christ He bids me fly;
And while I seek for pardon there,
There's only mercy in His eye.

MRS. ANN GILBERT.
Born 1782; died 1866.

THE SWEETER WITNESS.

The vast, illimitable power of God
Proclaims the starry host,
But the pure lilies, rising from the sod,
Reveal His love the most.

MARY HEWITT

LIVE AND HELP LIVE

1 Mighty in faith and hope, why art thou sad?
Sever the green withes, look up and be glad;
See all around thee, below and above,
The beautiful, beautiful gifts of God's love.

2 What tho' our hearts beat with death's sullen waves?
What though the green sod is broken with graves?
The sweet hopes that never shall fade from their bloom,
Make their dim birth-chamber down in the tomb.

3 Parsee or Christianman, bondman or free,
Loves and humilities still are for thee;
Some little good every day to achieve,
Some slighted spirit no longer to grieve.

4 In the tents of the desert, alone on the sea,
On the far-away hills with the starry Chaldee;
Condemned and in prison, dishonored, reviled,
God's arm is around thee, and thou art His child.

5 Mine be the lip ever truthful and bold;
Mine be the heart never careless nor cold;
A faith humbly trustful, a life free from blame,
All else is unstable as flax in the flame.

6 And while the soft skies are so starry and blue;
And while the wide earth is so fresh with God's dew
Though all around me the sad sit and sigh,
I will be glad that I live and must die.

ALICE CARY.

INDWELLING.

From "Gems of Poetry."

1 God is not far above us, bending low
His gracious head, our human wants to know,
Our prayers to hear;
But He is omnipresent, and my cry
Need not be watted far beyond the sky,
To gain His ear.

2 But if He in this bosom dwells apart,
And I to His Almighty, loving heart
Am closely pressed;
How can He help but hear, and feel, and know,
My voiceless prayer, my pain, my human woe,
Though unexpressed?

3 Then may I not entrust to Him my way?
Though sorrows gather oft to cloud my day,
He will sustain;
And may I never let an evil art
Come in and fill the temple of my heart,
Where He should reign.

ALICE M. ADKINS.
Reynolds Bridge, Conn., 1884.

THY PENETRATING EYE.

C. M.

1 Great God! Thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers;
With awe profound, my wondering soul
Falls prostrate and adores.

2 To be encompassed round with God,
The Holy and the Just,
Armed with omnipotence to save,
Or crush me to the dust,—

3 Oh! how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be impressed;
And may Thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast.

4 Begirt with Thee, my fearless soul
The gloomy vale shall tread,
And Thou wilt bind th' immortal crown
Of glory on my head.

ELIZABETH SCOTT.

PSALM CXXXIX.

"When I am awake, I am still with Thee."

1 Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee.

2 Alone with Thee—amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

3 As in the dawning, o'er the waveless ocean,
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in the stillness, Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

4 Still, still with Thee! as to each new-born morning,
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So does this blessed consciousness awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.

5 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer,
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.

6 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
Oh! in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with Thee.

MRS. H. B. STOWE. 1867.

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

1 Father, to Thee alone
Is Thy child's spirit known,
To Thee it lieth open as the light:
Thine eye of mercy sees
The heart's deep mysteries,
Which are so closely veiled from human sight.

2 And I rejoice to feel,
As I before Thee kneel,
From Thee there is no covering, no disguise;
Though heavy clouds of sin
Obscure the light within,
My God, I would not hide me from Thine eyes.

3 Save in the evil hour!
Save from the tempter's power!
Thou to whom darkness shineth as the day;
Glorious in purity!
The heart which rests on Thee
In contrite trust, Thou wilt not cast away.

4 Bless, purify, control,
The fountains of the soul;
Bid Thy good Spirit o'er the waters move;
Then shall this breast of mine
Be as a holy shrine,
Filled with Thy Spirit, glowing with Thy love.

SARAH F. MILES.

THANKSGIVING SONG

1 We thank Thee, Lord of young and old,
For summer's heat and winter's cold;
For all the seasons as they pass,
Brown Autumn's blight, Spring's tender grass.

2 Thank Thee for sunshine and for rain;
For blasted corn and perfect grain;
For all the crops we've gathered in,
And better ones, that might have been.

3 Thank Thee for sickness and for health;
For poverty as well as wealth;
For pleasant gatherings at home,
And for the partings that must come.

4 Both disappointment and success,
Firm Faith accepts, and both will bless
A heart, whose cheerful gratitude
In all things sees a loving God.

5 Thou'rt Lord of weakness and of might;
Thou orderest all and all is right;
All things are in Thy providence,
Nor can we separate them thence.

MRS. AMELIA C. GRAVES.
Mary Sharp College, Winchester, Tenn., 1883.

PRAISE TO GOD.

1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days!
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.
For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the fruits in full supply,
Ripened 'neath the summer sky;—

2 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;
These, to Thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

MRS. A. L. FAITHFULL.

HARVEST HOME.

1 Lord of harvests, heavenly King,
Take the tribute that we bring;
Hear the songs of grateful praise
For Thy bounteous gifts we raise.

2 Thou didst give the morning light,
And the gentle dew of night,
Thou didst send the plenteous rain,
On the forest, field and plain.

3 All the fair, broad earth is Thine,
Wealth of field and wealth of mine;
We but bring Thee back Thine own,
Who have planted, toiled, or sown.

4 Fruits to please, flowers to adorn,
Waving grain and golden corn,
Glowing clusters from the vine,
These we render—they are Thine.

5 Day by day Thy hand fulfills
Whatsoe'er Thy bounty wills,
Till with its abundant cheer,
All Thy goodness crowns the year.

E. E. MARCY.
Evanston, Ill., 1883.

THANKSGIVING.

1 When harvest days are over,
And sheaves crowd the eaves,
When on the dying clover
Lie drifted heaps of leaves,
When October's gold has faded,
And November's branches bare,
Like witches gaunt and jaded,
Toss in the stormy air,—

2 Then we light the wintry fires,
And their blaze upward plays,
As we gather like our sires
In the stalwart early days,
To count our mercies over,
And to reckon up the store
That spring and summer labored
In our open hands to pour.

3 'Tis a custom worth the keeping
With the noise of the boys;
And we think the fathers sleeping
Even now share our joys;
From the better country gazing
On the many-peopled land,
Its harvest so amazing
From their sowing on the strand.

4 Do they see from heights elysian
In their cold home of old,
Souls as pure and true in vision,
Hearts as fearless, words as bold?
Is the purpose of the people
Still, as then, that right be might?
Does it peal from every steeple,
Inspiration for life's fight?

5 Are our arms, like theirs, still wielding
The sword of the Lord?
Never flinching, never yielding,
Are we holding fast His word?
Never trailing low our banner,
Do we wave it o'er the free?
Is our battle-cry "Hosanna!"
For perfect liberty?

6 Then gladly let us gather
In the snow or the blow,
Though wintry outside weather,
Within the fireside glow;
From million homes let freemen
Their glad thanksgivings raise,
Till mountain-peak and canyon
Alike shall echo praise.

7 Then when, like them, we're sleeping,
Our sheaves in the eaves,
The turf our low graves keeping
Warm with piled-up autumn leaves,
In the gladness of that living
We shall count our garnered store,
We shall sing our glad thanksgiving
Of praise forevermore.

MISS M. E. WINSLOW.
Zion's Herald," Nov. 25, 1880.

MY BLESSINGS.

1 Great waves of plenty rolling up
Their golden billows to our feet,
Fields where the ungathered rye is white,
Or heavy with the yellow wheat;

2 Wealth surging inward from the sea,
And plenty through our land abroad,
With sunshine resting over all:
That everlasting smile of God!

3 For these—yet not for these alone—
My tongue its gratitude would say;
All the great blessings of my life
Are present in my thoughts to-day.

4 For more than all my mortal wants
Have been, O God, Thy full supplies;
Health, shelter, and my daily bread,
For these my grateful thanks arise.

5 For ties of faith, whose wondrous strength
Time nor eternity can part;
For all the words of love that fall
Like living waters on my heart.

6 For even that fearful strife where sin
Was conquered and subdued at length,
Temptations met and overcome,
Whereby my soul has gathered strength;

7 For all the warnings that have come
From mortal agony or death;
From even that bitterest storm of life
Which drove me on the rock of faith.

8 For all the past I thank Thee, God!
And, for the future, trust in Thee,
Whate'er of trial and blessing yet,
Asked or unasked, Thou hast for me.

9 Yet only this one boon I crave—
After life's brief and fleeting hour,
Make my beloved Thy beloved,
And keep us in Thy day of power.

PHEBE CARY.

THANKSGIVING.

1 O blessèd Master, "come and dine,"
The feast we spread is Thine, all Thine.

2 We would not eat except 'tis blest
By Thee, our gracious Kingly Guest.

3 We call our loved ones round our board,
And in their midst would see our Lord.

4 Our "Elder Brother," didst not Thou
To thorns lay bare Thy sinless brow,

5 That we co-heirs with Thee might be,
And freely take Thy gifts, so free?

6 True gratitude is surely meet
When friend sits down with friend to eat.

7 We do rejoice in gifts and home,
And, with the loved ones, bid *Thee* come.

8 Show us, on this Thanksgiving Day,
The beautiful and living way.

9 Dispensing from abundant store,
Teach us to help Thy needy poor.

10 Some, even in our flowing land,
Crouching and hunger-bitten stand,

11 While rarest fowl and fattest kine,
And fish from storèd ocean's brine;

12 And mother-earth her varied gifts
Up from the furrows gladly lifts,

13 And fruits from tropic tree and vine
Drop like sweet dew from hand of Thine.

14 Welcome, dear Lord! Thy thoughtful care
Giveth us bread to eat and spare.

15 When our great Nation's dire distress
Left her poor children fatherless,

16 Did not Thy wise-directed rod
Lift the world nearer to our God?

17 "Our Government lives." Yea, ah! yea;
Jehovah turns not in His way.

18 "I Am" can use among His tools
The meanest of unbalanced fools;

19 And golden linings we can trace,
Fringing the clouds that hid Thy face.

20 Nothing can hinder when God moves,
Races and nations own His love.

21 Soul hath touched soul on every shore,
Still will we *thank* Thee more and more.

CAROLINE L. POST.
Springfield, Nov. 24, 1881.

A MORE EXCELLENT SACRIFICE.

"By faith Abel offered to God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain!" HEBREWS 11. 4.

1 We lay our fruits and flowers
Before Thy sacred shrine,
Spring's promise, summer's bowers,
Brown autumn's laden vine.
Cain-like, we shower down
The best our earth can yield,
Like Cain we meet Thy frown,
We tillers of the field.

2 And why? The gifts are fair,
Their origin divine;
With patient toil and care
We culture that is Thine.
An Eden offering ours;
But in this outside woe
A blight is on your flowers,
And blood for sin must flow.

3 No more we bring like Cain
An offering of self-will;
Since Abel's Lamb was slain
For us on Calvary's hill;
His blood makes all things sweet,
Washes all taint and stain,
And thus before His feet
We lay our flowers again.

4 Sweet buds of purpose true,
Blossoms of sacred thought,
Ripe fruits of actions new,
And deeds our hands have wrought;
These be our offerings rare,
With incense of rapt praise,
And holy word and prayer
Through consecrated days.

5 Not for their worth or ours
We bring them, Lord, to Thee,
Though beautiful our flowers,
And ripe our fruits may be;
As sinners lost we claim
Thy sacrifice alone,
And in Thy sacred name
We give Thee back Thine own.

MISS M. F. WINSLOW.

HARVEST HYMN.

1 To Thee, Creator of all good,
Who givest life, and health, and food,
Sing we Alleluia!

2 To Thee, O bounteous Lord of heaven,
Who hast our wants in mercy given,
Sing we Alleluia.

3 To Thee, O Saviour of the lost,
Who hast redeemed at wondrous cost,
Sing we Alleluia.

4 To Thee, our glorious Lord and King,
True adoration now we bring,
Singing Alleluia. Amen.

[illegible]
Oakhampton, England.

HARVEST TIME.

1 There is a glow at harvest time
Unknown, unseen, in early spring;
There is a flush o'er nature's prime
She wears not at her blossoming.
A light, of full fruition born,
Shines in October's russet west
That never gilded April's morn,
Nor kissed the buds on earth's cold breast.

2 There is a gladness Autumn yields,
The fair young May can ne'er bestow;
O'erflowing barns, and golden fields
Through which the sickles come and go.
The crown of hope, and fear, and pain,
The guerdon of our weary toil,
Is spread on every hill and plain—
The hard earned riches of the soil.

3 There is a joy at harvest tide,
A peaceful, holy happiness,
Which youth, with all its hope and pride,
Can ne'er imagine nor possess.
The glory of life's setting day
Shines over fields of other years,
Where glistening pastures stretch away—
That throve beneath our falling tears.

4 The grain, that cost us hours of woe,
Lies ready for the Master's call,
The agony that racked us so,
Has borne the fairest fruit of all.
Nor heed we Winter's frosty breath,
Our earth-worn hearts are true and strong;
Only the stubble waits for death,
For God will bind the sheaves e'er long.

NELLY H. BUTLER. Born 1865.
(Daughter of a Baptist Clergyman.)
Highland Park, Chicago, 1884.

THE HAY-FIELDS.

1

1 The sun had risen, the air was sweet,
And brightly shone the dew,
And cheerful sounds and busy feet
Pass'd the lone meadows through;
And waving, like a flowery sea
Of gay and spiry bloom,
The hay-fields rippled merrily
In beauty and perfume.

2 I saw the early mowers pass
Along that pleasant dell,
And rank on rank the shining grass
Around them quickly fell;
I looked, and far and wide at noon
The fallen flowers were spread,
And all, as rose the evening moon,
Beneath the scythe were dead.

2

1 "All flesh is grass," the Scriptures say,
And so we truly find;
Cut down, as in a summer's day,
Are all of human kind:
Some, while the morning still is fair,
Taken in earliest prime;
Some, mid-day's heat and burden bear,
But all laid low in time.

2 A fable full of truth to me
Is this the mower's tale;
I soon a broken stem shall be
Like hay that strews the vale;
At early dawn, or closing light,
The scythe of death may fall;
Then let me learn the lesson right,
So full of truth to all.

JANE TAYLOR.

Alice Flowerdew.

Alice Flowerdew was the widow of Daniel Flowerdew, an English gentleman, who at one time held a goverment appointment in Jamaica. After his return to England he was in such poor circumstances that Mrs. Flowerdew was obliged to keep a school at Islington. One of her hymns has appeared in many collections, and has sometimes been attributed to John Needham. It is possible that he may have altered a few words in it. From Islington she removed to Bury St. Edmunds, and then to Ipswich, where she died, September 23, 1830.

FOUNTAIN OF MERCY.

1 Fountain of mercy! God of love!
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence was Thine,
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A yellow harvest crowned Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 Seed-time and harvest, Lord, alone
Thou dost on man bestow;
Let him not, then, forget to own
From whom his blessings flow.

6 Fountain of love! our praise is Thine;
To Thee our songs we'll raise,
And all created nature join
In sweet harmonious praise.

ALICE FLOWERDEW.
Born 1759. Died 1830.

HYMN OF THE REAPERS.

1 Our Father, to fields that are white,
Rejoicing, the sickle we bear;
In praises our voices unite
To Thee, who hast made them Thy care.

2 The seed that was dropped in the soil
We left, with a holy belief
In One who, beholding the toil,
Would crown it at length with the sheaf.

3 And ever our faith shall be firm
In Thee, who hast nourished the root;
Whose finger has led up the germ,
And finished the blade and the fruit.

4 The heads, that are heavy with grain,
Are bowing, and asking to fall;
Thy hand is on mountain and plain,
Thou Maker and Giver to all!

5 Thy blessings shine bright from the hills;
The valleys Thy goodness repeat;
And, Lord, 'tis Thy bounty that fills
The arms of the reaper with wheat.

6 Oh! when, with the sickle in hand,
The angel Thy mandate receives,
To come to the field with his band
To bind up and bear off Thy sheaves,

7 May we be as free from the blight,
As ripe to be taken away,
As full in the ear to Thy sight,
As that which we gather to-day!

8 Our Father, the heart and the voice
Flow out, our fresh off'rings to yield;
The reapers, the reapers rejoice,
And send up their song from the field.

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD

AUTUMN FESTIVAL HYMN.

(Tune *Duke-Street.*)

Written for, and dedicated to the Y. M. C. A., Springfield, Ill., on the occasion of their Autumn Festival.

1 We praise Thee, God, whose bounteous hand
Hath scattered plenty o'er the land;
For all that liberal autumn sends
Throughout the earth's remotest ends.

2 Eternal praise to Thee ascend;
To Thee in grateful homage bend
All who partake of Thy great love,
Sent in rich measure from above.

3 For all the flocks that feed on hill,
That furnish strength to do Thy will;
For ripened fruits and golden grain,
We raise to Thee our thanks again.

4 Grant, Lord, that we may ripened be,
With Thee to dwell eternally;
Great source whence all our comforts flow,
May we Thy saving bounty know.

MRS. G. C. SMITH.
October 30, 1882

WE THANK THEE.

1 We thank Thee, Father, for the light
That came when all the way was rough,
And sorrow's clouds were dark enough
To hide Thee all the day from sight.

2 Thy goodness stood revealed; Thy care,
Thy tender care for all the weak,
The weary ones too faint to speak,
Who seek Thy presence everywhere.

3 We thank Thee for the hand that held
Our own with such a tender clasp,
When life seemed slipping from our grasp,
And stormy fears would not be quelled.

4 We praise Thee for the love that shone
With brighter glow in our great need,
For friends who proved themselves in deed
And truth to ever be our own.

5 Good gifts, and perfect—and we know
Thou art the giver of all such;
We cannot praise Thee over-much,
Let heart and tongue both overflow.

6 Let us not drift beyond the bound
Thy loving hand doth kindly place;
Storm-driven, we have sought Thy face,
And in Thy love a harbor found.

7 And should our lives be short or long,
They must be full of love to Thee,
And prayer and praise ne'er cease to be
The daily burden of our song.

CLARA B. HEATH.

OCTOBER.

1 Where the purple haze of autumn
The tinted woods infold,
And leaves are fluttering downward
In crimson sheen and gold,
Out beneath the glowing forest,
How truant fancy weaves
Her weird, mysterious music
To the falling of the leaves.

2 With their quaint, exquisite minor
Sweeping the lute-like air,
They, in Æolian whispers,
Are falling everywhere.
Less a sound than sense of music,
Their low, soft rhythms beat,
And catching their mystic cadence,
How the poet's lute grows sweet.

3 For the flame-lit hills and valleys;
For the shimmer and the sheen
Of the amber, misty sunlight
Showering down between,
For the autumn's mellow splendor;
For a heart o'erflown with love;
For the gift, and for the Giver,
I lift glad thanks above.

MARY A. LEAVITT
Vermont, 1857–1880

THANKSGIVING.

1 Sing, heart of mine, the year is young,
The buds are bursting on the trees,
The swelling hopes of life are thine
And float in song on every breeze.

2 Sing, heart of mine, the summer bloom;
Its fragrant perfume fills the air;
Now life is rich, for Love and Faith
Within the soul their incense bear.

3 Sing, heart of mine, the year is ripe,
Full harvests bless the fruitful land;
Life's royal fruitage waiteth, too,
The tender Master's garnering hand.

4 Sing, heart of mine, the year is done,
Chill winter spreads her silver vest,
Life's fruit is with its gathered sheaves,
Thy year is done, now wait thy rest.

5 Sing, heart of mine, for God is just
Who gives the waiting earth His care;
The spring-time rain, the bud and bloom,
The cooling dew to summer air.

6 Sing, heart of mine, for God is good
Who fills the ear and bending sheaf:
Who hides the clusters of the vine
Beneath the golden autumn leaf.

7 Sing, heart of mine, oh, praise His name,
Whose loving care hath blessed our store;
With glad thanksgiving praise His name
Whose care surrounds us evermore.

SYLVIA BROWN.
Lawrence, Mich., 1882.

HARVEST SONG.

1 Thought hath wondrous germination
In the soil of mind, and Time
Shields with joy each new creation—
Harvest-miracle sublime.

2 Greater harvest, fuller seeding
For the broader age to come;
For the larger thought than needing
Voice and speech that now are dumb.

3 Every power hath more progression
Than created mind can think;
Each capacity, possession
Of strange depths from which we shrink—

4 Shrink in fear from their revealings
Of responsibility.
Life's most trivial daily dealings
Touch futurity for thee.

5 Rise! and "sow beside all waters!"
Sow white truth and love alone.
See! life's future sons and daughters
Haste to reap what thou hast sown.

6 Listen! hear the Lord of harvest
Calling, calling for thy sheaves!
Not alone *thy* soul thou starvest:
'Tis thy friend, thy child, who grieves—

7 Thy soul's kin who should inherit
Bread and wine thy lands have grown.
Ah! how desolate the spirit
Seeking but its own alone!

8 Seed-time, harvest, each inherit!
Past nor future stands alone;
Ah, Divine One! Holy Spirit!
Bless what our poor fields have grown!

ISADORE GILBERT JEFFERY.

I BLESS THEE, O MASTER!

1 Ere the glow of autumn glory
Fades from the Western sky,—
Ere the tints of its sunset banners
Waver and fade and die,
Come, gather around the fireside,
Yield to the dying days
A tribute of tender memory;
To the Master a song of praise.

2 If we garner the golden fruitage,
The harvests of ripened grain,
Praise Him for the sweet sun-shining
And the gifts of the blessed rain.
Praise Him for the tender mercy
That ordered each new-born day!
Praise Him for the love that led us
Through many an unknown way.

3 What, tears in your eyes, my beloved!
Memories of trouble and loss!
Can you not thank Him for the anguish?
Can you not bless Him for the cross?
Draw nearer the glowing fire,
Clasp hands in the tender gloom;
Surely a blesséd presence
Is filling this quiet room!

4 It is good to be here for a little,
Kneeling low at the Master's feet;
If the lesson He gives us is sorrow,
The learning is very sweet.
He knows and He loves! Unnoted of Him,
Not one of these tears shall fall,
Look up through their shining, dear heart, and say,
I bless Thee, O Master, for all!

MABEL.
Sedgwick, Kan. 1882.

"REJOICE, HAPPY MOTHER; MOST BLESSED THOU ART.
THY NAME AMONG WOMEN DWELLS HENCEFORTH APART."

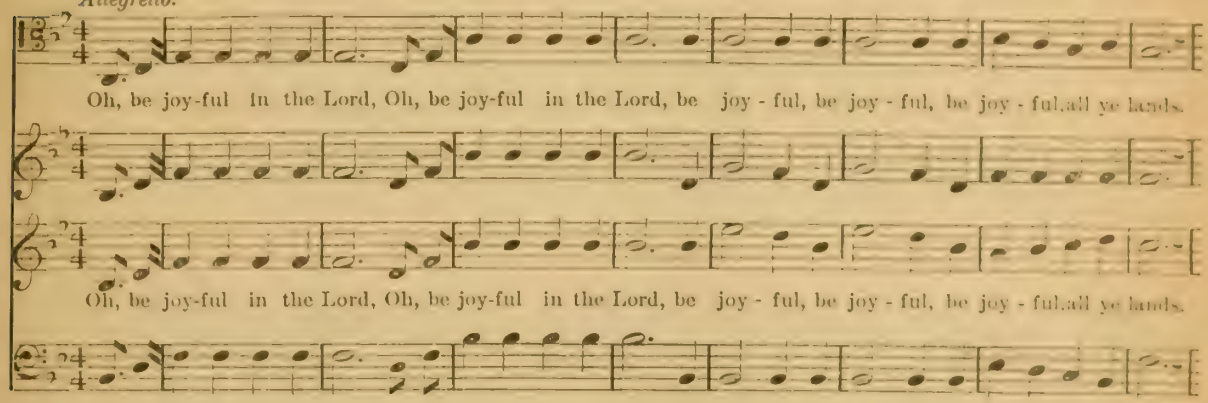
OH, BE JOYFUL IN THE LORD.

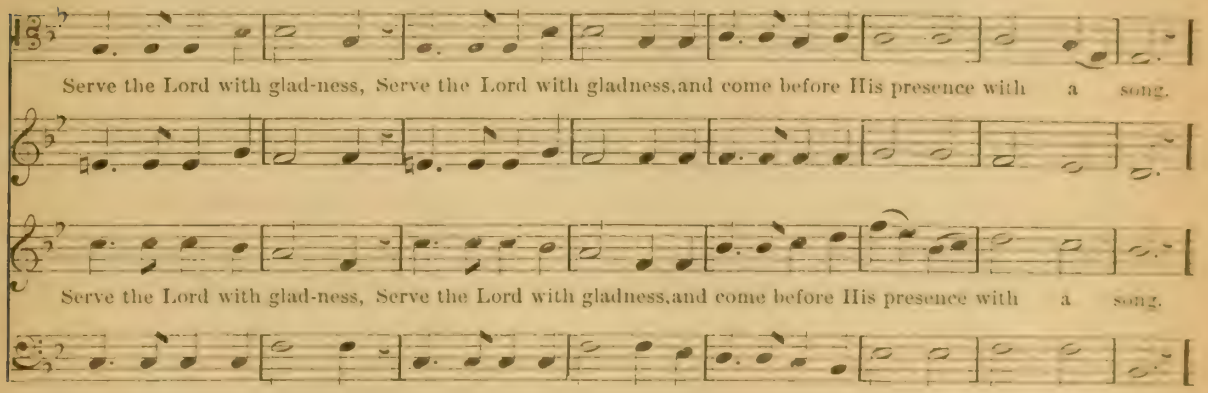
(JUBILATE DEO.)

Mrs. Clara H. Scott, *nee* Jones, is the author, editor and publisher of THE ROYAL ANTHEM BOOK. She received her musical education at the Chicago Musical Institute, and is acknowledged to be among the best composers of the land. Her productions are all artistic, and numbered by the hundred. Her present residence is Minneapolis, Minn.

MRS. C. H. SCOTT.
From "Royal Anthem Book." By per.

Allegretto.





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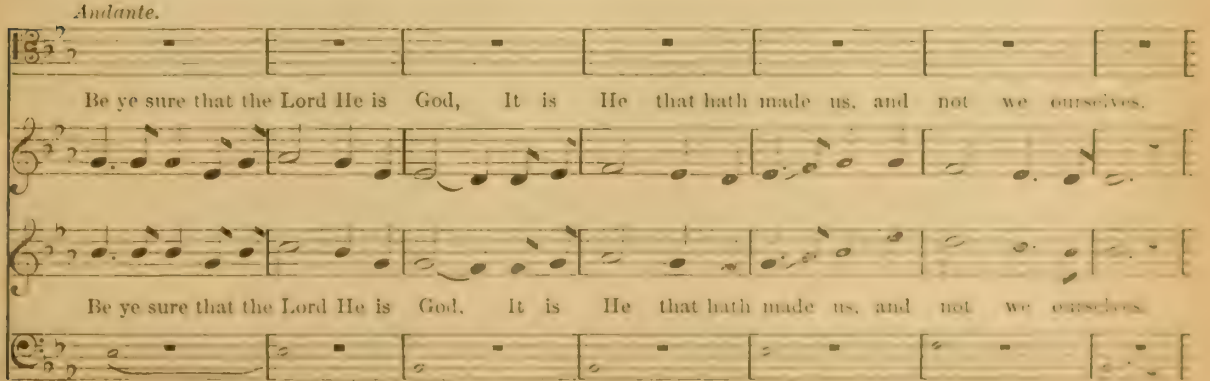

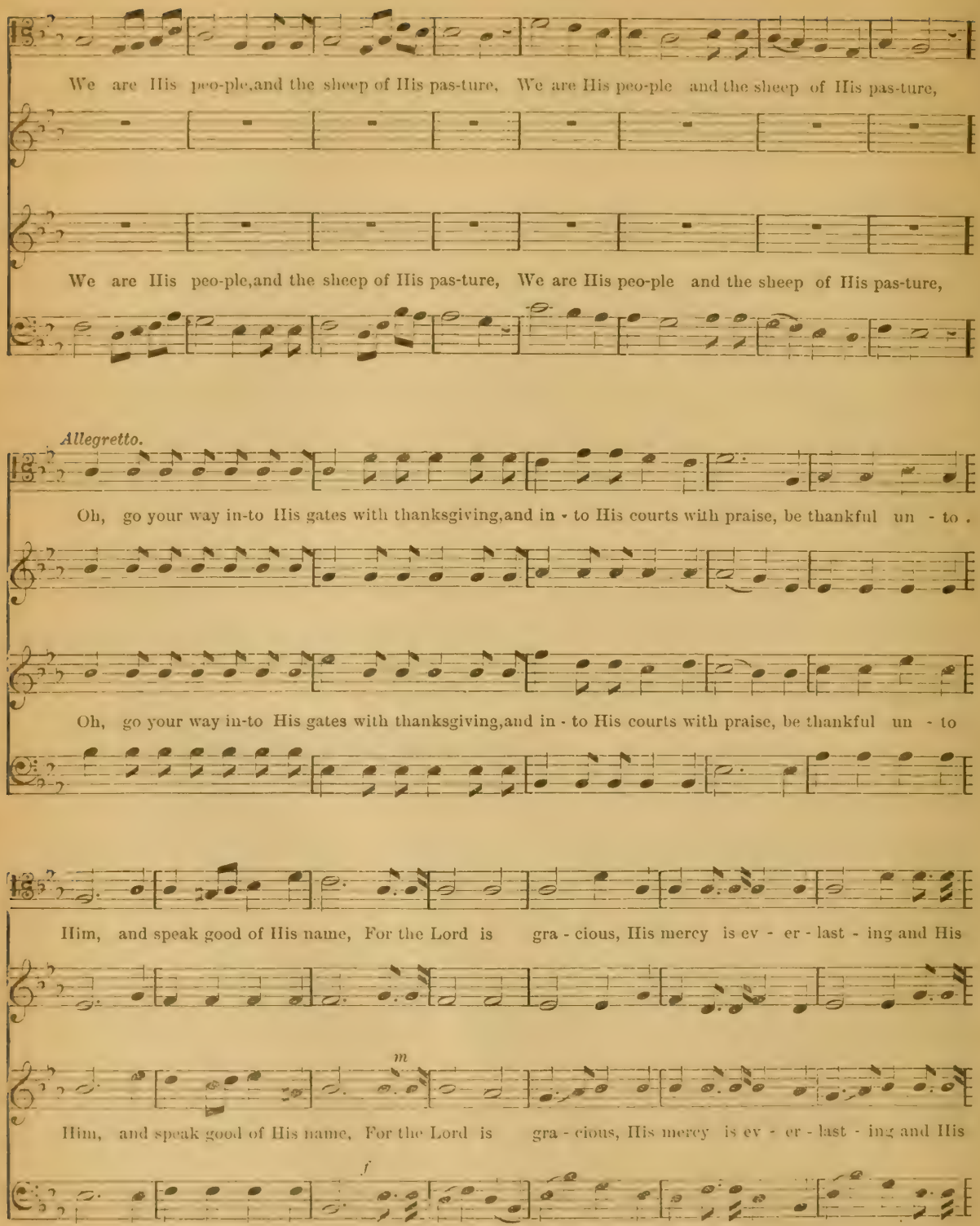
We are His peo-ple,and the sheep of His pas-ture, We are His peo-ple and the sheep of His pas-ture,
We are His peo-ple,and the sheep of His pas-ture, We are His peo-ple and the sheep of His pas-ture,
Allegretto.
Oh, go your way in-to His gates with thanksgiving,and in - to His courts with praise, be thankful un - to .
Oh, go your way in-to His gates with thanksgiving,and in - to His courts with praise, be thankful un - to
Him, and speak good of His name, For the Lord is gra - cious, His mercy is ev - er - last - ing and His
m
Him, and speak good of His name, For the Lord is gra - cious, His mercy is ev - er - last - ing and His
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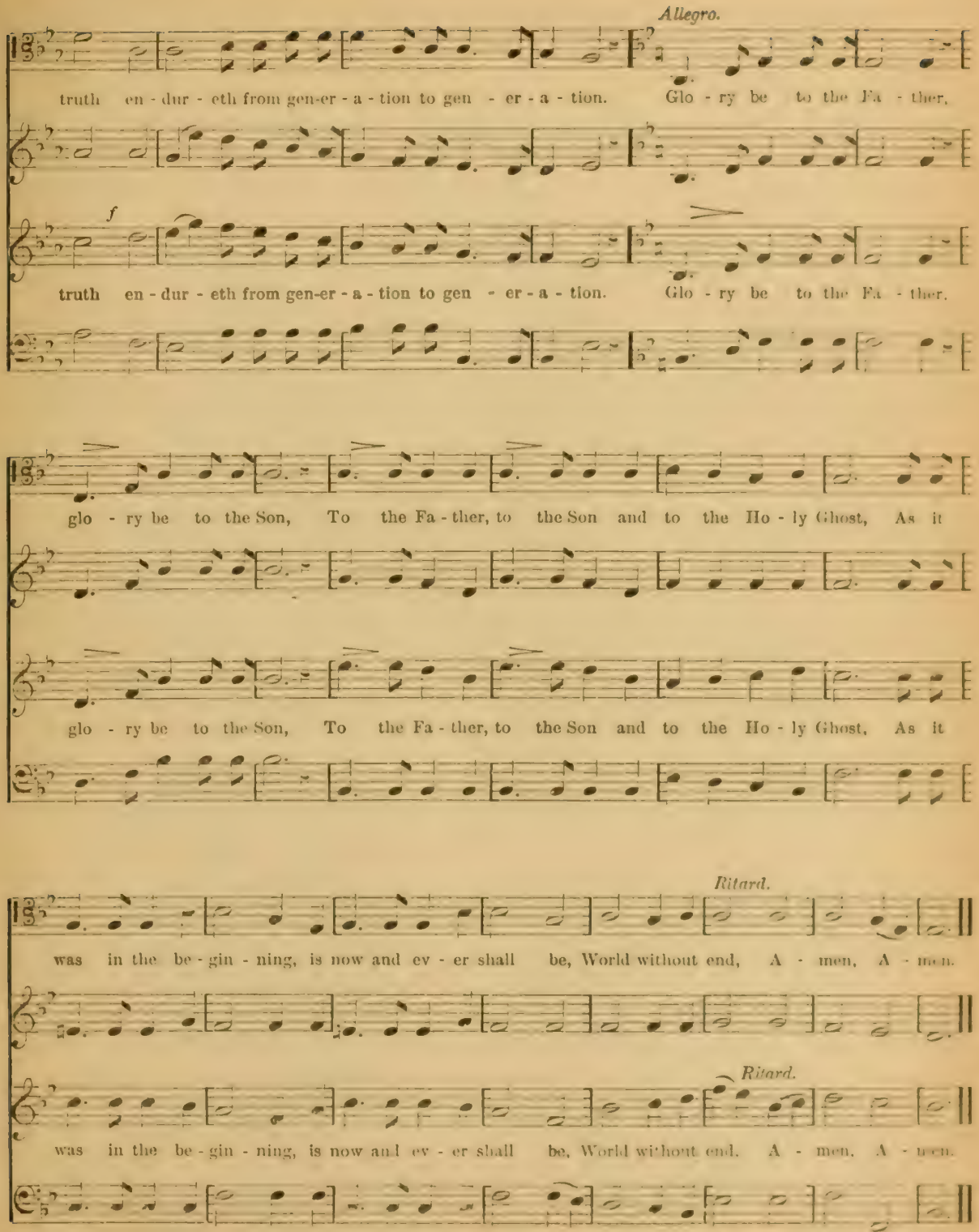
Allegro.
truth en - dur - eth from gen-er - a - tion to gen - er - a - tion. Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther,
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truth en - dur - eth from gen-er - a - tion to gen - er - a - tion. Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther.
glo - ry be to the Son, To the Fa - ther, to the Son and to the Ho - ly Ghost, As it
glo - ry be to the Son, To the Fa - ther, to the Son and to the Ho - ly Ghost, As it
Ritard.
was in the be - gin - ning, is now and ev - er shall be, World without end, A - men, A - men.
Ritard.
was in the be - gin - ning, is now and ev - er shall be, World without end. A - men, A - men.

HE CARETH, OR "ONE OF THE SWEET OLD CHAPTERS."

MISS SUSAN P. BARTLETT. MISS H. D. CHAPMAN.

DUET FOR TWO SOPRANOS.

1st Voice.

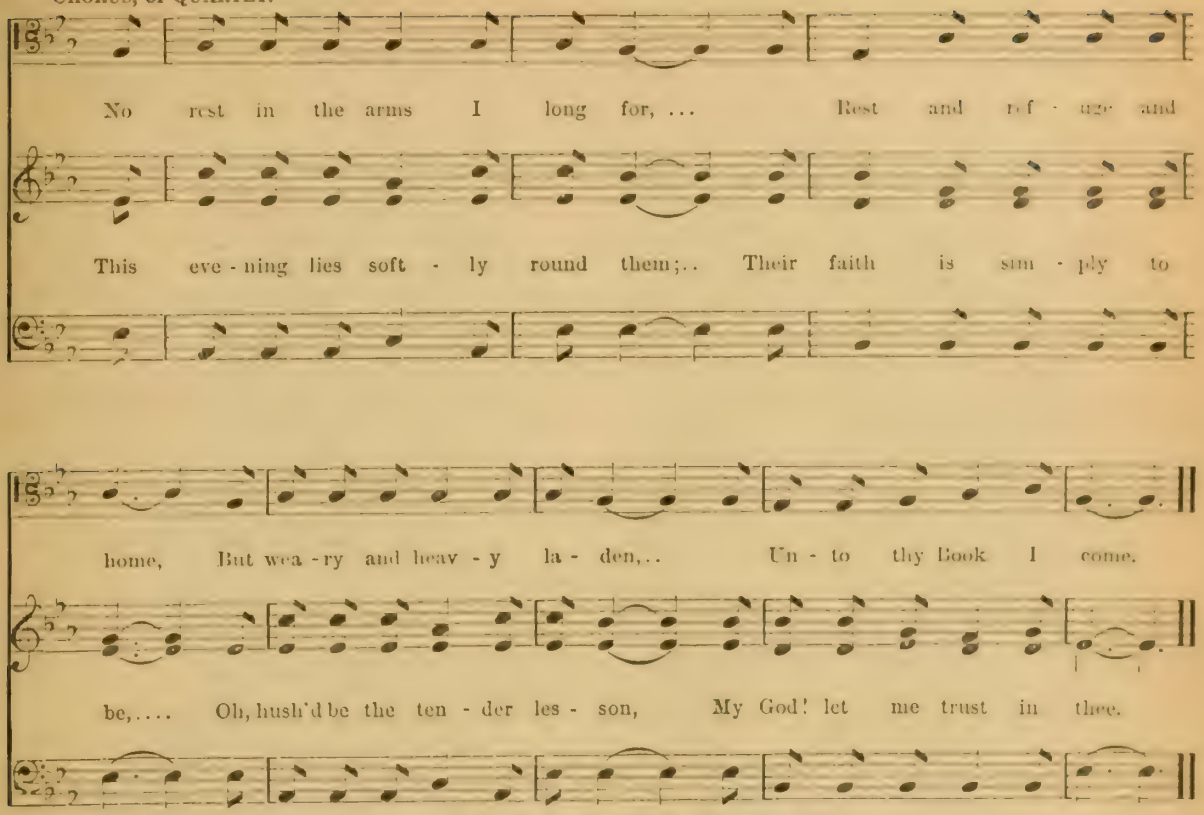
1. One of the sweet old chap - ters, Af-ter a day like this, .. The day brought tears and
2. One of the sweet old chap - ters, The lov-ing that blos - soms thro'; The care of birds and

2nd VOICE.

trou - ble,.... The eve - ning brings no kiss; ... No rest in the arms I long for,....
lil - ies, ... Out in the mead - ow dew,.... His evening lies soft - ly round them,.. Their

Rest, and refuge, and home, But wea-ry and heav - y la - den.... Un - to thy Book I come.
faith is simp-ly to be,.... Oh, hush'd be the ten - der les - son.... My God! let me rest in thee.

CHORUS, or QUARTET.



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BETHANY.

1 O blessed home, thy fragrance sweet
Groweth sweeter evermore;
In dreams I behold thy beauty,
Looking in at open door;
Around the latticed windows low,
And beneath the shadowy eaves,
The little sparrows come and go
And twitter in the leaves;

2 Thy hills are bathed in sunshine,
Thy vales in sweet perfume;
Ripe barley fields bend in the wind,
And yellow lilies bloom,
Just as they did in centuries gone
When Jesus gathered them
Along the city way, and down
The road to Bethlehem.

3 Away through distance dim we hear
The rustle of the palms,
Or the rhythmic cadence it may be,
Of the far-off temple's psalms;
Nay, list, 'tis Martha's twilight song,
Crooned low and tenderly,
For the blessed One hath come to rest
All night at Bethany.

4 Silent the starry sails go down
Upon the western sea;
Silent they bear away our cares
And leave us glad and free;
So calm each over-burdened heart,
So still each burning chord,
So glad to sink down at His feet,
And listen to the Lord.

5 O happy home, to lie between
Jerusalem and heaven!
Sweeter than spikenard was the love
And rest to the Master given;
Oft, as to-night, o'er barley fields
Bloweth a whispered psalm,—
I know not whether said or sung,
But it bringeth rest and calm.

MRS. AGNES L. MITCHELL.

Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Adelaide A. Proctor, the daughter of Bryan Waller Proctor, was born in England, in 1837. She published "Lyrics and Legends," "A Chaplet of Verses," and other poems.

EVENING HYMN.

1 The shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie.
Before Thy throne, O Lord of Heaven,
We kneel at close of day;
Look on Thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,
Oh! do not Thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before Thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls:
With hopes of future glory, chase
The shadows on our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade;
So fade within our heart
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart:
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine;
Give us, O Lord! fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord! Thy peace, O God!
Upon our souls descend;
From midnight fears and perils, Thou
Our trembling hearts defend;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes,
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
Oh! give us now repose!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.
Born 1835. Died 1864.

'IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."

St. Mark xi: 50

1 The night was dark on Galilee,
The wind blew high across the sea,
Weary and faint, a patient band
Toiled with the oars to gain the land.

2 But see! a white and spectral form
Walks on the waves amid the storm;
With quaking hearts they cry with fear,
For lo! the awful form draws near.

3 But hark! who answers to their cry?
No foe that voice, — the Lord draws nigh;
He speaks to cheer, not to upbraid:
"Lo! it is I; be not afraid."

5 Our human hearts oft faint and fear,
Oppressed and sad while ills draw near;
Ah! often heaviest clouds that rise
Are only blessings in disguise.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.
Brooklyn, N. Y., 1883.

LORD EVERLASTING.

1 Now God be with us, for the night is closing,
The light and darkness are of His disposing;
And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield us;
For He will shield us.

2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us,
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father! o'er us:
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us:
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us;
All sick and mourners we to Thee commend them,
Do Thou befriend them.

4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
But Thee, O Father? who Thine own hast made us;
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver
Us now and ever.

5 Praise be to Thee through Jesus our salvation,
God, three in one, the Ruler of creation,
High-throned o'er all Thine eye of mercy casting,
Lord everlasting.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.
(Translation.) Born 1829.

Joan Elizabeth Conder.

"The following hymn, valuable from any author, has a new beauty when we accept it from a Christian mother, who from principle applied herself to home duties, when her talents invited her to an easy and more brilliant course. The 'forms of outward care' and the 'thought for many things,' the flock which the 'guardian Shepherd' would fold to sleep,' all were realities to her, as they will be to many who partake of her Christian spirit." (*Eng. Col.*)

SATURDAY EVENING.

"To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath." Ex. xvi: 23.

1 The hours of evening close,
The lengthened shadows, drawn
O'er scenes of earth, invite repose,
And wait the Sabbath dawn.

2 So let its calm prevail
O'er forms of outward care,
Nor thought for many things assail
The still retreat of prayer.

3 Our guardian Shepherd near
His watchful eye will keep,
And safe from violence or fear,
Will fold His flock to sleep.

4 So may a holier light
Than earth's, our spirits rouse,
And call us, strengthened by His might,
To pay the Lord our vows.

JOAN E. CONDER.
Born 1833.

WHITHER GOEST THOU?

1 Where wanderest Thou through evening mist,
O dearest Pilgrim, Jesus Christ?
Come, grant me this felicity,
Turn Thou aside, my Lord, to me.

2 Be Thou entreated, dearest Friend,
Thou knowest all that I intend;
Thou knowest if my guest Thou'lt be,
With all good cheer I'll welcome Thee.

3 Behold! the day is now far spent;
Night draws the curtain of her tent;
Then Light of Truth, it cannot be
Thou'lt leave me in my poverty.

4 Enlighten me, that I the road
May find that leads to heaven and God;
That sin's dark night mislead not me,
Nor make me wander helplessly.

5 Then in my last great need, by faith
Help me to die a peaceful death;
Lord Jesus, stay, I cling to Thee,
I know Thou wilt not turn from me.

Translated from the German of J. Angelas by
SUSAN HAYES WARD.
Newark, N. J., 1883.

UNTO THEE.

1 After the day done
Is it my rest,
O meek and lowly One,
Into Thy heart to come?

2 Dreary and comfortless,
Weary and worn,
Tears from my eyelids press;
Yearnest Thou now to bless?

3 Though this Thy love for me,
I grieve and grieve;
Still must my refuge be,
O gentle Heart, in Thee?

4 Spite of my wayward day,
Spite of my will
Tangling my cumbered way,
Now must my burden lay,

5 Saviour Divine, I know,
On Thee alone;
I've nowhere else to go,
No one to love me so!

SUSAN P. BARTLETT.
South Dartmouth, Mass., 1882.

AT NIGHTFALL.

1 The day is done, dear Lord, the weary day;
And I have tried so hard to do Thy will,
And faithfully the tasks Thou gav'st fulfil!

2 The little ones are sleeping; all the day
The restless feet have hurried to and fro,
The childish voices ceaseless in their flow.

3 Thou knowest, dear Lord, the work I try to do:
To train these treasures Thou hast lent to me,
Till Thine own image in their hearts may be.

4 I strive to guard from harm my garden fair—
The sweet home garden with its tender blooms,
Its promised fruitage, and love's rich perfumes;

5 But spite of all my care, the hedge is poor,
The crafty foxes creep in unaware,
And little sins despoil my garden fair.

6 So all the day I've labored, watched and prayed,
To lead the little souls to Thy dear feet,
And guard lest sin should dim their whiteness sweet.

7 Now they are nestled 'neath Thy wings to rest;
But I am tired, so tired, dear Lord, to-night,
Too spent and weary e'en to pray aright.

8 To-morrow's tasks arise before my sight;
But oh, my Lord, they are so heavy grown,
I faint and fall; I cannot walk alone!

9 Bear Thou my burdens, be in weakness strength;
Take in Thy arms the children of my care,
So that Thy blessing all their lives may share.

10 I lay me down to sleep with peaceful heart;
Strength will be given for all the morrow brings,
Till, by-and-by, our earth-souls shall find wings!

MRS. S. B. TITTERINGTON.

EVENING PRAYER.

1 Father, as the days decline,
Grant Thy sun of truth shall shine
In my soul, and in my heart,
Bid, ah! bid Him not depart,
But continue through the night,
And at morn my pathway light.

2 I have need of light and truth,
I am in the paths of youth;
And, dear Lord, I would not stray,
Guide and light my onward way,
And when evenings all are past,
Oh! receive Thine own at last.

RACHEL E. MOORE.

"SISTE VIATOR."

"At even-time it shall be light."

1 My little one-life-power in the great sum of things,
Makes its small pause—a broken day, whose zenith sun
Climbs not in earthly skies. No finished offerings
My altars hold, and yet my half day's work seems done.

2 Thro' all my soul, a hush holds me with mighty hand,
With "gates ajar" toward every possible delight,
My silent, darkened sick-room grows enchanted land,
And yet, a helpless waif, I lie upon the night.

3 I cannot reach, or open wide one unlocked gate;
I cannot stand upon the strangely-lighted floor;
I only float on wondrous waves of thought—and wait,
And send a voiceless yearning toward the [illegible] shore.

4 Hushed on this night of sharp, of almost conquering pain,
Just on the unlit edge of vast realms unexplored,
Both quivering flesh and unillumined brain
Make darkness where the tangling shadows wait a sword,

5 Whose name is dawn! What shall the patient watcher see?
A rosy East look down where one shall slowly rise,
And yet go forth to useful years? or shall it be
The all-sufficing day of God, shall light these eyes?

6 The dripping ice that on my burning forehead lies,
Is not more grateful to the parched and aching sense
Than these soul-ministerings I faintly recognize,
Striving to fill an inner thirst, still more intense.

7 Once let me feel the pressure of those shadowy lips,
Once let me groping find the dear magnetic hand,
Avaunt couriers, of heav'nly sweet companionships
Flying from Heart, Home, Temple of the Better Land.

8 My head, so tired, thought-tangled with the warring creeds,
Here rests! I only know and feel that God is just,
With power, omnipotent to fill all human needs,
Our needs!—the on things that sometimes are not dust.

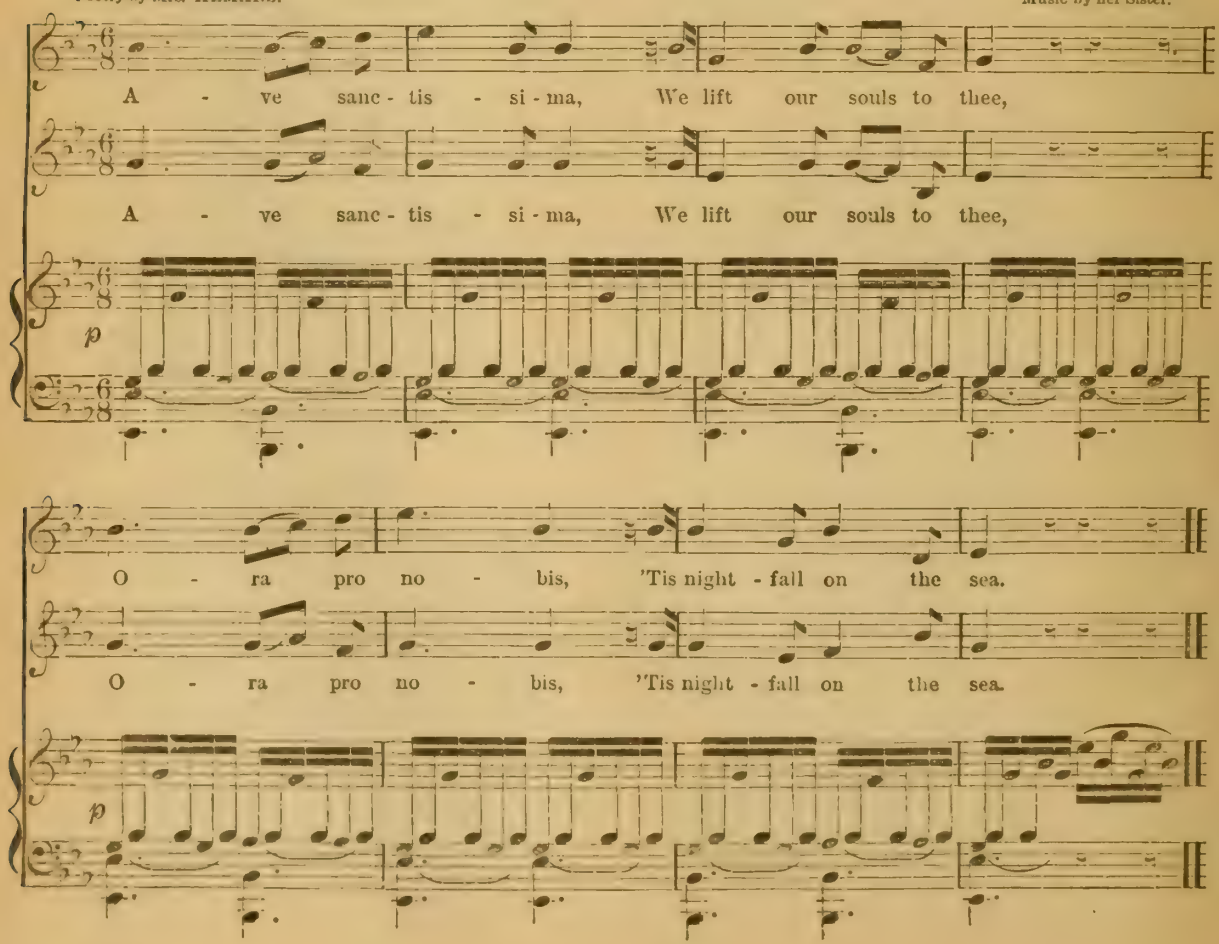
9 Who is that other watcher, waiting in my room?
I feel him, but I cannot see his shrouded face,
Is it the strange mysterious one we miscall "Doom?"
The only earthly one, maligned of all ours race.

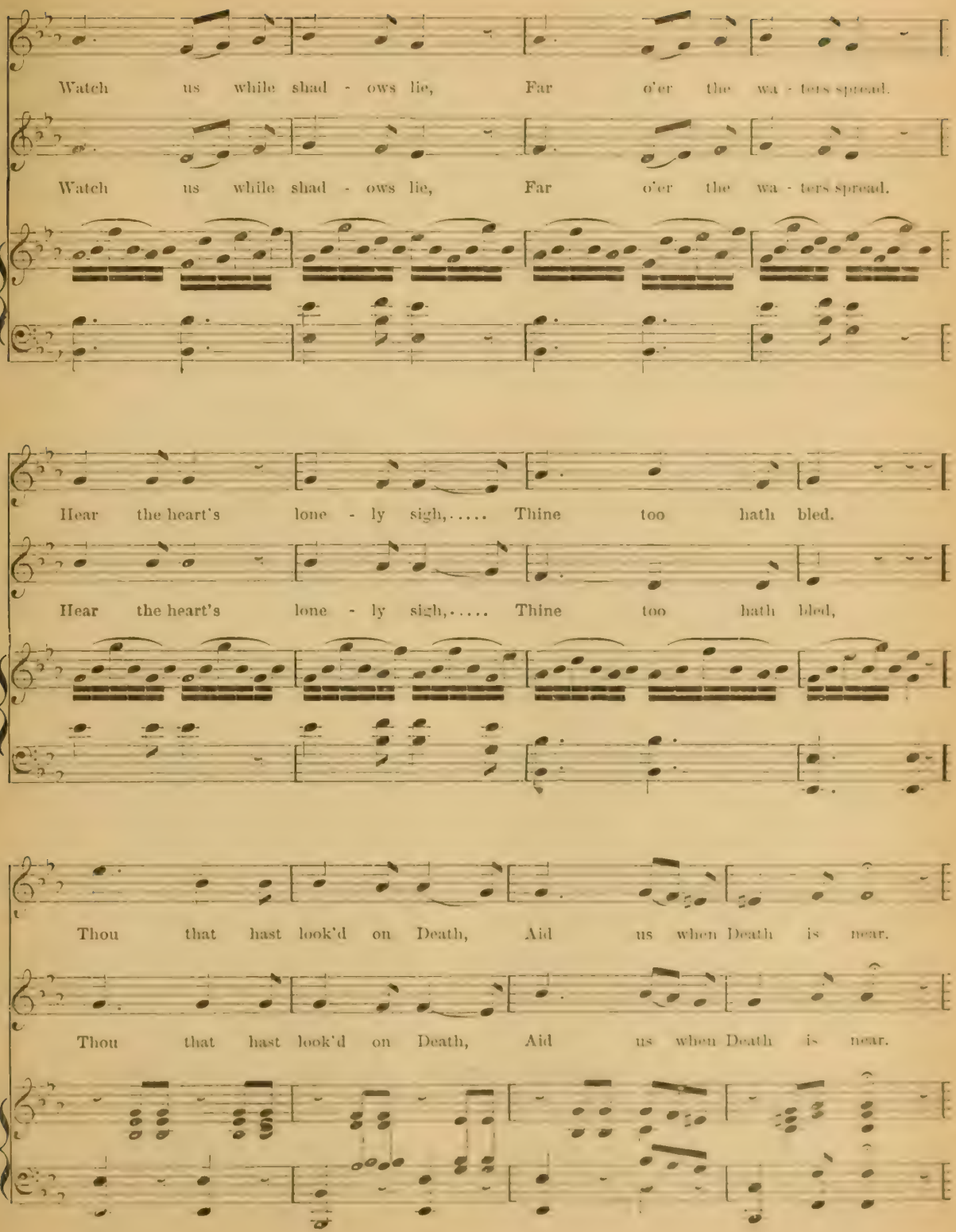
10 So wise, so patient, Death, who, who so unreplying,
Who, with such grand appeal to the event sublime,
Death can be tender too, if aught like this were dying,
'Tis passing sweet, where'er Eternity nears Time.

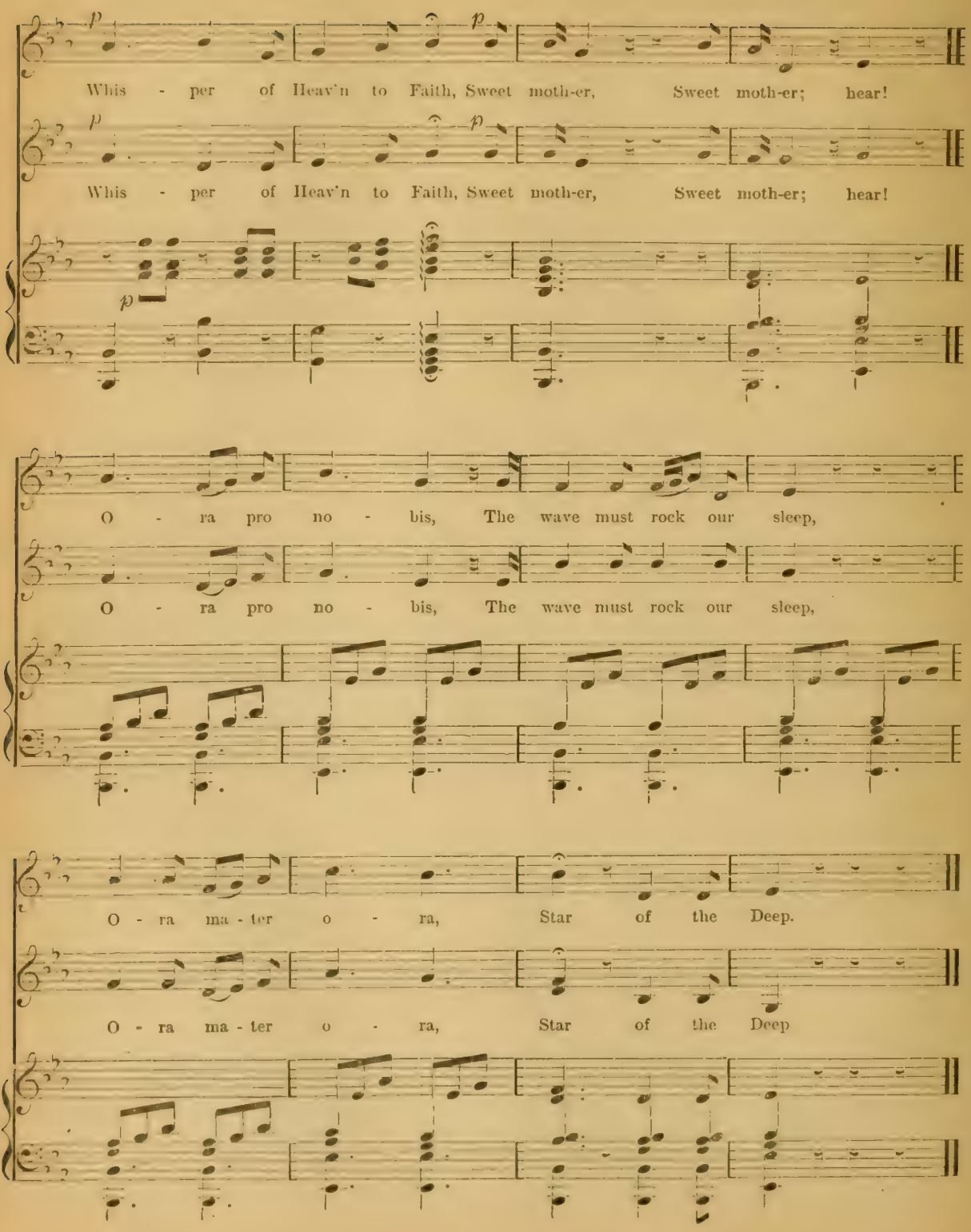
ISADORE GILBERT JEFFERY.
Waukegan, Ill., Oct. 30, 1874.

EVENING PRAYER TO THE VIRGIN.

Poetry by Mrs. HEMANS. Music by her Sister.




Watch us while shad - ows lie, Far o'er the wa - ters spread.
Watch us while shad - ows lie, Far o'er the wa - ters spread.
Hear the heart's lone - ly sigh,..... Thine too hath bled.
Hear the heart's lone - ly sigh,..... Thine too hath bled,
Thou that hast look'd on Death, Aid us when Death is near.
Thou that hast look'd on Death, Aid us when Death is near.


Whis - per of Heav'n to Faith, Sweet moth-er, Sweet moth-er; hear!
Whis - per of Heav'n to Faith, Sweet moth-er, Sweet moth-er; hear!
O - ra pro no - bis, The wave must rock our sleep,
O - ra pro no - bis, The wave must rock our sleep,
O - ra ma - ter o - ra, Star of the Deep.
O - ra ma - ter o - ra, Star of the Deep

Maria Vernon Graham Havergal.

Miss Maria Vernon Graham Havergal, the sister of Frances Ridley Havergal, has written much in both prose and verse. She has the sweet, consecrated spirit that her dear departed sister possessed in such a marked degree. Among her works is a memorial of her sister, and "Pleasant Fruits from the Cottage and the Class." She has also compiled and prepared for publication six books of her sister's writings, among which are "Life Echoes," "Life Chords," "Under His Shadow," and "Starlight through the Shadows." To her our readers are indebted for much in this volume, never before published in this country, and some of it is new and by various authors of renown in England.

I.

"AT EVENING TIME IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

Zech. xiv: 7.

1 Life's orient morn hath passed away,
Hushed all the clamorous cares of day:
Through twilight calm soft steals one chime,
"It shall be light at evening time."

2 Life's western portal opes for me;
Death's darkening valley near I see;
This promise meets my dimming sight:
"At evening time it shall be light."

3 Jesus, my light of life, draw near,
Shine on my darkness, chase each fear;
Stand by me in life's closing fight,
And cheering say, "I am thy light."

4 Washed in Thy precious blood alone,
Arrayed in righteousness Thine own,
From evening time I pass away,
To Heaven's eternal shadeless day.

M. V. G. HAVERGAL.
Winterdyne, Bewdley, Eng., 1868.

II.

1 The shining of the earliest star,
Unveiled from purple shades afar,
That brightens o'er the brow of night,
Can bring no cheer, amid its beams,
More bright than through this promise gleams:
"At evening time there shall be light."

2 "There shall be light!" O wanderer, say,
Groping through tears thy weary way,
Hath hope in shadows taken flight?
There shines a love-star o'er the tomb,
And sing the angels through the gloom:
"At evening time there shall be light."

2 And seest thou, through the dying day,
That brighter shines the lovely ray
As darker grows the coming night?
And hearest thou, through the twilight calm,
The silvery sweetness of this psalm:
"At evening time there shall be light?"

3 As erst around the Bethel Stone,
A gleam of Heaven's own glory shone,
The pilgrim saw, in visions bright,
Down starry steeps a band descend,
And seraph-tones in chorus blend
At evening time, and there was light.

4 And as the Magi turned their way
Toward where the infant Saviour lay,
And one pure star had crowned the night,
Methinks o'er plains of far Judea,
His herald's voices sounded clear:
"At evening time there shall be light."

5 Untouched by earth's insensate things,
We hear the sound of angel wings,
Down drooping in their distant flight;
We see the shadows melt away,
With silvery voices softly say:
"At evening time there shall be light."

6 No frowning darkness of the grave,
No murmurs of the sullen wave
Our feet have touched, can bring affright,
As, floating from the starry spheres,
Sounds the glad hymn of endless years:
"At evening time there shall be light."

ELIZABETH G. BARBER BARRETT

OPEN IMMEDIATELY.

1 The certainest, surest thing I know,
Whatever, what else, may yet befall
Of blessings or bane, of weal or woe,
Is the truth that is fatefullest far of all,
That the Master will knock at my door some night,
And there, in the silence hushed and dim,
Will wait for my coming with lamp and light,
To open immediately to Him.

2 I wonder if I at His tap shall spring
In eagerness up, and cross the floor,
With rapturous step, and freely fling,
In the murk of the midnight, wide the door?
Or will there be work to be put away?
Or the taper, that burns too low, to trim?
Or something that craves too much delay
To open immediately to Him?

3 Or shall I with whitened fear grow dumb,
The moment I hear the sudden knock,
And startled to think He hath surely come,
Shall falter and fail to find the lock,
And keep Him so waiting as I stand,
Irresolute, while my senses swim,
Instead of the bound with outstretched hand,
To open immediately to Him.

4 If this is the only thing foretold
Of all my future,—then, I pray,
That quietly watchful, I may hold
The key of a golden faith each day
Fast shut in my grasp, that when I hear
His step, be it dawn or midnight dim,
Straightway may I rise without a fear,
And open immediately to Him.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.
Lexington, Va., 1882.

NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

1 Night sinks on the wave,
Hollow gusts are sighing,
Sea-birds to their caves
Through the gloom are flying.
Oh! should storms come sweeping,
Thou in heav'n unsleeping,
O'er us vigil keeping,
Hear, hear, and save.

2 Stars look o'er the sea,
Few, and sad, and shrouded!
Faith our light must be,
When all else is clouded.
Thou, whose voice came thrilling,
Wind and billow stilling,
Speak! our pray'r fulfilling,—
Power dwells with Thee.

FELICIA HEMANS.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

L. M.

1 Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord! hast power to save.

2 I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

3 And such the trust that still were mine,
Though stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or though the tempest's fiery breath
Roused me from sleep to wreck and death;

4 In ocean caves still safe with Thee,
The germs of immortality;
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

MRS. WILLARD.

HE HOLDETH THE WATERS IN HIS HAND

1 O Thou, who hast spread out the skies,
And measured the depths of the sea,
Our incense of praise shall arise
In joyous thanksgiving to Thee.
Forever Thy presence is near,
Though heaves our bark far from the land;
We ride on the deep without fear;
The waters are held in Thy hand.

2 Eternity comes in the sound
Of billows that never can sleep;
Jehovah encircles us round;
Omnipotence walks on the deep.
Our Father, we look up to Thee,
As on toward the haven we roll;
And faith in our Pilot shall be
An anchor to steady the soul.

HANNAH F. GOULD

Lady Huntingdon.

Lady Huntingdon, of English birth, was born in 1707. In 1728 she was married to Theophilus, 9th Earl of Huntingdon, and became a widow in 1746. Adopting the principle of the Calvanistic Methodists, she made the eminent founder and preacher Geo. Whitfield, one of her chaplains. On his death in 1770, she was appointed by his will, sole proprietor of his possessions, and she immediately set about the good work of organizing a mission to North Asia. Her labors at home increased with her years. For the education of ministers, she established and maintained a College in Wales. She also built, or became possessed of, many chapels in different parts of the country, the principle one being at Bath. She likewise expended large amounts in supporting young men for the itinerant ministry, as well as in private charity and deeds of love for Christ's sake. Before her death in 1791, she bequeathed her chapels, 64 in number, to the management of four persons. Her hymns of devotion are among the sweetest and best ever written by woman.

THE LAST BEAM.

P. M.

1 Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining;
Father in heaven! the day is declining,
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night;
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells chime,
Shield me from danger, save me from crime.
Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,
Father, have mercy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.

2 Father in heaven! oh, hear when we call,
Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all;
Feeble and fainting we trust in Thy might,
In doubting and darkness Thy love be our light:
Let us sleep on Thy breast while the night taper burns
Wake in Thy arms when morning returns.
Father, have mercy, Father, have mercy,
Father, have mercy thro' Jesus Christ our Lord,

LADY SELINA HUNTINGDON.

SAFE IN THY CARE.

L. M.

Psalm iv: 8.

1 Great God! to Thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
Oh, let Thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gentle, rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to Thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of Thy love,
Ungrateful, can from Thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus; His dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God!
And kind acceptance at Thy throne.

5 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in Thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to Thy name.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

DAY IS DYING.

From "Spiritual Songs." Edited by Rev. Chas. S. Robinson, D. D.

1 Day is dying in the West;
Heaven is touching earth with rest;
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee!
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most high!

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the Universe, Thy home,
Gather us who seek Thy face
To the fold of Thy embrace,
For Thou art nigh.
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of Thee!
Heaven and earth are praising Thee,
O Lord most high!

MARY A. LATHBURY.
By per.

PILGRIM, WATCH AND PRAY.

"Therefore let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober."

1 Softly on the breath of evening
Comes the tender sigh of day;
Lonely heart, by sorrow laden,
'Tis the time to pray.
Weary pilgrim, cease thy mourning;
Weary pilgrim, cease thy mourning;
Rest beyond forever.

2 Pearly dews, like tears, are falling
Gently on the sleeping flowers;
Stars, like angel eyes, are beaming
From celestial bowers.
Weary pilgrim, cease thy mourning;
Weary pilgrim, cease thy mourning;
Rest beyond forever.

3 'Tis the hour when hallowed feelings
Chase our doubts and fears away;
'Tis the hour for calm devotion,
Pilgrim, watch and pray.
Weary pilgrim, cease thy mourning;
Weary pilgrim, cease thy mourning;
Rest beyond forever.

4 Though temptations dark oppress thee,
Jesus guides thee on thy way;
He will hear thy lightest whisper,
Pilgrim, watch and pray.
Weary pilgrim, cease thy mourning;
Weary pilgrim, cease thy mourning;
Rest beyond forever.

FANNY C. VAN ALSTYNE.
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Mrs. Adelia C. Graves.

Mrs. Adelia C. Graves is the wife of Rev. Z. C. Graves, who for about thirty or more years has been president of the Mary Sharp College, Winchester, Tennessee. She is a woman of rare accomplishments, highly cultured taste and culture, and to her efforts and influence as a patroness the college is greatly indebted for the prominence it has attained among the finest educational institutions in the South. Her pupils in English literature and rhetoric are to be found in every quarter of the globe. The compiler of this volume was once a pupil in the Mary Sharp College, and to it owes much of the little she may have acquired of a taste for literature of a high order.

Mrs. Graves has published a volume of poems, and has written many sketches of an interesting and instructive nature.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

1 'Twas night upon Judea's hills,
And sparkling shone her thousand rills
Beneath a starry sky;
While shepherds, on the dewy grass,
Watched the nocturnal shadows pass,
Till midnight hours drew nigh,

2 When, from the crystal walls above,
The white-winged messengers of love,
On joyous errand bent,
Sang through each upland, glade and glen,
"Peace upon earth, good will to men,
A Saviour to mankind is sent."

3 Judea's hills take up the song,
Judea's vales the strain prolong,
"Peace and good-will and joy,"
And mortal tongues, through endless days,
Shall chant the same in nobler lays,
And find it sweet employ.

ADELIA C. GRAVES.
Winchester, Tenn., 1883

CHRISTMAS EVE.

1 Shine, gentle stars, to-night,
With pure and tender light!
And wintry winds, lie low:
Let softer breezes blow!
And moonbeams trembling on the air,
Glitter with sheen most wondrous fair,
For this is Christmas eve.

2 Blaze, faggots, on the hearth;
And children, shout with mirth;
And let the song go round
With merry, joyful sound;
While gentle hands the gifts display,
Which wait the dawn of Christmas day,
For this is Christmas eve.

3 Ring, ring, ye silver bells,
Till all the deepest wells
Of melody break forth
And roll from South to North;
Ring till each grand cathedral aisle
Resounds with sweetest chimes the while,
For this is Christmas eve.

4 Bow down, our hearts, in love
To Him who from above
Found to our world His way,
And in a manger lay;
While angels sang of peace on earth,
To crown with joy His hours of birth.
Aye! this is Christmas eve.

5 Forget ye not the poor,
Who stand outside your door,
Or shiver at the gate
Where no warm welcomes wait;
But, like the Saviour, fly with speed
To scatter gifts where there is need,
Aye! this is Christmas eve.

EMILY PUTNAM WILLIAMS.
Appleton City, Mo., 1883.

RING, MERRY, MERRY BELLS.

1 Ring, merry, merry bells,
The Christmas morn!
Ring out a joyous peal!
The Saviour comes,
The Christ is born;
He comes to save and heal.

2 Ring, merry, merry bells,
O'er all the land,
By hall and cottage fires;
Let every home
And household band
Hear music from your spires.

3 Ring, merry, merry bells!
There cometh here
The wondrous truth at last,
By ancient king
And kingly seer
So longed-for, ages past.

4 Ring, merry, merry bells!
Let hill and vale,
Through all the festal day,
In notes of joy
Repeat the tale
Of Christ, the Living Way.

5 Ring, merry, merry bells!
Our heavy load
We lay, rejoicing down;
For by His cross
We gain the road
To our eternal crown.

6 Ring, merry, merry bells!
Your carols pour,
Nor let your gladness cease;
The Wonderful!
The Counsellor!
The mighty Prince of Peace!

MARIE MASON.
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MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS!

(A CHRISTMAS CAROL)

"Unto you is born a Saviour."—Luke, 2: 11. Words and Music by Mrs. T. J. COOK.

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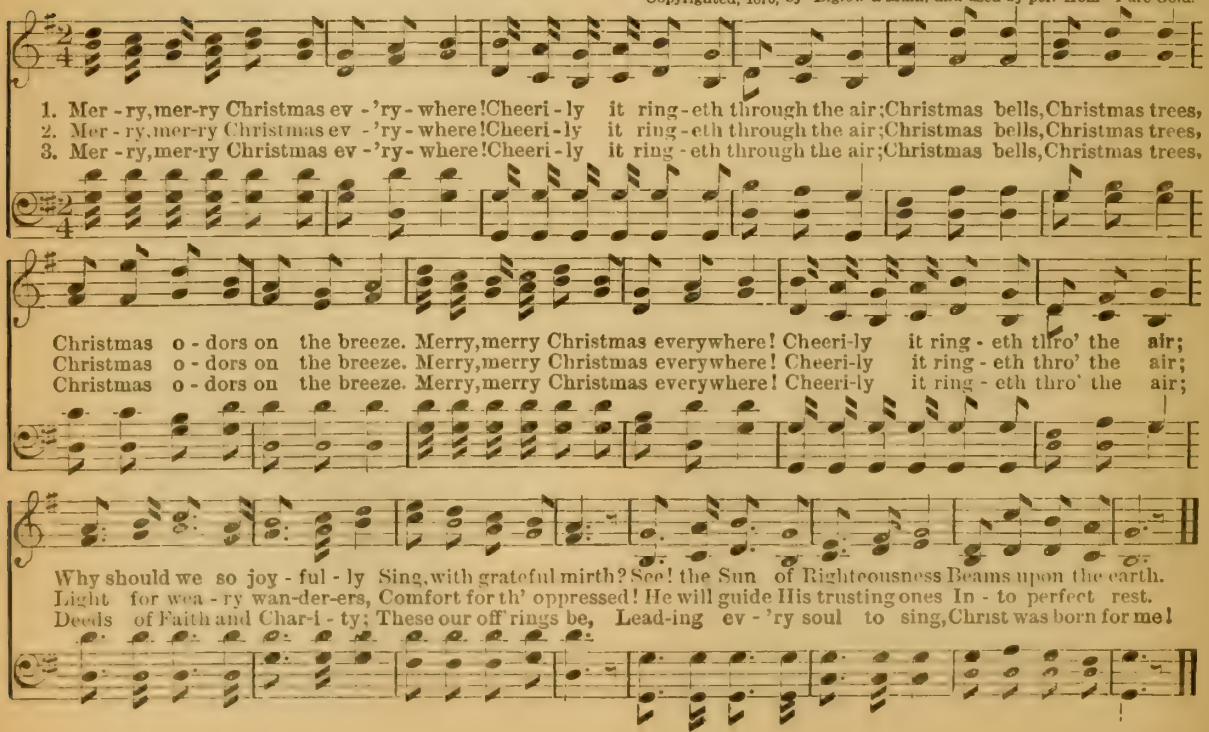
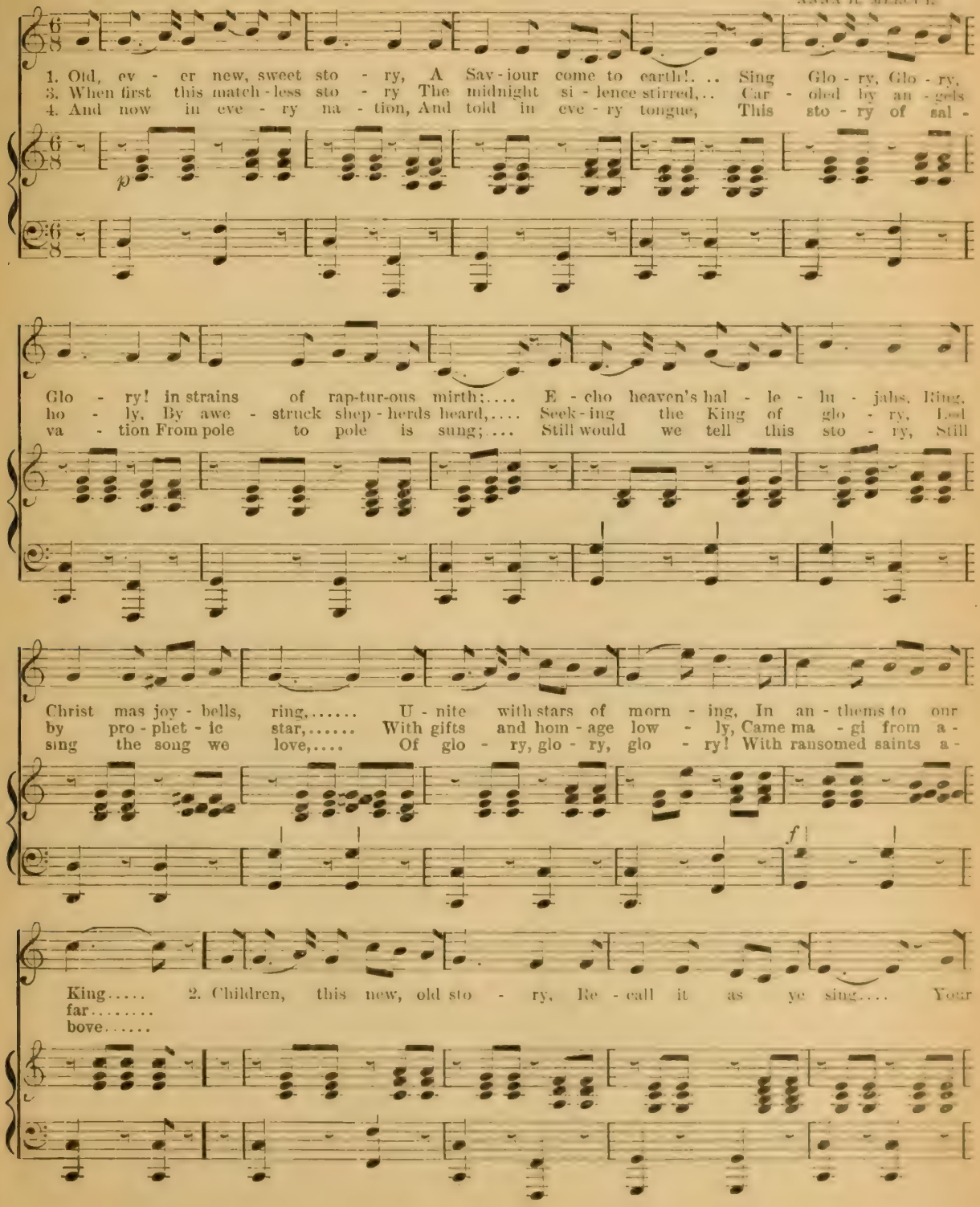
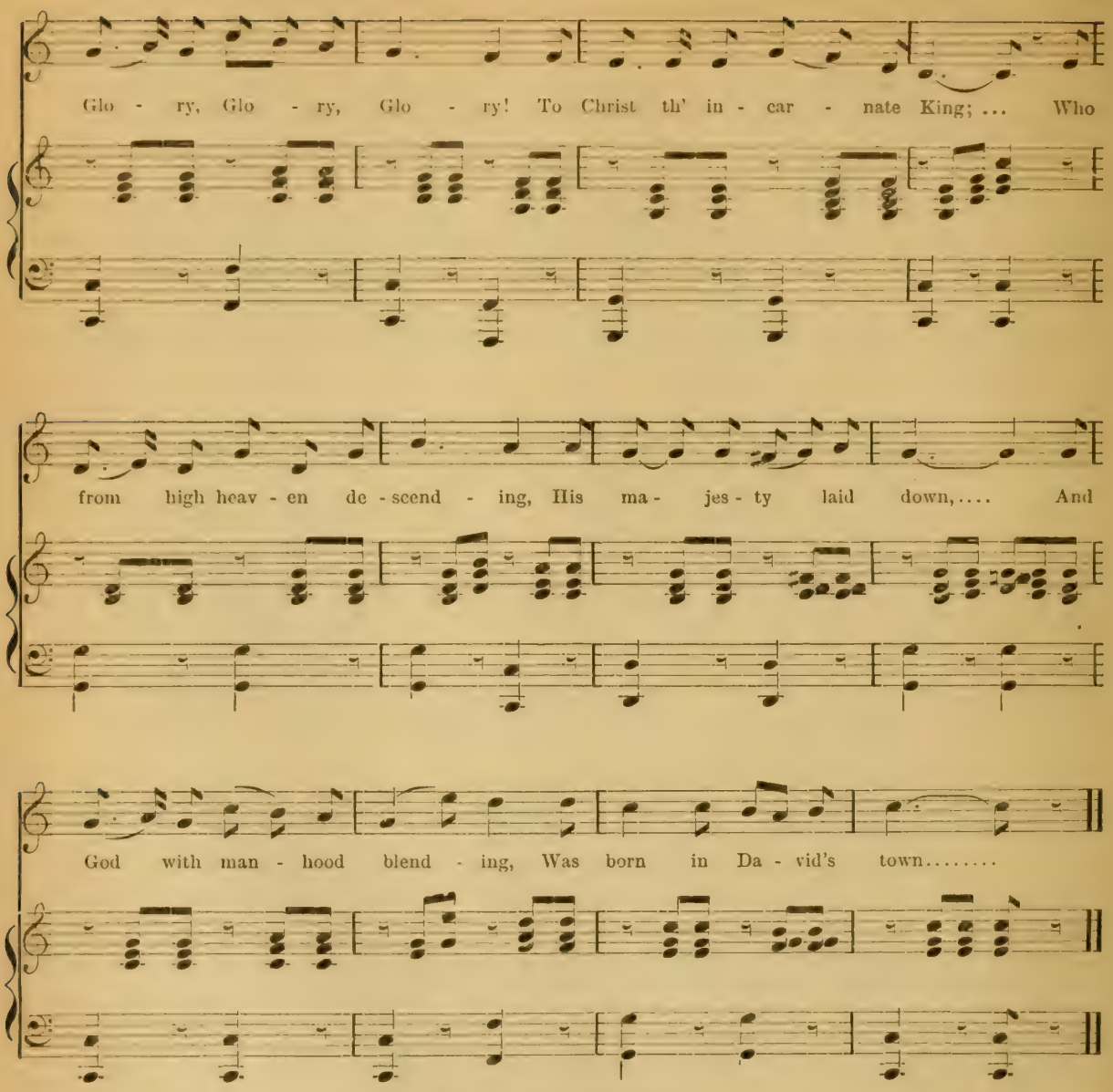


OLD, EVER NEW, SWEET STORY.

ANNA H. MERCUR. Towanda, Penn.

German Lorch Melody.
Arr. with an original [illegible] by
ANNA H. MERCUR.





FROM A POEM ENTITLED

CHRISTMAS.

Chime out, O joyful bells!
All worldly discords drown!
Yield up your green, O trees,
To make a Christmas crown!
Give of your best, O earth!
Make room, O human heart,
That He who came this day
May nevermore depart!

MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

I.

'Tis Christmas morn! with noiseless tread
The centuries have onward sped;
Proud, earthly powers have passed away,
And kingdoms crumbled to decay;
But perfume from the Magi gift
And echoes from the angels' chime
Still linger on the Christmas air,
And float upon the stream of time.
And swift-winged winds for aye repeat
The tidings which the shepherds told,
The story of redeeming love—
Forever new, forever old!

II.

'Tis Christmas morn! What shall we bring?
What worthy gift, what offering?
Not orient pearl or sparkling gem,
Nor jewels for Thy diadem;
Thou would'st not these, all, all are Thine,
The secrets of the hidden mine,
The pearls that ocean's caverns keep,
And all the treasures of the deep,
Shine but for Thee. One gift alone
Dear Saviour, Thou wilt bless and own.
Then teach us how that gift to bring,
Oh! teach us how Thy praise to sing!
The angels only sing Thy birth,
We praise Thee for Thy life on earth:
As infant on Thy mother's breast,
As child at play, as youth at rest,
At work by holy Joseph's side,
Or wandering lone at eventide,
By Kedron's brook. On mountain bare
We praise Thee for Thy midnight prayer,
The touch that made the blind to see,
The "Peace be still" to Galilee;
The hand that the five thousand fed,
The tears o'er sleeping Lazarus shed;
For ears unstopped, for tongue set free,
For footsteps on the troubled sea,
For lepers cleansed, for dead upraised,
O Christ of God, Thy name be praised!
The burdens Thou for us didst bear,
For carrying every load of care;
For wounds by our transgressions made,
For griefs and sorrows on Thee laid;
For chastisements our peace that sealed,
For stripes by which our wounds were healed,
For visage marred, and bleeding feet,
For Pilate's hall and judgment-seat,
For plaited crown and pierced side,
For Calvary's cross and Him that died;
For Joseph's tomb and Easter morn,
For death of all its terrors shorn;
The promise of Millenial dawn,
For hope of resurrection morn,
For Him who intercedes above,
For God in Christ, the God of love,
Let songs of adoration rise,
Ring hallelujahs to the skies!

MRS W. L. MILLER.
From a "Christmas Epic" in St. Louis Evangelist.

CHRISTMAS.

1 How fair upon the mountains
The hasting feet which bring
To-day the glorious tidings
Which o'er the earth shall ring.

2 He reigns, our blessèd Saviour,
He reigns, the King of Peace!
To-day His heavenly mission
Begins and ne'er shall cease.

3 What though a new-born infant
He smiles on Mary's breast?
He comes to free the people
With sin and woe opprest.

4 He comes to break the fetters
Which bind the toiling slave,
And bid from every hill-top
The flag of freedom wave.

5 Break forth, ye lofty mountains,
And ye, O little hills,
Pour out your deepest music,
And mingle, tinkling rills.

6 Let every voice in nature
Unite to swell the strain:
"To-day our blessèd Leader,
The 'Prince of Peace,' doth reign."

SUSIE V. ALDRICH. 1883.

MERRY CHRISTMAS BELLS.

1 Hark! hark! the sweet, sweet chiming
Of merry Christmas bells!
Their low, melodious hymning
A wondrous story tells.
Beneath the stars that glisten
O'er distant Syrian plains,
The watching shepherds listen
To clear, angelic strains.

2 "To God the highest glory!"
While heavenly arches ring
Responsive to the story
That Gabriel doth sing.
"The peace on earth whose blessing
Shall bring good will to men,"
And in His name progressing,
Shall fill the world again.

3 And when the dawn is streaking
The eastern sky afar,
They see the glory breaking
From off a new-born Star.
It shines above the manger
Wherein a babe is born,
And for that infant stranger
Archangels hail the morn.

4 No kingly crown awaits Him,
No robe of Tyrian dye,
But heavenly choirs His praises
Are sounding through the sky;
For Bethlehem's lowly manger
The King of kings contains;
And Glory! Glory! Glory!
The Lord of all He reigns.

MARIE MASON.

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Anna H. Mercur.

The author of the following Christmas Carols was formerly Miss Jewett. She attended school and graduated at Rutger's Female Seminary, New York City. Since her marriage to a Pennsylvania gentleman, her residence has been in Towanda, Penn. Her first published poem was set to music by Prof. Geo. F. Root, for an anniversary occasion. Those who are acquainted with her predict for her a brilliant future, and one resulting in good to others. Her Christmas Carols are already extensively known and sung. She designed a Christmas star for 1882, which was a beautiful work of art, filled with her own original songs for Christmas festivities.

Mrs. Mercur has spent some time abroad, with her family and has recently issued a beautiful translation of "Karin." While in Germany, her correspondence to several American papers was pronounced excellent and read with much interest by many.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

I.

1 Christus! Anointed One! King at Thy birth!
Entwined by Thy name with emblems of mirth.
Bring the bright holly, the weird mistletoe;
With ivy—both gladness and reverence to show.

2 Jehovah's new name, combining in one
Infinite, Finite, Father and Son.
Better than angels hath Jesus the Way
Obtained a more excellent title than they.

3 Mythology fabled the nation's desire
Through peace-breathing lute, and Promethian fire,
Revealed to Isaiah in vision sublime,
He preached it before the fulness of time.

4 Hearken, O nations, and listen, O land,
For you is a Prince and Deliverer at hand,
Whose government gentle, shall ever increase,
A reign of love, purity, righteousness, peace!

5 No longer the desolate places are waste,
Fields wait for the harvest; ye reapers, make haste!
The wilderness blossometh, yea, as the rose,
And waters of comfort invite to repose!

6 Heaven's King is your guest, receive him, O Earth!
Jesus, the child of immaculate birth!
Son of a virgin, yet monarch most high—
Hosanna! hosanna! exultingly cry!

7 Rejoice, happy mother; most blessed thou art,
Thy name among women dwells henceforth apart
Yea, magnify Him, thy Saviour and Son,
Whose rule, long expected, at last is begun!

8 Wake psaltery and harp! sound cymbal and lyre!
'Tis the birthday of Him whom all hearts desire.
Blow ye the trumpets, command to the feast
Of Jesus Immanuel, our King and High Priest!

ANNA H. MERCUR, 1882.

II.

1 Immanuel, God with us!
Bow down, ye heavens, to-day!
Behold a wondrous glory,
The star of Bethlehem's ray!
For angels have descended
With message from on high;
Let all the earth keep silence,
Redemption draweth nigh!

2 Strange sight for men and angels!
Lo! the effulgent light
Which led the holy magi
Rests on Judean height!
Stopped in its course celestial,
O'er lowly cattle-shed,
Its heavenly beams illumine
An Infant's manger bed.

3 O Earth, with all thy kingdoms,
Was there no other place
Wherein to welcome Jesus,
The Lord of life and grace?
No room in royal palace?
No spot within the inn
To shield the Word made human—
The God-man without sin?

4 To make men priests and monarchs,
Joint-heirs with Him on high,
The Logos consubstantial
Descendeth from the sky.
Leaving the Father's brightness,
Leaving His throne of flame,
He comes a helpless infant,
To suffer grief and shame.

5 Depth of humiliation!
Love passing all degree!
Thus to restore to mortals
Their immortality!
Henceforth the race shall triumph,
And foil the serpent's art:
The laws of stone on Sinai
Be written in the heart!

6 All hail! angelic heralds
Proclaiming peace on earth!
Hail! gracious star of promise,
Sign of a Saviour's birth!
Lift up thy gates, O Zion!
Sing, everlasting hills!
Joy for the God incarnate
The whole creation fills!

ANNA H. MERCUR. 1882.

NIGHT'S CANOPY OVER JUDEA.

1 Night's canopy over Judea now hung,
The harp of the minstrel lay mute and unstrung;
The shepherds together sat watching the fold,
While round them reigned darkness and silence and cold.

2 And now, in their midst, shines an angel of light;
Quick vanishes fear at the radiant sight;
And hark! in the words of their own native tongue,
"Good tidings of joy" by the angels are sung.

3 "This day, in the city of David, is born
A Saviour, whose birth is Redemption's glad morn;
No longer in darkness and doubt shall ye grope,
In Bethlehem's manger lies Israel's hope!"

4 A chorus angelic re-echoes in Heaven
The glorious news to the meek shepherds given;
"Peace, peace and good-will unto earth!" is their song,
While praises to God their loud pæan prolong.

ELIZABETH C. KINNEY.

Miss Nellie H. Butler.

Miss Nellie H. Butler is a resident of Highland Park, Chicago, Ill., and was born in 1865. She is the daughter of a talented and successful Baptist minister. Although but nineteen years of age, she has frequently contributed quite acceptably to the Chicago Weekly Magazine, and other periodicals, thus giving great promise of future usefulness.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

1 O God, to-day we may forget
How awful and how great art Thou,
The terrors that our sins have set
Around Thy throne, about Thy brow;
Thy will, unsearchable to man,
Thy power that hath encompassed all—
That whirled the spheres, ere time began,
And marked rebellious angels' fall.

2 O Jesus, now we cannot weep;
Thy cross transfigured seems to rise.
Celestial armies round it keep
Eternal vigil in the skies.
We cannot feel Thy suffering,
Nor see Thy coronet of thorn;
We only hear the seraphs sing
That Christ, the Prince of Peace, is born.

3 O Holy Ghost, our Father's gift,
Suffuse our inmost beings, till
Immortal joy our spirits lift,
And holds them captive to Thy will.
To-day Thou dost not come to chide,
Or bring our guilt before Thy face;
But, pure and clean, we may abide
In Thine own secret dwelling-place.

4 A little child to us is given,
A tender halo on His head,
His smile hath caught the light of Heaven,
And human woe is comforted!
He sleeps in every stricken breast,
He gazes into weary eyes,
And lo! a blessed peace and rest
Steals on our hearts from Paradise.

5 Ah, soul of mine, canst thou withstand
The presence of that Child divine,
Or thrust aside the little hand
He lays so trustingly in thine?
Oh! join the world's great hymn of love,
That never-ending, rapturous lay!
While cherubim and saints above
Adore the Babe of Christmas day.

NELLIE H. BUTLER. 1884.

THE BURDEN OF THE BELLS.

1 Oh! the Christmas bells are ringing,
All the world is wide awake,
And the chorus as it echoes
Makes the mighty steeples shake.
Miles away its tide is swelling,
As if it would never cease,
And the burden of its music
Is a rolling wave of *peace*.

2 All the leafless branches, swinging
In the cold December air,
Soft are breathing forth its cadence
Like the murmur of a prayer;
And they bend above each other
With their wintry robes of fleece
In a gentle benediction,
Breathing forth a hymn of *peace*.

3 So the pastor to his people,
On this blessèd Christmas day,
Gives a lesson full of meaning
For each one to take away;
And he gently bids the mourner,
Who from grief would seek release,
At the cross to drop his burden,
Where the Saviour giveth *peace*.

4 Lo! the cross is full of healing,
And the crown is lying near
With its wealth of jewels, gleaming
Like the sunlight of a tear.
And to-day our hearts will gladden,—
May the echo never cease
As we sing the love of Jesus,
Who will crown us with His *peace*.

5 "Peace on earth!" How dear the blessing
As it comes from Heaven and here
Drops its tenderness upon us
At the closing of the year.
So abiding in God's keeping
With the bells, our hearts will chime
"Peace on earth!" Oh, gracious promise!
"*Peace on earth, at Christmas time.*"

REV. SCOTT TAYLOR.
Jacksonville, Ill., 1883.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

"His name shall be called Wonderful." Isa: ix. 6.

1 Oh! wonderful, thrice wonderful, Thou mighty Saviour-King;
With what glad, joyous voices, Thy praises we would sing!
But earthly strains are feeble, and human praises cold,
And lips would fail to utter Thy mercies manifold.

2 Yet, Lord, we kneel before Thee, at this our Christmas Feast,
And wait Thy benediction, our Counsellor and Priest;
We have no gems to offer, like Eastern sages rare,
Poor hearts we open to Thee, and pray Thee enter there.

3 The half has not been told us of all Thy beauty sweet,
But we would gaze with rapture, and learn at Thy dear feet.
Forgive our great transgressions, our want of love forgive,
Wash us till in Thy Heaven we look on Thee and live;
Then, risen King most wonderful, we shall Thy name adore,
And with immortal voices praise Thee for evermore.

CECILIA HAVERGAL. 1882.
(Miss F. R. Havergal's niece).

THE MISSION OF THE MAGI.

1 At night, on Bethlehem's cloud-capped hill,
Lo! suddenly the star stands still,
Centering its radiant blaze on cattle shed,
Over a young child's bed.

2 And now the aged Melchior
First falls on bended knee.
He doth his gift prefer
Of bitter myrrh,
To show the Babe's *humanity*.

3 Next, dark Balthasar comes.
Gold is his costly offering,
To symbolize that Christ is *King!*

4 Lastly, young Caspar bends
With lowly reverence,
And proffers frankincense,
Seal of our Lord's *Divinity*.
When lo! crowning the hallowed head,
A glorious nimbus
Floods with mystic light
The humble shed;
The trembling shepherds, led
By heavenly choir, adoring praise,
While oxen in their stalls
Lift up bewildered gaze
At the unearthly sight.

5 The wise men's mission now is done·
Before the rising sun
They take their separate way,
Warned that they may not stay.
Divinely they were sent
Three mighty Continents to represent,
And this to teach:
Messiah's reign should reach
From shore to shore!

ANNIE H. MERCUR.
Towanda, Penn., 1882.

CHRISTMAS SOUNDS.

1 A sound from the north:
The year is old,
And hoar-frost lieth fold on fold
Wrapt in silence, white and cold;
But the sledge-bells sway
In a sweet, mild way,
And Christmas-tide is glad to-day.

2 A sound from the south:
The orange blooms
Are redolent with rich perfumes,
High in the air the palm-tree looms;
But the joy-bells chime
In melodious rhyme,
The south is gay, this Christmas-time.

3 A sound from the east:
The lights shine out
And melt the shadows 'round about:
Laughter peals 'mid mirth and shout.
And the steeple-bells,
As their echo swells,
Each the story of Christmas tells.

4 A sound from the west:
The camp-fires glow,
The year is fading still and slow.
One by one the moments go:
But the bells repeat,
With their music sweet,
The Christmas chime in lane and street.

5 A sound from the earth:
Man giveth praise
To God, for all His wondrous ways,
Blessing Him for Christmas days.
From the east and west,
With a joyous zest,
From south and north is God addressed.

6 A sound from the skies:
The angels sing
A Christmas anthem to their King:
All the choirs of Heaven ring!
And the gold harps play,
While the angels say:
"*The Prince of Peace was born to-day!*"

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

"AT NIGHT, ON BETHLEHEM'S CLOUD-CAPPED HILL,
LO! SUDDENLY THE STAR STANDS STILL."

Page 80.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

1 O, Christmas bells! O, Christmas bells!
I love your rhythm as it swells,
When from yon gloomy convent tower
Ye echo forth with magic power,
And over all the silent earth
Proclaim again the Saviour's birth.

2 O, Christmas bells! O, Christmas bells!
A different tale your music tells;
It tells the world how Jesus came
To stamp our foreheads with His name,
To wash our night of sin away,
And bring us into perfect day.

3 It tells us too, oh, Christmas bells!
A tender something as it swells;—
For every elm-tree, pine and larch,
Is nodding to the Wedding March,
Hymeneal chimes ring far and near
And vibrate on the listening ear.

4 O, Christmas bells! A saddened strain
Will mingle in your glad refrain
To-day; for since you rung last year
Death's shadowed form has entered here;
Ah, pity all the tearful eyes
That weep o'er broken household ties!

5 O, Christmas bells! Ring soft and low!
Ring gently, do not hurry so!
Your sound is balm to every pain
Sad hearts will echo your refrain:
Ring tenderly, for all their woe!
Each heart its bitterness doth know,

6 O, Christmas bells! O, Christmas bells!
You speak the sadness of farewells —
Of parted friends, of wasted hours;
The summer's flight, the withered flowers
But, ah! tho' half our life be gone,
We must take heart and struggle on.

7 O, Christmas bells! O, Christmas bells!
Your joy, your woe, your sounding knells,
All mingled grandly into one
As sunbeams melt when day is done:
First, golden-steeped; in silver made;—
And lastly, blending into shade.

8 Thus softly murmur all your sounds,
Young Joy is bright and Hope abounds,
But as the night of life appears
The shadows melt the sun to tears:
So flows your music on my soul,
And sweetness lingers o'er the whole.

9 Ring on and on, O, Christmas bells!
While on the air harmonious swells
The melody we love to hear
That flings its cadence far and near;
While o'er the hill and dale it dwells,—
The magic of those Christmas bells!

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

1 Sweet Christmas bells! Sweet Christmas bells!
What magic in your music dwells!
A strange and wondrous tale it tells
Of one triumphant morn.
Again within the eastern sky
The Star of Bethlehem burns on high,
And heaven and earth exultant cry,
"Lo! Christ, the Lord, is born!"

2 Chime on, ye bells! Chime sweetly forth,
And tell the Saviour's wondrous birth;
Proclaim the tidings: "Peace on earth,
And joy to all that mourn!"
Ring out, ye bells, the glad refrain!
Oh, sweet bells, sound it o'er again!
"Now peace on earth, good will to men,
For Christ our Lord is born!"

3 Sweet Christmas bells, ring out once more!
Ring out more joyful than before.
And you, ye echoes, breathe it o'er
Forever and for aye!
Now let the earth break forth and sing
Till heaven's wide arches o'er us ring:
"All honors to our Saviour King,
For Christ is born to-day!"

LOUISE W. TILDEN. 1883.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

1 Thee will I worship, Jesus! God! incarnate!
Through the still watches of the Christmas night
Thee will I worship, when the morning breaketh,
Telling of Thee, the very Light of light.

2 Thee will I worship, when by sparkling fountains
'Mid pastures green rejoicing I am led,
Thee will I worship, when the prospect darkens
Storm-clouds of sorrow, gathering overhead.

3 Through all I see Thee, in the manger lying,
There with Thy holy presents, worship Thee,
Knowing that Thou the King and Lord of angels,
Art born indeed, this blessed day for me.

4 This is the joy, which gives all joy its brightness,
This the deep peace which charms all grief away:
Jesus our God, became the son of Mary
Us to make sons of God, on Christmas day.

CLAUDIA F. HERMANN.

BRIGHT WAS THE GUIDING STAR.

1 Bright was the guiding star that led,
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night
To guide us to our God.

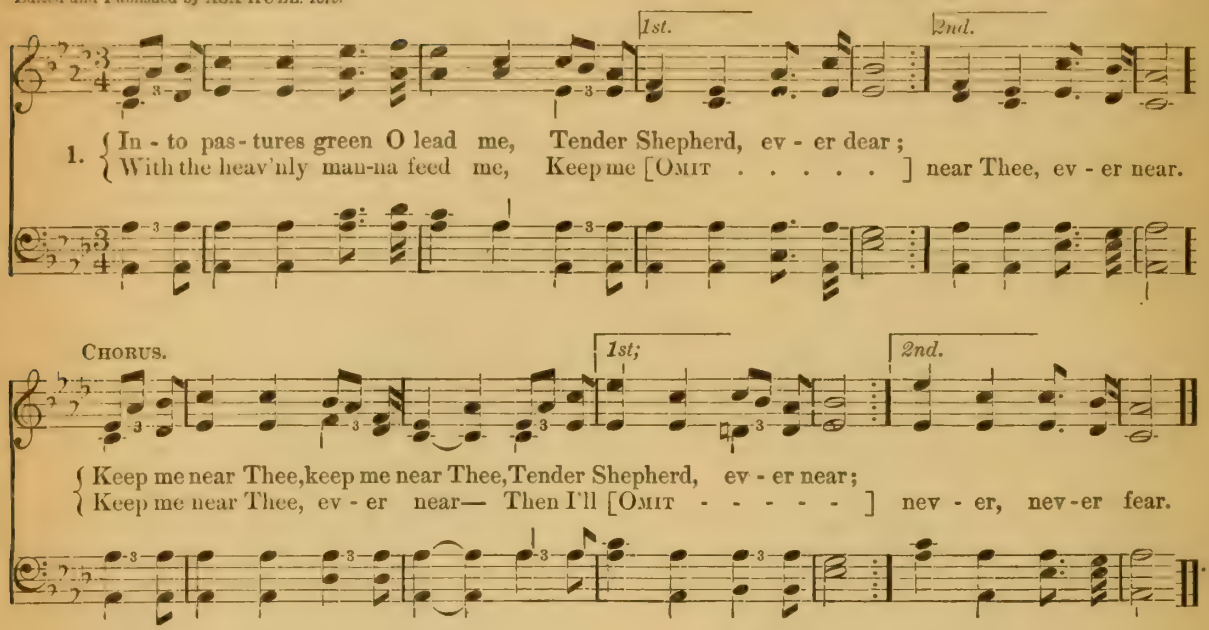
3 Oh! gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given:
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with Him in heaven.

HARRIET AUBER. Died 1862.

THE TENDER SHEPHERD.

From "Wreath of Praise."
Edited and Published by ASA HULL. 1879.

Words and Music by MRS. EMMA PITT.



2 Lead me down by the still waters,
And my helpless soul restore;
In Thy loving arms I hide me,
Be Thou near me evermore.— CHORUS.

3 Though I walk thro' death's dark valley
I no evil there shall fear;
Me Thy rod and staff shall comfort,
Thou art with me ever near.— CHORUS.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

1 What think ye of Christ?
Ye, in palaces dwelling,
With flatterers hovering near;
Where grandeur and gloom may press,
With a terrible Czarish-like fear!
Tetrarchs, lawgivers, rulers.
Who sit in a new judgment-seat,
While the people now carefully judge,
The measures ye think fit to mete!

2 What think ye of Christ?
Ye, ye priest, and ye people,
Who've flirted with science in vain!
Who, doomed no conclusion to reach,
Ixion-like must commence over again!
Rabbis, pundits, professors,
Ye men of research and of lore,
Debating, comparing, in doubt,
As ye over new data may pore!

3 What think ye of Christ?
Ye, who've had no opinion,
Who dare not for Wrong or for Right!
For once, give your mind to the Truth.
Letting in, now, the full blaze of Light!
Ye, who rail at your brethren,
Who do not with you coincide,
Destroying the wheat with the tares,
While fiends, in delight, must deride!

4 What think ye of Christ?
Ye, in gorgeous 'tiring,
Whose dress calls for sumptuary laws;
Who'd tamper with Heaven's decrees,
To insert just a small, selfish clause!
What care ye for whit robings?
To you, what the promise of rest?
To you, who have never loved peace,
Why the wildest excitement is best!

5 What think ye of Christ?
Ye, who're envious and jealous,
Of all that is noble and great;
Neglecting the good that ye have,
Till ye think, 'tis a virtue to hate!

6 What think ye of Christ?
Man, whose love for the lucre
Has caused you to mortgage your soul!
The mortgage will soon be foreclosed;
O'er Mammon you'll lose your control!
Ye who keep Saturnalia,
With feasting, and presents, and play,

Forgetting the Holy One's birth,
As ye keep up your high holiday!

7 What think ye of Christ?
Ye, of life, the fair blossoms,
In light of His love, who have grown,
All heedless of blight and decay,
And no tempest nor storms ever known!
Ye, ye tender and loving
Who've borne all the shafts of distress;
Who toil over rough, rugged heights, [press!
And have stumbled, 'neath weights which op-

8 What think ye of Christ?
Ye, who 'mid plenty and wealth,
Are deaf to the sighs of God's poor,
Who proffer your gifts to the rich,
To your kindred in need close your door!

9 What think ye of Christ?
Question 'tis of the ages,
We're asked at this new Christmas-tide.
A question that moves thro' the world,
For all classes of men to decide.
As ye answer this question,
This truth, I think, none will deny;
Just as ye shall honestly speak,
So, your standard must be—low or high!
What think ye of Christ?

GRACE H. HORR, 1883.
In Episcopal Register.

CONFIDENCE.

Psalm xxiii.

1 The Lord my Shepherd is, and I
Shall know no want nor ill;
In pastures green He makes me lie
And leads by waters still.

2 In love, He doth my soul restore
From guilt and sin's distress;
And for His name's sake leads once more
In paths of righteousness.

3 Yea, though death's shadows compass me,
I yet will fear no ill;
For these Thy rod and staff shall be
My stay and comfort still.

4 Thou dost with oil anoint my head—
My cup with joy o'erflows;
Thou dost for me a table spread
In presence of my foes.

5 Goodness and mercy all my days
My grateful lips shall tell,
And joyful in Thy house of praise
I shall forever dwell.

LUELLA CLARK.

HE LEADETH.

"He leadeth His flock like a shepherd."
(Tune: *Warwick.*)

1 He leadeth me, and so I place
In His my trembling hand.
And journey onward as I hear,
Each day, my Lord's command.

2 The way is straight—He leadeth me
O'er rocks and pit-falls deep.
And oft before my vision rise
Bare hill-tops high and steep.

3 Sometimes I catch a shining glimpse
Of cool and crystal stream,
Which flows near by the broad highway,
Where wealth and fashion beam;

4 Or fragrance from some gay parterre
A thrill of rapture sends
Across my soul—O then my guide
Above me gently bends;

5 "The narrow path is hard," he says,
"But yet it leads to life,
The broad highway with beauty teems,
Yet still with death 'tis rife."

6 Sometimes the way is dark—o'erhead
Black clouds are thickly piled,
And not a star shines out to show
My way across the wild;

7 Yet still He leadeth me, who is
"The bright and morning Star,"
And tenderly His gracious beams
Shine 'round me near and far.

8 I know thro' cloud and night and storm,
I can not lose my way,
So long as I my Leader's voice
And clasping hand, obey.

9 And so my all to Him resigned,
No mortal ill I fear;
E'en when I reach the end of earth,
My vessel He will steer,

10 Across the swelling waves which roll
Before the golden street,
And I will not let go His hand
Until my eager feet,

11 Shall tread the City's shining courts,
And find the mansion, where
He hath prepared my place,—
He'll lead me safely there.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH.
Boston, 1882.

REFUGE OR VALLEY OF THE HEART'S-EASE.

1 Let me in the valley keep,
Where the Master leads His sheep,
Where the stillest waters flow,
Where the heart's-ease loves to grow.

2 In the pastures of His choice,
Following His tender voice
Never questioning His will,
Ever drawing closer still.

3 When the hills with tempest rock,
When the wolf is in the flock,
I, so near Him, shall have pressed
He will catch me to His breast.

4 Let me in His garden walk,
Where the ring-doves softly talk,
Where He notes His sparrows small,
If they fly, or if they fall;

5 Where the lilies low and sweet
Fain would kiss His sacred feet,
Where the little violet
Spinneth not with toil or fret;

6 Where the smiling of His face
Is the sunshine of the place;
Far from clamor, strife and pride,
Let me here with Him abide.

UNA LOCKE BAILEY.

"MY SHEEP HEAR MY VOICE."

1 The shepherd of the Orient
Leadeth his flock along,
O'er alpine heights—o'er lowlands fair,
And ever through the vibrant air
Soundeth his welcome song.

2 He goeth onward—upward still,
Thro' briar and brush and brake—
Up clamber still the panting sheep,
Nor question of the rocky steep
O'er which their path they take.

3 The lambkins' piteous cry of pain
Falls on his watchful ear,
He sees their bleeding, tender feet,
He listens to the feeble bleat
And pauses—quick to hear.

4 He gathers them in loving arms,
He fold them to his breast,
And sounding still his shepherd's call,
Right cheerfully they follow—all
Unto a place of rest.

5 Dear shepherd of thy earthly flock,
Help us to follow thee;
Tho' rough the path, tho' dark and drear,
Still 'mid the shadows, let us hear
Thy cheering, "Come to me."

6 Where'er thou leadest, may we go,
Till o'er the dizzy heights
We reach the upper fold at last,
Securely sheltered from the blast,
And bask in heaven's own light.

7 Oh! joy ineffable, divine—
Oh! blessed home above;
One fold—one shepherd of the flock,
Safe in the shadow of the Rock—
Nor evermore to rove.

MRS. M. E. SHARPE.

WATCHING LOVE.

1 On the city's highest ramparts
Shines the brightest light,
That the guarding, tireless watchman
May discern the ills of night.

2 So from God's high ramparts burning,
Shines His love afar,
And with watching care He turneth
From our lives the ills that mar.

SARAH WILDER PRATT.
In "Record and Appeal."
Chicago, 1886.

Rev. Anna Oliver.

Miss Anna Oliver is the daughter of Arthur H. Snowden and Laura A. Bogardus, of New York City. Received degree of A.M. from Rutgers College, and B.D. from the School of Theology of Boston University, in 1876. She has been a very successful pastor of Willoughby Avenue M. E. Church, in Brooklyn, New York, for more than four years (Nov., 1885).

Miss Oliver was brought up by an aunt, and uses her aunt's instead of her father's name. Has a large number of eminent relatives, both living and deceased. Her hymns are quite numerous, and are numbered among the best. It is said: "Most of the learned and most spiritual and distinguished of the M. E. ministry favor the ordination of women."

Miss Oliver is also a beautiful designer in art, and frequently illustrates her own hymns and poems and those of others.

THE CROSS.

"He that loseth his life for my sake, shall find it."

1 Jesus, Saviour, at Thy bidding
Shall we not take up the cross,—
Make a holy self-surrender,
Counting even life as loss;—

2 Willing, by the world that slew Thee,
To be e'en misunderstood,
Suffering, as our blessed Master,
With our motives misconstrued!

3 Lord, our secret spring of action
To Thy loving thought is known,
And the lives we lose in service
We shall find before Thy throne.

ANNA OLIVER,
Pastor of the Willoughby Avenue Church,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

HYMN.

Dedicated to Rev. Anna Oliver, Pastor of Willoughby Ave. Church, Brooklyn.

1 Lady Shepherd by the sea,
Pitch thy tent beside the fold
Take thy lamp and cloak with thee
For the night is dark and cold.

2 Know thy sheep and know their need,
Know the Master's pleasure too;
Giving out their daily feed,
Be a Shepherd kind and true.

3 In the sultry Summer tide,
Take the weary tender feet
Where the peaceful waters glide
To the meadows cool and sweet.

4 If upon the flowery lea,
Truant lambkins lose the track,
Take thy shepherd's crook with thee,
Gently, safely, lead them back.

5 By the, "footsteps of the flock,"
In the paths they trod of old,
To the Shadow of the Rock,
Lady Shepherd, lead thy fold.

6 Soon the Master will appear,
And demand His own of thee;
Mayst thou answer, "I have here
All the Sheep Thou gavest me."

JENNY B. BEAUCHAMP.
Denton, Texas. Feb. 1883.

BURIED WITH THEE.

(Tune *Warwick*).
C. M.

1 Buried with Thee! my dying Lord,
Who o'er the sombre tomb
Hast shed such glory that no more
My soul need fear its gloom!
Whose slumbers were by angels watched
And guarded, till the day
When Love Divine the vigil broke
And rolled the stone away!

2 Buried with Thee! my risen Lord,
Who burst the iron door,
And left Thy human nature there,
As Thou to Heaven didst soar;
Who won the victory over death,
And o'er the waiting grave,
And livest still above the sky
Thy followers to save!

3 Buried with Thee! My living Lord!
And shall not I who wear
Thy glorious image in my soul,
Thy risen glory share?
Because Thou livest, shall not I,
Immortal, like Thee, rise,
And victor over death, become
An heir of Paradise?

4 Buried with Thee! my blessed Lord.
With joy the truth I read;
"I know that my Redeemer lives,"
He lives my cause to plead;
He lives my doubts and fears to quell,
For me the fight to win,
He lives to ope the Heavenly gates
And bid me enter in!

SUSIE V. ALLEIGH.
Boston, 1882.

SIGNIFICANCE OF BAPTISM.

1 O Lord, while we confess the worth
Of this the outward seal,
Do thou the truths herein set forth
To every heart reveal.

2 Death to the world we here avow,
Death to each fleshly lust;
Newness of life our calling now,
A risen Lord our trust.

3 And we, O Lord, who now partake
Of resurrection life,
With every sin, for Thy dear sake,
Would be at constant strife.

4 Baptized into the Father's name,
We'd walk as sons of God:
Baptized in Thine, we own Thy claim
As ransomed by thy blood.

5 Baptized into the Holy Ghost,
We'd keep his temple pure,
And make Thy grace our only boast,
And by thy strength endure.

MARY P. BOWLY.

THINE FOREVER.

1 Thine forever!—God of love,
Hear us from Thy throne above;
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine forever!—Lord of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife;
Thou, the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine forever!—Saviour, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share;

4 Thine forever!—thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

MRS. MARY P. MAUDE.

TEACH ME THY WAY.

Ps. xxvii : 11.

1 On Alpine steep should one essay
Without a guide to find the way,
The dotard soon would lose the way,
Or in some chasm perish.
Still more presumptuous should one dare
To thread life's maze without a prayer.
Who trusts his own conceit and care
No hope of Heaven need cherish.

2 Jesus! through life be thou our guide
We would but follow at Thy side
Trusting thy love whate'er betide.
O tender Shepherd, lead us!
We know not how to walk aright,—
Our steps are feeble—Give us might!
Into the paths of peace and light
Oh gentle Shepherd, lead us!

3 The darkest path but leads to day
If we Thy loving voice obey;
Still ever in thine own best way,
Oh tender Shepherd, lead us.
How can we fear the path to tread
Which thou hast trod? Why should we dread
Aught that can come while by Thee led?
In love, dear Shepherd, lead us!

4 O'er mountains cold—through deserts bare,
By cooling streams—through meadows fair,
Where'er we go still 'tis Thy care—
Thy loving care that leads us.
Rough then or smooth the path may be,
We shall not tire if led by Thee,
With cheerful heart we trustfully
Cling to the Hand that leads us.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.
Brooklyn, N. Y. 1882.

SHALL WE WHO TRUST.

(BAPTISMAL HYMN).

Tune—"*Cross and Crown.*"

1 Shall we who trust the Saviour's love,
And long to see His face.
Forget the words he spoke on earth—
The words of truth and grace?

2 "Let little children come to me,"
The blessed Jesus said;
And then His hand in blessing laid
Upon each fair, young head

3 Then deck the altar of our faith
With blossoms sweet and fair,
And bring the blossoms fairer still,
For consecration there.

4 May each dear bud of promise ope
Beneath the sky of love,
And sweet as summer roses be,
Till called to bloom above.

REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.
Jersey City, N. J. 1879.

CHRISTIAN HUMILITY

(Tune—*Refuge*).

1 See them crowd around the Saviour,
Dear disciples, tried and true,
Gazing lovingly on Jesus;
Gazing on each other too.

2 Ah! a look of envy mingles,
With the glance of friendship given,
As they ask their Lord and Master,
"Who shall greatest be in heaven?"

3 Sorrowfully the Saviour stoopeth,
Down to where the children play;
And from out their number taketh,
One bright little pet away.

4 Lifted her above the masses,
As on her brow the sunbeams lay;
Then he preached to them a sermon,
On the pride they felt that day.

5 O! repreach that blessed sermon,
To our erring hearts of sin;
That "we must become like children,"
If like them we'd "enter in."

ANNIE WILTON.

BAPTISIMAL HYMN

Mark x :13-16.
C. M.

1 Lord Jesus! at whose glorious feet,
The angels worship now;
And there before Thy lofty seat,
In lowly reverence bow;—

2 When mothers for their infants sought
The grace of life divine,
The yearning heart, the tender thought,
Found sweet response in thine.

3 And gently, as the dew is shed
From evening's balmy air,
Thine hand, on every infant head,
Left heavenly blessing there.

4 O Saviour! changeless in Thy love,
Our hearts turn now to Thee,
And still we hear Thee from above
Say, Bring the babes to me.

5 Once more, thou Shepherd good and kind!
The gracious answer speak,
And grant this little one may find
The blessing which we seek.

MISS CARTER.
From "Spiritual Songs," Edited by Rev. C. S. Robinson, D. D.

MY SHEPHERD.

1 Thou art my Shepherd, caring in every need,
Thy little lamb to feed, trusting Thee still;
In the green pastures low, while living waters flow,
Safe by Thy side I go, fearing no ill.

Or if my way lie where death o'erhanging nigh,
My soul would terrify with sudden chill,—
Yet I am not afraid; while softly on my head
Thy tender hand is laid, I fear no ill.

3 If Thou wilt guide me, gladly I'll go with Thee;—
No harm can come to me, holding Thy hand;
And soon my weary feet, safe in the golden street
Where all who love Thee meet, Redeemer shall stand.

MISS M. ELSIE THALHEIMER.

THEY ARE THINE."

1 Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray
From Thy secure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by worldly joys away,
Among the thoughtless crowd be found;—

2 Remember still that they are Thine,
That Thy dear sacred name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years,
Oh, let them ne'er fogotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn thou their feet from folly's way;
The wanderers to Thy fold restore.

ANNA BRADLEY HYDE,
Died 1872.

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

8s, 7s & 4.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'rest care,
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us
For our use Thy folds prepare;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. :‖

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray. :‖

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee. :‖

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill.
‖: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still. :‖

DOROTHY THRUPP, 1838.

BECAUSE HE LOVED ME SO.

1 I love to hear the story
Which angel voices tell,
How once the king of Glory
Came down on earth to dwell;
I am both weak and sinful,
But this I surely know,
The Lord came down to save me,
Because he loved me so.

2 I'm glad my blessed Saviour
Was once a child like me,
To show how pure and holy
His little ones might be;
And if I try to follow
His footsteps here below,
He never will forget me,
Because he loves me so.

3 To sing his love and mercy
My sweetest songs I'll raise,
And though I can not see him
I know he hears my praise!
For he has kindly promised
That I shall surely go,
To sing among His angels,
Because he loves me so.

MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

YOUTHFUL LOVE.

"The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance,"

1 If when the cloudless skies are calm
When sunlight glows, and airs breath balm,
If I forget the hand unseen
That guards my life with safety's screen,
How, when the firey light'ning's eye
Burns in the tempest hovering nigh,
How shall I turn to Him who sought
My heart with smiles, but found it not?

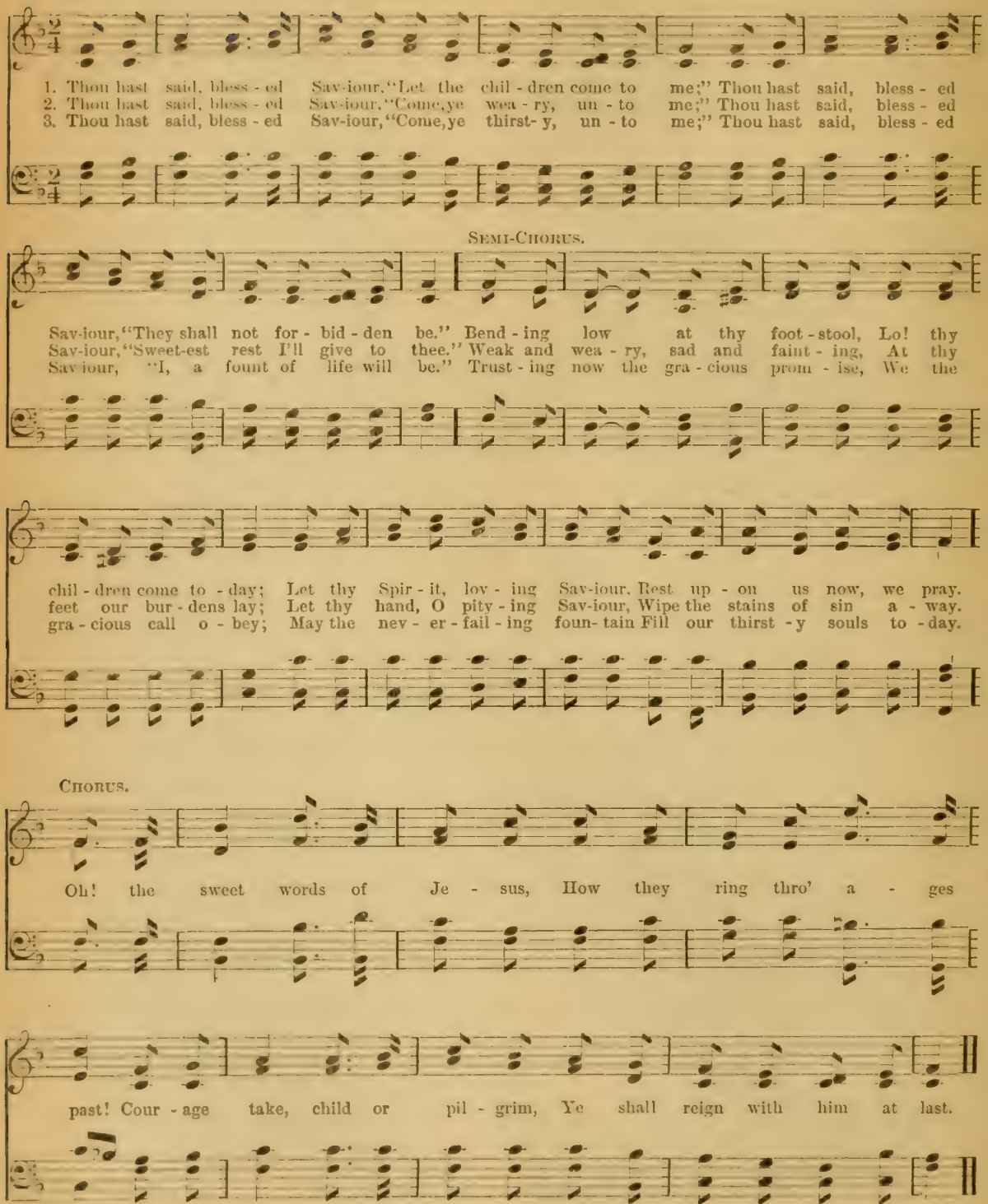
2 If all the morning of my life
I should with-hold from sacred strife,
And loiter through life's wasting day,
Till evening shadows dim its ray.
How when the darkness of the tomb
Is gathering o'er earth's fairest bloom,
Dare I then turn to Him who sought
My youthful love, but found it not?

3 Great God! shall danger and despair
Alone have power to break the snare
That keeps my soul from Thee? Oh! may
Thy goodness lead my heart to pray,
Then when the hours of peril come,
My soul shall know a changeless home,
Nor yield the poor remains to Thee
Which earth would not accept of me.

EMILY PUTNAM WILLIAMS,
Springfield, O. 1852.

SWEET WORDS OF JESUS.

Words and Music by MRS. C. H. SCOTT.



LITTLE CHILDREN, PRAY.

1 In the morning early
When the dew is bright,
When the flowers are smiling
In the blessed light;
When the happy song birds
Thankful homage pay,—
Unto God who keeps you,
Little children, pray,

2 In the fervid noontide
When the sun is high;
When the flocks are seeking
Where the shadows lie;
When the brooks are running
Dreamily away;
Then to God who sees you,
Little children, pray.

3 In the purple twilight
When the day is done;
And behind the hilltops
Sinketh low the sun;
When you pause to rest you,
Weary of your play,—
At that pleasant season,
Little children, pray.

4 When the night is settling
O'er the dreary world,
And the darksome shadows
All the earth enfold;
When the winds are sighing
'Neath the starry way,
Unto God who keeps you,
Little children, pray.

5 Yes, in times of trouble
Or in sunny hours,
Whether in the desert
Or amid the flowers,
In the midnight dreary
Or in times of play;
Unto God who keeps you,
Little children, pray.

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH.

A CHILD'S PSALM.

1 God made the world so beautiful
With all the hills so green,
The noble elms, the sighing pines,
And flowers that grow between.

2 He made the sky, the sun, the moon,
The sea so deep and blue;
He made the rivers broad and grand,
The babbling brooklets too.

3 He clothed the lilies pure and white
That summer waters throng,
He gave the music to the breeze,
And to the bird his song.

4 He spread the valleys fair and green
Where peaceful waters flow,
He reared the mountains, and He clothed
The peaks with endless snow.

5 From lofty heights I gaze below
Where clouds like incense rise;
Again from sweetly blooming vales
I lift my wondering eyes.

6 And nothing that I gaze upon
In wood, or field, or sky,
However small, but God has made,
And keeps with sleepless eye.

7 And every little flower that nods
Its head upon the breeze
Is just as safe beneath His care
As are the giant trees.

8 He knows how many little birds
Sing low, and o'er my head;
And when one tiny voice is stilled
He knows which bird is dead.

9 I love to think that He who notes
The tiny sparrows fall,
Is my dear friend, and does not fail
To heed my faintest call.

10 He understands that I am dust,—
The soul that He has made;
And so in Him I'll ever trust
What time I am afraid.

11 I'll try to trust, that, though His ways
Are not all understood,
He will not let a sorrow come
Unless for needful good.

12 I'll trust that He will give me strength
All things to overcome;
So when I die I shall not fear
With Him to lead me home.

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH. 1884

GRACIOUS SAVIOUR.

1 Gracious Saviour, Holy Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee,
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may they be
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all waste and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave them
From the fold to go astray,
By Thy warning love directed,
May they walk the narrow way;
Thus direct them, thus defend them,
Lest they fall an easy prey.

3 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and heart unfeigned,
Glad thank-offerings may they bring:
Then with all the saints in glory,
Join to praise their Lord and King.

JANE [illegible]

Miss Georgiana M. Taylor.

In a letter from Miss M. V. G. Havergal, she says: "Miss Taylor is the patron and splendid manager of a Christian Home for young milliners and lady clerks in Leamington. She is quite one of England's workers." A reference to her book of hymns will be found elsewhere. Had she written nothing but that gem of consecration hymns, "Oh! to be nothing," she would have left a sure embalment for her memory. But her hymns are many and choice.

A DAILY DESIRE.

"Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long." (Provb. xxiii. 17.)

1 In the sweet fear of Jesus
May I begin the day;
Fearful lest I should grieve Him,
Fearful lest I should stray;
Fearful lest earthly longings
Ever my heart should share,
Taking the throne of Jesus,
Placing an idol there.

2 In the sweet fear of Jesus,
Tenderly, gently led,
Never disquieting terror,
Never tormenting dread;
Only the fear which, cherished,
Yieldeth for weary days
Harvest of restful confidence,
Harvest of gladsome praise.

3 In the sweet fear of Jesus,
Then may I live this day;
Serving or resting always
Under its gentle sway,
All that I say directed,
All that I plan conceived,
With the remembrance present,
"Jesus must not be grieved."

4 In the sweet fear of Jesus
Dwelling the whole day long,
Promptly yielding obedience,
Patiently suffering wrong;
Kept, till the evening closes,
Still by this strange, sweet fear,
Blest, with the blessed knowledge,
Jesus is ever near."

MISS GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR.

THE BETTER LAND.

1 "I hear thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies dance through the myrtle boughs?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

2 "Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'mid the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

3 "Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

4 "Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy;
Dreams can not picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb;
It is there, it is there, my child!"

MRS. HEMANS.

ONE DAY I WAS IN TROUBLE

"After Alice's death her friends found the following lines under her pillow, written as a last message to them, thus telling them, even after death, 'what a dear Saviour she had found.' Will you take them as a message from a happy little Christian eleven years old, to yourself, whether you are a girl or boy - remembering that what Jesus did for Alice He is ready and willing to do for you?'

1 "One day I was in trouble,
And my heart was sore distressed;
But Jesus came to me and said—
'Come, and I will give you rest.'

2 "I went to Him and told Him,
I'd a debt I could not pay;
He said to me, 'Dost thou not know
My blood washed it away?'

3 "He took and laid me in His arms,
With my head upon His breast;
And now I'm with my Saviour,
I'm quiet and at rest.

4 "I pray each day and every night,
Dear friends, that all of you
May trust the loving Saviour,
And be made happy too."

Anne Houlditch Shepherd.

Anne Houlditch was born at Cowes, Isle of Wight. Her father, the Rev. H. Houlditch, was the minister of Speen, Berkshire. She married a Mr. Shepherd. She wrote several religious books, "Ellen Seymour," &c., and also a hymn-book, entitled, "Hymns adapted to the Comprehension of Young Minds." She died at Blackheath, Kent, in 1857.

AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD.

1 Around the throne of God in heav'n
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiv'n,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high.

2 In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,
Singing, &c.

3 What brought them to that world above,
That heav'n so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;—
How came those children there?
Singing, &c.

4 Because the Saviour shed His blood,
To wash away their sin:
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing, &c.

5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, &c.

ANNE SHEPHERD.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them," – Mark 10: 16.

1 I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
His arm had been thrown around me, [said,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I now earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

4 In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare,
For all that are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

MRS. JEMIMA LUKE.

JESUS LOVES ME.

1 Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so:
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.

CHO.—Yes, Jesus loves me! Yes, Jesus loves me!
Yes, Jesus loves me! The Bible tells me so!

2 Jesus from His throne on high,
Came into this world to die;
That I might from sin be free,
Bled and died upon the tree.

3 Jesus loves me—He who died
Heaven's gates to open wide!
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.

4 Jesus, take this heart of my mine;
Make it pure and wholly Thine:
Thou has bled and died for me,
I will henceforth live for Thee.

ANNA WARNER.

SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY

1 Wilt Thou hear the voice of praise
Which the little children raise,
Thou who art, from endless days,
Glorious God of all?
While the circling year has sped,
Thou hast heavenly blessings shed,
Like the dew, upon each head;
Still on Thee we call.

2 Still Thy constant care bestow;
Let us each in wisdom grow,
And in favor while below,
With God above.
In our hearts the Spirit mild,
Which adorned the Saviour-child,
Gently soothe each impulse wild
To the sway of love.

3 Thine example kept in view,
Jesus, help us to pursue;
Lead us all our journey through
By thy guiding hand;
And when life on earth is o'er,
Where the blest dwell evermore,
May we praise Thee and adore,
An unbroken band.

MRS. CAROLINE L. RICE.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

1 Children, loud hosannas singing,
Hymned Thy praise in olden time,
Judah's ancient temple filling
With the melody sublime;
Infant voices
Joined to swell the holy chime.

Though no more the incarnate Saviour
We behold in latter days;
Though a temple far less glorious
Echoes now the songs we raise;
Still in glory
Thou wilt hear our notes of praise.

3 Loud we'll swell the pealing anthem,
All Thy wondrous acts proclaim,
Till all heaven and earth resounding,
Echo with Thy glorious name;
Hallelujah,
Hallelujah to the Lamb!

MRS. H. B. STEALE.

EASTER MORNING.

1 Way down within the cold, damp ground
A tender seed was hidden;
It lay within its grave-like mound,
Nor could it stir unbidden.

2 When April shed its sunny rains,
Its heart with hope seemed swelling;
A new life ran through all its veins;
An impulse strong compelling,

3 Sent forth two arms which stretched and grew,
With constant upward tending;
What lay beyond it never knew,
It could not guess the ending.

4 One happy day there came a gleam
Of light, and without warning
The cold earth parted in a seam—
It leaped into the morning.

* * * * * *

5 Dear Jesus, in my childish heart
A germ of love is folded;
I know it seeks thee where thou art,
My life by it is molded.

6 My arms of faith will ever grow,
For life and light up-reaching;
And though the way seems long, I know
I've but to mind thy teaching.

7 Then, when I grow so tired and old,
E'en pleasures I'll be scorning,
No longer earth my heart will hold,
I'll find my Easter morning!

FANNY E. NEWBERRY.

SAFELY TENDED.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm."—Isa. 40: 11

1 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom may we be;
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
May we our thank-offerings bring;
Then with all Thy saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.

JANE E. LEESON AND J. WHITTEMORE
Methodist Hymnal, Nelson & Phillips

AN EASTER SONG.

1 Wake, little daisy,
Sweet modesty's flower;
Type of our Saviour,
Without wealth or dower—
Though great riches He gave.
Sing, pretty swallow!
Though humble your nest,
In cradle as lowly
Our Saviour found rest
When the world He would save.

2 Waft fragrance, lilies!
They could not afford
A perfume so precious
For our stricken Lord,
When He lay in the tomb.
Bloom, royal roses!
Fit crown for our King;
O'er death He is victor,
He lives while we sing!—
For the Conqueror bloom.

FANNY E. NEWBERRY, 1884

DEAR LITTLE HEADS IN THE PEW.

1 In the morn of the holy Sabbath,
I like in the church to see
The dear little children clustered
Worshipping there with me.
I am sure that the gentle pastor,
Whose words are like summer dew,
Is cheered as he gazes over
Dear little heads in the pew.

2 Faces earnest and thoughtful,
Innocent, grave and sweet,
They look in the congregation
Like lilies among the wheat;
And I think that the tender Master,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For dear little heads in the pew.

3 Clear in the hymns resounding
To the organ's swelling chord,
Mingle the fresh young voices,
Eager to praise the Lord,
And I trust that the rising anthem,
Has a meaning deep and true,
The thought and the music blended,
For the dear little heads in the pew.

4 When they hear "The Lord is my Shepherd,"
Or "Suffer the babes to come,"
They are glad that the loving Jesus
Has given the lambs a home,
A place of their own with His people;
He cares for me and for you,
But close in His arms He gathers
The dear little heads in the pew.

6 So I love in the great assembly,
On the Sabbath morn, to see
The dear little children clustered
And worshipping there with me;
For I know that my precious Saviour,
Whose mercies are ever new,
Has a special benediction
For the dear little heads in the pew.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

WILL YOU GO WITH ME, MOTHER?

Little Jamie S——, a Sabbath School scholar, in his dying hour, asked his mother to go with him. She told him of the Saviour, who has promised to be with His children in the dark valley, and the little fellow was comforted.

1 "O mother, will you go with me now?
For the way is dark and dim;
I would clasp your hand on the other strand,
Though I heard the angel hymn;
For my ear would long for your evening song,
It is tender, sweet and low;
I should watch and wait at the pearly gate,
O my mother, will you go?

2 "O mother, will you go with me now?
I have reached the river's brink,—
Though the shining shore must be just before,
From the fearful flood I shrink.
Could I hear your voice, I should but rejoice,
It has always cheered me so;
And how sweet to roam in our heavenly home,
O my mother, will you go?"

3 "I have told you, darling child, of One
Who has trod that way before,
Whose arm would guide, from the river side,
Through the flood to the brighter shore.
Then lean on Him — though the way be dim,
He will guard from every foe;
Then watch and wait at the pearly gate
Till He calleth, and I go."

PAULINA.
In the "Northwestern Christian Advocate."

HOW SWEET TO BE ALLOWED TO PRAY.

1 How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
O God! Thy will be done.

2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

3 Oh! could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate Thy Son.
Teach me, O God! with truth to say,
Thy will, not mine, be done.

ELIZA L. FOLLEN.

GRATEFUL PRAISE.

1 We bring no glittering treasures,
No gems from earth's deep mine,
We come with simple measures,
To chant Thy love divine.
Children, Thy favors sharing,
Their voice of thanks would raise;
Father, accept our offering,
Our song of grateful praise.

2 The dearest gift of Heaven,
Love's written word of truth,
To us is early given,
To guide our steps in youth.
We hear the wondrous story,
The tale of Calvary;
We read of homes in glory,
From sin and sorrow free.

3 Redeemer, grant Thy blessing!
Oh! teach us how to pray,
That each, Thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way.
Then, where the pure are dwelling,
We hope to meet again,
And sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise Thy name.

HARRIET PHILLIPS. 1843.

Mary A. Lathbury.

Among the many hymns written by American women, though not so numerous as the productions of some other writers, perhaps none have been more acceptable than those of Mary A. Lathbury. Some of her best are found in the "Chatauqua Carols;" others have been published in the "Christian Union" and various religious journals.

Her volume of eight elegantly illustrated poems, entitled "Out of Darkness into Light," is one of the finest works of art, both as regards the treatment of the subject matter, and the general make-up and style of finish of the book.

Through the kindness and courtesy of herself and the publishers, Messrs. Lothrop & Co., Boston, selections from this rare gem are inserted in this volume. She is also the author of the celebrated Centennial Hymn—"Lift up thy voice."

At present she is devoting her time to her art work.

THE LIVING WORD.

1 Break Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word.

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me — to me —
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall,
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All.

MARY A. LATHBURY. 1882

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COMMUNION.

1 Lord, may the spirit of this feast—
The earnest of Thy love—
Maintain a dwelling in our breast,
Until we meet above.

2 The healing sense of pardoned sin,
The hope that never tires,
The strength a pilgrim's race to win,
The joy that heaven inspires:—

3 Still may their light our duties trace
In lines of hallowed flame,
Like that upon the prophet's face,
When from the mount he came.

4 But if no more with kindred dear
The broken bread we share,
Nor at the banquet-board appear,
To breathe the grateful prayer;

5 Forget us not—when on the bed
Of dire disease we waste,
Or to the chambers of the dead,
And bar of judgment haste!

6 Forget not,—Thou who bore the woe
Of Calvary's fatal tree,—
Those who within these courts below
Have thus remembered Thee.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

CRUMBS.

L. M.

1 The Father's house hath bread to spare;
At His wide table all find room;
But, whether high or humblest there
He gives it to us crumb by crumb.

2 He gives us crumbs. The heavenly bread
He breaks for us as mothers do,—
The instant's hunger instant fed,
The asking and the answer too.

3 For us no fear of failing year,
Of season's drouth or mildewed grain;
In His good time there shall appear
The early and the latter rain.

4 He may not promise us, indeed,
The sight of wheat-fields harvested.
He will our years of famine feed—
But only with His "daily bread."

5 Give us, dear Lord, our daily bread,
And give it to us crumb by crumb,
The little child that's hourly fed
Doth never wander far from home.

ANNA F. BURNHAM.

"JESU INTERCESSOR."

The amplification of an Italian prayer seen by the side of a pieta, or dead Christ, in the church at Bologna, Italy.

1 Oh! blessed feet of Jesus,
Weary with seeking me,
Stand at God's bar of judgment
And intercede for me.

2 O knees which bent in anguish
In dark Gethsemane,
Kneel at the throne of glory
And intercede for me.

3 O hands that were extended
Upon the awful tree!
Hold up those precious nail prints
Which intercede for me.

4 O side from whence the spear-point
Brought blood and water free
For healing and for cleansing,
Still intercede for me.

5 O head so deeply pierced
With thorns which sharpest be,
Bend low before Thy Father
And intercede for me.

6 O sacred heart! such sorrow
The world may never see
As that which gave Thee warrant
To intercede for me.

7 O body scarred and wounded
My sacrifice to be!
Present Thy perfect offering
And intercede for me.

8 O loving, risen Saviour,
From death and sorrow free!
Though throned in endless glory,
Still intercede for me!

MARGARET E. WINSLOW.
Brooklyn, N. Y., 1872.

DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

(Tune—*Lischer*).

1 Again the feast is spread,
For those who love the Lord;
The wine and strengthening bread,
According to Thy word.
With reverence, and with holy fear,
Around Thy board we will appear,
And pray that Thou wilt meet us here.

2 Oh! may no traitor dare
To touch these emblems sweet,
Or, Judas-like, appear
Where true disciples meet.
Where Thou unto Thy followers few
Dost give the 'seals of promise' new,
Unfolding all Thy love to view.

3 Oh! may each trusting heart,
From care and sorrow free,
Turn from the world apart,
And rest awhile with Thee.
As the disciple, loved the best,
At supper leaned upon his breast,
And was the spokesman for the rest.

4 And as of old Thy voice
Gave promises of peace,
Oh! may we still rejoice
That we have found release
From the dark bonds of death and sin,
And that by faith we may begin
The life that gives us heaven within.

5 And as Thy death, dear Lord,
We celebrate this day,
We take Thee at Thy word:
Thou art not far away,
Thy spirit, like a heavenly dove,
Descends to guide us safe above,
Thy banner over us is Love.

EMILY P. WILLIAMS, 1884.

Jessie G. McCartee.

Mrs. McCartee was the daughter of Mr. Divie Bethune of New York City, who came from Scotland at an early age to engage in mercantile business. His active philanthropy and unostentatious benevolence made him and his family known to all classes, rich and poor. His daughter, who became the wife of Rev. Dr. McCartee of Goshen, Orange County, possessed the desirable characteristics of both her pious parents, and although she never published a book, her writings were known in the papers and magazines adjacent to her home, and were considered meritorious to a high degree. But their author was of a very retiring nature and desired only to imprint her poems in the hearts of her family and intimate friends, so that the majority of her beautiful hymns have never met the public eye, which is to be regretted. Her grand-mother was the celebrated Isabella Graham, so well beloved in her day, and so distinguished in the religious world, for her unwearying energy and zeal in the cause of suffering humanity. Of her grand-daughter, the subject of this sketch, it was truly said, 'She stretched out her hand to the poor; yea, she reached out her hand to the needy,' while orphan "children rise up and call her blessed." Dr. Bethune of Philadelphia, the poet, orator and divine, was her only brother. Mrs. McCartee is said to have dearly loved to sit in her quiet parsonage and weave her thoughts into holy hymns of praise to God.

THE HEAVENLY SONG.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain."—Rev. v. 22.

1 All hail to Thee! All hail to Thee!
Thou Lamb enthroned in glory;
We'll praise Thee through eternity,
And cast our crowns before Thee.

2 No more the helpless babe who slept
In Bethlehem's lowly manger,
Nor Man of sorrow, He who wept,
On earth a lonely stranger.

3 No thorny crown is round Thy brow,
No more in anguish bleeding,
Angelic hosts before Thee bow,
But not for mercy pleading.

4 Thy blood-bought flock all safely rest
Within Thy fold in heaven,
Their happy souls forever blest,
Their many sins forgiven.

5 All hail to Thee! All hail to Thee!
Thou Lamb enthroned in glory,
We'll praise Thee through eternity,
And cast our crowns before Thee!

JESSIE G. McCARTEE.
Goshen, N. Y., 1840.

Miss Ellen M. Storrs.

Miss Ellen M. Storrs has written a number of stirring hymns and temperance songs, which are justly popular. She is an active worker in the cause of temperance, and is at present State Superintendent of the Press Department of the Missouri W. C. T. U.

HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

Tune—"*Am I a soldier of the cross?*"

1 Without Thee gain is only loss,
All labor vainly done:
The solemn shadow of the cross
Is better than the sun.

2 Through clouds of doubts and human fears
Help us to look to Thee;
As swiftly flit the passing years
Out toward eternity.

3 Head of the Church, Thy blest abode
Whatever shadows fall,
Claiming a people kept of God
Obedient to Thy call.

4 Still down the ages come from Thee
Where'er our footsteps roam;
In fond remembrance of Me
This do until I come.

ELLEN M. STORRS.
Hannibal, Mo., 1884.

MY CROSS.

1 He lays me on my cross,
It is my own;
I know, alone,
My suffering, my loss.

2 He binds it on my heart;
Its fibres press
With sore distress,
From it I never part.

3 My cross is meted me;
Its breadth and length
Fitteth my strength;
Though weighted heavily.

4 No less than this
Enough could be
To chasten me,
Until the hand I kiss.

5 Whose love I also feel,
My cross hath made,
And sweetly laid,
The while I softly kneel;

6 And find its blessing press—
O changéd cross!
Fullness, from loss,—
Contentment, from distress!

MISS S. P. BARTLETT
South Dartmouth, Mass. 1882

THE BODY OF CHRIST.

1 Oh! food for man prepared!
Oh! bread by angels shared!
Manna divine!
Hungry, my need supply,
Nor the sweet taste deny
This heart of mine.

2 Oh! crystal fount of love,
Let me Thy sweetness prove,
Sweetness which flows
Fresh from the Saviour's heart,
This only can impart
Cure for all woes.

3 Jesus, Thy visage dear
Shines on us dimly here,
Symbol'd in bread;
Grant Thou to draw the veil,
That we, with sight, may hail
Our living Head.

THOMAS AQUINAS, 1225 1274.
Translated by MRS. JULIA P. BALLARD.

GETHSEMANE.

1 In a gloomy garden lonely,
Where moonbeams softly shone
On a drooping figure lonely
Kneeling in pray'r alone,

2 Grew a tiny modest flow'ret,
Of purest creamy white,
That lifted up its fragrant breast
To the cool dews of night.

3 "Wait here and watch one hour with me,"
The gentle Jesus spoke
Unto those at Gethsemane,
Where the great Christ-heart broke.

4 He left them then one little hour,
And went alone to pray,
And where He knelt this sunny flow'r
Grew thick about the way.

5 The blesséd feet unmindful crushed
The flowerets' leaves apart,
And they were formed into the shape
Of a white broken heart.

6 An hour passed, a bitter hour,
An hour of grief and pain;
He rose from off the crushéd flow'r,
And went to those again

7 Whom He had left to watch for Him,
Whom parting caused to weep,
But when He came to them again
He found them sound asleep.

8 "Could you not watch one little hour?"
A time so short, so brief.
But those disciples had not pow'r
And slept because of grief.

9 Then once again to weep and pray
The anguished Saviour kneels,
The moonbeams on His pale brow play,
The night winds perfume steals.

10 The suffering Jesus, kneeling still,
Cries out in misery,
"Dear Father, if it be Thy will
Let this cup pass from me."

11 The moonbeams in a mellow flood
Bathed that dear drooping form,
And on that brow came drops of blood
By inward anguish drawn.

12 One great bright drop of agony
Rolled down upon the ground,
And in the flower's crushed white heart
A place of resting found.

13 And ever since this tiny flower,
So dear to every heart,
Has blossomed forth a brilliant red,
The flower of Bleeding Heart.

ANNIE A. CARTER.

CRUCIFYING AFRESH.

1 Jesus! bruised and wounded more
Than bursted grape, or bread of wheat,
The life of life within our souls,
The cup of our salvation sweet;—

2 We come to show Thy dying hour,
Thy streaming vein, Thy broken flesh;
And still the blood is warm to save,
And still the fragrant wounds are fresh.

3 O Heart! that with a double tide
Of blood and water maketh pure;
O Flesh! once offered on the cross,
The gift that makes our pardon sure;—

4 Let never more our sinful souls
The anguish of Thy cross renew;
Nor forge again the cruel nails
That pierced Thy victim body through.

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

HOW SURE IT IS.

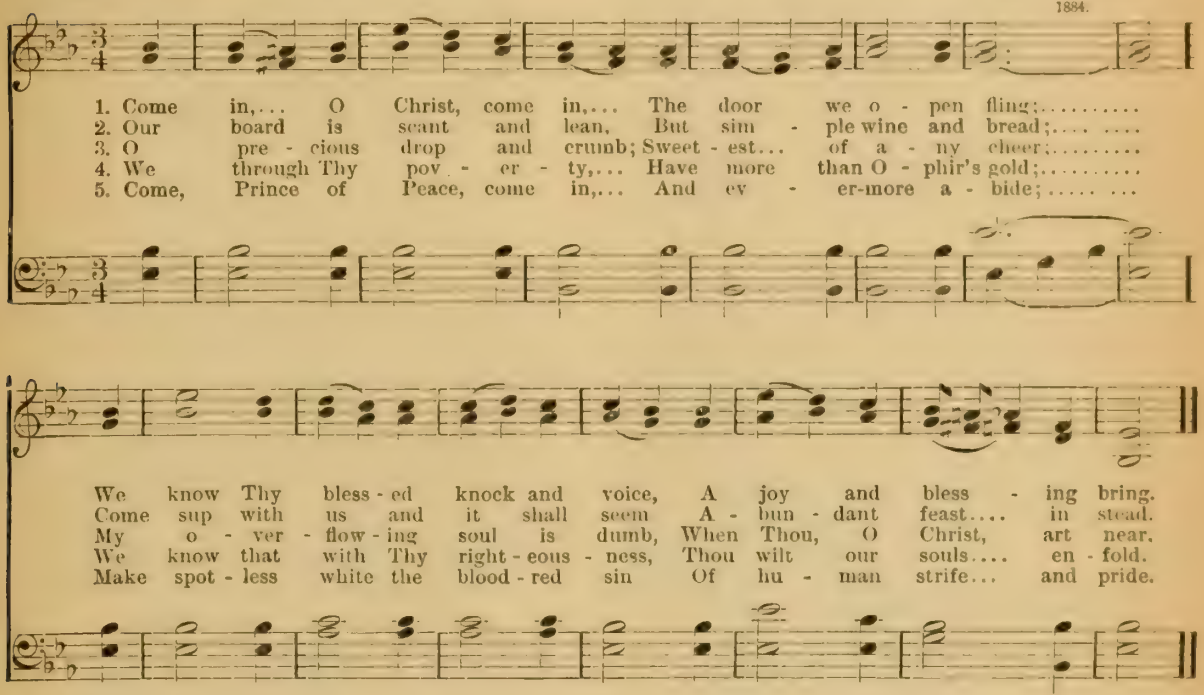
How sure it is,
That if we say a true word, instantly
We feel 'tis God's, not ours, and pass it on
As bread at sacrament—we taste and pass
Nor handle for a moment, as indeed
We dared to set up any claim to such!

MRS. BROWNING.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock, if any man hear my voice and open the door I will come in to him, and will sup with him and he with me."
"He became poor that ye through His poverty might become rich."

MRS. C. L. POST. MRS G C SMITH
1884.



Elizabeth F. Ellet.

Elizabeth F. Ellet was born at Sodus Point, Lake Ontario, 1818. Author of "The Women of the American Revolution," New York, 1848; "The Pioneer Women of the West;" "Watching Spirits," and other works.

ABIDE WITH US.

1 Abide with us! the evening hour draws on,
And pleasant at the daylight's fading close
The traveller's repose!
And, as at morn's approach the shades are gone,
Thy words, O blessed Stranger! have dispelled
The midnight gloom in which our souls were held.

2 Sad were our souls, and quench'd hope's latest ray,
But Thou to us hast words of comfort given
Of Him who came from heaven!
How burned our hearts within us on the way,
While Thou the Sacred Scripture did'st unfold,
And bad'st us trust the promise given of old!

3 Abide with us! let us not lose Thee yet!
Lest unto us the cloud of fear return,
When we are left to mourn
That Israel's hope—his better sun—is set!
Oh, teach us more of what we long to know,
That new-born joy may chide our faultless woe.

4 Thus in their sorrow the disciples prayed,
And knew not He was walking by their side,
Who on the cross had died!
But when He broke the consecrated bread,
Then saw they who had deigned to bless their board,
And, in the Stranger, hailed their risen Lord!

5 Abide with us! Thus the believer prays,
Compassed with doubt, and bitterness and dread—
When, as life from the dead,
The bow of mercy breaks upon his gaze;
He trusts the word, yet fears lest from his heart,
He whose discourse is peace too soon depart.

6 Open, thou trembling one, the portal wide,
And to the inmost chamber of thy breast
Take home the heavenly Guest!
He, for the famished shall a feast provide;
And thou shalt taste the bread of life, and see
The Lord of angels, come to sup with thee.

ELIZABETH F. ELLET.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

Frances Ridley Havergal was born at Astley Rectory, Worcestershire, on the fourteenth of December, 1836, and during her childhood, as afterwards, was considered by all who knew her, most lovely and engaging. She was a very precocious child, and as soon as she was six years old began enquiring the way of salvation. It was not until she was fifteen, however, that she obtained peace in her believing. But she was not long satisfied with her spiritual condition, and after having been a member of the church fifteen years, we find her still shrinking from the privileges of the Lord's table, for fear of being again sent empty away, without a blessing. In this unhappy state she continued until 1873, when through various instrumentalities, prominent among which was a tiny book—"All for Jesus," she finally attained the blessing so long sought, and could indeed say and feel from the deepest recesses of her being—"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

The remaining five years of her life were spent in holy joy and peace, which neither financial disappointment, nor physical anguish, nor the little cares and worries of every-day life, could for an instant disturb. She literally gloried in tribulation, feeling that it had no power to touch her; and her labors for the Lord, in which she had always abounded, were thenceforward successful to a degree never experienced by those who have not in some way either suddenly or gradually received this baptism of the Holy Ghost. Her literary work, though that by which she is best known, was by no means her only, perhaps not her chief, means of serving the Master. She possessed an exquisite voice and a wonderful knowledge of music, which made her company valued by the most worldly circles; and this power she used exclusively in "singing for Jesus," a very real way of working. She was a good composer of music, and set many of her own hymns and those of others to music. Her sister writes: "She was a grand composer of numberless songs, hymn-tunes and chants." In social intercourse her consecration was as manifest. One instance out of many is given by her sister in an extract from a letter:

"I meant to rest here, but somehow there always seems to be too much to do. Such a very nice 'open door' is set before me that I cannot but enter in, and so I have four different Bible classes a week! Besides which, as many cottagers as I can possibly visit are grateful for reading."

Her private letters to her large circle of young friends were also a means of great usefulness. It seems indeed wonderful that with her failing health she could have done so much while the demands of her publishers on her time were incessant and engrossing.

Besides the great number of hymns which are so well known in all Christian communities, she is the author of the following volumes:—"My King and His Service;" "Life Mosaic;" "Life Chords;" "Under His Shadow;" "Under the Surface;" "Morning Bells;" "Royal Grace and Royal Gifts;" "Kept for the Master's use;" "Royal Commandments;" "Royal Bounty;" &c., &c. Her stories for children are especially pleasing and instructive. On Tuesday, June 3d, 1879, at Caswell Bay, she passed away while attempting to sing one more hymn to His praise, who had indeed made for the inheritance of the saints in light—not visibly caught up as Enoch or Elijah, but as really triumphing over death and the grave. As she had specially requested, the verse which had been for her a stepping-stone into a present Heaven, was carved on her tomb: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

UNDER HIS SHADOW.

A COMMUNION HYMN.

"I sat under His shadow with great delight."—Cant. ii: 3.

1 Sit down beneath His shadow,
And rest with great delight;
The faith that now beholds Him
Is pledge of future sight.

2 Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For He remembers thee.

3 Bring every weary burden,
Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief;
He calls the heavy-laden
And gives them kind relief.

4 His righteousness "all glorious"
Thy festal robe shall be;
And love that passeth knowledge
His banner over thee.

5 A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,
Until He comes in glory,
Until we meet above.

6 Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold His beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE PLAGUE OF HIS OWN HEART.

A COMMUNION THOUGHT.

What prayer and supplication soever be made by any man, or by all Thy people Israel, which shall know every man the plague of his own heart..... Then hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,.... and give to every man according to his ways, whose heart Thou knowest.... that they live in the land, which thou gavest unto our fathers.—1 Kings, viii: 38, 39, 40.

1 Each for himself, with brethren, or alone,
Kneeling before Thine altar or Thy throne,
The plague of our own hearts each one we bring,
To spread before Thy pitying eye, our King.

2 Thou know'st, our Father! Only Thou canst know
The strength of agony, the depth of woe,
The ashen hue of lives left desolate,
The weary watch-hours of sad hearts that wait;

3 Thou know'st the scorching glare of passion's flame,
The crimson shadow of a tarnished name;
Thou seest the struggle and the stain of sin;
Thou mark'st the faltering steps the crown to win.

4 And there are plagues our human spirits know,
Like to Thine own when Thou didst dwell below;
Hearts loved and trusted once, changed and grown cold;
Our actions misconstrued or falsely told;

5 Our good to evil turned, our wishes crossed,
Plans and success long labored for, but lost;
Or poverty, it may be, on us laid,
And the poor flesh falls fainting and dismayed.

6 Thou seest and knowest all; no plague can be
Too great or little, pitying love, for Thee;
So here, each bringing each we come to-day,
The whole sad burden at Thy feet to lay.

7 Lo! as our hands we spread in earnest prayer,
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place, and spare
For each a pitying glance, a look, a word,
Which shall to weakness say, "Thy prayer is heard."

8 Speak comfort to the mourners; to the faint
Give strength; revive the weary-hearted saint;
Give patience to the suff'ring; daily bread
Like manna for the starving poor outspread.

9 Come to the lonely-hearted, True and Tried,
As sunshine in his darkness to abide;
On wounded spirits pour Thy healing balm,
Bid passion's tumult at Thy word grow calm.

10 Speak to the sinner, Lord, his sin forgive;
Bid Thou the stricken soul look up and live,
And pale the crimson flush of conscious shame
With the sweet healing of Thy gracious name.

11 Clothe Thou the Christian warrior in his mail,
And nerve his arm in conflict to prevail.
In Thy Red Sea his eager foemen drown,
And to his lagging steps hold out the crown.

12 Behold us kneeling thus while thus we pray;
Upon Thine altar send the fire to-day!
What each heart needeth most in mercy give,
And in Thy presence bid Thy children live.

MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

OUR EXALTED LORD.

L. M.

1 To Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That name in heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around His board we meet,
And worship at His sacred feet,
Oh, let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

MISS ANNE STEELE.

PANTING FOR PURITY.

(Tune "*Pleyel's Hymn.*")

1 Holy Lamb, who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and night they cry to Thee,
"As Thou art, so let us be!"

2 Jesus, see my panting breast;
See, I pant in Thee to rest;
Gladly would I now be clean;
Cleanse me now from every sin.

3 Fix, Oh! fix my wavering mind;
To Thy cross my spirit bind:
Earthly passion far remove;
Swallow up my soul in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of sin and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of Thy blood!

MRS. ANNA S. DOBER. TR. BY J. WESLEY.

COME, THOU DESIRE OF ALL THY SAINTS

1 Come, Thou desire of all Thy saints!
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at Thy feet we bend.

2 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise!
How should our souls, on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies!

3 Come, Lord! Thy love alone can raise
In us the heavenly flame;
Then shall our lips resound Thy praise,
Our hearts adore Thy name.

4 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,
And fill Thy dwellings here,
Till life, and love, and joy divine
A heaven on earth appear.

5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,
Come, great Redeemer! come,
And bring the bright, the glorious day,
That calls Thy children home.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

JOYFULLY RING OUT THE TIDINGS.

(Tune—"*Saviour, like a Shepherd.*")

1 Joyfully ring out the tidings,
From the heavenly Father's home,
For the marriage feast is ready,
And the Lord has bid us come.

Cho.—Praise the Lord, oh, praise Him ever,
And his wondrous love proclaim;
Praise the Lord, oh, praise Him ever,
Glory, honor to His name.

2 Come ye to the feast of plenty,
And His loving kindness prove;
Freely, freely, it is offered,
From the store house of His love.

3 Give me, Lord, a wedding garment,
That Thy praises I may sing,
At the royal feast of Canaan,
This glad marriage of our King.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

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HYMN ON THE PASSION OF OUR LORD.

1 Let heaven highest praises bring,
And earth her songs of gladness sing,
To magnify our Saviour king,
Who bought us by His blood.

2 May all the suffering Thou hast borne,
The bleeding side, the cruel thorn,
Our hearts to Thee in sorrow turn,
And lead us home to God.

3 By scourgings, spittings, stripes, and scars,
Jesus, the maker of the stars,
The gates of heaven to us unbars,
And bids us enter in.

4 Fill us, O Saviour, with Thy love;
Grant us eternal joys above;
Oh! faithful to Thy promise prove,
And cleanse us from our sin.

MISS WINIFRED F. BALLARD.

Translated from the Latin of Bonaventura.

COMMUNION.

C. M.

(Tune—"*Cambridge.*")

'In the Spirit on the Lord's Day."—Rev. 1: 10.

1 Oh, joyous feast-day of the soul,
Again we hail thy dawn,
Sweet foretaste of the heavenly goal,
The resurrection morn!

2 Now leaving every anxious care,
From week-day labor freed,
We seek our spirits to prepare
That we may feast indeed;

3 That we may sit at Christ's dear feet,
Remembering His grace;
His love our wine, His word our meat,
As we His beauty trace.

4 And as He breaks to us the bread,
'T will multiply for those
For whom a table too is spread
Of food His love bestows.

5 For those who, weary, faint, and poor,
Are seeking Him to-day,
May we with joy His welcome sure
To their sad hearts convey.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR.

WEEP NOT FOR ME.

1 Toiling up the hillside, see the Saviour go!
Feeble are His footsteps, weary and so slow;
All the night his foes had sought Him to condemn,
All the night in meekness He had borne with them.

2 Borne the cruel mocking, and the thorny crown,
And the sad desertion of his loved, his own.
One disciple to Him gave a traitor's kiss—
From the crowd that's near Him, all their forms we miss.

3 He who vowed that for Him he would live and die,
Hides away in silence, weeping bitterly.
Like the sheep all scattered by the ruthless storm,
Have the flock forsaken the stricken Shepherd's form.

5 Oh! the weight of sorrow bowing down His head,
As the strange procession up the hill He led.
Haughty Roman soldier, Jewish scribe and priest,
Strangers who have gathered to the sacred feast;

6 Crowd with cruel murmurs up to Calvary's brow
Where the heavy crosses stretch their bare arms now.
But the gentle Saviour, self-forgetting still,
Turns with gentle accents, which the soft air thrill.

7 To a weeping band of women following there,
They who oft to Him have ministered with care—
"Daughters of Jerusalem," he said, "weep not for me,
"Daughters of Jerusalem, weep ye not for me."

EMILY P. WILLIAMS, 1884.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Fanny J. Crosby, a blind hymnologist, has for years been known as Mrs. Van Alstyne. Her productions are said to be reprinted in every Christian land, and are valued for the sweet spirit of consecration and content which they breathe forth.

It is safe to assert that she has written over two thousand, five hundred hymns. For the Publishing House of Biglow and Main, alone, she has written nineteen hundred, besides Cantatas, Services, &c., on which her name does not appear. She is the author of "Proud world, I'm going home;" "All together again;" "Rosalie the prairie flower;" "Hazel Dell;" "They have sold me down the river;" "There's music in the air;" "Fare thee well, Kitty dear;" "The honeysuckle glen;" and "Never forget the dear ones." Hundreds of persons have sung these pieces for years, without knowing the true author. She resides in New York City.

MORE LIKE JESUS.

1 More like Jesus would I be,
Let my Saviour dwell with me;
Fill my soul with peace and love—
Make me gentle as a dove;
More like Jesus while I go,
Pilgrim in this world below;
Poor in spirit would I be,
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

2 If He hears the raven's cry,
If His ever-watchful eye
Marks the sparrows when they fall,
Surely He will hear my call.
He will teach me how to live,
All my simple thoughts forgive;
Pure in heart I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

3 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day,
May I rest me by His side,
Where the tranquil waters glide.
Born of Him through grace renewed,
By His love my will subdued,
Rich in faith I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

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FANNY J. CROSBY.

COMMUNION OF THE THREE PASTORS OF ZURICH, APRIL, 1525.

1 No sacred altar there, no mystic rite,
No holy wafer, which the form should shroud
Of Him they worshipped; not within a cloud
Of perfumed incense; but with faith's pure light
Beaming above the gloom of Papal night,
That noble band their new allegiance vowed,
As round the table of their Lord they bowed,

2 By faith communing—asking not for sight.
No cup of burnished gold received the wine,
Or silver platter held the symbol bread;
They meekly took the elements divine,
Their board with wooden plate and goblet spread,
And there, in living union with their Vine,
Sweet peace and holy joy on all were shed.

JULIA P. BALLARD, 1873.

LIFE A PROBLEM.

1 A little smiling, mingled oft with tears,
A little hoping, linked with many fears,
A little trusting, chased by doubt and dread,
A little light unto much darkness wed—
This call we life—to breathe, to love, to die!
Who shall for us unfold the great sad mystery?

2 Heaven's radiance makes rainbows through the tears,
Humility's sweet flower springeth from the fears,
The holy shield of faith, tempers in fires of grief,
The seed in weeping sown, returns a golden sheaf.
O glorious life in death! no more, no more to die!
One hath dissolved for us the deep, sweet mystery!

MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.
Chicago, 1882.

BE STILL AND KNOW THAT I AM GOD.

1 Be still! Just now be still!
Something thy soul hath never heard,
Something unknown to any song of bird,
Something unknown to wind, or wave, or star,
A message from the fatherland afar,
That with sweet joy the homesick soul shall thrill,
Cometh to thee, if thou canst but be still.

2 Be still! Just now be still!
And know that I that speaketh am thy God
The lonely vale of sorrow I have trod;
I know it all; I know it and can feel
Thy spirit's pain, but I that pain can heal.
Thou never yet hast proved my wondrous skill!
Hush! I will speak if thou wilt but be still.

3 Be still! Just now be still!
There come a Presence very mild and sweet,
White are the sandals on His noiseless feet;
It is the Comforter whom Jesus sent
To teach thee all the words He uttered meant.
The waiting, willing spirit He doth fill:
If thou wouldst hear His message, soul, be still!

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.
In Union Signal. 1883.

ANTIPAS.

"My faithful martyr."—Rev. ii: 13.

1 Go search the dusty archives of the ages,
And while on earth's vast biographies you scan,
Ask why, with all her poets, scribes, and sages,
She knows so little of so great a man?

2 Earth answers, "He whose voice of trumpet shrillness
Once shook Patmos' wild and lonely shore,
Told, in an exile's ear, 'mid Sabbath stillness,
The martyr's story, and I ask no more."

3 Enough! he held aloft heaven's blood-bought charter
'Mong those who deemed the faith of Christ a crime;
Those thrilling, tender words, "My faithful martyr,"
Tell of a life that death had made sublime.

4 Blazon it not on monument colossal;
Rocks with their chiseled records shall decay;
God wrote it by the hand of His Apostle,
To live when heaven and earth have passed away.

KATE MCNEILL.

UNSEARCHABLENESS.

Job xi: 7, 8.

1 What finite power, with ceaseless toil,
Can fathom the eternal Mind?
Or who the almighty Three in One
By searching, to perfection find.

2 Angels and men in vain may raise,
Harmonious, their adoring songs;
The laboring tho't sinks down, opprest,
And praises die upon their tongues.

3 Yet would I lift my trembling voice,
A portion of His ways to sing;
And mingling with His meanest works,
My humble, grateful tribute bring.

ELIZABETH SCOTT, 1764

IT PASSETH KNOWLEDGE.

"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."—Eph. iii: 13.

1 It passeth knowledge; that dear love of Thine!
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet this soul of mine
Would of that love, in all its depth and length,
Its height, and breadth, and everlasting strength,
Know more and more.

2 It passeth telling! that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and near,
A love which can remove all guilty fear.
And love beget.

3 It passeth praises! that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet this heart of mine
Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free,
Which brought an undone sinner, such as me,
Right home to God.

4 But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,
The fulness of that love, whilst here below:
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring,—
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

5 I am an empty vessel! scarce one thought
Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought!
Yet, I may come, and come again to Thee
With this—the contrite sinner's truthful plea—
"Thou lovest me!"

6 Oh! fill me, Jesus! Saviour! with Thy love!
May woes but drive me to the fount above!
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee!

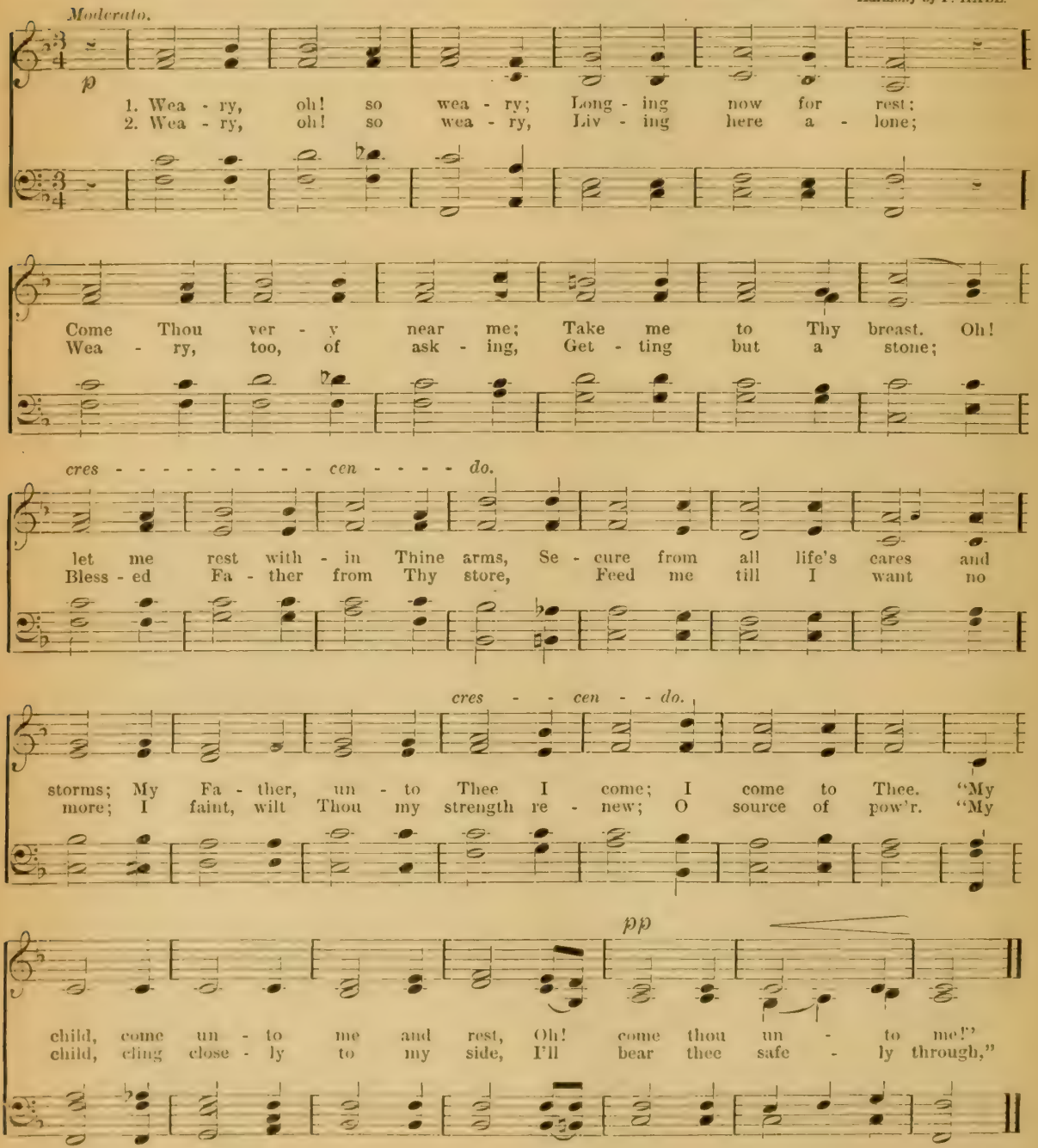
7 And when, my Jesus! Thy dear face I see,
When at Thy lofty throne I bend the knee,
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and length,
Its height, and depth, and everlasting strength—
My soul shall sing.

MARY SHEKLETON
Dead Nov. 1882
Set to Music by ITA D. SANKEY

COME UNTO ME.

Mrs. G. W. Baxter has written a number of hymns, and considerable music. Among her best songs, words and music both by herself, are "Golden Ringlets" and "In dreams I see my boy again." She has passed through some of the severest trials known to mortals, and her productions have a pathos and sweetness that win their way to the heart at once. She was born in Aurora, Ohio, in 1839. Her maiden name was Charlotte Randall.

Words and Melody by MRS. G. W. BAXTER.
Harmony by F. HALL.



IF WE KNEW.

1 If we knew when walking thoughtless
Thro' the crowded, noisy way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
Close beside our pathway lay,
We would pause where now we hasten,
We would often look around,
Lest our careless feet should trample
Some rare jewel in the ground.

2 If we knew what forms were fainting
For the shade that we should fling,
If we knew what lips were parching
For the water we should bring,
We would haste with eager footsteps,
We would work with willing hands,
Bearing cups of cooling water,
Planting rows of shading palms.

3 If we knew when friends around us
Closely press to say "good bye,"
Which among the lips that kiss us
First should 'neath the daisies lie,
We would clasp our arms around them,
Looking on them through our tears,
Tender words of love eternal
We would whisper in their ears.

4 If we knew what lives were darken'd
By some thoughtless word of ours,
Which had ever lain upon them,
Like the frost upon the flowers,
Oh! with what sincere repentings,
With what anguish of regret,
While our eyes were overflowing,
We would cry, "forgive," "forget."

5 If we knew! Alas! and do we
Ever care or seek to know,
Whether bitter herbs or roses
In our neighbors' gardens grow?
God forgive us! lest hereafter
Our hearts break to hear Him say:
"Careless child, I never knew you,
From my presence flee away."

ELLEN H. GATES, 1863.
By permission.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE

1 Oh! life is strange and full of change,
But it brings little sorrow;
For I came here but yesterday,
And shall go hence to-morrow:

2 Go to the rest of the ever-blest,
To the New Jerusalem;
Children of light there walk in white,
And the Saviour leadeth them.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

TELL ME THE SECRET.

1 Tell me the secret, Lord; in loving fear
I claim the promise Thou hast freely given;
Reveal Thyself—in all Thy charms appear—
Grant to Thy child a sweet foretaste of heaven.

2 I am Thy child, but, ignorant and weak,
I cannot for myself the lesson read;
Be Thou my teacher—to my dullness speak
Learning of Thee I shall be wise indeed.

3 Tell me the secret; for of Thee is born
This questioning heart that will not be denied;
What mean the mangled feet, the hands so torn,
The thorn-crowned head, the wounded, bleeding side?

4 The secret is with me, but my dim eyes
Are holden, and I cannot clearly see
The whole sweet meaning. Wilt Thou not arise,
And in Thy love explain it unto me?

CECIL DREEME.

Elizabeth Prentiss.

Elizabeth Prentiss, daughter of Dr. Edward Payson, was born in Portland, Maine. She was always delicate, and at the age of 22 years said she had never known what is was to feel well. Notwithstanding her feeble constitution, she had been a constant, good and great writer in prose and verse. "Stepping Heavenward," first appeared as a serial in THE ADVANCE, and was issued in book form in 1869. She herself said of it—"Every word of that book was a prayer, and seemed to come of itself."

Besides her many excellent hymns and poems, she has published nine or more prose volumes, and many sketches and stories, which, like "Heavenward" have been a balm and benediction to hundreds of thousands of woman. But more have been so universally liked as "Heavenward." One English mother wrote her that she had read that book through many times, and always with good results to her soul. Her body rests in sweet seclusion in Maplewood Cemetery, Dorset, to await the resurrection morning. She died in 1878.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE IN CHRIST.

1 I walk along the crowded streets, and mark
The eager, anxious, troubled faces; [craves,
Wondering what this man seeks, what that heart
In earthly places.

2 Do I want anything that they are wanting?
Is each of them my brother?
Could we hold fellowship, speak heart to heart,
Each to the other?

3 Nay, but I know not! only this I know,
That sometimes merely crossing
Another's path, where life's tumultuous waves
Are ever tossing,

4 He, as He passes, whispers in mine ear
One magic sentence only,
And in the awful loneliness of crowds
I am not lonely.

5 Ah, what a life is theirs who live in Christ;
How vast the mystery!
Reaching in height to heaven, and in its depth
The unfathomed sea.

MRS. E. PRENTISS.
Author of "Stepping Heavenward."

PROVIDENCE.

1 Lord, how mysterious are Thy ways!
How blind are we, how mean our praise!
Thy steps no mortal eyes explore;
'Tis ours to wonder and adore.

2 Great God! I do not ask to see
What in futurity shall be;
Let light and bliss attend my days,
And then my future hours be praise.

3 Are darkness and distress my share?
Give me to trust Thy guardian care;
Enough for me, if love divine
At length through every cloud shall shine.

4 Yet this my soul desires to know,
Be this my only wish below;
That Christ is mine!—this great request,
Grant, bounteous God, and I am blest.

ANNE STEELE.

"MANY THINGS ARE GROWING CLEAR."

Schiller.

1 Come! the summer night is calling,
Through the elm tree shadows falling,
And the silver moonbeams gleaming,
On the snowy window-screen.
These but hints, I murmur lowly,
And I raise the curtain slowly,
Till a flood of splendor streaming
Renders clear the enchanted scene.

2 Soul! all nature calleth to thee,
From the bounds of earth would woo thee;
Morn, with fragrant breezes blowing
Fresh from the celestial hills;
Eve in purple robes of glory
Sweetly tells her mystic story,
Such diviner state foreshowing
That the soul with rapture thrills.

3 Take, oh, take these sweet suggestions,
Ask no unbelieving questions;
Wafting thee to fields Elysian,
Death shall surely raise the screen;
With celestial Euphrasy
He shall touch the inner eye,
Till thou chant with raptured vision
"Many things are clearly seen!"

4 Thus said Schiller, in his gladness,
While each bowed the head in sadness
Round his dying couch at even,
Closed his eyes on scenes once dear;
On the flood of crimson glory
Bathing rock an castle hoary;
Yet while earthly ties were riven
Many things were growing clear.

5 Sweeter than the carols ringing,
Whilst the lark her flight is winging,
Are these words of Schiller, ever
Singing, singing through the soul,
Prelude of diviner pleasures,
Where no more in mournful measures
Sing the souls who sorrow never,
Who have safely reached the goal.

7 What though chilling mists enshroud us,
When these vapors that becloud us,
Gazed upon from hights celestial
Golden "mirrors" shall appear;
Courage! then, nor wish to alter
One of God's decrees, nor falter
Through the fear of ills terrestrial;
Many things are growing clear.

ANNA LENTHAL SMITH, 1882.
From the "Scarlet Oak," by permission.

WITH BOOKS.

"But where shall wisdom be found?"—Job xxviii: 12.

1 I stretch my hands as blind men do,
And grope for paths that lead to God;
But men less blind these ways have trod,
And found but "figures of the true!"

2 Far down the misty aisles of 'eld
With all the wise and good I walk,
And in their silent language talk,
And question of the hopes they held;

3 Of old philosophies, long dead,
Whose shuttles, plying in the shade,
A dark and tangled web have made,
With no upleading golden thread;

4 Of preacher and apologist,
Who change their cruel creeds at will,
Till infinite good and endless ill
Upbraid each other in the mist.

5 Like a tired insect, overborne
With honied weights that are not food,
I turn to Thee "Thou unseen Good,"
And wait and wonder till the morn.

MARY A. LATHBURY, 1883.
From "Out of Darkness into Light."
Published by Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co.

WORLD WITHOUT END.

Is. xlv: 17.

1 World without end!
Is it where blossoms open, fade, and fall,
While sun and dew yet plead with mournful call?
Is it where sparkling fountains cease to play—
Where beds of wasted rivers cross our way?

2 World without end!
Is it where islands sink beneath the main?
Where bowing hills become a weary plain?
Where mountains by the roots are overturned,
Rolled from the rocks, and in His anger burned?

3 World without end!
Is it where proudest cities lie a waste;
To build whose walls the "sons of strangers" haste?
Where fretting waters leap and laugh to scorn
The prostrate marble of the centuries born?

4 World without end!
Is it where monarchs at a touch turn pale
And pass alone into the silent vale?
Where rulers faint, where statesmen drop from sight,
And all are hidden in swift coming night?

5 World without end!
Is it where like a simple parchment scroll
The very heavens together He shall roll?
Where suns are darkened, moons to blood are turned,
With fervent heat the elements are burned?

6 World without end!
Where is it? Who can find so strange a land?
Where the foundations evermore shall stand?
Where change is kept forever from the door?
Where hope shall cheat the trusting ones no more?

7 World without end!
Where rosy morning ne'er shall yield to night,
Where perfect blossoms never know a blight?
Where silence never takes her solemn seat,
Forbidding sundered souls with joy to meet?

8 World without end!
Look up, ye seekers for a world like this,
For, just before you lies the realm of bliss.
The little child you to your bosom pressed,
Perchance is now in that fair world a guest;
The aged mother, bowed beneath the load
Of grief and care along the weary road,
Has seen the golden hinges swiftly turned,
And, entering, all its hidden glory learned.

9 World without end!
Each pilgrim, weary of a changing life,
Who ceases battling with its constant strife;
Who turns to Him by whom all things are made,
Shall never be confounded nor afraid!
Let sun and dew quick withering flowers bewail,
Let cities crumble and let monarchs fail,
Let mountains vanish, systems pass away—
Let change and sorrow have a moment's sway,
If, beyond these, an everlasting Friend
Shall hold our bliss secure—*world without end!*

JULIA P. BALLARD, 1882.
From "The Scarlet Oak," by permission.

WE SHALL KNOW.

1 When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in splendor on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

2 If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our day,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

3 When the silvery mists have veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love nor blame unduly,
If the mists were cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

4 When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows His own,
Face to face with them that love us,
We shall know as we are known.
Love beyond the orient meadows,
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we bide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
When the day of light is dawning,
And the mists have cleared away.

ANNIE HERBERT.

FLEE AS A BIRD.

1 Flee as a bird to your mountain,
Thou who art weary of sin;
Go to the clear flowing fountain,
Where you may wash and be clean.
Fly, for th' avenger is near thee;
Call, and the Saviour will hear thee,
He on His bosom will bear thee,
Thou who art weary of sin.

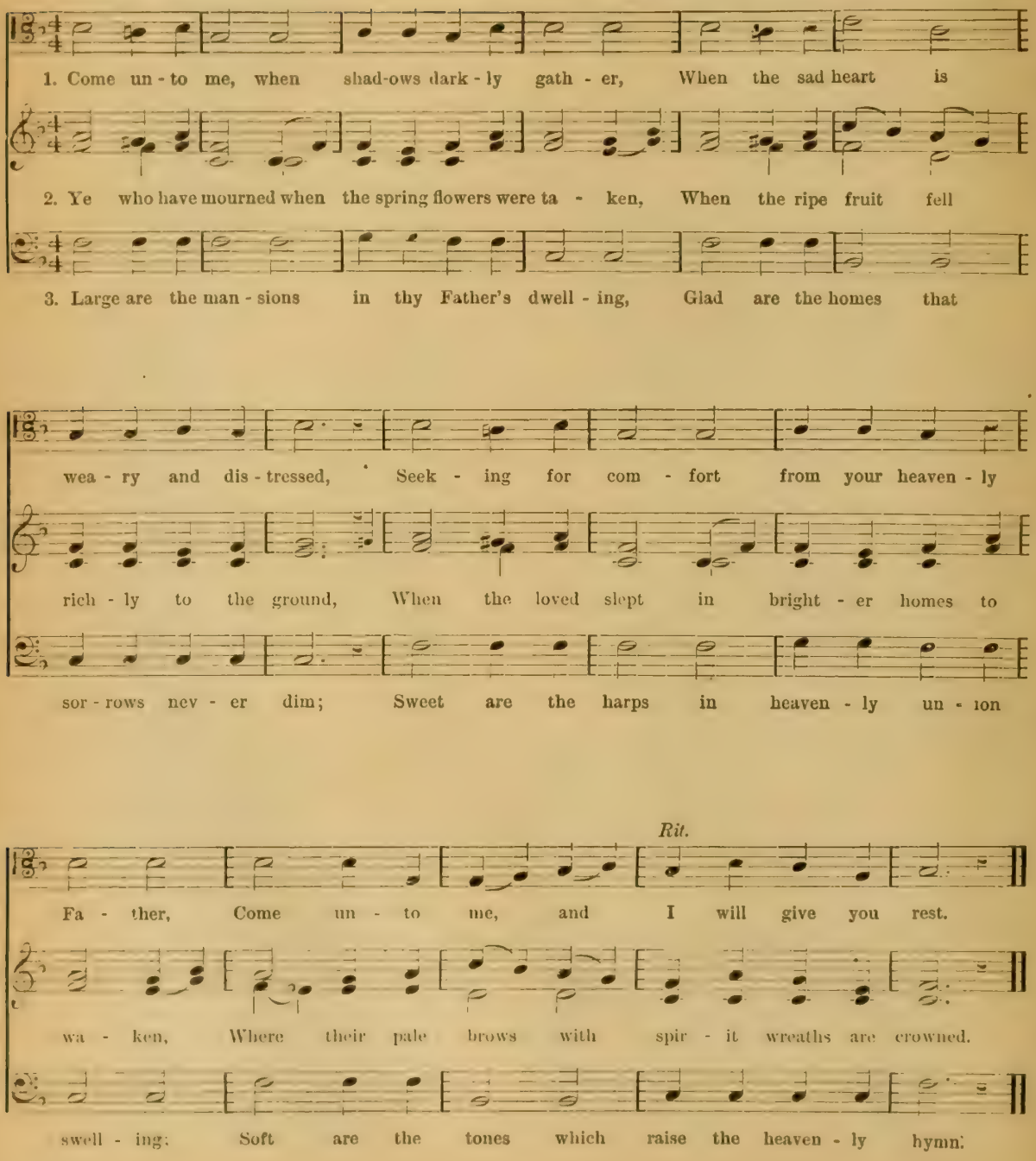
2 He will protect thee forever,
Wipe every falling tear;
He will forsake thee, oh, never,
Sheltered so tenderly there.
Haste, then, the hours are flying,
Spend not the moments in sighing,
Cease from your sorrow and crying,
The Saviour will wipe every tear.

MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

COME UNTO ME.

CATHERINE WATERMAN. 1839.

MATE L. RICKEY. 1865.
By per. Dr. H. R. PALMER.



"AND BENEATH THE CROWNED HAIR
BEAM THE PATIENT EYES, SO TENDER,
OF THY SAVIOUR, WAITING THERE."

Page 107.

THE SEARCH.

1 I gaze at morn where rosy light
The eastern portal faintly tinges,
I scan at noon the far-off height,
At sunset where the golden light
With arrowy rays the azure fringes.

2 Oh! could I pierce the clear deep blue!
I fix my hungry gaze upon it:
Its open face, so pure, so true,
I would look through, I would look through,
And seize my treasure just beyond it!

3 Unpitying sky, be thou my chart,
And yield the secret to my vision!
Within your hold is half my heart,
Why keep me from myself apart?
Why hold my yearning in derision?

4 "Is it for Me this watch you keep?"
Asked a low voice of tenderest sweetness;
"For Me you wake while others sleep?
To Me your yearning heart would leap?
Seek you in Me your soul's completeness?

5 "For you my soul was darkly tried—
And once you melted at the story—
For you my hands, my feet, my side,
Now bear these scars. For you I died,
That gloom and grief might end in glory.

6 "I am the Way—look up to Me,
Nor longer blind thine eyes with weeping;
You soon without a veil shall see
What watch, from human weakness free,
Your Shepherd o'er His flock is keeping."

7 Enough! No more I search the blue,
When death would hide the hearts that love me,
To Him I look whose voice I knew,
Whose pierced hand is still in view
Holding a harp and crown above me.

JULIA F. BALLARD.

KNOCKING, KNOCKING, WHO IS THERE?

1 Knocking, knocking, who is there?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
'Tis a pilgrim strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before.
Oh! my soul, for such a wonder,
Wilt thou not unbar the door?

2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking, knocking—what! still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

Arr. from an extended poem, and set to music by Geo. F. Root, Mus. Doc.
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GIVE ME THAT HEART OF FLESH.

L. M.
Ez. xi. 19.
(Tune, "*Retreat.*")

1 Give *me* that "heart of flesh," my Lord,
Which Thou hast promised in Thy word,
And take away this heart of stone,
So strange and hard and callous grown.

2 This heart, this cruel heart, my Lord,
That lists not to Thy pleading word,
But lets Thee knock and knock again,
Till midnight darkness shrouds the plain.

3 Thy garments with the dew are wet,
And Thy fair locks are dripping, yet
This heart of mine, this heart of sin,
Will not arise and let Thee in!

4 O *break*, dear Lord, this stubborn thing,
And let Thy loving-kindness bring
Me to such sweet repenting and
Adoring love to Thee, my hand

5 Shall quick unbar the iron door,
And bid Thee in to go no more,—
All that I have — the dearest, best,
Too poor for Thee, my heavenly guest.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH.
Boston, 1882.

A MESSAGE.

1 Is there one who is weary and lonely and sad?
Oh! list to the message I bring;
'Tis a message of love from the dear blessed Book,
A message from Jesus thy King:
"Ye believe in the Father who ruleth above,
Believe," says the Saviour, "in me;
And be ye not troubled, I go to prepare
Bright mansions in heaven for thee."

Refrain.
I come with a message for each weary heart,
A message both tender and true,
A message of love from the dear blessed Book,
A message that always is new.

2 Is there one tempted soul who is missing the way
That leads to eternal delight?
Here's a message to guide from the desert of sin
Clear up to God's marvelous light:
"I was tempted," says Jesus, "in all things like you,
Was tempted, and yet without sin.
Oh! turn from thy wand'ring and follow my steps,
I died thy salvation to win."

3 Is there one heavy-laden with sorrow and care,
Oppressed with a burden of woe?
Here's a message from Christ, and it points unto peace,
Oh! follow the way it doth show:
Then "Come unto me," says the Saviour, in love,
"And ye shall find rest to your soul;"
Learn meekly to bring every grief to the cross,
And wait for the crown at the goal.

ELLEN GLOVER.
By per.

"FOLLOW ME."

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me."

1 The Master's voice was sweet —
"I gave My life for thee:
Bear thou this cross, through pain and loss:
Arise and follow Me!"
I grasped the cross in hand:
"O Thou that diedst for me,
The day is bright, my step is light,
'Tis sweet to follow Thee."

2 Through the long summer day
I followed lovingly,—
'Twas bliss to hear His voice so near,
His blessèd face to see.
Down where the lilies pale
Fringed the bright river's brim,
His steps were seen in pastures green,—
'Twas *sweet* to follow Him.

3 Oh! sweet to follow Him! —
"Lord, let us here abide!"
The flowers were fair, I lingered there; —
I laid His cross aside;
I heard His voice no more
By that bright river's brim;
Before me lay the desert grey —
'Twas *hard* to follow Him.

4 Yes; hard to follow Him
Into that dreary land;
I was alone—His cross had grown
Too heavy for my hand.
I heard His voice afar
Sound through the night air chill,
My tired feet refused to meet
His coming o'er the hill.

5 The Master's voice was sad—
"O'er hills of Galilee
I bore Thy cross, through pain and loss:
Thou hast not followed Me."
"So fair the lilied banks,
So bleak the desert way;
The night is dark; I could not mark
Where Thy blest footsteps lay."

6 "Fairer the lilied banks,
Softer the grassy lea,
The endless rest of those who best
Have learned to follow Me.
Arise and follow Me!
These weary feet of Mine
Have stained red the pathway dread
In search for thee and thine."

7 O Lord! O love divine!
Once more I follow Thee:
Let me abide so near Thy side,
That I Thy face may see.
I clasp Thy pierced hand,
O Thou that diedst for me;
'Midst woe and loss I'll bear Thy cross,
So I may cling to Thee.

ISABELLA L. BIRD
Edinburgh.

GOD CALLETH THEE.

"It is the voice of God, and not of man."
(Tune—"*I need Thee.*")

1 God calls thee, every one,
O sinful man,
Atonement by His Son
Is His own plan.
Then haste thee, dying mortal,
While still for thee there's room,
Ere closed be mercy's portal
And sealed thy doom.

2 God calls thee, every one,
O sinful man;
All things ready, all done
Since life began.
Hast thou a friend, had ever,
Who in thy stead would die?
Whose love nothing could sever,
Always was nigh?

3 God calls thee, every one,
O sinful man,
All earthly good thou'st won,
Which mortals can.
Of what avail would this be,
If lost thy soul at last?
Christ's love from this would save thee,
His life it cost.

S. M. WOODIN,
of Detroit W. C. T. U.

INVITATION.

1 The Saviour calls! let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound:
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart
Here streams of bounty flow;
And life, and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.

3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your every pain—
Immortal fountain! full supplies!—
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts!
To Thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss Thy love imparts,
And drink and never die.

ANNE STEELE.

GOD CALLING YET.

1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but He does not forsake;
He calls me still. My heart, awake!

4 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield without delay;
Vain world, farewell! from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

MISS JANE BORTHWICK.

WHOSOEVER WILL.

1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice:
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;—

4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

ANN LETITIA BARBAULD.

THE SWEETEST SONG.

1 Sweeter song than e'er was sung
By poet, priest or sages,
A song which thro' all Heaven has rung,
And down thro' all the ages;
A precious strain of sweet accord,
A note of cheer from Christ our Lord;
List, as it vibrates full and free,
O grieving heart: "Come unto Me."

2 O wise provision, sweet command,
Vouchsafed the weak and weary;
A Friend to find on either hand,
A sight for prospects dreary.
A Friend who knows our bitter need,
Of each endeavor taking heed:
Who calls to every soul oppressed,
"Come unto Me, I'll give you rest!"

3 "Come unto Me." The way 's not long;
His hands are stretched to meet thee;
Now still thy sobbing, list the song
Which everywhere shall greet thee.
Here at His feet your burden lay;
Why 'neath it bend another day,
Since One so loving calls to thee:
"O heavy-laden, come to Me!"

4 A sweeter song than e'er was sung
By poet, priest or sages—
A song which thro' all Heaven has rung,
And down thro' all the ages.
How can we turn from such a strain,
Or longer wait to ease our pain!
Oh! draw us closer, Lord, that we
May find our sweetest rest in Thee.

MAUDE SPURGEON.

COME, WEARY SOULS.

Matt. xi: 28.

1 Come, weary souls, with sins distressed,
Come, and accept the promised rest;
The Saviour's gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

2 Oppressed with guilt,—a painful load,—
Oh! come and bow before your God!
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all that painful load remove.

3 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes,
Pardon, and life, and endless peace—
How rich the gift, how free the grace;

4 Dear Saviour! let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
Oh! sweetly reign in every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

ANNE STEELE. 1760.

INVITATION.

Matt. xi: 28.

1 With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to Me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; "Come to me!"

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

"I will arise, and go to my father."—Luke xv: 18.

1 Come home! come home!
You are weary at heart,
For the way has been dark,
And so lonely and wild.
O prodigal child!
Come home, Oh! come home!

CHO.—Come home! Come, Oh! come home!
Come home! Come, Oh! come home, come home!

2 Come home! come home!
For we watch and wait,
And we stand at the gate,
While the shadows are piled.
O prodigal child!
Come home! Oh! come home!

3 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, Oh! come home!

4 Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there,
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, Oh! come home!

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.
Copyright, 1870. Set to music by W. H. Doane.
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OH! COME TO CHRIST.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself," Matt. xvi: 24.

1 Oh! come to Christ! a single glance
Would melt your doubts away;
One glance would flood you with His light,
In an eternal day.

CHO.—Oh! come without delay, Oh! come to-day!
Oh! come, Oh! come, Oh! come without delay,
Oh! come to Christ! a single glance
Would melt your doubts away.

2 Oh! come to Christ! He waits for you:
Long has He waiting stood;
He stoops to ask you for your heart;
He yearns to do you good.

3 Oh! come to Christ! the world has proved
To thee a broken reed;
Thou canst not trust what always fails
In times of sorest need.

4 Oh! come to Christ for peace, for rest,
For all thy heart can crave;
For triumph over pain and loss,
The death-bed and the grave.

MRS. E. PRENTISS. 1871.
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CLOSER TO ME.

1 Press close, my child, to Me,
Closer to Me.
Earth hath no resting-place
Ready for thee;
Straight to my bosom flee;
Press close, my child, to Me,
Closer, closer, closer to Me.

2 Love, pleasure, riches, fame,
All may be thine,
And thy immortal soul
Still will repine;
I must be all to thee;
Press close, my child, to Me,
Closer, closer, closer to Me.

3 Life may for thee contend,
Hard toil and care
Strive to divide from Me,
Crowd everywhere;
Let them my servants be;
Press thou, my child, to Me,
Closer, closer, closer to Me.

4 Grief of thy heart may make
A desert drear,
Yet there my sufferers learn
My voice to hear;
Calling, with earnest plea,
Press close, my child, to Me,
Closer, closer, closer to Me.

5 Come, then, my child, to Me,
Make thyself mine;
I give Myself to thee,
I will be thine;
Joy, grief, and care shall be
Ties binding thee to Me,
Closer, closer, closer to Me.

MRS. ELIZABETH PRENTISS.
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THE TENDER LOVE OF GOD.

1 In every line of breaking beauty seen,
In every foamy crest or concave green,
O'er blue expanse, where sky and ocean meet,
The tender love of God is brooding sweet.

2 Written in wavy tracery on the sand,
Spoke by the echoing rocks' encircling band,
Breathed in the pure and healing winds that fly,
The tender love of God is hovering nigh.

3 Painted on every fair and pearly cloud,
Sung by the sea's grand monotone aloud,
Whispered within each convoluted shell,
The tender love of God so close doth dwell.

4 In quickened pulse by His own finger stirred,
In grateful heart responsive to His word,
In burning soul that worships at His feet,
The tender love of God abides most sweet.

LOUISA PARSONS HOPKINS.
From "The breath of field and shore."

IMMORTAL MIND.

1 Ah! why should this immortal mind,
Enslav'd by sense, be thus confined,
And never, never rise?
Why, thus amused with empty toys,
And soothed with visionary joys,
Forget her native skies?

2 The mind was formed to mount sublime
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapors cloud her sight,
And hang with cold, oppressive weight
Upon her drooping wings.

3 The world employs its various snares,
Of hopes and pleasures, pains and cares,
And chained to earth I lie:
When shall my fettered powers be free,
And leave these seats of vanity,
And upward learn to fly?

4 Bright scenes of bliss, unclouded skies,
Invite my soul; Oh! could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below,
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say to every tempting snare,
Heaven calls,—and I must go.

5 Heaven calls,—and can I yet delay?
Can aught on earth engage my stay?
Ah! wretched, lingering heart!
Come, Lord, with strength, and life, and light,
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

ANNE STEELE.

A LITTLE WHILE.

(Μικρον)—"A little."—John xvi: 16.

1 "A little while," dear children,
Ye see Me not again;
Three days of lonely watching,
Then resurrection gain!

2 "A little,"—And the Saviour
Unto his own appears;
(This time with Easter glory)
He husheth all their fears.

3 "A little while" He tarries,
Their hands and hearts to nerve
For his great gospel-mission,
Wherein He bids them serve.

4 "A little,"—Then with promise
Of power from on high,
He left them whilst He blessed them—
Two angels standing by!

5 "A little while"—that promise
He to his own fulfilled:
With Pentecostal power
Their hearts the Spirit filled.

6 "A little"—Ere those servants
Their lives for Him laid down,
They counted earthly honors
But nought to win His crown.

7 "A little"—still He whispers
To those whose race is run,
Ye are not yet made perfect
Till all my work is done.

8 "A little while,"—dear strugglers,
Still on earth's battle-fields,
Courage! 'tis but a little while
Satan his weapon wields!

9 "A little while," dear mourners,—
Ye weep in darkness now;
Look up! for in the low'ring cloud
God plants His bright'ning bow!

10 "A little while," dear toilers,
Sow on with patient care;
He cometh—then the harvest,
When ye His sheaves shall share.

11 "A little,"—Jesus knocketh,
O ye who hear His call,
Open to Him your heart's door,
There's room enough for all!

12 "A little,"—ah! how little,
May be God's waiting-time:
O brethren, dear, dear brethren
Heed now the gospel chime.

13 "A little,"—and heaven's glory
Christ's faithful ones shall crown;
Their joy be perfect in His love,
His smile their cares shall drown!

CECILIA HAVERGAL.
(Niece of Frances R. Havergal.

REVIVE THY WORK.

1 O Lord, Thy work revive,
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And make her dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.

2 Awake Thy chosen few
To fervent, earnest prayer;
Again may they their vows renew,
Thy blessed presence share.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of feeble clay,
And hearts of adamant will break,
And rebels will obey.

4 Lord, lend Thy gracious ear;
Oh! listen to our cry;
Oh! come and bring salvation here:
Our hopes on Thee rely.

PHOEBE H. BROWN.
Died 1861.

EVEN ME. No. 1.

In the year 1868 or '9 the following note was read at one of the large union prayer meetings in the First Presbyterian church, (O. S.) Rochester, at one of E. P. Hammond's meetings.

Mr. H.—Thank you for singing that hymn, "EVEN ME," for it was the singing of that hymn that has saved me. I was a lost woman, a wicked mother. I have stolen, and lied, and been so bad to my dear little innocent children. I have no friend. I have attended your inquiry meetings, but no one came to me on account of the crowd, so I went away always wretched—lost. But Saturday afternoon, at the First Presbyterian Church, when they all sung those beautiful words, "Let some droppings fall on ME, in blessing others, O bless me, even me," it seemed to reach my very soul. I thought Jesus can accept me, "even ME," a bad, wicked, passionate mother; and it brought me to His feet, and I feel my burden of sin removed. Jesus has accepted ME, EVEN ME. Can you wonder that I love those words, or love to hear them sung? Ah! may I too sing them when He shall take me before His throne at the last and accept EVEN ME. God bless you. Yours truly.

A CONVERT.

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me—Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be,
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather,
Let Thy mercy light on me—Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee;
Fain I'm longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me—Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—Even me.

6 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing;
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, Oh! bless me—Even me.

ELIZABETH CODNER.

Elizabeth Codnor.

While in Weston super Mary, England, it was my privilege to meet with Mrs. Codner, the esteemed author of the well known hymn, "EVEN ME." She was grateful to God when she learned how much it had been blessed in the United States. She very kindly gave me, at that time, the following hymn, never before in print, which will be found expressive of the joyful feelings of those who in sorrow have sung "EVEN ME."

E. P. HAMMOND.

EVEN ME. No. 2.

"He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God."—P. xl: 3.

(Tune—"*Lord, I hear of showers of blessing.*")

1 Lord! to Thee my heart ascending,
For Thy mercy full and free,
Sings its thanks for grace transcending,
Grace vouchsafed to sinful me—Even me.

2 Holy Father! who with yearning
Of eternal love, didst see
This poor blind one's evil turning,
Thou didst give Thy Son for me—Even me.

3 Precious Saviour! great Redeemer!
Praise, eternal praise to Thee!
Though so long a wandering sinner,
Thou hast kindly welcomed me—Even me.

4 And to Thee, O mighty Spirit,
Blessing shall forever be;
Witnessing of Jesus' merit,
Thou hast brought sweet peace to me—Even me.

5 But I'm lost in joyful wondering,
And I say—Oh! can it be,
That there will be no more sundering
'Twixt my blesséd Lord and me?—Even me.

6 Can it be that I, an alien,
Now a child shall ever be?
Can it be that, all forgiven,
Glory is prepared for me?—Even me.

7 Yes! for Jesus liveth ever,
And His blood hath made me free;
From His love no foe can sever,
For He gave Himself for me—Even me.

8 Lord! I thank Thee for salvation,
Grace so mighty and so free;
Take my all in consecration,
Glorify Thyself in me—Even me.

ELIZABETH CODNER, 1867.

PENITENCE.

Hosea xiv: 1.

C. M.

(Tune, "*Avon.*")

1 O Thou, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye;—

2 See, Lord, before Thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn:
Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
Hast Thou not said—"Return?"

3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from Thy feet?
Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat!

4 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine!
And let Thy healing voice impart
The sense of joy divine.

ANNE STEELE.

JESUS MY ALL.

1 Lord, at Thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise sweet,
Lord, hear my call;
Now let Thy work begin,
Oh! make me pure within,
Cleanse me from every sin,—
Jesus, my all.

2 Hark! how the words of love
Tenderly fall,
E'en to the realms above,
Heard is my call;
Now every doubt has flown,
Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am Thine alone,
Jesus, my all.

3 Still at Thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading Thy promise sweet,
Heard is my call.
Faith wings my soul to Thee;
This all my hope shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

FANNY C. VAN ALSTYNE.
By per. Messrs. Biglow & Main.

LOVE DIVINE.

1 And canst thou, sinner! slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God, with tenderness, invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till He thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

ANN BRADLEY HYDE.
Died 1872.

THE CHURCH AND HER FOE.

1 Where art thou, O thou church of God?
Thou hast at ease lain down,
Thy sword grown rusty in its sheath,
Yet dreaming of thy crown!

2 Thou sleepest, but a sleepless foe
Defiant o'er thee stands;
Fresh from the fray, thy brothers' blood
Is red upon his hands.

3 His tortured captives are thy sons,
They cry out for release;
What ails thee, O thou church of God,
That thou shoulds't hold thy peace?

4 Thy holy Sabbaths are his jest,
Thy Christ his lips blaspheme;
On a deaf ear his curses fall,
They do not break thy dream.

5 The helmet from thy brow is loosed,
Thine arm unnerved and weak;
Thy very voice is hushed; thou art
Like one afraid to speak.

6 Or, if thy lips have moved, thy words
Have power and fervor lacked;
Sin fears no threat, God hears no prayer
Of men who dare not act.

7 Awake! awake, O church of God!
At last thy danger see!
Fight as thou hast not fought before,
And God will fight for thee!

8 In all the fearlessness of faith,
Tread thine opponents down;
But think not with a sheathèd sword
To win a conqueror's crown!

MARIAN DOUGLAS

AWAKE, MY SOUL.

L. M.

(Tune "*Duke Street.*")

1 Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

2 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

3 Thou treadest on enchanted ground:
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part—
But most the traitor in thy heart.

4 The terror and the charm repel,
The powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here:
Why should His faithful followers fear?

5 Come then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor, from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

ANN L. BARBAULD.

SOUL LONGING.

1 I come to Thee, O God,
All weariness and sin,
From underneath Thy chastening rod—
Oh! make me pure within.

2 Father of light and love;
Unworthy though I be;
Send from Thy heavenly home above,
Some blessing now on me.

3 Longer I cannot live,
At this poor dying rate;
A blessing now, I pray Thee give,
My longing soul to sate.

4 Only Thy love divine
Can joy and peace impart,
Let me be Thine; entirely Thine,
And joy shall fill my heart.

MISS MARTHA M. FITCH.
Born April 18, 1840, Green, N. Y.
Olean, New York, Dec. 17, 1882.

HEAVENLY ASPIRATIONS.

2 Cor. iv: 18.
C. M.

1 Oh! could our thoughts and wishes fly,
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds, beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!—

2 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord! send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of Thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Oh! then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent hope shall rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

ANNE STEELE.

THE STREAM IN THE DESERT

"The Lord spake unto Moses, Gather the people together, and I will give them water.

"Then Israel sang this song, Spring up, O well: sing ye unto it."—Numbers xxi: 16, 17.

1 From the parched bosom of the desert bursting,
Spring forth, O stream, to bless us on our way;
Revive our fainting spirits, cheer the thirsting,
Spring forth! and let thy crystal waters play.

2 Flow on rejoicing, through the deep wilds wending,
Till the green herb shall blossom on thy brink,
And wild gazelles o'er thy bright bosom bending,
Shall quaff from thee their cool refreshing drink.

3 Roll on! not long we pitch our tents beside thee,
Pure fountain for our fainting spirits made!
Yet He who bade thee flow can fill and guide thee,
When far from thee our pilgrim feet have strayed.

4 Still on thy waters may the sunshine quiver,
And the mild moon shed down her silver light,
Till with the billows of some ancient river
Thy sparkling treasures mingle and unite.

5 Thus spake the Hebrews, in the desert singing,
Asking in faith what God design'd to give,
And the glad water from the dry sands springing
Burst forth, and bade the dying pilgrims live.

JESSIE G. M'CARTEE.
Goshen, New York, 1841.

CONSECRATION.

1 Jesus, source of light divine,
Cleanse! Oh, cleanse this heart of mine:
Purify from every sin,
Make thy dwelling here within.

2 Give me light from heaven to see
All that Thou would have me be;
Make me know the heavenly way—
Never let me from Thee stray.

3 May Thy truth me purify,
Teach me how to live and die:
From all bondage set me free,
Let me find my all in Thee.

MRS. WINSLOW.

NOT YOUR OWN

1 "Not your own," but His ye are,
Who hath paid a price untold
For your life, exceeding far
All earth's store of gems and gold.
With the precious blood of Christ,
Ransom-treasure all unpriced,
Full redemption is procured,
Free salvation is assured.

2 "Not your own," but His by right,
His peculiar treasure now,
Fair and precious in His sight,
Purchased jewels for His brow.
He will keep what thus He sought,
Safely guard the dearly bought,
Cherish that which He did choose,
Always love and never lose.

3 "Not your own," but His, the King,
His, the Lord of earth and sky;
His to whom archangels bring
Homage deep and praises high.
What can royal birth bestow,
Or the proudest titles show?
Can such dignity be known
As the glorious name, "His Own?"

4 "Not your own," to Him ye owe
All your life and all your love.
Live that ye His praise may show,
Who is yet all praise above.
Every day and every hour,
Every gift and every power
Consecrate to Him alone,
Who hath claimed you for His own.

5 Teach us, Master, how to give
All we have and are to Thee;
Grant us, Saviour, while we live,
Wholly, only, Thine to be.
Henceforth be our calling high,
Thee to serve and glorify;
Ours no longer, but Thine own,
Thine forever, Thine alone.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

TAKE THINE OWN WAY.

1 Take Thine own way with me, dear Lord,
Thou canst not otherwise than bless;
I launch me forth upon a sea
Of boundless love and tenderness.

2 I would not choose a larger bliss
Than to be wholly Thine; and mine
A will whose highest joy is this,
So ceaselessly unclasp in Thine.

3 I will not fear Thee, O my God;
The days to come can only bring
Their perfect sequences of love,
Thy larger, deeper comforting.

4 Then may Thy perfect, glorious will
Be evermore fulfilled in me,
And make my life an answering chord
Of glad, responsive harmony.

5 We fear this wondrous rule of Thine,
Because we have not reached Thy heart,
Not venturing our all on Thee
We may not know how good Thou art.

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT.

PURER IN HEART.

6s and 4s d.

(Tune.—"*Nearer, my God, to Thee.*")

1 Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
May I devote my life
Wholly to Thee.
Watch Thou my wayward feet,
Guide me with counsel sweet;
Purer in heart
Help me to be.

2 Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
Teach me to do Thy will
Most lovingly.
Be Thou my Friend and Guide,
Let me with Thee abide;
Purer in heart
Help me to be.

3 Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
That I Thy holy face
One day may see.
Keep me from secret sin,
Reign Thou my soul within;
Purer in heart
Help me to be.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

SET APART.

1 Set apart for Jesus!
Is not this enough,
Though this desert prospect
Open wild and rough?
Set apart for His delight,
Chosen for His holy pleasure,
Sealed to be His special treasure;
Could we choose a nobler joy?
And would we if we might?

2 Set apart to love Him,
And His love to know;
Not to waste affection
On a passing show.
Called to give Him life and heart,
Called to pour the hidden treasure,
That none other claims to measure
Into His beloved hand!
Thrice blessed "set apart."

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

TO THEE, O GOD, MY PRAYER ASCENDS.

1 To Thee, O God, my prayer ascends,
But not for golden stores;
Nor covet I the brightest gems
That shine on eastern shores;

2 Nor that deluding, empty joy,
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatness, with its pride and state,
My restless thoughts inflame:

3 Nor pleasure's fascinating charms
My fond desires allure;
But nobler things than these from Thee
My wishes would secure.

4 The faith and hope of things unseen
My best affections move—
Thy light, Thy favor, and Thy smiles,
Thine everlasting love.

ELIZABETH ROWE.
England.

RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

1 The mind was formed to mount sublime,
Beyond the narrow bounds of time,
To everlasting things;
But earthly vapors dim her sight,
And hang, with cold oppressive weight,
Upon her drooping wings.

2 Bright scenes of bliss,—unclouded skies,
Invite my soul;—Oh! could I rise,
Nor leave a thought below,
I'd bid farewell to anxious care,
And say, to every tempting snare,—
Heaven calls, and I must go:—

3 Heaven calls,—and can I yet delay?
Can aught on earth engage my stay?
Ah! wretched, lingering heart!
Come, Lord! with strength, and life, and light,
Assist and guide my upward flight,
And bid the world depart.

ANNE STEELE.

LOVE NOT THE WORLD.

"For what is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

1 Why should we covet the joy of a day,
Things that will fade in a moment away;
Toiling for wealth and its honors to gain,
Why are we living for trifles so vain?

CHO.—Trust not the world in its beauty arrayed,
Though at our feet all its treasures be laid;
What would it profit its wealth to control;
What can we give in exchange for the soul?

2 We have no promise that fame will endure;
Splendor will never our pardon secure;
Gold cannot brighten the gloom of the grave;
Only the merits of Jesus can save.

3 Blessèd are they who are lowly in heart,
They who, like Mary, have chosen their part;
Learning of Jesus, their Master above,
Lessons of patience, of meekness, and love.

MRS. VAN ALSTYNE.
By permission Philip Phillips.

CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

1 Thou only Sovereign of my heart,
My Refuge, my almighty Friend,
How can my soul from Thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
A wretched wand'rer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from Thee!—'tis death—'tis more—
'Tis endless ruin—deep despair!

4 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is Thine.

ANNE STEELE.

RESIGNATION.

1 Father! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies;
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

ANNE STEELE.

THY WILL BE DONE.

1 My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart to say,—
"Thy will be done."

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me "be still" and murmur not;
Or breathe the prayer, divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh?
Submissive still, I would reply,
"Thy will be done."

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine:
I only yield Thee what was Thine;
"Thy will be done."

5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father! still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done."

6 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God! to Thee I leave the rest,
"Thy will be done."

7 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done."

8 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer half mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

Anna Lætitia Waring.

Anna Lætitia Waring is the author of many hymns and a volume entitled, "Hymns and Meditations," published in 1850. The following piece, taken from this volume, will be known wherever English Hymns circulate.

MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND.

I

1 Father, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a patient mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate,
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

5 So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

6 And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
And careful—less to serve Thee much
Than to please Thee perfectly.

II

1 There are briars besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But the lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy everywhere.

2 In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth,"
That makes Thy children "free,"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

ANNA L. WARING.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Harriet Elizabeth Beecher was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1811. She is the daughter of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, who first successfully inaugurated the temperance reform. He was a man of great energy and moral courage, and his daughter, the author of the world-renowned "Uncle Tom's Cabin," inherited these characteristics, together with the remarkably keen intellect and suave character of her mother, an accomplished Christian mother. At the age of 12 years she wrote a composition on the subject "Can the immortality of the soul be proved by the light of nature?" In 1836 she was married to Calvin E. Stowe, Professor of Biblical Criticism and Oriental Literature in Lane, and later in Andover, Seminary.

She has written various books, among which are "House and Home Papers," setting forth the practical, domestic, womanly nature of this talented woman, "The Minister's Wooing," "Nina Gordon," "Agnes of Sorrento," "Old Town Folks," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," &c., &c., but none seem to have taken such a hold upon the public heart as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which has been published in 19 different languages. So well was this work known in Europe that on the occasion of her visit abroad in 1853, it obtained for her an enthusiastic reception in Great Britain. On her return to America she wrote a charming chronicle "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." Later came a volume of religious poems and hymns, "full of pure aspiration and unfaltering faith."

Her well-known 'Knocking' Knocking' Who is there?" is one of the most tender and touching of hymns by American woman. "Pogunuc People" is her latest work. Of herself she says:— "I am seventy-two years old, and am now more interested in the other side of Jordan than this, though earth still has its pleasures."

ABIDE IN ME, AND I IN YOU.

1 That mystic word of Thine, O sovereign Lord!
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to Thee.

2 Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee;
From this good hour, Oh! leave me nevermore!
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

3 Abide in me; o'ershadow by Thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;
Quench ere it rise each selfish, low desire,
And keep my soul as Thine, calm and divine.

4 As some rare perfume, in a vase of clay,
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

5 The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that Hand divine;
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer Thine.

6 *Abide in me:* there have been moments pure
When I have seen Thy face and felt Thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

7 These were but seasons, beautiful and rare;
Abide in me, and they shall ever be:
I pray Thee now, fulfil my earnest prayer—
Come and *abide* in me, and I in Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

PERFECT PEACE.

1 Prince of peace, control my will;
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gate to God:
Peace I ask—but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

3 May Thy will, not mine, be done;
May Thy will and mine be one:
Chase these doubtings from my heart;
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall;
Thou my Life, my God, my All!
Let Thy happy servant be
One for evermore with Thee!

MARY A. S. BARBER.

COMFORT IN THE PROMISES.

1 O God, to Thee we raise our eyes;
Calm resignation we implore;
Oh! let no murmuring thought arise,
But humbly let us still adore.

2 With meek submission may we bear
Each needful cross Thou shalt ordain:
Nor think our trials too severe,
Nor dare Thy justice to arraign.

3 For though mysterious now Thy ways
To erring mortals may appear,
Hereafter we Thy name shall praise,
For all our keenest sufferings here.

4 Thy needful help, O God, afford,
Nor let us sink in deep despair;
And us to trust Thy sacred word,
And find our sweetest comfort there.

CHARLOTTE RICHARDSON.

PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT.

1 Teach me, O Life Divine, to live
So that my soul may be
A fair, sweet chamber, *ready* made
Thy dwelling-place to be;
Furnished with pure and holy thoughts,
Like draperies white and clean,
With love to Thee and love to man,
With hope and peace serene.

2 So let my life be blent with Thine,
In one sweet bundle bound,
That joy may flow thro' every vein
And heal each aching wound.
So let Thy presence fill my soul.
That thro' my silent hours
Celestial harmonies may roll,
Caught from the upper bowers.

3 So breath into my very Life
The effluence divine,
That holiness and truth and good,
May thro' my being shine;
Thus shall I live and move in Thee,
With Thee Thy being share,
Till one with Thee, the only Life,
My soul Thine image bear.

SUSAN V. ALDRICH.
Boston Mass., 1883.

Mrs. Mary A. Leavitt.

Mrs. Leavitt was born in 1829, at Vernon, Ind. Although she has written quite extensively on a variety of topics, she is most happy and effective in Missionary and Temperance literature. In these departments of this volume, she is well represented. She is an indomitable worker in the reform movements of to-day, and one of the acknowledged leaders in Temperance and Missionary work.

ELISHA AT DOTHAN.

2d Kings vi: 8-18.

1 Though all around Heaven's guards are set,
When powers of unbelief assail,
Hid are their shining cohorts yet,
Till faith illumes or lifts the vail.

2 We see, around our Dothan wall,
No heaven-sent convoy sweeping down,
But only helmèd archers tall
And marshalèd might of Syria's crown!

3 To doubt's dull ear, no help seems near,
Tho' all the air thrills with the sound
Of wafted wings, which earthward bear
The angel hosts encamping round!

4 O tear-dimmed eye, that cannot see,
From out fear's frowning mountain side,
How love beams back its light to thee
'Till all the mount is glorified.

5 O fearful one, to you is lost
The fiery chariot's wondrous light!
To you, the gleaming, mighty host
Shining 'neath shadows of your night!

6 Oh! that some golden morning's beam
Might chase the night so chill and grey!
Might o'er life's misty mountains gleam
With faith's and hope's revealing ray!

7 Elisha's prayers for th' servant's need
Echoes its pleading voice in me;
Elisha's vision let me read!
Open my eyes that I may see!

8 Show to my longing, inner sight,
The ministry which Thou hast sent;—
Adown life's barren, rugged height,
The angels of Thy Providence!

9 Oh! lead the Syrian foe away—
The doubts that darken all my air!
Come, flame-lit guard! Come, morning ray!
Let Dothan's gloom thy glory wear!

MARY A. LEAVITT.
Vernon, Ind., 1883.

Mrs. Sarah G. Miles.

Mrs. Sarah E. Miles was born in Boston, Mass., March 28, 1807. Her parents were Nathaniel W. Appleton and Sarah (Tilden) Appleton of that city. In 1833 she was married to Solomon P. Miles, at that time principal of the Boston High School. He died in 1842. Mrs. Miles, during the greater part of her life, resided in or near Boston, but her latter years were passed in Brattleboro, Vt. She died January 23, 1877. The few of her hymns which have been published were sent to the publisher by her father, who did not fail to discover their rare merit; and they were mostly composed by the writer while she was yet at a very early age. Whether produced at an earlier or a later period of life, they reveal a gift of song, a degree of culture, a depth of experience, and a spirit of Christian faith and love, which assign her a place among our best hymn-writers.

A. P. PUTNAM.
In "Singers and Songs."

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

1 Thou, who did'st stoop below
To drain the cup of woe,
Wearing the form of frail mortality;
Thy blessèd labors done,
Thy crown of victory won,
Hast passed from earth, passed to Thy home on high.

2 Our eyes behold Thee not,
Yet hast Thou not forgot
Those who have placed their hope, their trust, in Thee;
Before Thy Father's face
Thou hast prepared a place,
That where Thou art, there they may also be.

3 It was no path of flowers,
Which, through this world of ours,
Belovèd of the Father, Thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

4 O Thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife;
Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed;
Raise Thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam like the bow of promise through the cloud.

5 And, Oh! if thoughts of gloom
Should lower o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to Thee.

SARAH E. MILES, 1840.

COME AND SEE.

I.

1 Master, where abidest Thou?
Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we seek;
For the wants which press us now
Other aid is all too weak.
Canst Thou take our sins away?
May we find repose in Thee?
From the gracious lips to-day,
As of old, breathes, "Come and see."

2 Master, where abidest Thou?
We would leave the past behind;
We would scale the mountain's brow,
Learning more Thy heavenly mind.
Still, a look is all our lore,
The transforming look to Thee;
From the living Truth once more
Breathes the answer, "Come and see."

3 Master, where abidest Thou?
How shall we Thine image best
Bear in light upon our brow,
Stamp in love upon our breast?
Still, a look is all our might;
Looking draws the heart to Thee,
Sends us from the absorbing sight
With the message, "Come and see."

II.

1 Master, where abidest Thou?
All the springs of life are low,
Sin and grief our spirits bow,
And we wait Thy call to go.
From the depths of happy rest
Where the just abide with Thee
From the Voice which makes them blest
Falls the summons, "Come and see."

2 Christian, tell it to thy brother,
From life's dawning to its end;
Every hand may clasp another,
And the loneliest bring a friend;
Till the veil is drawn aside,
And from where her home shall be
Bursts upon the enfranchised Bride
The triumphant "Come and see!"

MRS. CHARLES.

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

1 Come, ever blessèd Spirit,
Thy joy let us inherit,
Thy light within us dart.
Come, Father of the poorest;
Come, with rich gifts the surest;
Come, light of every heart.

2 Thou Comforter, excelling,
Sweet guest within us dwelling,
Our consolation sweet;
In toil, Thou art our resting;
Our help when tempests breasting;
For tears, our solace meet.

3 O light, with radiance glowing,
Fill us to overflowing
With Thy most precious love;
Without Thy saving power,
Nothing has man for dower,
All else shall worthless prove.

4 Wash me, with foulness striving,
That which is parched reviving;
Pain of all wounds abate.
Make soft whate'er is rigid,
Warm Thou the spirit frigid,
Make Thou the crooked straight.

5 Thy faithfulness bestowing,
Thy goodness in us showing,
Reveal the sacred seven.
Give grace, on Thee relying,
Give victory in dying,
Give endless bliss in heaven.

ROBERT II., OF FRANCE. 971–1031.
Translated by JULIA P. BALLARD.

OH! HOW HE LOVES!

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."
Prov. xviii: 24.

1 One there is above all others,
Oh! how He loves!
His is love beyond a brother's,
Oh! how He loves!
Earthly friends may fail or leave us,
One day soothe, the next day grieve us,
But this Friend will never leave us,
Oh! how He loves.

2 'Tis eternal life to know Him,
Oh! how He loves!
Think, Oh! think how much we owe Him,
Oh! how He loves!
With His precious blood He bought us,
In the wilderness He sought us,
To His fold he safely brought us,
Oh! how He loves.

3 Thro' his name we are forgiven,
Oh! how He loves!
Backward shall our foes be driven,
Oh! how He loves!
Best of blessing He'll provide us,
Nought but good shall e'er betide us,
Safe to glory He will guide us,
Oh! how He loves.

MARIANNE NUNN.

LOVE DIVINE.

1 Love divine! we see and wonder
How so pure a thing can be;
Love divine! we read and ponder
On its wealth at Calvary.

CHO.—Love divine, love divine;
'Tis this love divine that beckons
From the cross of Calvary.

2 Love divine, that saves the sinner,
All unmeasured in its flow,
Reaching out beyond the human,
Heights above, and depths below:

3 'Tis this love constrains and quickens
What is true and good in me;
'Tis this love divine that beckons
From the cross of Calvary.

CLARA B. HEATH. 1882.
From "Songs of Delight," by permission.

BEFORE THE THRONE OF GOD.

(Tune—"*Malvern.*")
L. M
Heb. vii: 25.

1 Before the throne of God above
I have a strong, a perfect plea—
A great High Priest, whose name is Love,
Who ever lives and pleads for me.

2 My name is graven on his hands,
My name is written on his heart:
I know that while in heaven he stands,
No tongue can bid me thence depart.

3 When Satan tempts me to despair,
And tells me of the guilt within,
Upward I look, and see Him there
Who made an end of all my sin.

4 Because the sinless Saviour died,
My sinful soul is counted free;
For God, the just, is satisfied
To look on him, and pardon me.

5 One with himself, I cannot die,
My soul is purchased by his blood;
My life is hid with Christ on high,
With Christ, my Saviour and my God.

MRS. BANCROFT.
From "Spiritual Songs," edited by Rev. Chas. S. Robinson, D.D.

O THOU WHO HEAREST.

1 O Thou who hearest every cry,
Each humble prayer,
May we on Thy strong arm rely,
And rest us there.

2 No fears, no cruel doubts perplex,
And tempt us there,
No earthly cares or trials vex,
When Thou art near.

3 Riches may vanish like the night
Before the sun;
Friendships may fade, as fades the light
When day is done;

4 Loved ones may droop and swiftly pass
Away from earth,
Removing from our homes, alas!
All joy, all mirth.

5 Thy wondrous love, that wealth untold,
Shall never end;
Ever to lonely hearts, Thou wilt
Be Brother, Friend.

ORENA LEE
By per. Dr. H. R. Palmer.

JESUS IS MINE.

"And they shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels."

1 Fade, fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!

MRS. CATHERINE J. BONAR, 1843.
Wife of Rev. H. Bonar.

NONE BUT CHRIST.

1 Lend me a harp, celestial choir!
It is not meet that earthly lyre
Should strike a theme divine:
Kindle my soul with sacred fire,
Eternal spirit! me inspire;
With vital breath impel desire
Through every burning line!

2 Christ—none but Christ! to Him I sing;
To Christ the contrite spirit bring,
In humble, grateful lays:
To Him, most near, least understood,
Who waits, when fails all other good,
To take that love which, bought with blood,
The soul reluctant pays.

3 Oh! sick of disappointment's pain,
Of friendship false, ambition slain,
Of pleasure's vain control:
Weary and worn, to Him apply;
Learn from the Meek and Lowly why
There's none but Christ can satisfy
The restless, longing soul!

4 In none but Christ all fulness dwells—
The love that evermore upwells
From its pure source unspent:
The mortal feels immortal might;
Opposing natures yet unite;
The finite claims the Infinite,
With none but Christ content.

5 Oh! none but Christ remains the same,
While faints and flickers every flame
By human passion fed:
He living food alone supplies;
The heart, a-hungered, eager tries
Earth's nourishment—grows sick and dies:
Christ only is true bread.

6 Grow strong, my soul, on Christ alone!
Shine in the likeness of His own;
Filled with His fulness be;
Cherish no hope, no love, no aim,
That is not blended with His name;
His glory be thy only fame:
None, none but Christ for me!

ELIZABETH C. KINNEY.
February, 1860

THE NAME

1 The Saviour! Oh! what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 The almighty Former of the skies
Stooped to our vile abode;
While angels viewed with wondering eyes
And hailed the incarnate God.

3 Oh! the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On Thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath Thy cross I fall;
My Lord, My Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All!

ANNE STEELE.

NONE BUT CHRIST

1 None but Christ: His merit hides me,
He was faultless—I am fair;
None but Christ: His wisdom guides me,
He was out-cast—I am His care.

2 None but Christ: His spirit seals me,
Gives me freedom, with control;
None but Christ: His bruising heals me,
And His sorrows soothe my soul.

3 None but Christ: His life sustains me,
Strength and song to me He is.
None but Christ: His love constrains me,
He is mine and I am His:

4 His while living—His when dying—
His at judgment's solemn tryst;
Even in heaven on Him relying,
I will boast of "none but Christ.

[illegible]
Author of "Glory, glory [illegible]

BLEST COMFORTER DIVINE.

S. M.

1 Blest Comforter Divine,
Whose rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness shine,
And point our souls above;

2 Thou, whose inspiring breath
Can make the cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death
A smile of glory wear;

3 Thou, who dost fill the heart
With love to all our race—
Blest Comforter, to us impart
The blessings of Thy grace.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

JESUS IS MY FRIEND.

1 Since Jesus is my friend,
And I to Him belong,
It matters not what foes intend,
However fierce and strong.

2 He whispers in my breast
Sweet words of holy cheer,
How they who seek in God their rest
Shall ever find Him near;—

3 How God hath built above
A city fair and new,
Where eye and heart shall see and prove
What faith has counted true.

4 My heart for gladness springs;
It cannot more be sad;
For very joy it smiles and sings,—
Sees naught but sunshine glad.

5 The sun that lights mine eyes
Is Christ, the Lord I love;
I sing for joy of that which lies
Stored up for me above.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH, TR.

THE PROMISE.

C. M.

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter bequeathed,
With us on earth to dwell.

2 He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue;
All powerful as the wind He came,
And all as viewless, too.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to fix His rest.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Is His and His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace!
Our weakness pitying see;
Oh! make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
Purer and worthier Thee!

HARRIET AUBER
Died 1862.

Louisa Henrietta.

[Written by Louisa Henrietta, Electress of Brandenburg, ancestress of the present Emperor William of Germany, born 1627, died 1667. Translated by Lady Von Grunewalt, of Reval, Russia.]

JESU MEINE ZUVERSICHT.

1 Jesus, on whom my soul relies,
To whom it now for safety flies;
Can I not trust myself with Thee,
When death's long night seems dark to me?

2 Christ is risen, and I shall rise,
I shall behold Him with mine eyes—
For He, the living, glorious "Head,"
Leaves not His members with the dead.

Safety in Christ, my Lord, I've found,
To Him by faith and hope I'm bound,
Not death itself the bands can sever
That bind my soul to Him forever.

4 My body, that must turn to dust,
To Him forever I will trust;
I know that it will rise again,
Will soar above, with Christ will reign.

5 The seed in weakness here is sown,
A glorious body there 'twill own;
The mortal flesh that slumbering lies,
Immortal from the grave will rise.

6 Rejoice, believers, and be glad,
Not yours to be cast down and sad;
If ye must die, 'tis but to rise
And dwell with Christ above the skies.

7 Yet, of His joys would ye partake,
And in your Saviour's likeness wake,
The longing heart must go before,
The soul whilst here its Lord adore.

THE SOURCE OF TRUE DELIGHT

1 Thou lovely Source of true delight,
Whom I unseen adore!
Unvail Thy beauties to my sight,
That I may love Thee more.

2 Thy glory o'er creation shines;
But in Thy sacred word
I read in fairer, brighter lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

3 'Tis here, whene'er my comforts droop,
And sins and sorrows rise,
Thy love with cheerful beams of hope,
My fainting heart supplies.

4 Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
Oh! come with blissful ray;
Break radiant thro' the shade of night
And chase my fears away.

5 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
The wonders of Thy love;
But the full glories of Thy face
Are only known above.

ANNE STEELE.

THOU.

1 Father, O Father! surrounded with ills,
Dangers beset me, and evils betide,
Yet through the valleys, and over the hills
Thou art my guide.

2 When through the stormy and perilous night,
Feebly, with faltering footsteps, I grope;
Having no refuge, nor shelter, nor light;
Thou art my hope!

3 Life hath no beauty my heart to ensnare,
Death hath no terror my soul to appall;
Hid in Thy love's overshadowing care,
Thou art my all.

MARY F. TUCKER.
From a poem entitled "Thou."

CONSTANCY OF CHRIST.

Isa. xlix: 14.

1 A mother may forgetful be,
For human love is frail;
But thy Creator's love to thee,
O Zion, cannot fail.

2 No, thy dear name engraven stands,
In characters of love,
On thy almighty Father's hands;
And never shall remove.

3 Before His ever-watchful eye
Thy mournful state appears,
And every groan, and every sigh,
Divine compassion hears.

4 O Zion, learn to doubt no more,
Be every fear suppressed;
Unchanging truth, and love, and power,
Dwell in thy Saviour's breast.

ANNE STEELE.

FROM A POEM ENTITLED I MUST PRAY.

1 I am weary of this turmoil, din and strife,
I am weary of earth's jostling, selfish way;
I am weary of my sinning, of my groaning, of my life,
Then, O closet still and holy,
Open to me: bending lowly
I would enter, I would pray.

2 Oh! to enter, but with Jesus, where 'tis still,
There to pour out unreproved my pent-up tears;
In that hush to list His praying, "Righteous Father, keep from ill;"
Then, O closet still and holy,
Sacred closet, bending lowly,
Take me where the Father hears.

AMELIA SWANSON QUINTON.
Philadelphia, 1885.

REFUGE.

1 Dear Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But Oh! when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine.
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

ANNE STEELE.

REFLECTIONS AFTER READING THE FORTY-FIRST PSALM.

1 "God is our refuge," when a gale
Of trouble round us wildly blows,
Till hope and faith and courage fail,
And we, reviled by cruel foes,
Eagerly look for some safe place
Wherein to hide from foe and storm,
Oh! then the thought is grandly sweet,
God is our refuge and retreat.

2 God is strength when pain and grief
Have tortured us till strength is gone,
And life appears a dismal night,
Without a star, without a dawn,
Then like a sunbeam, warm and clear,
Dispelling all our doubt and gloom,
Gilding our pathway's breadth and length
Comes the blest thought, God is our strength.

3 God is our very present help,
In time of trouble and of need,
Oh! blessed anchor for our trust,
Oh! safe foundation for our creed.
Let toil, perplexity and pain,
Heart-ache and tears our portion prove,
All will but make us more and more
Our Refuge, Strength and Help adore.

ANNIE FULLER
Savannah, Ga., 1883

Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown.

Mrs. Phoebe H. Brown was born in 1783. "The origin of the following hymn is interesting. It was Mrs. Brown's habit to retire some distance from her house every day at a certain hour for meditation and prayer. The well-beaten path to the grove was discovered, and she was ridiculed by some thoughtless neighbor. Her son (a clergyman) relates the fact that this beautiful hymn was then written, expressive of her love of the hour and the place of prayer. Mrs. Brown died in Ill., in 1861." (American Collection.)

RETIREMENT.

1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

MRS. PHOEBE HINSDALE BROWN.

THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

1 I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
And His Spirit and blood make my cleansing complete
And His perfect love casteth out fear.

Cho.—Oh! come to this valley of blessing so sweet,
Where Jesus will fullness bestow—
And believe, and receive, and confess him,
That all His salvation may known.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary worn traveller's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets His covenant seal.

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at His feet,
Crying "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

ANNIE WITTENMYER.

Miss Ellen Oliver.

Miss Ellen Oliver has written hymns of rare sweetness and power. A stranger recently visiting New York City, heard her "Prayer of the Wanderer" sung at a morning service. Attending a different place of worship in the evening he listened to its sweet strains from another choir, and the congregation were visibly affected by the rendition. After service he ventured to go forward and ask the organist the name of the piece which had so touched the hearts of singers and hearers. The following is the hymn referred to.

PRAYER OF THE WANDERER.

1 Saviour, I am weary, weary
Of my wanderings from Thee.
All my days are dreary, dreary:
Only darkness do I see.
Take me in Thy arms, O Jesus!
I would fain become Thy child.
Let me feel Thy loving kindness:
Soothe me with Thine accents mild.
Yes, my child, I know how dreary
Thou hast found the path of sin,
I have watched thee growing weary,
And have yearned thy soul to win.
Come to me, and I will give thee
Rest from all this bitter strife.
Come to me for strength and guidance:
I'm the Way, the Truth, the Life.
I'm the Way.

2 Far from Thee I'm straying, straying,
In a wilderness of sin.
Dost Thou hear me, praying, praying,
Thy blest Fold to enter in?
Take my hand in Thine, O Saviour!
Lead me far from doubt and strife,
Keep my feet from straying ever;
Guide them in the path of life.
Yes, my child, I hear thee praying,
Hear thy cry of sore distress.
Ever near thee I've been staying,
Waiting all thy life to bless.
Lay thy hand in mine, O wanderer,
Let thy care and doubting cease;
Only trust and I will lead thee
Safe to rest and home and peace.
Rest and home.

3 Death is drawing nearer, nearer:
Life is ebbing day by day.
Let Thy love grow dearer, dearer:
Make it brighten all the way.
Grant me grace, O gentle Saviour!
For each coming hour of need;
Let me feel Thy presence ever,
Till I see Thy face indeed.
Fear not, child, tho' foes may rally,
I'll disarm their threatening power.
Fear thou not, though death's dark valley
Shadow e'en the present hour.

Lean on me, my grace sufficient,
Shall support thee all the way.
I will comfort, love and guide thee
Through the night to perfect day.
Perfect day.

ELLEN OLIVER.
Troy, Pa., 1878.
Set to music, and copyrighted 1878, by S. L. Condè.

PRAYER.

1 When watching those we love and prize
Till all of life and hope be fled;
When we have gazed on sightless eyes,
And gently stay'd the falling head:
Then what can soothe the stricken heart,
What solace overcome despair;
What earthly breathing can impart
Such healing balm as lonely prayer?

2 When fears and perils thicken fast,
And many dangers gather round;
When human aid is vain and past,
No mortal refuge to be found;
Then can we firmly lean on Heaven,
And gather strength to meet and bear:
No matter where the storm has driven,
A saving anchor lies in prayer.

3 O God! how beautiful the thought,
How merciful the blessed decree,
That grace can e'er be found when sought,
And nought shut out the soul from Thee.
The cell may cramp, the fetters gall,
The flame may scorch, the rack may tear;
But torture-stake or prison wall
Can be endured with faith and prayer.

4 In deserts wild, in midnight gloom;
In grateful joy, in trying pain;
In laughing youth or nigh the tomb;
Oh! where is prayer unheard or vain?
The Infinite, the King of kings,
Will never need the when or where;
He'll ne'er reject the heart that brings
The offering of fervent prayer.

ELIZA COOK.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Psalm civ: 34.

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Blest is the tranquil break of morn,
And blest the hush of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer upborne,
This fair, but transient, world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With clear and beauteous hopes of heaven.

4 No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind!

5 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful, filial prayer to Thee!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

MY PRAYER.

1 Hold me closer, closer, Jesus,
Draw me nearer to Thy breast:
Could I feel Thine arms around me
All my fears were hushed to rest.

2 Could I ever hear Thee whisper,
"Child, I love thee—thou art Mine,"
My poor lips would surely answer,
"Lord, my heart is wholly Thine."

3 Could I trust my Heavenly Father
Like a clinging little child;
Resting, "leaning hard" upon Him,
Tho' the storm blew fierce and wild,

4 Then my peace were like a river
When its waves lie fast asleep,
Not one woe could swell my bosom,
Not one grief could make me weep.

5 But I know thou'lt not reject me,
Tho' my faith be weak and small;
Tho' earth's shadows sometimes blind me,
Thy dear blood shall cover all.

MARIE BELL.

A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

A little talk with Jesus, how it soothes the rugged road!
How it seems to help me onward when I faint beneath my load!
When my heart is crushed with sorrow, and my eyes with tears are dim,
There's naught can yield me comfort, like a little talk with Him.

LET NOT THE SUN GO DOWN UPON YOUR WRATH.

1 "Father, forgive us," is our daily prayer.
When the worn spirit feels its helpless dearth;
Yet, in our lowly greatness, do we dare
To seek from Heaven what we refuse on earth.
Too often will the bosom, sternly proud,
Bear shafts of vengeance on its graveward path;
Deaf to the teaching that has cried aloud,
"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

2 We ask for mercy from the God above,
In morning worship and in vesper song;
And let us kindly shed the balm of love,
To heal and soothe a brother's deed of wrong.
If ye would crush the bitter thorns of strife,
And strew the bloom of peace around your path—
If ye would drink the sweetest streams of life,
"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

3 Were this remember'd, many a human lot
Would find more blessing in our home below;
The chequer'd world would lose its darkest blot,
And mortal record tell much less of woe.
The sacred counsels of the Wise impart
No holier words in all that language hath;
For light divine is kindled where the heart
Lets not the sun go down upon its wrath.

ELIZA COOK.

FORGIVENESS.

"Forgive us our sins, for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us." Luke xi. 12. Revised version.

1 Forgive us, Lord, because we have forgiven,
Not as we have forgiven, is our prayer;
Earth is so lower far than highest heaven,
Man is not even as the angels are,
And thou to angels art as sun to star.

2 Measure thy pity, not in our poor scale,
But in thine own which weighs eternities;
We do our little part, we strive, we fail;
Our wine of charity has bitter lees,
Our best unselfishness seeks self to please.

3 Our purest gold with base alloy is dim,
Our fairest fruit hangs tainted on the tree,
Our sweetest song heard by the seraphim,
Would all discordant and unlovely be
Save for the charity they learn from thee.

4 But thou canst pour forgiveness with a word
O'er countless worlds, an all-embracing ray;
Beyond our hopes, our best deserving, Lord,
Forgive us, then, and we in our poor way
Shall catch Thy higher meaning as we pray.

"SUSAN COOLIDGE."
Sunday School Times. 1883.

PRAYER OF FORGIVENESS AND ACCEPTANCE.

1 What'er I've done amiss,
Father, forgive;
What'er I've done aright,
Father, receive.

2 Forgive my vanity,
Self-love and pride,
And my forgetfulness
Of Him who died.

3 Accept my love and trust,
My sighs and tears;
Whisper forgiving love,
Quelling my fears.

4 Shine on my trembling soul,
Light of all lights;
Scatter, with warmth divine,
All that affrights.

5 Oh! make me truly Thine;
Take Sin away;
Let the blest dawn appear,
Of perfect day.

CARRIE L. POST.
Springfield, Ill., 1883.

BE PITIFUL, O GOD.

L. M.

1 O Son of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead!
O Son of man, so pitying found
For all the tears thy people shed!

2 Be with us in this darkened place,—
This weary, restless, dangerous night;
And teach, Oh! teach us, by thy grace,
To struggle onward into light!

3 And since, in God's recording book,
Our sins are written, every one,—
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,
The good we knew, and left undone;—

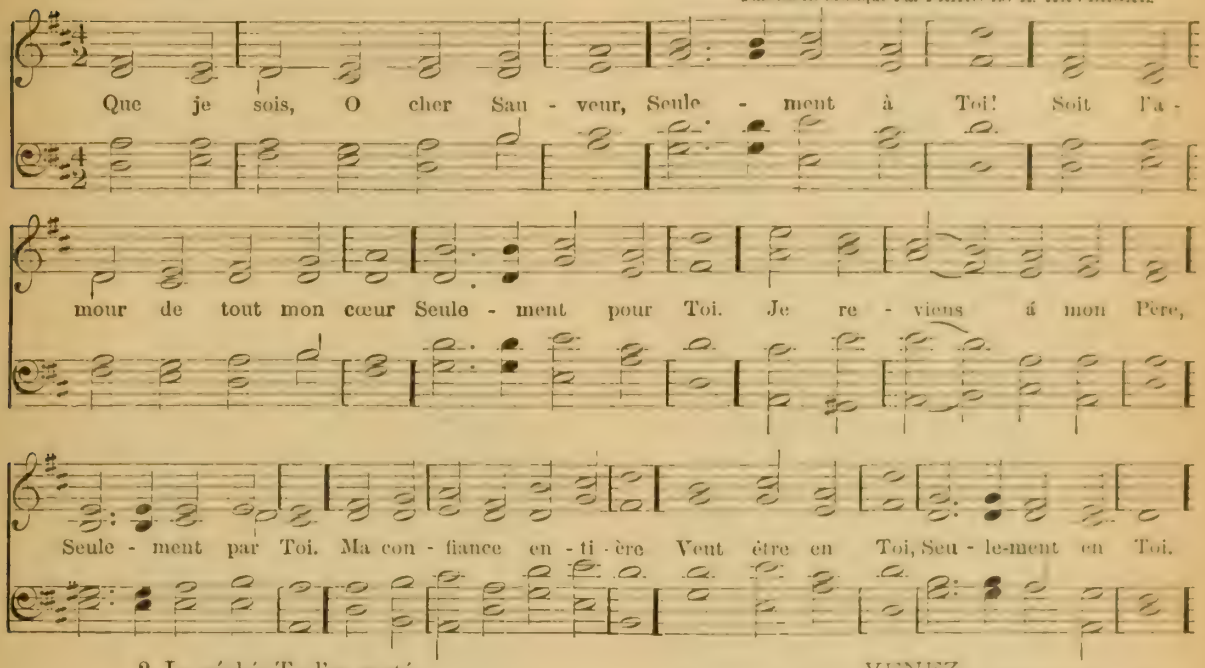
4 Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard,
And ere before Thy face we stand,
Look Thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with Thy bleeding hand.

MRS. CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.
Born 1823.

SEULEMENT POUR TOI.

A few of Miss Havergal's hymns, written in the French language, having been kindly sent by her sister, it has been decided to insert a portion of them, at least. There are some French ladies in America who may enjoy singing them, and there are not a few of our own women who are familiar with that language, and may while away a pleasant hour with them. The rhythm and movement will be found charming, smooth and graceful.

Paroles Et Musique Par FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.



2 Le péché, Tu l'as porté
Seul, seul pour moi;
Et Ton sang Tu l'as versé
Seul, seul pour moi.
Toute gloire, toute joie
Sera pour Toi:
Et l'espérance et la foi
Seront en Toi,
Seulement en Toi.

3 Aujourd'hui, mon cher Seigneur,
Accepte-moi!
Toi seul es mon grand Sauveur
Toi seul mon Roi.
Tous mes moments, tous mes jours
Seront pour Toi!
Jésus, garde-moi toujours
Seulement pour Toi,
Seulement pour Toi.

4 Que je chante, et que je pleure,
Seulement pour Toi!
Que je vive et que je meure
Seulement pour Toi!
Jésus, qui m'as tant aimé
Mourant pour moi,
Toute mon éternité
Sera pour Toi,
Seulement pour Toi!

VENEZ.

Tu as reçu des dons pour les hommes, et même pour les rebelles. Psaume lxviii. 18.

1 Venez, car Jésus est la vie!
C'est pour vous qu'il voulut mourir;
Son Esprit descendra dans votre âme ravie....
Venez à lui! .... Pourquoi périr?

2 Venez, car une paix profonde
De sa croix découle vers nous;
Son sang fut repandu pour le péché du monde....
Cette paix, la possédez-vous?

3 Venez, car l'existence est dure,
Pleine de labeur et de fiel;
Le repos qu'il vous offre est un repos qui dure,
Dans sa grâce, puis dans son ciel.

4 Venez, car il donne la joie
Acquise au prix de ses douleurs,
Pur rayon de soleil que d'en haut il envoie,
Resplendissant parmi nos pleurs.

5 Venez, car il est l'amour même,
Un fleuve, un océan d'amour;
O! ne le fuyez point! Comme il m'aime il vous aime
Approchez-vous à votre tour!

6 Venez, car il met toute chose
Dans la main vide de la foi;
Sur sa fidelité que chacun se repose....
N'a-t-il pas dit: "Venez à moi!"

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. 1876.

PER PACEM AD LUCEM.

1 I do not ask, O Lord! that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord! I plead:
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter, and though heart should bleed—
Through Peace to Light.

2 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here:
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see,—
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand
And follow Thee.
Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOR.

JESUS, THOU DIVINE COMPASSION.

1 Jesus, Thou divine compassion,
Still dost Thou for others feel;
When our hearts are pierced and riven,
Still before Thy feet we kneel.

2 Thou did'st pity, Thou did'st love us,
When on earth Thy footsteps trod;
Take our hearts, so tried and tempted,
Take and bear them on to God.

3 Be the tie which holds together
Man and God, below, above;
Thou divinely human Master,
Sweet Compassion! Perfect Love.

HARRIET TYNG GRISWOLD, 1883.

CRY OF THE CHURCH.

1 Jesus, Saviour! pass not by—
Pass not by!
Lo! we join, as one, to cry,
"Bless us also, pass not by!"
Lord, fulfill Thy promise now,
Pour Thy Spirit while we bow;
Turn to us, as one we cry,
"Pass not by!"

2 We have heard Thy footsteps near—
Pass not by!
Pause, behold the pleading tear,
Listen to the longing sigh;
Jesus, Saviour, come at last,
Lest, in blessing, we be passed;
When Thy Spirit is so nigh,
Pass not by!

3 Prostrate in Thy path we lie,
Pass not by!
Lest our very faith should die,—
Lord, we perish, pass not by!
To Thy garments we will cling,
All our need before Thee bring;
Son of David, hear our cry—
Pass not by!

4 Lord, we cannot let Thee go,
Pass not by!
In our midst Thy presence show,
Till Thou bless us we will cry;
Breathe, Oh! breathe on us, we pray!
Tarry not, Lord, come to-day,
While we wait, and watch, and cry.
Pass not by!

MRS. E. C. KINNEY.
Summit, N. J., 1883.

LET ME BE WITH THEE.

1 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and forever blest.

2 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wandering heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

3 Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

4 Let me be with Thee where Thou art;
Where none can die, where none remove;
There neither death nor life will part
Me from Thy presence and Thy love.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT. 1837.

O THOU, THE CONTRITE SINNER'S FRIEND

1 O Thou, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who, loving, lovest them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,—
That Thou wilt plead for me.

2 When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, Oh! plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away;
Oh! say Thou plead'st for me.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT, 1837.

Eliza Cook.

Eliza Cook was born in Southwark, Eng., in 1817. She obtained poetical celebrity by contributions which appeared in various periodicals and newspapers. Her poetry was afterwards collected in a volume, which appeared in 1840 in London. A magazine entitled "Eliza Cook's Journal," was established by her in September, 1849, appearing for some years. A pension of $500 a year from the Government was conferred upon her in recognition of her literary talents. Some of her poetical productions have obtained a world-wide renown, and all English and American hymnology is enriched by her songs of Submission, Faith and Trust. She is still living (1884) in Surrey, England, and although the effects of age are noticeable, she yet contributes to various magazines.

THY KINGDOM COME.

1 'Tis human lot to meet and bear
The common ills of human life;
There's not a breast but hath its share
Of bitter pain and vexing strife.
The peasant in his lowly shed,
The noble 'neath a gilded dome,
Each will at some time bow his head,
And ask and hope, "Thy kingdom come!"

2 When some deep sorrow, surely slow,
Despoils the cheek and eats the heart,
Laying our busy projects low,
And bidding all earth's dreams depart—
Do we not smile, and calmly turn
From the wide world's tumultuous hum,
And feel the immortal essence yearn,
Rich with the thought, "Thy Kingdom come?"

3 The waves of care may darkly bound
And buffet, till, our strength outworn,
We stagger as they gather round,
All shattered, weak, and tempest-torn:
But there's a lighthouse for the soul,
That beacons to a stormless home;
It safely guides through roughest tides—
It shines, it saves! "Thy kingdom come!"

4 To gaze upon the loved in death,
To mark the closing, beamless eye,
To press dear lips and find no breath—
This, this is life's worst agony
But God, too merciful, too wise
To leave the lone one in despair,
Whispers, while snatching those we prize,
"My kingdom come!—ye'll meet them there!"

ELIZA COOK.

THE BRIDGE OF PRAYER.

1 The bridge of prayer, from heavenly heights suspended,
Unites the earth with spirit-realms in space.
The interests of these separate worlds are blended
For those whose feet turn often toward that place.

2 In troubled nights of sorrow and repining,
When joy and hope seem sunk in dark despair,
We still may see, above the shadows shining,
The gleaming archway of the bridge of prayer.

3 From that fair height, our souls may lean and listen
To sounds of music from the farther shore,
And through the vapors, sometimes dear eyes glisten
Of loved ones who have hastened on before.

4 And angels come from their celestial city
And meet us half-way on the bridge of prayer.
God sends them forth full of divinest pity,
To strengthen us for burdens we must bear.

5 O you whose feet walk in some shadowed by-way
Far from the scenes of pleasure and delight,
Still free to you hangs this suspended highway,
Where heavenly glories dawn upon the sight.

6 And common paths glow with a grace supernal,
And happiness walks hand in hand with care,
And faith becomes a knowledge fixed, eternal,
For those who often seek the Bridge of Prayer.

ELLA WHEELER.
Milwaukee, Wis., 1884.

SAVIOUR OF MEN.

6s and 4s.

1 Oh! bring me near to Thee,
Thou who art dear to me,
Jesus, appear to me,
Saviour of men!
Oh! hear my humble cry,
Thou who art passing by,
Thou who did'st bleed and die,
Saviour of men!

2 Thou, who the raven hears,
List to my doubts and fears,
Dry up my falling tears,
Saviour of men!
On Thee my soul relies,
Thou who art good and wise,
Thou art my sacrifice
Saviour of men!

3 Take all my sins away,
Give me Thy love, I pray,
Lead me to open day,
Saviour of men!
Low at Thy feet I lie,
Fain would I rise and fly,
Thine through eternity,
Saviour of men!

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.
Set to music by S. Wesley Martin.

Felicia Hemans.

Felicia Hemans was born in Liverpool, England, in 1793, and educated in Wales, that region of mountainous scenery. At the age of thirteen, her first poems were published. At nineteen, she was married to Capt. Hemans, but the union was unhappy, and they separated. She died in Dublin, at the house of her brother, in 1835. Her poems are full of pathos, tenderness, and beauty.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

1 Child, amid the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze at eve
Call'd thy harvest work to leave;
Pray! Ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

2 Traveler, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea;
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

3 Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie;
Heaven's first star alike ye see,
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

FELICIA HEMANS.

SUPPLICATIONS.

1 Almighty Father! keep my heart,
And never, never let me part
With all the joy Thy love doth give,
While in this mortal frame I live.

2 Help me to lift my heart to Thee,
When doubt or trial vexes me;
And, Oh! my Saviour! much in need
Thy pardon for my sins I plead.

3 O Holy Spirit! fill with grace
This longing heart,—I seek Thy face,
My Father! Saviour! and adore;
Be Thou my strength forevermore.

ELIZA A. HOTCHKISS.
Westville, New Haven, Conn., 1882.

Ann Eliza Schuyler.

Ann Eliza Schuyler was born in New York, in 1752. She was married to J. J. Bleecker in 1769, and lived in Poughkeepsie, from which place she afterwards removed to Tomhanick, and spent several years amidst the wild scenes of that romantic spot. In 1777 the approach of Burgoyne's army from Canada spread terror and dismay through that section, and sadly disturbed the peaceful happiness of her home in the wilderness.

Her husband hastened to Albany to prepare a refuge for his family, and no sooner had he gone, than the news came that the enemy was within two miles, burning and killing all before them. She immediately started off on foot, with a daughter clinging to each side, and attended only by a young mulatto girl, left her house and everything a prey to the savages. Finding shelter when night came on, she was again, at early morn, on her way, when she met her husband returning for the family. They set sail down the Hudson, after reaching Albany, intending to seek safety from the enemy at Redhook. But the poor woman was overtaken by a fierce affliction, from the sword and flame of which there was no escaping. Her younger daughter was taken ill and died. Mrs. Bleecker never recovered from the blow, which came upon her when her nervous system was already quite prostrated by the ordeals through which she had just passed. After the capture of Burgoyne, she returned to her former home, but never regained her wonted cheerfulness. One day in August a party of the enemy seized her husband and two of his men while at work in the harvest field, and carried them off prisoners. After an absence of six days, during which his wife endured the most sickening anguish of the most frightful suspense and conjecture, he was retaken by some Americans and returned home. She visited her native city after peace was restored; but the havoc war had made among the scenes of her early days weighed heavily upon her spirits, and she soon sank under the weight. She returned to her home at Tomhanick, and died in Nov. 1783, aged thirty-one. Friends published her poems in 1793. They have no very marked characteristics, but are sweet and generally mournful; yet the events of her life confer a degree of interest upon her productions. A delicate woman cultivating the elegant arts of refined society, while dwelling in regions of savage wildness, among scenes of alarm and bloodshed, is a spectacle too striking not to claim attention. One hymn is given below, as a specimen of her religious poems, and one stanza of the poem entitled:

RETURN TO TOMHANICK.

Hail, happy shades! though clad with heavy snows,
At sight of you, with joy my bosom glows;
Ye arching pines, that bow with every breeze,
Ye poplars, elms, all hail! my well-known trees!
And now my peaceful mansion strikes my eye,
And now the tinkling rivulet I spy;
My little garden, Flora, hast thou kept,
And watched my pinks and lilies while I wept.

REGARD MY ANGUISH.

(Tune,— "*Refuge or Martyn.*)

1 Jesus Christ! regard my anguish,
Oh! commiserate my pain;
Bid my soul no longer languish,
Bid my spirit not complain.

2 'Tis my comfort Thou'rt omniscient,
All my griefs are known to Thee,
Saviour! Thou art all sufficient,
To relieve a wretch like me.

3 Now Thy clemency discover,
Give my wounded soul repose,
E'er my transient life is over,
E'er my sorrowing eyelids close.

4 By thy passion, I conjure thee,
By thy painful sweat of blood;
Let my sighing come before Thee,
Seal my pardon, now, with God.

ANN ELIZA BLEECKER. 1780.

HOW SHALL I PRAY?

1 Father, how can I thus be bold to pray
That Thou shalt grant me that, or spare me this?
How should my ignorance not go astray,
How should my foolish lips not speak amiss
And ask for woe when fain they would ask bliss?

2 How shall I dare to prompt Thee, the All-wise,
To show me kindness?—Thou art ever kind.
What is my feeble craving in Thine eyes
Which view the centuries vast before, behind,
And sweep unnumbered worlds like viewless wind?

3 Thy goodness ordereth what thing shall be,
Thy wisdom knoweth even my inmost want;
Why should I raise a needless prayer to Thee,
Or importune Omnipotence to grant
My wishes, dim, short-sighted, ignorant?

4 And yet I come,—for Thou hast bidden and said.
But not to weary Thee, or specify
A wish, but rather with this prayer instead:
"O Lord, Thou knowest—give it or deny,
Fill up the cup of joy, or pass me by."

5 Just as Thou wilt is just what I would will;
Give me but this, the heart to be content,
And if my wish is thwarted, to lie still,
Waiting till puzzle and till pain are spent,
And the sweet thing made plain which the Lord meant.

"SUSAN COOLIDGE."
In Sunday School Times.
New Ipswich, N. H., 1883.

SAVIOUR, I COME TO THEE.

1 Saviour, I come to Thee,
A weary child, with pain and care opprest;
Oh! let me lean this aching, burden'd heart
Upon Thy loving breast!

2 The way is very dark;
I cannot see it, Lord, through these my tears!
Take Thou my hand and draw me up to Thee
Through all the lonely years.

3 I have no strength, dear Lord;
Oh! let me lie where I can kiss Thy feet,
And look up from the dust into Thine eyes
That are so true and sweet!

4 Speak to me soft and low,
My spirit yearneth for one little word
To cheer the still, sad silence of my life;
One word from Thee, O Lord!

O, Saviour, speak to me;
And, as the river falls into the sea,
And sinks to sleep, so this my wearied heart
Shall find its rest in Thee.

MRS. E. T. FOX.

THE MERCY-SEAT.

1 Dear Father, to Thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If Thou, my God, are near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let Thy kind, Thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust Thy power and love,
And dwell beneath Thy feet.

ANNE STEELE.

PRAYER FOR SUBMISSION.

1 Father, Oh! hear me now!
Father divine!
Thou, only Thou, canst see
The heart's deep agony,
Help me to say to Thee
"Thy will, not mine!"

2 O Lord! be Thou my stay
In this dark hour;
Kindly each sorrow hear,
Hush Thou each trembling fear,
Thee let me still revere,
Still own Thy pow'r.

3 In Thee alone, I trust,
Thou Holy One!
Humbly to Thee I pray
That, through each troubled day
Of life, I still may say,
"Thy will be done."

ANNA W. HALL.

O THOU, BEFORE WHOSE RADIANT SHRINE.

1 O Thou, before whose radiant shrine,
Entranced, adoring seraphs bend;
Eternal Source of light divine!
Wilt Thou Thy hallowed ear incline,
And mortal prayer attend!
Yes, Father! yes, benignant Power!
Around Thee beams fair mercy's purest ray;
No awful terrors 'round Thee lower,
Save when in judgment's dreaded hour
Thou bid'st creation tremble and obey.

2 Then, rob'd in darkness and in clouds,
That solemn veil Thy glory shrouds,
Chaos and night Thy dark pavilion form:
Thy Spirit on the whirlwind rides,
Impels the unresisting tides,
Glares in the lightning, rushes in the storm;
But Thou wilt meet the suppliant eye,
And Thou wilt mark the lowly sigh,
And Thou the holy tear wilt see,
Which penitence devotes to Thee;
That sigh Thy breezes waft to heaven,
That holy tear is grateful incense given.
Low, humble, sad to Thee I bend,
Oh! listen from Thy blest abode,
And though celestial hymns ascend,
Oh! deign a mortal's prayer attend,
My Father and my God.

3 Teach me, if hope, if joy be mine,
To bless Thy bounteous hand divine;
And still with trembling homage raise
A grateful paean of exalted praise.

4 When deep affliction wounds my soul,
Still let me own Thy mild control;
Teach me, submissive and resigned,
To calm the tempest of the mind;
To lift the meek adoring eye,
Suppress the tear, and hush the sigh;
Gaze on one bright unclouded star,
And hail the "Dayspring" from afar;
Bid angel-faith dispel surrounding gloom,
And soar on cherub wing beyond the tomb.

MRS. HEMANS.

ADOPTION.

Heb. xii: 7.

1 My God, my Father, blissful name!
Oh! may I call Thee mine?
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 Whate'er Thy providence denies
I calmly would resign,
For Thou art good and just and wise;
Oh! bend my will to Thine!

3 Whate'er Thy sacred will ordains,
Oh! give me strength to bear!
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust His tender care.

4 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
To my weak, erring sight;
Yet let my soul adoring own
That all Thy ways are right.

ANNE STEELE.

SUBMISSION.

Mark xiv: 36.

1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Oh! may Thy will be mine;
Into Thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as Thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear:
Since Thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with Thee,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with Thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, Thy will be done!

JANE BORTHWICK.
Born 1825.
Tr. from the German of Schmolk.

PRAYER FOR GRACE AND MERCY.

"For we have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities."

1 Lord, we hear the heavenly call,
At Thy throne we humbly fall,
Boldly seek Thy promised grace,
And the favor of Thy face.

2 For we have not an high priest
Far from us, as west from east,
Whom we cannot touch or find;
Christ is near, and Christ is kind.

3 If our hearts have opened been,
He hath passed the portals in,
Supped with us, and we with Him;
He will guide our pathway dim.

4 Humbly then our hearts we lay
At Thy feet, and meekly pray
Grace to help in time of need,
Mercy for each thought and deed.

EMILY PUTNAM WILLIAMS.
Aug. 1882.

LET ME LEAN ON THEE.

1 When my way is hedged about me,
Hedged with thorns of care:
When the cross I loved so dearly
Seems too hard to bear;
When my heart is bowed in sorrow,
And no light I see,
Lord, Thy tender mercy pleading,
Let me lean on Thee.

2 Oh! for faith to cast behind me
Every sad complaint;
Faith to run and not be weary,
Walk and never faint;
Thou dost know and feel my weakness;
Saviour, look on me;
Now Thy tender mercy pleading,
Let me lean on Thee.

3 Closer let Thine arms enfold me,
Closer to Thy breast
Draw my weary, trembling spirit,
Calm its doubts to rest;
Give me strength for every burden
Thou hast borne for me;
Lord, Thy tender mercy pleading,
Let me lean on Thee.

FANNY CROSBY VAN ALSTYNE.

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Mrs. Isadore E. Jeffery.

Mrs. Isadore G. Jeffery (*née* Gilbert) has written many poems of a high order for many of the most prominent papers of the religious press. She has for years been a constant contributor to "The Advance," and fills a responsible position in the office of that popular and valuable religious weekly.

THY WILL BE DONE.

1 O Father! teach me how to pray this prayer
With my whole wayward soul;
Teach me of true submission to Thy care,
Thy merciful control.

2 I say it, but back thro' the empty air
Fall echoes, nothing more;
Brain, heart and soul conflict, faith strives with fear;
I doubt, and still adore.

3 This conflict is not prayer, bid it depart;
Fold all my life in thine;
Teach me to bow the head, to hush the heart;
Fulfill Thy will in mine.

4 Divided nature, strange deflected will,
God only can control,
And hush thee into harmony, to fill
The yearning of thy soul.

5 Where is the answer that's so long delayed?
O God of righteousness!
What hidden purpose hath the blessing stay'd?
Teach me to trust in this.

6 I'll give up all! Thy will be done, how, where;
Thou seest best and right:
Only reveal Thy shining presence, near;
'Twill brighten all the night.

7 Here lies the open secret of all joy,
The conquest of all pain;—
Christ, the New Testament Shekinah, nigh,
God manifest to men!

ISADORE G. JEFFERY.
Chicago, Ill., 1882.

Fannie Lindsley Fancher.

Fannie Lindsley Fancher's hymns and sacred poems have brought comfort to sad hearts, and have received appreciation and commendation from a large circle of friends and acquaintances. The sweet spirit of consecration and submission expressed in her hymns, finds an echo in many hearts who have shared the same experiences

SUBMISSION.

(Tune, *Worc.*)

1 Dear Father, when we ask of Thee,
An earnest plea, an anxious plea,
Help us to ask of Thee divine:
Thy will not mine,
Not mine but Thine.

2 Too prone are we to plead this way,
Give that, O Lord, not this, I pray,
And that we yearn for, pray for, gain;
Gives naught but pain,
Severest pain.

3 Thy will may lead through thorny maze,
May fill with sorrow here our days;
Then take our hand, we groping see
Our way to Thee,
Draw us to Thee.

4 Thou, only Thou, each heart can read,
Can only feel, and give its need;
Oh! if through crosses we must live,
Submission give,
Submission give.

FANNY L. FANCHER, 1875.

ASPIRATION.

1 How oft I see it in my dreams!
A sunny table-land of calm,
With broidery of silver streams,
And gentle breezes sweet with balm.

2 The storms that fiercely rage below,
Ne'er cloud its clear horizon-bars;
In purer air its blossoms grow,
And all its nights are lit with stars.

3 My eager feet would climb at will
This upward path of toil and care,
Yet, slipping, bleeding, falling still,
Almost I yield me to despair.

5 O Father! take me by the hand,
Bid all my weary stumblings cease,
And guide me to the promised land—
The Beulah of Thy perfect peace!

MARY A. [illegible]
Appleton, Wis., 1880.

TAKE MY HAND.

1 Take my hand, my Father,
Hold it fast in Thine,
I am weak and sinful,
Thou art all divine;
I am so unworthy
Journeying here below,
Take my hand, my Father,
Never let it go.

2 Take my hand, my Father,
For the way is dark,
And the waves of sorrow
Rock my fragile barque
Keep me close beside Thee,
Never let me stray,
Take my hand, my Father,
Lead me all the way.

3 Take my hand, my Father,
I am poor and blind,
I am groping, help me
Heaven and Thee to find!
Keep my feet from falling
To the depths below;
Take my hand, my Father,
Never let it go.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.
Jacksonville, Ill., 1884.

ETERNITY.

L. M.

1 Eternity is just at hand;
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 Eternity without a bound,
To guilty souls a dreadful sound!
But Oh! if Christ and heaven be mine,
How sweet the accents! how divine!

3 Be this my chief, my only care,
My high pursuit, my ardent prayer,
An interest in the Saviour's blood,
My pardon sealed, and peace with God.

4 But should my highest hopes be vain,
The rising doubt, how sharp the pain!
My fears, O gracious God, remove,
Confirm my title to Thy love.

5 Search, Lord, Oh! search my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heaven and Thee.

ANNE STEELE.

DEAR SAVIOUR, HELP US.

1 Death will soon come. But why should we grieve,
Earth, with its sorrows and trials, to leave?
Ah! may we rise o'er the bubbles of time,
Rise to the light of that glory sublime?

2 Say, may we triumph o'er sorrow and sin,
Art and its snares and temptations within?
View with these eyes the great Fountain of Light,
In his bright presence find faith turned to sight?
O Saviour, help us! that when we shall go
Up from the scenes that surround us below,
Radiant with joy, we together may stand,

3 Holy and happy, at God's own right hand.
Earth is our trial; Oh! help us each day,
Let us not falter not faint by the way,
Putting our trust in thy power alone.

4 Up lead us ever, Oh! make us thine own;
Still lead us on, till we meet at Thy throne.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

Jane Taylor.

Jane Taylor was one of thewell-known Taylors of Ongar, a family who seem to have had a hereditary taste for literature. Their works are recorded in a volume, entitled "The Family Pen," edited by her grandfather, the Rev. Isaac Taylor, Incumbent of St. Mathias, Bethnal Green. She was born in London, September 23, 1783. Her father, Isaac Taylor, author of "Scenes in Europe," &c., was originally a line engraver, but afterwards became a minister of an Independent congregation at Colchester, in Essex. He gave his children a good education and careful training under his own superintendence. Jane began to scribble verses when she was nine years of age. Along with her sister Ann (afterwards Mrs. Gilbert), she published "Original Poems," and "Hymns for Infant Minds," which are deservedly popular. She is also the author of "Essays in Rhyme," "Display," &c., &c. She died at Ongar, in Essex, April 12, 1824. Isaac Taylor, author of the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," and many other prose works, is a brother of Jane Taylor.
(See "Practical Devotions," page 401.

GUIDANCE THROUGH LIFE.

I

1 Thou who didst for Peter's faith
Kindly condescend to pray;
Thou whose loving kindness hath
Kept me to the present day,
Kind Conductor,
Still direct my devious way!

2 When a tempting world in view
Gains upon my yielding heart,
When its pleasures I pursue,
Then one look of pity dart,—
Teach me pleasures,
Which the world can ne'er impart.

3 When with horrid thoughts profane
Satan would my soul invade,
When he calls religion vain,
Mighty Victor! be my aid!
Send Thy Spirit;
Bid me conflict undismayed.

4 When my unbelieving fear
Makes me think myself too vile,
When the legal curse I hear,
Cheer me with a gospel smile:
Or, if hiding,
Hide Thee only for a while.

II

1 When I listen to Thy Word
In Thy temple cold and dead,
When I cannot see my Lord,
All faith's little daylight fled,
Sun of glory,
Beam again around my head.

2 When Thy statutes I forsake,
When Thy graces dimly shine,
When the covenant I break,
Jesus, then remember Thine:
Check my wanderings
By a look of love divine.

3 Then if heavenly dews distil,
And my views are bright and clear,
While I sit on Zion's hill,
Temper joy with holy fear;
Keep me watchful,
Safe alone, while Thou art near.

III

1 When afflictions cloud my sky,
When the tide of sorrow flows,
When the rod is lifted high,
Let me on Thy love repose;
Stay Thy rough wind
When Thy chilling east wind blows.

2 Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way:
When the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

3 Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire;
Open Thou the crystal gate,
To Thy praise attune my lyre;
Dwell forever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.

4 From the sparkling turrets there,
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way,
Often bless Thy guardian care,
Fire by night and cloud by day;
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

5 And when mighty trumpets blown
Shall the judgment dawn proclaim
From the central burning throne,
'Mid creation's final flame,
With the ransomed,
Judge and Saviour, own my name!

ANN TAYLOR GILBERT

THE YOUNG BELIEVER'S PRAYER.

1 O God! may I look up to Thee?
I would address Thee if I may;
And this my one request should be,
Teach me to pray.

2 Now in my sorrow I would ask,
What thoughts to think, what words to say;
Prayer is a new and arduous task;
Teach me to pray.

3 A heartless form will not suffice,
The self-deemed rich are sent away;
The heart must bring the sacrifice—
Teach me to pray.

4 To whom shall I, Thy creature, turn?
Whom else address? whom else obey?
Teach me the lesson I would learn—
Teach me to pray.

5 Now, in my hour of trouble, deign
To bow my spirit to Thy sway;
Now, let me ask Thee not in vain—
Teach me to pray.

6 To Thee alone my eyes look up,
Turn not, O God, Thy face away,
Prayer is my only door of hope—
Teach me to pray.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT

FATHER ALMIGHTY!

1 Father Almighty!
From Thy high seat, Thou watchest and controllest
The insects that upon Thy footstool creep,
While with a never-wearied hand, Thou rollest
Millions of worlds along the boundless deep.
O Father! now the clouds hang blackening o'er us,
And the dark, boiling deeps beneath us yawn;
Scatter the tempests, quell the waves before us,
To the wild, fearful night, send Thou a blessed dawn.

2 Father All Holy!
When Thou shalt sit upon Thy throne of glory,
The steadfast earth, the strong, untiring sea,
Their verdant isles, their mountains, high and hoary,
With awe and fear shall from Thy presence flee.
Then shalt Thou sit, a judge, the guilty dooming
To adamantine chains and endless fire:
O Father! how may we abide Thy coming?
Where find a shelter from the pure Jehovah's ire?

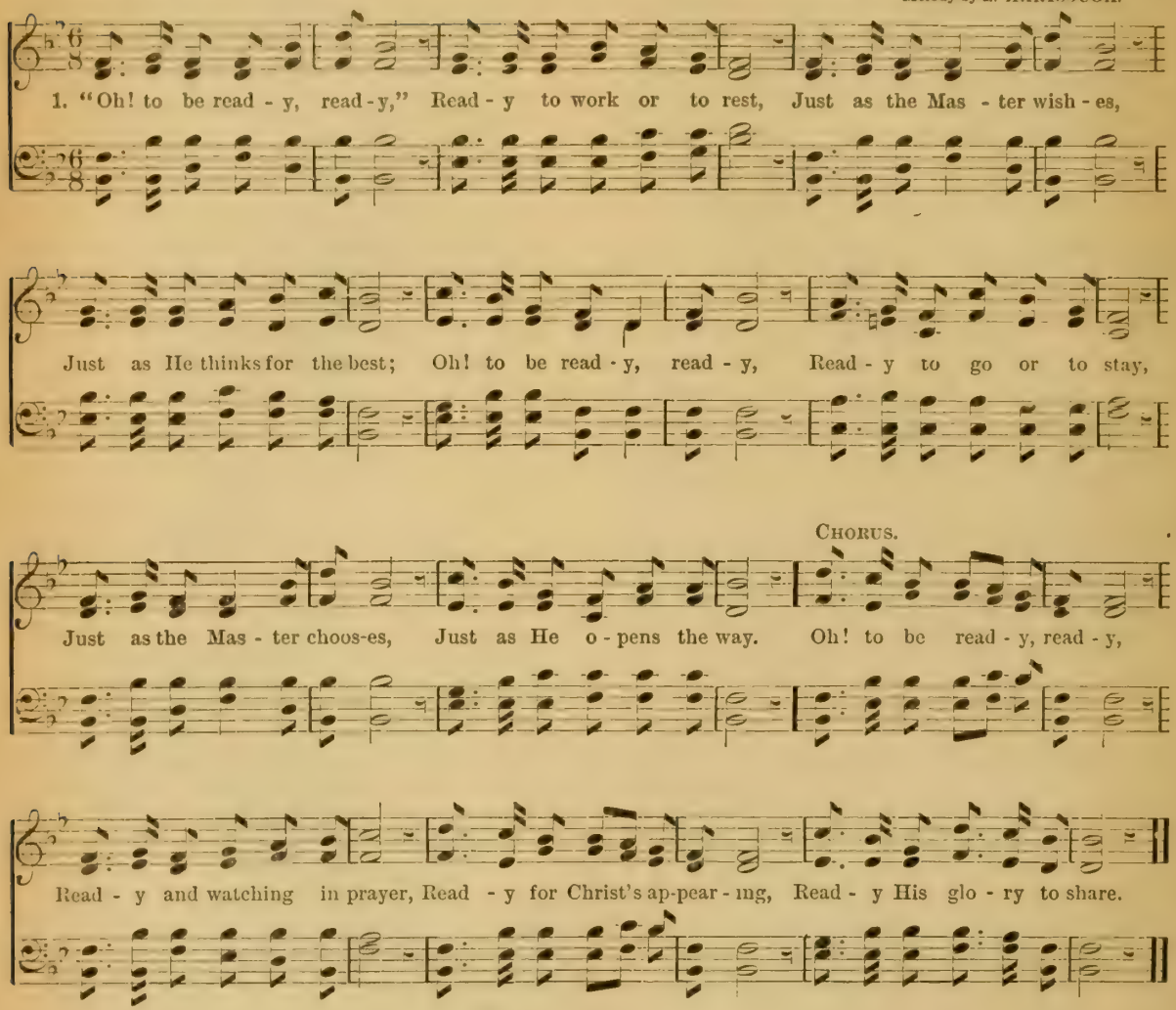
3 Father All Merciful!
Still may the guilty come in peace before Thee,
Bathing Thy feet with tears of love and woe;
And while for pardon only we implore Thee,
Blessings divine, unnumbered, o'er us flow.
Father, her heart from all her idols tearing,
Thine erring child again would turn to Thee;
To Thee she bends, trembling, yet not despairing,
From fear, remorse, and sin, O Father! set her free!

MARTHA GAY
Born 1813 Died [illegible]

OH! TO BE READY.

Words by MRS. I. M. HARTSOUGH.

Arr. and Harmonized by MISS ALICE HARTSOUGH.
Melody by L. HARTSOUGH.



2 Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready God's word to obey;
Shunning the path of danger,
Seeking the one narrow way.
Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready to suffer His will,
Whom the Lord loves He chastens,
Chastens for good, not for ill.

3. Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready to go at His call,
Over the cold, dark river,
Flowing so near to us all.
Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready my dear ones to meet,
Shouting the Saviour's praises,
Casting their crowns at His feet.

4 Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready to join in the song,
Filling the courts of glory,
Sung by a numberless throng.
Oh! to be ready, ready,
Ready with Jesus to dwell;
Saved evermore in heaven,
Saved evermore from hell.

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Anna Maria Spaulding.

Mrs. Anna Maria Spaulding was born near Philadelphia, Penn., Nov. 1836, and died in Vineland, New Jersey, in 1865. Hers was one of the most tender and purest spirits of earth. For a considerable time she attended school at a Ladies' Seminary in St. Louis, Mo., and was quite noted for her literary ability, especially in verse. During the late war she wrote many patriotic pieces, which were published, with other original poems on various subjects, in 1865, and from which the following hymn is taken with others in this volume, through the courtesy of her relative, Mrs. Dr. Miner of Winchester, Ill.

PRAYER.

DURING PERIL AND AFFLICTION.

1 Father in heaven, pity Thy child,
Look in compassion, tender and mild.

2 My bark is driven far out at sea—
There is no beacon shining for me.

3 If it is shining, I see no light—
Angry waves heaving shut out the sight.

4 Is there no haven where I may lie
Till the fierce tempest passes me by?

5 O Saviour, forgive! hear me, I pray,
Pardon! Oh! pardon, turn not away.

6 Come in the tempest, come to me now;
Give for my beacon, light on my brow:

7 Make my bark steady, calm down the sea;
Tell me Thou lovest me, even me.

8 Give me true courage, give me pure joy,
That earthly sorrow cannot destroy.

9 Give the assurance that Thou wilt save—
Let me not perish under death's wave.

ANNA MARIA SPAULDING.
February, 1860.

A LITTLE WHILE.

1 Oh! for the peace which floweth like a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
Oh! for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "forever,"
Amid the shadows of earth's "little while!"

2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm, to battle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song!

3 A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn!

4 And He who is Himself the gift and giver,—
The future glory and the present smile,—
With the bright promise of the glad "forever"
Will light the shadows of the "little while!"

MRS. JANE F. CREWDSON.

HOLD THOU MY HAND.

1 Hold Thou my hand!
As o'er life's changing, troubled sea I float,
And storm-gusts fierce oft threat to wreck my boat,
Or when the billows roar and swell most high,
When nought I see but dark and frowning sky,
Lord, near me stand.

2 Call Thou to me!
Whene'er with fancied strength I strive to guide,
Without Thy help, my bark across the tide,
Oh! let not then Thy anger on me fall,
But deign the foolish wand'rer to recall
Back unto Thee.

3 Hold Thou my hand!
And give me strength to battle boldly on,
Ne'er shrinking though the tide be swift and strong;
And, when by yon bright shore my anchor's cast,
Oh! then with joyous soul may I at last
Before Thee stand.

LILLIE B. ALEXANDER

ETERNITY.

1 O Thou essential Word,
Who wast from everlasting
With God, for Thou wast God;
On Thee our burden casting,
O Saviour of our race,
Welcome indeed Thou art,
Redeemer, Fount of Grace,
To this my longing heart.

3 Come, self-existent Word,
And speak Thou in my spirit;
The soul where Thou art heard,
Doth endless peace inherit.
Thou light that lightenest all,
Abide through faith in me,
Nor let me from Thee fall,
Nor seek a guide but Thee.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH, TR.

PRAYER FOR CLEANSING.

1 O Lord, when Thou with earth-born feet
Didst tread the shores of Galilee,
In mercy and compassion sweet
Thou bad'st the leper cleansed be,
That hopeless cried, the gate outside,
"Unclean, unclean!"

2 O Christ divine, we come to Thee:
Thy light and glory hast revealed
Our souls, dark spots of leprosy,
And sin-wrought scars we thought concealed;
We, too, draw nigh, and helpless cry,
"Unclean, unclean!"

3 Oh! cleanse our hearts! Oh! make us whole!
Lost peace and purity restore;
That outside heaven's gate, our souls
May not be barred forevermore;
And, sealed our fate, we cry too late,
"Unclean, unclean!"

MRS. W. F. ALLISON,
Woodstock, Ill.

Charlotte Elliott.

(Born 1789, Brighton, Eng.,
(Died 1871.

"Just as I am" has embalmed a memory. Charlotte Elliott wrote much besides this favorite hymn. Some of her utterances are wonderfully fresh in feeling and finished in form; but none have more completely won the heart of the Christian church. In spite of physical weakness and much suffering, her writings are full of gentleness, patience, and quiet, rejoicing spiritual strength. Her mother's name is yet fragrant as that of one of the leaders in the great religious awakening of last century. She was thus connected on both sides with families who had long been identified with the progress of evangelical religion in the land. It is said she was naturally very self-willed, and even after Christian influences were strongly at work in her, she had to make vigorous effort to subdue it. She was vivacious in spirit, and early in life wrote many humorous poems, which were received with great *éclat*. But it was characteristic of her that her conversations with, and letters to her unconverted friends, were framed with a tender and winning solicitude for their temporal and eternal welfare. She edited, for twenty-five years, the "Christian Remembrance Pocket-Book," which was enriched by many of her own productions. She also revised a hymn book for invalids, which had been edited by a Miss Kiernan, and to which she added upwards of one hundred of her own and Rev. Hugh White's hymns. In this book, "Just as I am" was first published in 1833, and in a short time, so great was the sale, it reached the eighteenth thousand.

In connection with this, the following anecdote may be told, as related by her sister: "A young lady friend was so impressed with it, that she had it printed as a leaflet and widely circulated, without any idea by whom it had been composed. It happened rather curiously that while we were living at Torquay, our valued Christian physician came to see us one morning, having in his hand this leaflet. He offered it to my sister, saying, 'I am sure this will please you;' and great indeed was his astonishment at finding that it was written by herself, though by what means it had been thus printed and circulated she was utterly ignorant. Shortly after we became acquainted with the lady who had printed it." Miss Elliott also published "Hours of Sorrow Cheered and Comforted." When, finally, her great age and poor health rendered it impossible for her longer to attend divine service in the church she so dearly loved, she said to her sister: "My Bible is my Church. It is always open, and there is my High Priest ever waiting to receive me. There I have my confessional, my thanksgiving, my psalm of praise, a field of promises, and a congregation of whom the world is not worthy — prophets and apostles, and martyrs and confessors — in short, all I can want, there I find." At the commencement of her eighty-first year she wrote:

"I feel that so great an age as mine requires three things—great faith, great patience and peace. Come what may during the year upon which we have entered, I firmly believe that goodness and mercy, like two guardian angels, will follow us during every day, in every hour, in every varying circumstance through which we may have to pass."

Her sister writes that—

"The last manifestation of consciousness was on the morning of her death when, on her sister repeating to her their text for the day. "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off," she clasped her hands together; and as she raised her eyes to heaven, a beam came over her countenance, which showed that she fully entered into the precious words, and was realizing the glorious vision she was so soon to behold. On the evening of that day, September 22d, 1871, at ten o'clock, without any apparent suffering, or the slightest struggle, she fell asleep in Jesus, so peacefully that it was difficult to fix the moment when the gentle breathing ceased."

These facts and incidents will have sufficiently shown that Charlotte Elliott exhibited, in a high degree, the virtues of self-denial, patience, faith, love and zeal for good works. An invalid, almost always in pain, she was, notwithstanding, never idle. If in the last resort she had to realize, with Milton, that "they also serve who only stand and wait," she even then contrived to make her work the sweeter for her song; and she never ceased to shed abroad a fragrance of joy, such as would attract the young to religion as few things will. Why should religion be gloomy? The Christian, of all persons, should be cheerful — the dispenser of solemn joy. Charlotte Elliott must be held forth in this great light for a moment, else no justice were done to her. Far from narrow, prejudiced, or irritable, she is exactly the woman you would wish to have beside you either in your happiest or your most sorrowful moments. She has the faculty of touching the most commonplace things with the glow of feeling and conviction: she is always richly experimental, and recommends her teaching by her character.—"Eng. Review."

JUST AS I AM.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt;
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

A PRAYER.

1 God of heaven! God of earth!
Who wast, who art, and e'er shall be—
Who spake creation into birth,
Oh! wilt Thou lend an ear to me?

2 Weary of sin, in vain I try
To wash my soul from every stain:
Vainly I bid the tempter fly—
He flies but to return again.

3 My God, I humbly come to Thee,
To shield me in temptation's hour;
From trust in self, Oh! keep me free,
And free from trust in human power.

4 No earthly gift of Thee I crave,
Nor health, nor ease, nor length of days;
But Thou, who hast the power to save,
Oh! save my soul from error's ways!

5 Give me to drink the living stream,
And then my soul shall thirst no more;
Purge me from sin, Oh! make me clean,
That Thee alone I may adore.

MRS. L. H. PHELPS,
Chicago.

WAITING.

"Until the day dawn," II Peter, i : 16.

1 I heard, far up some heavenly height,
A prophet angel sing, and though
No word in all his songs I know,
I know that somewhere all is light.

2 Doubt, like a shadowy shape of wrong,
Pursues—appalls me; but I hold
A little leading thread of gold;
Therefore, O doubting heart, be strong.

3 "Through sunless seas, through cloud and chill,
The Lord fron Egypt calls His son,
And love in darkness knows its own,
Therefore, O doubting heart, be still."

4 O helpless human heart of mine!
Unwearied from thy mother earth,
Wait thou in quietness the birth,
The glad release of the Divine!

MARY A. LATHBURY.
From "Out of Darkness into Light,"
D. Lothrop & Co., Boston,

Mrs. Frances Laughton Mace

Is the author of a choice volume of poems entitled, "Legends, Lyrics and Sonnets." She was born in Orono, Maine, in 1836. During her early childhood, her father, Dr. Laughton, moved to Foxcroft, and later, during her fourteenth year, to Bangor, where she entered the High School.

In 1854, a schoolmate, who, like herself, contributed poems to the "Waterville Mail," mentioned having seen a touching story of a very aged man in the almshouse who, on being asked by a visitor what he was doing, replied, "Only waiting." "His words," added she, "would be a good theme for a poem." After her friend had gone, Miss Laughton wrote the long-since celebrated poem, "Only Waiting," and sent it soon after to the "Waterville Mail" for publication, in which paper it appeared Sept. 7, 1854, with the signature "Inez." The poem was extensively copied into papers and magazines, and has been incorporated into several of the best Hymnals of this country and England. The entire hymn as originally written is given below, and as it is furnished in manuscript by the author, it may be relied upon as genuine. It remained anonymous until about 1876, when there being a question as to the true author, the matter was thoroughly investigated by Dr. James Martineau and others, which resulted in placing the name of Frances Laughton Mace beneath it as its true author.

In 1856 she was married to Benjamin H. Mace, a member in high standing of the Penobscot bar. Of eight children, four died in early childhood. A beautiful and tender tribute to their memory has gone forth from the mother-heart, entitled "Wait, Children, Wait," which, with a few of the many gems from the heart and pen of this gifted poet, will be found in other departments of WOMAN IN SACRED SONG. Her home is now in San Jose, Cal., whither she and her family have removed in pursuit of health. (March 4, 1886.)

There was no intention on the part of the editor of WOMAN IN SACRED SONG to do Mrs. Mace any injustice in the first edition of this work. Having just examined carefully both sides of the case, we feel compelled to believe that two different persons wrote on the same subject at about the same date, the poem in both cases having been called forth by the same incident referred to. Similar cases are on record. The two poems are not identical in expression, though necessarily similar, being founded on the same facts. Both women stand high in Christian character and as poets. It is true that injustice has been done Mrs. Mace, by previously appending Mrs. White's name to her poem, but this was no fault of Mrs. White, nor of the persons so doing. For finding it, as we do, in many papers with no signature attached, and hearing from high authority that Mrs. W. is the author of a poem with such a title, her name has frequently been placed beneath the poem which really belongs to Mrs. Mace, and which has become so justly and universally popular.

ONLY WAITING.

1 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From this heart once full of day,
Till the dawn of Heaven is breaking
Through the twilight soft and gray.

2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home,
For the summer time hath faded
And the autumn winds are come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

3 Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor and desolate.
Even now I hear their footsteps
And their voices far away,—
If they call me I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

4 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the folded darkness
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul will gladly
Wing her passage to the skies.

FRANCES L. MACE.
In the "Waterville Mail."
Sept. 7, 1854.

ADORATION.

1 Ye angels! who stand round the throne,
And view my Immanuel's face,—
In rapturous songs make Him known,
Oh! tune your soft harps to His praise:
He formed you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sank down in despair,
Confirmed by His power, ye stood.

2 Ye saints! who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at His feet,
His grace and His glory display,
And all His rich mercy repeat;
He snatched you from hell and the grave,
He ransomed from death and despair:
For you He was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 Oh! when will the period appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong!
I want—Oh! I want to be there,
To sorrow and sin bid adieu—
Your joy and your friendship to share—
To wonder and worship with you!

MARIE DE FLEURY, 1791.

WAITING.

8s and 7s, with Chorus.

1 I am waiting for the Master,
Who will rise and bid me come
To the glory of His presence,
To the gladness of His home.

CHO.—They are watching at the portal,
They are waiting at the door,
Waiting only for my coming—
All the loved ones gone before.

2 Many friends that traveled with me
Reached that portal long ago;
One by one they left me battling
With the dark and crafty foe.

3 Oh! how soon shall I be with them,
And shall join their glorious throng,
There to mingle in their worship,
And to swell their mighty song!

4 Yet, O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure,
For Thy time and ways are best:
Hear me, Lord, for I am weary,—
O, my Father, bid me rest.

CATHERINE M. REASONER.

WAITING.

Ah! heaven must be most sweet
If there we can forget
The earth-paths where our feet
So oft on thorns were set,
The shaded hopes of life—
The bitterness, the strife,
The weary waiting, and the ceaseless pain:
Oh! that at last my soul its rest may gain!

EMILY P. WILLIAMS.
Lawndale, Ill., 1882.

WAITING, AND TO BE SATISFIED.

1 I know that heav'n lies just beyond
This earthly state;
That Christ himself holds death's cold wand;
So I can wait.
I know the dark mysterious ways
My feet may tread,
Will all be plain when heav'nly rays
Are on them shed.

2 I know the heart-aches of this life
Will all be heal'd,
When the blest peace that ends earth's strife
Shall be reveal'd.
I know that 'mid the world's turmoil
God giveth rest;
His arm is round me in its toil;
And I am blest.

3 I know that when my time shall come
To dwell above,
Jesus His child will welcome home
With tenderest love.
His angel guards will open wide
Heav'n's pearly gate:
And I shall then be satisfied:
So I can wait!

JULIA C. THOMPSON.
From "Royal Gems." Brainard's Sons.

PILGRIMAGE.

1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night!
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing:
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

2 There the glory is ever shining!
Oh! my longing heart, my longing heart is there!
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I long have wandered forlorn and weary:
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

3 In that city to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer, is its light!
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying!
I'm a pilgrim, etc.

MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

AT THE DOOR OF MY TENT.

"A day's march nearer home."

1 At the door of my tent I am sitting
As another day's journey is o'er,
And I think I can just see the glimmer
Of the light on the evergreen shore.

2 I can hear in the distance the echoes
That come from the land of the blest;
And I long for the message of welcome,
Now to enter that valley of rest.

3 I have wandered in wilderness places,
Often clouds have my skies overcast;
But I know when my journey is ended
I shall stand in the sunlight at last.

4 Perhaps but a league or two onward,
And the mists will be lifted between:
And I'll find that I stand in the shadow
Of the trees with their banners of green.

5 Yet, perchance, ere I rest in that shadow,
There stretches a long, dreary way;
And my heart will be weary of waiting
As I wander from day unto day.

6 But if, at the close of life's evening,
I may feel the soft touch of the breeze,
I will wait till my journey is over,
For the sight of the evergreen trees.

MRS. F. A. F. WOOD WHITE.
August 4, 1875.

ALWAYS READY.

1 Ready, Saviour, I would be
When the summons comes for me,
Calling me from earth's bright scenes,
All its hopes and pleasant dreams;
Ready, clothed in heavenly dress,
Thine unsullied righteousness;
Joyful feet, already shod
With the holy peace of God.

2 Ready, Saviour, I would be,
Wholly reconciled to Thee—
Troubled not by doubt or fear
Though the call be unaware;
Trusting, hoping, undismayed,
Lest the darkness make afraid,
Thou hast promised, dearest Friend,
To be with me to the end.

3 Ready, though my heart still clings
Closely to these earthly things;
To the world Thou'st formed so fair,
To the friends Thou'st made so dear,
Though my plans are unfulfilled,
Work unfinished I have willed,
All I'd leave with Thee, and so
Take Thy hand and smiling go.

MARTHA PEARSON SMITH.
Le Sueur, Minn., 1883.

I WISHED MYSELF AMONG THEM.

1 I wished myself among them! In the dashing and the roar
I struggled till I fainted for the green and quiet shore;
The waves forever tossing, and the wind a maddened shout;
The haunting voice within me, and the phantom eyes without!

2 O God, to be among them! where the sea has passed away,
The sorrow and the crying, the wrestling and affray!
Where the glory hath no shadow, and the music brings no pain,
And the lost ones of our bosom return to us again!

3 Where the radiant eyes around us are brimming all with love!
And the beating heart keeps measure to the breathing of the Dove!
Where every tongue is singing, and our Saviour is the song!
O God, to be among them! the pilgrim way is long!

UNA LOCKE BAILEY.

NOT NOW, MY CHILD.

"Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest." Psalm lv: 6.

1 Not now, my child,—a little more rough tossing,
A little longer on the billows' foam;
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then, the sunshine of thy Father's Home!

2 Not now; for I have wanderers in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love;
Not now, for I have sheep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

3 Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary;
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

4 Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:
Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
The glorious harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

MRS. CATHERINE PENNEFEATHER, 1863
Set to music by Ira D. Sankey.

LET ME GO.

1 Let me go, for day is dawning,
Over yonder it is light;
Let me go while faith is shining,
And the way looks clear and bright.
Let me go, before the morning
Fades into a starless night—
Let me go,

2 Let me go where no more sighing,
No more sorrow shall be known;
Let me go where pain and dying
Nevermore shall cause a moan;
Let me go where all are praising
God around the great white throne.
Let me go.

3 Let me go, for loved ones waiting,
Beckon to the other shore;
Let me go, for they are watching,
Watching there at heaven's door;
Let me go and hear their greeting,
Let me clasp their hands once more.
Let me go.

4 Let me go while day is breaking,
For the night has been so drear;
Let me go where Christ is dwelling,
For I'm lonely, lonely here.
Let me go, Oh! let my waking
Be above in that blest sphere.
Let me go.

ELLEN OLIVER.
By per. Set to music by E. B. Smith.

LONGINGS.

1 O weary World! O weary World!
O World of sin, of woe, of death!
When shall my spirit-wings, unfurled,
Soar to the height, the length, the breadth
Of that estate unknown to sin,
Where nothing enters that defiles,
Where those who bear the cross shall win
The crown all radiant with God's smiles?

2 O weary Heart! O weary Heart!
O Heart of weakness, error, grief!
When wilt thou rise from what thou art
To what God meant should give relief
To all these sufferings, all this strife
With inward and with outward foes;
When shall the battle of this life,
O weary Heart! in victory close?

3 O weary Frame! O weary frame!
O Frame bent earthward by this load!
When wilt thou lean on Him who came
To help thee bear it on Life's road?
He knows this frame, that 'tis but dust—
He pities oft when others blame;
Thyself, thy burden to Him trust,
O weary Frame! O weary Frame!

4 O Christian Faith! O Christian Faith!
O Faith with eye that can discern
All that the Word of Promise saith!
When shall I all that wisdom learn?
How to o'ercome the foe without,
How to put down the foe within,
How to uproot the fear, the doubt,
And heaven on earth at once begin?

5 O Heaven beyond! O Heaven beyond!
O Heaven that liberates the soul!
When shall I with Thy Blest be found?
When shall Death's river darkly roll
Behind me, while with footstep dry
I follow where the angel leads,
As one who, satisfied on high,
Sin, sorrow, Death, no longer dreads?

ELIZABETH C. KINNEY.
In New York Observer,
New York, Oct., 1867.

OH! FOR THE ROBES OF WHITENESS.

Rev. xxii: 5.

1 Oh! for the robes of whiteness;
Oh! for the tearless eyes;
Oh! for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies.
Oh! for the "no more weeping"
Within the land of love—
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above.

2 Oh! for the bliss of rising,
My risen Lord to meet;
Oh! for the rest of lying
For ever at His feet.
Oh! for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face—
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place.

3 Jesus! thou King of glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.
Meanwhile, my soul would enter
Ev'n now before Thy throne,
That all my love might centre
On Thee, and Thee alone.

MRS. BANCROFT. 1861.

WAITING FOR THE MORNING.

1 When, Oh! when will come the morning,
And, with fingers tipped with bloom,
Fold back from the arch of heaven
All this drapery of gloom?
Oh! my eyes are weary watching
Through the darkening hours of night,
Peering eastward, watching, waiting
For the coming of the light.

2 Morning! morning! vailed with glory,
Wet with cooling dews and sweet,
Hasten o'er the hills of amber
With thine ever-joyful feet!
Come, Oh! come, and, with thy fingers
Dipped in slumber's healing balm,
Bathe my eyes, and hush my spirit
Into rest so sweet and calm.

3 But my soul is far too weary
For a rest as sweet as this:
She would feel the glow of morning,
Feel the sunshine's thrilling kiss;
Joy would rest and light would gladden;
Peace, not Lethe, give me now;
Give to me the light of morning
In my heart and on my brow.

4 Watching, waiting for the morning!
Shall I wait and watch in vain?
Shall the darkness from my spirit
Be uplifted ne'er again?
When shall ope the gates of heaven,
Oh! my panting soul, to thee?
When shall bathe thine eyes from darkness
In the morning's brimming sea?

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.
In "Victoria," 1863.
By permission Messrs. Walden & Stowe.

HOME OF THE SOUL

12s and 8s.

1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

2 Oh! that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,
Its bright, jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

3 There the great Tree of Life in its beauty doth grow,
And the River of Life floweth by;
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

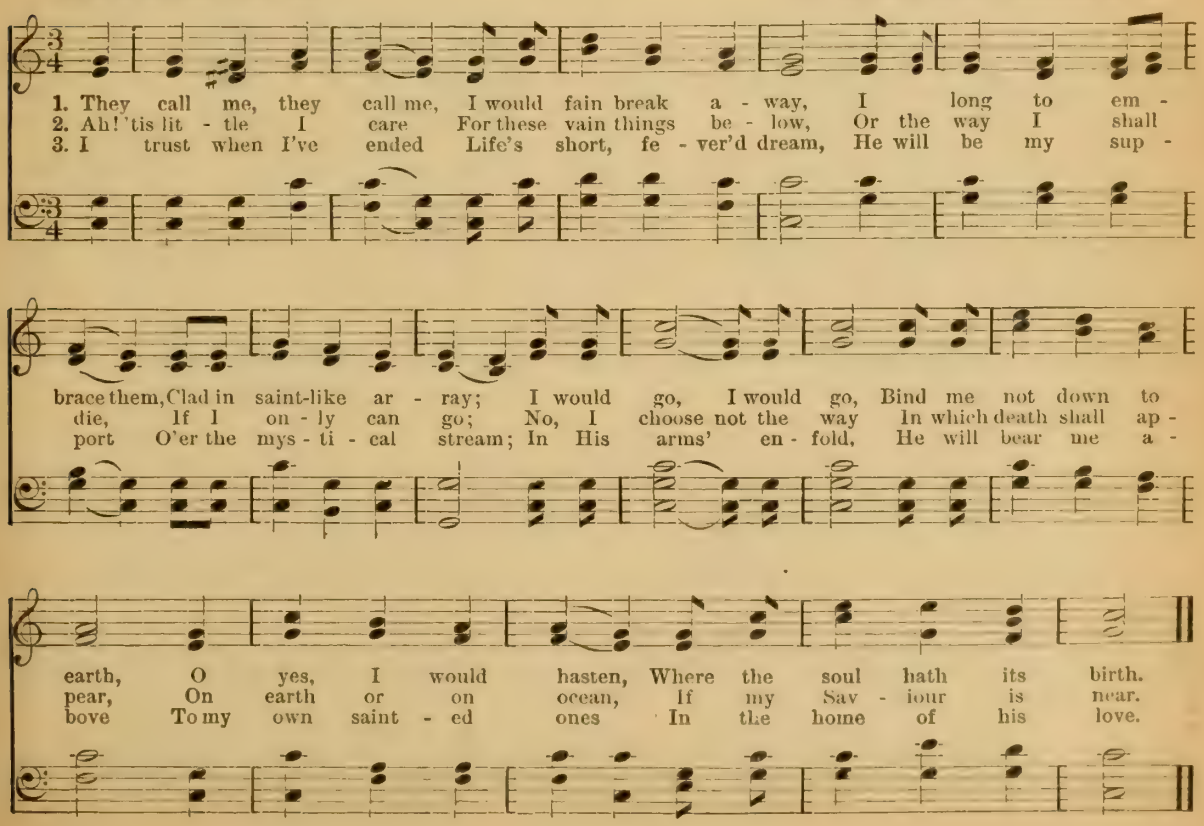
4 Oh! how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands;
To meet one another again!

MRS E. H. GATES.
Set to music by Philip Phillips.

THEY CALL ME.

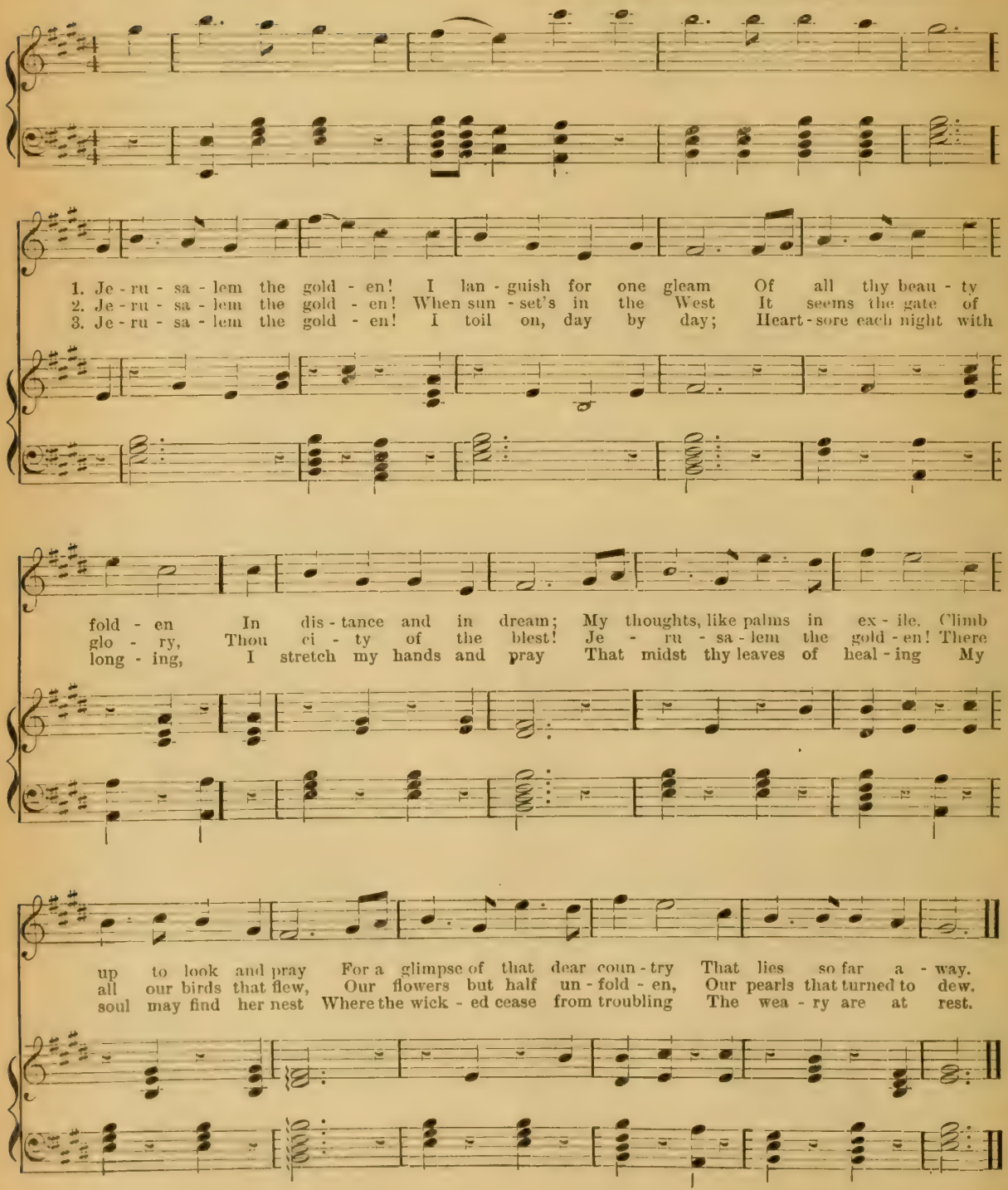
"I am now ready to be offered and the time of my departure is at hand."— St. P

CARRIE LATHROP POST. 1884. EVA MUNSON SMITH., Springfield, Ill., 1884.



JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.

Music by MARY FRANCES ENGLISH. Composed for this volume.



WE SEEK A CITY.

1 We seek a city, where each quiet dwelling
Stands fast upon the everlasting hills;
Where in the song of praises loudly swelling,
Comes not a discord of our earthly ills.

2 We know that in that city life abideth;
Nor tears, nor death, can ever enter there;
And One with nail-pierced hands our way still guideth,
Until we come unto the city fair.

3 We seek a city—pilgrim feet grow weary,
But we press on; beyond still lies our home,
Though days are dark, and ways are often dreary,
We seek, we seek a city yet to come!

LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMMING.

PILGRIM'S WAY-SONG.

1 I'm bound to the house of my Father,
Oh! draw not my feet from the way,
Nor stop these wild flowers to gather,
They droop at my touch and decay.
I think of the flowers that are blooming
In beauty unfading above,
The wings of kind angels perfuming,
Who fly down on errands of love.

2 Of earth's shallow waters, the drinking
Is powerless my thirst to allay;
Their taste is of tears, while we're sinking
Beside them where quicksands betray.
I long for the fount ever-living,
That flows by my Father's own door,
With waters so sweet and life-giving,
To drink and to thirst nevermore.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE UNSATISFYING NATURE OF EARTH.

1 Earth and all her scenes will fade,
Nothing here is lasting;
Man may plan and hope and toil,
Earthly treasures grasping,
But will find, with all his care,
He's but grasping empty air.

2 Gold may hold out glittering wealth,
Eager souls alluring;
But may vanish in a night;
Gold is not enduring;
All that we can grasp on earth,
In the end has little worth.

3 Pleasure weaves a subtle thread,
Cunning as the spider,
Drawing us within her snare
If we but confide her;
Then with peace and rest destroyed,
We but find an aching void.

4 Fame her clarion trumpet sounds,
With honor, for enchantment;
But no votary ever found
Peace in her encampment;
Wealth and pleasure, fame, and all,
With their power our souls enthrall.

5 But for all who earnest seek,
There's a better treasure;
Full and free it comes to all,
Without stint of measure.
Heav'n to such will sure impart
Full fruition to each heart.

ACHSA MILLS BROWN.
London Centre, N. H., 1882.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

1 Write it on the palace gate,
On the glitter and the show,
On the purple and the state,
On the courtier bowing low:
Write, for all this grandeur dies,
"Vanity of vanities."

2 Write it on the king's bright crown.
On his might and lordly power,
On his sceptre and renown,
On his gifts and on his dower,
Write—this word to him applies:
"Vanity of vanities."

3 Write it on the cheek and brow
Of the beautiful and fair,
Though thy heart in sorrow bow,
With the rose and lily there,
Write amid thy tears and sighs:
"Vanity of vanities."

4 Write it in the gorgeous halls
Where the pleasure-seekers dance,
On the gay and sculptured walls;
To the glittering front advance,
Write amid the revelries:
"Vanity of vanities."

5 Write it on the army's crest,
On the spear and flashing sword,
On the trappings and the rest,
On all the host the warning word,
Ere the army stricken lies:
"Vanity of vanities."

6 On the nations of the world,
On their millions and their power,
On their banners all unfurled,
Write, for passing is their hour,
Write beneath the open skies:
"Vanity of vanities."

7 Ah! on all earth's precious things,
On the seasons as they roll,
Though the thought a sadness brings,
Write the word from pole to pole,
Earth with all her treasure dies:
"Vanity of vanities."

ANNA L. WALKER.
In "Christian Intelligencer," 1884.

THE TREASURES OF EARTH.

1 Here, treasures we gather
With weeping or song,
So slight is our hold,
That we keep them not long.
Here, nights are oft clouded,
And even from dawn,
The rose flush of sunlight
Is often withdrawn.

2 Here, beauty departs
With the outgoing years;
Our spring blossoms wither,
And leave us in tears;
Here, manhood's strong pulse
In a moment grows still;
And age slips away
In the evening's calm chill.

3 But we have a promise
Of treasures untold;
And more than earth's beauty,
Will Heaven unfold.
Instead of the farewells,
That left us in tears,
Love's greetings come nearer,
With incoming years.

MRS. M. J. SMITH.
Washington Heights, 1883.

DRAWING NEARER.

1 Nearer to the shores of promise!
Nearer to the fields of green!
Nearer where the "living waters"
Roll in waves of crystal sheen!
Nearer where the blessed mansions,
Built to shelter all who come,
Rise in stately, fair proportions!
Nearer to our heavenly home!

2 Nearer to the walls of jasper!
Nearer to the gates of pearl!
Even now I see their watch-guard
Their seraphic banners furl!
While the echo of their voices
Floats e'en to the earthly shore,
As they sing in rapturous numbers,
"Death and sin and pain are o'er!"

3 Nearer to the blessed knowledge
Which I've learned but ill below,
Blinded by the sin and folly
Blent with many a mortal woe.
Scanty here has been the foretaste
Of those joys laid up in store,
But I feel them drawing nearer,
Soon, Oh! soon I'll want no more!

4 Nearer glory! nearer Jesus!
Nearer friends long "gone before,"
But a step across the river,
And we'll meet to part no more!
Stronger blow, Oh! wafting breezes;
Nearer, swelling billows, roll;
Waft me to the land of promise,
To the blest, immortal goal.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH. 1882.

WITHIN THE VEIL.

1 They never seem to be far away,
The loved and dear who have left my side.
A breath, that the sunlight shall lift one day,
Floateth between, their forms to hide.
I saw them last, with their faces pale,
As the angel arms were about them thrown,
I shall see them again, within the veil,
In the glory mortal hath never known.

2 When morn is fair in her silver mists,
Or eve is dark with her shadows gray,
I think how royal with amethysts
And pearl and gold is their shining day.
In the household love that they used to share,
The thought of them is a bit of leaven,
And holier groweth each homely care,
That catcheth a gleam from the light of heaven.

3 They are only gone where our Jesus is,
And never can that be far away;
They stand in His presence. Oh! perfect bliss,
To dwell in the light of His face for aye.
Oft in prayer have we felt Him near,
Oft have we walked in His guiding hand;
They cannot loose him, in doubt or in fear,
And therefore the joy of the better land.

4 Why should they seem to be far away,
Loved and dear, for whom Jesus died?
White as a star is our hope one day
To enter, and with them be satisfied.
Only a step to the clear noon-day,
Out of our darkness, that is all;
Only a veil that shall lift away,
When, soft as a zephyr, his touch shall fall.

MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I HAVE FRIENDS ACROSS THE RIVER.

8s & 7s, with Chorus.

1 I have friends across the river,
Where for me they gladly wait;
Hold ajar with angel fingers
Yonder bright and pearly gate.

CHO.—Oh! how sweet will be the meeting
In that happy home above!
And how welcome be the greeting
Of the Saviour whom I love!

2 In that home that knows no sorrow,
All our partings will be o'er;
We shall sing the song of glory
On that happy, golden shore.

3 Yes, I've friends across the river,
And I hope to greet them there,
When this earthly toil is over,
In that land so bright and fair.

EMMA PITT.

UNTO THE SHINING HILLS.

1 Unto the shining hills of God,
I lift my weary eyes;
And long to view the peaceful vales
From whence those hills arise;
And when I think what glory waits
For those who love God's ways,
I gather strength for present need,
And faith for future days.

CHO.—Unto the hills, the hills of God,
I look with steadfast gaze;
And gather strength for present need,
And faith for future days.

2 Unto the everlasting hills,
Crowned by the light of God,
Until, reflecting down to earth,
The narrow way seems broad,
I look, when weary of earth's toil,
And by earth's snares alarmed,
And, with my eyes upon those hills,
I journey on unharmed.

3 Unto those light-crowned hills of love
I press with eager feet;
And looking upward to my goal,
Earth's moments seem full fleet.
'Tis only one brief life-time here:
More zeal, my soul's request,
So short a time to work for God:
Eternity to rest.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.
"Crowning Triumph," F. A. North & Co., by per.

THE ISLAND OF THE BLEST.

1 Cloudless skies around it closing,
Fanned by airs of Araby,
Lies this wondrous Isle reposing
In some unknown, halcyon sea.
Bright Atlantis pales in splendor,
Tempe's vales but dimly shine
In the light, so radiant, tender,
Flooding all these shores divine.

2 In this isle, untrod by mortal,
Far from human ken or quest,
Happy souls, passed through death's portal,
Enter on immortal rest.
So they tell us,—seers and sages,
Of the old-world's shadowy time,
So we read in Plato's pages,
And old Pindar's stately rhyme.

3 Thus the soul, an exile sighing
For the country of its birth,
Images a life undying
Far beyond the storms of earth.
Thus faint glimpses of the glory,
Breaking on man's later sight,
In the Revelator's story,
Beam athwart old Hellas' night.

4 Fairer than the Fields Elysian,
Brighter than Olympus old,
Glows the city of John's vision,
Pearl its gates, its streets of gold.
Where the stream of Life eternal
Flows from out the throne of God,
There they lie, vales ever vernal,
Isles by mortal foot untrod.

3 Youth's brief bliss—hope's dream so fleeting,
Loves that blossomed but to die,
Ideals here no answer meeting,
Find their true home in the sky,
Where 'mid beauties ne'er unfolden
To the pagan dreamer's sight,
Stands Jerusalem, the golden,
God its glory and its light.

FRANCES A. SHAW.
Minneapolis, Minn., 1883.

Miss Susie V. Aldrich.

Miss Susie V. Aldrich was born in Hopkinton, Mass., Nov. 14, 1828. Her thoughts began to flow in rhythmical measure while a school girl. Her life has been one of pain and trial. She has written on a great variety of topics, but Submission, Faith, Trust and Patience seem to have been her favorite themes. Many, and indeed most of her poems and hymns, have been written while lying on her back, during intervals of cessation from great physical suffering. Sometimes for years together she has been confined to her room and bed, and during the night watches, while others slept, she has committed to ruled paper, as best suited to her purpose while in a reclining position, many beautiful hymns breathing a consecrated spirit of content and resignation. A remarkable feature of her poems is the fact that they are never altered, but are published just as when originally consigned to paper.

At the age of 15 years while in school, she received a gold medal from the Governor of Mass., offered to a class for the best original essay.

NEARER HOME.

1 Deeper grow the purpling shadows,
Fades the crimson of the sky,
And the last departing sunbeam
On the mountain's crest doth lie.
Tossed upon life's changeful ocean,
'Mid the billows and the foam,
Oh! how sweet to know the evening
Brings us one day nearer home!

2 Nearer to the Heavenly city
Whose fair portals wide unfold!
Nearer to the "many mansions!"
Nearer to the streets of gold!
Nearer to the song of angels,
And the sweet seraphic strains,
Which in one full, swelling chorus,
Echo o'er those vernal plains!

3 Haste, O Time, thine onward footsteps!
Weary days, fly swifter still!
Bring us near our journey's ending,
Lead us up the Heavenly hill!
There with songs of joy triumphant
Shall we join the angel band,
Who, as breaks the blessed dawning,
Welcome us to that fair land!

SUSIE V. ALDRICH.
Boston, 1882.

Nancie A. W. Priest.

The following beautiful poem, "Over the River," was written in 1859 for the Springfield, Mass., "Republican," at which time the author was an operative in a New England factory. It was extensively copied, but with no signature attached. Probably no article ever had a wider newspaper circulation. A teacher in the Ohio Wesleyan College at Delaware, becoming interested in the author, who also wrote "Under the Daisies," secured the co-operation and sympathy of Miss Mary Mounett, a wealthy pupil of the college, and she sent for the gifted girl, who greatly desired a higher education, Miss Priest responded gratefully to the call, and arrangements were made, but before they could be consummated, severe inflammation of the eyes supervened, and cherished hopes were swept away. In 1865 she was described as being an exceedingly shy and reticent lady, devoid of personal attractions, she, herself, painfully aware of the fact. Being asked through a letter for her photograph by one who had never met her, she replied — "Do not ask me for it, I am so homely, you would not wish to retain it." She was afterwards married to a Mr. Wakefield. In 1870, this sensitive and beautiful soul

"Passed from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land."

In a letter to the compiler of this work, Mrs. W. A. Ingham, Cleveland, O., formerly Miss Mary B. Janes, the teacher who wrote her, (referred to above) says: 'Over the River' is a rare poem, and its author was the rarest factory girl I ever knew."

OVER THE RIVER.

1 Over the river they beckon to me,
Lov'd ones who've crossed to the other side,
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue,
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
By the pale mist hid from mortal view;
We saw not the angels who met him there,
The gates of the city we could not see,
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

2 Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet,
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,
Darling Minnie, I see her yet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark,
We felt it glide from its silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark;
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

3 Ah! none return from those quiet shores
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
The dip is heard of the golden oars,
A glimpse is caught of the snowy sail;
And lo! they've passed like a fleeting dart,
They've crossed the stream and are gone for aye;
We may not sunder the vail apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day,
We only know that their bark no more
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

4 And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river and hill and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the spirit-land.
I shall know the lov'd ones who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

NANCIE A. W. PRIEST.
Wakefield, Mass.

Mrs. Johnson.

Mrs. Johnson, wife of the well-known and deservedly-popular Presbyterian divine, Rev. Dr. Herrick Johnson of Chicago, is a writer whose productions are characterized by the fervor of healthy religious sentiment. It is impossible to read or sing her hymns without being thereby lifted up into a highly Christian atmosphere. "The Voice in the Twilight" has been quoted by almost every paper in the land, and frequently without giving credit to the author. So much has it been published anonymously that the true authorship is not yet generally known. Her hymn "The whole wide world for Jesus" is loved and sung by all missionary workers, and it, with other of her productions, always inspires one to a greater determination to do something for the Master, by sending light to those sitting in heathen darkness. Many of her hymns and poems are published in a neat volume entitled "Comfort."

TWO CITIES.

1 One shines from out the sacred page,
Aglow with solemn splendor,
Illumed with every radiant tint
That art divine can render.
Built far upon the dazzling heights
No foot may scale unheeding,
It flames its glory down the years,
Nor sun nor temple needing.

2 Kings bring their triumph into it,
And nations saved, their glory,
While thousand times ten thousand sing
Its glad and wondrous story.
They sing a joyous marriage-song,
For lo! this city golden
Is like a bride with jewels girt,
With kingly love enfolden.

3 The King of kings her brow doth crown
With love's most royal crowning;
His gracious welcome to the feast
The seraphs' praises drowning.
Oh! fair bright city of my dream!
In all thy marriage splendor,
With passion yearns my longing heart
Thy glowing gates to enter.

4 How shall I win the welcome sweet?
How gain the wedding whiteness?
Oh! guarded gates, where is the key
Unlocking all your brightness?
"Peace, pleading heart!" an angel saith;
Wait not at yon far portal—
This city is but type of that
Which is to be immortal.

5 Behold, upon the land and sea,
In every tribe and nation,
Glad, busy hands are fashioning
The stones for its foundation.
One buildeth here, another there,
Each bringeth precious treasure;
Some bear the load, some place the stones,
Each working in his measure.

6 Thus is the City walled about
With wall of clearest jasper,
While precious jewels, set in gold,
Like crowns of light enclasp her.
This is the pure and perfect Bride
The King most fitly seeketh—
A Church all glorious within,
Whose heart her love bespeaketh.

7 And this the King's most gracious will:
All to the feast are bidden
Who toward this glory bear a part,
However small or hidden.
Go, asking heart, take thou thy place,
And wait the heavenly morning;
Bring gift of silver or of gold,
This glorious Bride adorning.

8 Or bring but myrrh, or precious spice,
Or fringe upon her border,
Or even one bright glowing thread,
Her raiment to embroider.
So shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's call,
So in His thought be holden,
When He His Church shall wed—the true
"Jerusalem the golden!"

MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.

HERE AND THERE.

1 I've watched fair morning-glory buds open in snowy bloom;
I've lingered where pure lily bells shook out a sweet perfume;
I've bent in loving wonder where tube-rose buds unfurl,
Swinging their costly odor from thuribles of pearl.

2 Tube-rose and morning-glory, lilies sun-tipped with gold,
Think not ye are the rarest flowers that I have watched unfold;
Ye mind me of still fairer buds opening to richer bloom,
Throwing from out their choicer cups a costlier perfume.

3 I've seen the morning-glory fade, the tube-rose bow its head,
The lily petals curl and droop, their grace and beauty fled;
I've seen the fairest blossoms fall and gently sink from sight,
And, blinded by my bitter tears, I called it cruel blight.

4 Yet now with open eyes I gaze beyond the fading bloom,
Beyond the chilling winds of earth, beyond the arresting tomb:
Beyond — Oh! Heavenly gardens fair, I speak no more of blight!
Transplanted safe, I see them all arrayed in spotless white.
The gracious Lord of that bright land holds for His own in store
Newness of life, fullness of joy, pleasures forevermore.

JULIA P. BALLARD.

THE UNSEEN CITY.

1 Not far away does that bright city stand,
'Tis but the mist o'er its dividing stream
That wraps the glory of its glittering strand,
Its radiant skies, and mountains' silvery gleam;
Oh, often in the blindness of our fate
We wander very near the city's gate.

2 We love that unseen city, and we yearn
Ever within our earthly homes to see
Its golden towers that in the sunlight burn,
Its white walls rising from the quiet sea,
Its mansions glittering with immortal show,
Filled with the treasures lost to us below.

3 Yes, dear ones that we loved and lost are there:
Bright in that fair clime beam those sweet eyes now;
Fanned by the soft breeze floats the shining hair—
Hair we have smoothed back from the gentlest brow;
Softest white hands we kissed and clasped in ours,
Slipped from our grasp, lured by its glowing flowers.

4 Fairer it seems, its velvet walks more sweet;
Dearer its quiet streets with gold paved o'er,
Since o'er them lightly fall the little feet,
The light feet bounding through our homes no more;
Oh! sweetest, dearest music, we fearfully missed—
Filled is that city with melody like this.

5 It is not far away; down from its arches roll
Anthems too sacred for the outward ear,
Pouring their haunting sweetness on the soul;
Oh! how our waiting spirits long to hear,
In listening to the low, bewildering strain,
Voices they said we should not hear again.

6 Oh! dear to us that city, He is there,
He whom unseen we love; no need of light,
His tender eyes illume the crystal air,
Where his beloved walk in vesture white,
What though on earth they wandered poor, distressed,
And saw through tears his glory; now they rest.

7 Oh! that fair city, shining o'er the tide,
Thither we journey, through the storm and night;
But soon shall we adown its still bay glide,
Soon will the city's gate gleam on our sight.
There with our own forever shall we be,
In that fair city rising from the sea.

MARIETTA HOLLEY.

BEYOND THESE CHILLING WINDS.

1 Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's solemn portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies
And love becomes immortal.

2 A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal,
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

3 We may not know how sweet the balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanted bowers.

4 That city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision,
For death, the silent warden, keeps the key
That opens those gates elysian.

5 But sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers.

6 And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

7 O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father all wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal.

NANCIE AMELIA PRIEST.

THE OTHER WORLD.

1 It lies around us like a cloud,
A world we cannot see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

2 Its gentle breezes fan our cheeks;
Amid our worldly cares,
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

3 Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathings almost heard.

4 The silence, awful, sweet and calm,
They have no power to break;
For mortal words are not for them
To utter or partake.

5 So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
They melt into our dream.

6 And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be;—

7 To close the eye, and close the ear,
Wrapped in a trance of bliss,
And gently drawn in loving arms,
To swoon to that from this—

8 Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,
Scarce asking where we are,
To feel all evil sink away,
All sorrow and all care.

9 Sweet souls around us! watch us still:
Press nearer to our side;
Into our thoughts! into our prayers,
With gentle helping glide.

10 Let death between us be as naught,
A dried and vanished stream;
Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

Mrs. Marion B. Baxter,

Of Charlotte, Mich., is one of the most talented and successful lecturers on the subject of Temperance that the W. C. T. U. has ever had. The good she has done in this favorite field of labor can never be estimated here. In speaking of her, the Illinois "State Journal" says, "she has the blood of a martyr in her brave body."

Her poems, though not so numerous as her prose writings, are pronounced exquisite by the favored few who have read them and heard them sung to her own original setting of music.

FROM A POEM ENTITLED
BY AND BY.

By and by, O heart, take courage,
By and by all pain shall cease;
By and by the glad harps ringing,
Loved ones found and heart at peace.
Let thy heart be full of hoping;
Let true love shine in your eye;
Every night-time hath its morning,
Thine is coming by and by.
By and by, yes, by and by.

MARION B. BAXTER.
Charlotte, Mich., 1886.

WAITING AND WATCHING FOR ME.

"I shall go to him ..... he shall not return to me." 2 Sam. xii: 23.

1 When my final farewell to the world I have said,
And gladly lie down to my rest;
When softly the watchers shall say, "He is dead,"
And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;
And when, with my glorified vision at last
The walls of "That City" I see,
Will any one then at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me?

2 There are little ones glancing about in my path,
In want of a friend and a guide;
There are dear little eyes looking up into mine,
Whose tears might be easily dried;
But Jesus may beckon the children away
In the midst of their grief and their glee—
Will any of them at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me?

3 There are old and forsaken who linger a while
In homes which their dearest have left;
And a few gentle words or an action of love
May cheer their sad spirits bereft.
But the Reaper is near to the long-standing corn,
The weary will soon be set free—
Will any of them at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me?

4 Oh! should I be brought there by the bountiful grace
Of Him who delights to forgive,
Though I bless not the weary about in my path,
Pray only for self while I live,—
Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,
If sorrow in heaven can be,
Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate
Be waiting and watching for me!

MARIANNE FARMINGHAM HEARN, 1862.
Music by P. P. Bliss.

"My Ain Countree" was first published in the New York "Observer," in 1861. It immediately became a special favorite with every lover of truly devotional poetry. It has touched and thrilled too many hearts, and has moistened too many eyes, to be forgotten. Every one who has read it and been profited by it, as thousands have, will gladly welcome its reappearance. Its companion poems, nearly sixty in number, by the same author, have appeared elsewhere from time to time, and nearly all of them are familiar to the readers of our various magazines and newspapers. Some of them have justly been incorporated into the hymnology of the Christian church. As truly poetical productions they are beyond criticism. Each one is a pearl although pearls may not be all alike. Among these may be mentioned "Even in Sardis," "Gone," "A Prisoner of Hope," "The Best Robe," "A Recruiting Song," "My Plea," "The Burnt Path," "Lights Ashore," "My Mother," and "The Pathway of the Sea," although the list might be largely extended. She is about forty years of age, and resides in Passaic, N. J. (1886.)

MY AIN COUNTREE.

1 I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary after-whiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringing an' my Father's welcome smiles;
I'll ne'er be fu' content, until mine een do see
The shining gates o' heav'n an my ain countree.
The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh an' gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's will as neathing be to me,
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.

2 I've His gude word o' promise that some gladsome day, the King
To His ain royal palace His banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hearts running owre, we shall see
The King in His beauty, in our ain countree.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;
His bluid has made me white,—His hand shall dry mine e'e,
When He brings me hame at last, to mine ain countree.

3 Sae little noo I ken o' yon blessed bonnie place,
I ainly ken its Hame, whaur we shall see His face;
It wad surely be eneuch forever mair to be
In the glory o' His presence in our ain countree.
Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo, unto my Saviour's breast,
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel' to His ain countree.

4 He's faithfu' that hath promised, He'll surely come again,
He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at ony moment to my ain countree.
So I'm watching aye, and singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie His grace to ilk ane wha' listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.

MRS. MARY LEE DEMAREST

HIS NAME SHALL BE IN THEIR FOREHEADS.

1 When I shall go where my Redeemer is,
In the far city on the other side,
And at the threshold of His palaces
Shall loose my sandals, ever to abide;
I know my Heavenly King will smiling wait
To give me welcome as I touch the gate.

2 O joy! O bliss! for I shall see His face,
And wear His blessed name upon my brow;
The name that stands for pardon, love and grace,
That name before which every knee shall bow.
No music half so sweet can ever be
As that dear name which He shall write for me!

3 Crowned with this royal signet, I shall walk,
With lifted forehead, through the eternal street;
And with a holier mien, and gentler talk,
Will tell my story to the friends I meet—
Of how the King did stoop His name to write
Upon my brow, in characters of light.

4 Then, till I go to meet my Father's smile,
I'll keep my forehead smooth from passion's scars,
From angry frowns that trample and defile,
And every sign that desecrates or mars;
That I may lift a face unflushed with shame,
Whereon my Lord may write His holy name.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

THE BETTER LAND.

1 Life has many a pleasant hour,
Many a bright and cloudless day;
Singing bird and smiling flower,
Scatter sunbeams on our way;
But the sweetest blossoms grow
In the land to which we go.

2 Earth has many a cool retreat,
Many a spot to memory dear;
Oft we find our weary feet
Lingering by some fountain clear;
Yet the purest waters flow
In the land to which we go.

3 Like a cloud that floats away,
Like the early morning dew,
Here the fairest things decay;
There, are pleasures ever new.
Only joy the heart will know
In the land to which we go.

4 'Tis the Christian's promised land;
There is everlasting day;
There a Saviour's loving hand
Wipes the mourner's tears away;
Oh! the rapture we shall know
In the land to which we go.

MRS. F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

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THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY.

1 Where is the unknown country?
I whispered sad and slow;
That strange and awful country,
To which I soon must go;
Out of the unknown country,
A voice sang soft and low,—
"Oh! pleasant is that country
And sweet it is to go."

2 Along the shining country
The peaceful rivers flow;
And in that wondrous country
The tree of life does grow;
Ah, then, into that country,
Of which I nothing know,
The everlasting country,
With willing heart, I go.

DINAH MULOCK. 1879.

Music by E. A. Andrews in "Ruth the Moabitess."

Mrs. S. A. Gordon.

Mrs. S. A. Gordon was born in Charlemont, Mass., and on her father's side was a descendant of John Steele, who founded the colony of Connecticut and established the town, now city, of Hartford. Among the many distinguished persons in this family lineage may be mentioned that of Noah Webster, L. L. D., author of American Dictionary of the English Language (Steele Genealogy, by Daniel S. Durrie), and on her mother's side is a descendant of William Ward of Sudbury, many of whose descendants have won historic distinction, both as military men and statesmen, also as men of science, a representative of which is Gen. Artemus Ward, first Major-General of Revolutionary fame (Ward Genealogy).

She early removed with her parents to New York, where she was reared and took the first year of a college course of study, which was afterwards completed in Illinois. She was married in Wisconsin, in 1858, to W. A. Gordon, M. D., of Warsaw, at which time she cancelled an engagement as principal of a ladies' seminary in Central Wisconsin. Some years previous she had charge of the ladies' department in Rock River Seminary, and subsequently the same position was twice tendered her in the Ripon College. The principalship of the State Normal School of Wisconsin, which was soon to be opened, had been tendered her through the Governor of the State, and was waiting her acceptance. This was considered a compliment of justice, she having been the first person to agitate the establishing of a Normal School, not only as a means of elevating the standard of education, but of securing a uniform system of the same in the then new State. She attended the teachers' institutes wherever held throughout the State (invariably being appointed to, and serving as a member of the faculty) for the purpose of agitating the subject, until the desire became an object accomplished.

After her marriage she immediately commenced the study of medicine with her husband, attended a partial course of lectures, and was called upon by the people to assist him in an overburdening practice. In 1859 and 1860 they were connected with the Smithsonian Institute, taking meteorological notes and making collections for the same.

She filled an engagement of one year as associate editor on the "Central Wisconsin," and then joined her husband at Louisville, where he was stationed most of the time during the civil war. There she gave considerable time to the study of the art, the remaining time being assiduously devoted to the relief of the suffering soldiers around her. Situated near her husband's headquarters at one time was a camp of homeless Southern refugees, overtaken by small-pox. They could find no physician to serve them (Dr. Gordon was prohibited both by want of time and the exposures it would bring to soldiery). She learned of their pitiful condition and at once went to their relief and fought the scourge until it succumbed, bearing away but two victims, one an infant, and another an aged man. She served her husband as hospital officer in different capacities as unavoidable circumstances created vacancies not readily supplied.

She was a weekly contributor to the literary columns of the "Sunday Journal," George D. Prentice, editor, during the period of the war. She has been a member of the Dante Society since its organization, and in 1882 and 1883 was State editor for Missouri (W. C. T. U.), on the "Chicago Signal."

During her residence in Denver she was the first person to suggest the demand for the newsboy's home there, which she had the opportunity of aiding in establishing. She was also assistant superintendent of Chinese work in that city for some time. She is author of a book entitled "Camping in Colorado," and several papers and poems that have entered into other collections. Her hymns, which are numerous, are included in at least three hymnal compilations.

OVER THE SILENT RIVER.

"Yet there is no end of all his labor."—Eccl. iv: 8.

1 What will be our labors there,
Over the silent river?
When we a crown of life shall wear,
Over the silent river;
Our labors will be in our Father's employ,
And the harvest we reap will be one of joy,
Over the silent river.

2 What will be our labors there,
Over the silent river?
Labors of love we each will share,
Over the silent river;
Our dear Father's will shall our hearts employ,
And the harvest we reap shall be one of joy,
Over the silent river.

3 What will be our labors there,
Over the silent river?
Our Father will our work prepare,
Over the silent river,
Our labors will be free from all alloy,
And the harvest we reap will be one of joy,
Over the silent river.

MRS. S. A. GORDON.
Hannibal, Mo., 1884.
From "Joy Bells," by permission.

THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.

1 The gates of that city stand ever ajar,
Its beautiful palaces time cannot mar,
And faith brings so near us those mansions of light,
That even our dull ears hear songs in the night.

2 'T is a beautiful city unshadowed by care,
Our truest and best friends are gathering there,
And our own wearied feet will soon stand at the door,
Where the weary who enter are weary no more.

3 The web of our life hath its dark threads therein,
Our pathway is rough, but the glory we win
Will more than make up for the trials we meet,
The thorn and the thistle, the struggle and heat.

4 Then courage, my brother, the goal may be near,
The thin veil that hides it will soon disappear,
And we who have tarried with toil as our guest,
Will find in that Eden a glorious rest.

MRS. M. J. SMITH, 1883.

THE BRIGHT HILLS OF GLORY.

1 Oh! give a harp on the bright hills of glory—
A home when life's sorrows are o'er,
Where joys that await the meek and the lowly,
Will more than lost Eden restore.

2 Oh! there let me roam on the banks of the river,
Escorted by angels along;
And with them adore the Bounteous Giver,
Whose love is rehearsed by the throng.

3 There sweetly we'll rest in those mansions forever,
And bask in the fulness of love,
Where fields are all bright with flowrets that never
Shall wither in Eden above.

4 Oh! who has prepared this banquet of pleasures,
In heaven's sweet bower of rest?
And bids us partake of all its rich treasures,
And waits now to welcome each guest?

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.
Composed for the Baptist S. S. Union Anniversary, 1862.
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WINDOWS OPEN TOWARD JERUSALEM.

1 Jerusalem, my heart's beloved!
The city four-square lies
Before mine upturned, longing face
And glad, tear-clouded eyes.
I hear thy chants and antiphons
From fane and altar roll,
I see thy golden glories glow
Through windows of the soul.

2 Through Memory's open window, gay
And gorgeous colors lend
Their sparkle to glad childhood's sports,
Or in youth's rainbow blend.
The plumy flutter of God's dove
And crystal drops I trace,
Which gave my early spirit-life
In thy fair walls a place.

3 Through one fair casement all the world
Becomes of kin to me—
All human hearts knit in one web
Of living sympathy.
To brave, to noble, and to true,
No time nor clime there be;
And all that's worth the garnering
Is gathered up in thee.

4 Another window opens, where
Bright Hope has gone before,
To bridge the else unfathomed gulf
Fast by the farther shore.
Her sheeny wings illume life's murk,
Unravelled mysteries lie,
Seeds of the better things to be,
In thy sweet harmony.

5 And one! Upon its panes are traced
The cross, the nail, the thorn;
There oft I linger lovingly
Where only life is born.
Fair city! white-robed Faith can see
Foundation, cope, and cross.
Faith only finds such wealth in thee
As counts all other loss.

6 So here I sit at eventide,
Or when noon's sun is high,
When midnight darkness fain would hide
Thy glories from my eye.
Wide flung to every wind of heaven
These windows of the soul,
That Memory, Sympathy, and Hope
And Faith may grasp the whole.

MARGARET J. WINSLOW, 1881.

THE MANY MANSIONS.

1 Heart of mine, canst thou be troubled
When the Master, in His grace,
Has prepared those heavenly dwellings
Where I shall behold His face?

2 I shall know mine from all others,
'Mid those palaces of light,
Shining like the sun upon me
As I enter from the night.

3 When I reach that happy mansion—
Home, my home, forevermore—
May I find my absent, lost ones
Standing in the open door!

4 May I feel restoring kisses
On my weary cheek and brow;
May I see the love-light shining
That I only dream of now!

5 Oh! the all-pervading sweetness
Of that blesséd future life!
Oh! the deep repose to follow
All this wasting care and strife!

6 Heart of mine, then bear thy burden
Up the hill, through dust and heat—
Any turn may show that City
Lying right beneath thy feet.

JULIA H. THAYER.

ARE YOU READY?

1 Oh! those bright, those heavenly mansions
That the Saviour doth prepare!
Are you ready, robed and ready,
If now called to enter there?
Have you washed you in the fountain,
That for sin stands open wide?
Are you every moment trusting
In the Christ, the Crucified?

2 Oh! the songs the saints are singing,
Where no waves of sorrow roll!
Is the heavenly music ringing
In the chambers of thy soul?
Are you often feebly trying
To repeat some echoed strain?
Every power with angels vying
In the ever new refrain?

ABBIE MILLS.

THE RIVER SHORE.

1 Walking by the quiet river
Where the slow tide seaward goes,
All the cares of life fall from us,
All our troubles find repose:
Naught forgetting, naught regretting,
Lovely ghosts from days no more
Glide with white feet o'er the river,
Smiling toward the silent shore.

2 So we pray in His good pleasure
When this world we've safely trod,
We may walk beside the river
Flowing from the throne of God:
All forgiving, all believing,
Not one lost we loved before,
Looking toward the hills of heaven
Calmly from the eternal shore.

MISS MULOCK.

THE ANGELS' SONG.

1 Behold the golden city,
With gates of pearly white;
The peaceful, shining city,
Where falls no shade of night;
List to the glad, triumphant chorus,
By angels robed in white.

2 That bright-winged throng is singing
Before the great white throne,
The theme is ever Jesus,
His precious name alone
Hath pow'r to wake the sweetest music
That echoes round the throne.

3 Oh! blesséd name of Jesus,
Fill all our hearts with love,
Until we sing the praises
That angels sing above;
'Till heart and voice shall join the chorus,
And swell the notes of love.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

Phœbe Cary.

{ Born 1824.
{ Died 1871.

This beautiful poem, which has comforted so many Christian hearts, will be prized not only for its own sake but as a fitting memorial to the gifted writer, who has gone to her "Father's house," to join her sister in their home beyond "the crystal sea." It was written in 1842, and is in accordance with the author's latest revision. The ideas in it were suggested to her one morning at church. She returned home, and before dinner had committed it to paper.

The leaf of a book of poems under the head of Vice President Wilson, was found turned down at this hymn, immediately after his death.

A young man who had received religious training, was led into the haunts of vice, and one evening while in a bar-room the words of this hymn came to his remembrance. He hastened away from the place, sought the means of grace and became a Christian.

The first volume of poems by Phœbe and Alice Cary, calling themselves the "Sisters of the West," was published in 1849. In their productions are discovered a nobility of thought, a breadth of sympathy, a fervor of imagination, denoting the genuine poet. Their hymns are full of the spirit of pious devotion.

NEARER HOME.

1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

4 But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.

5 Oh! if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;

6 Father, perfect in my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith!

PHOEBE CARY.

THE GOLDEN CITY.

1 Oh! the sapphire walls, how far off they seem,
Like a misty city, one sees in a dream!

2 With our fainting hearts and our tired feet,
How can we keep on, thro' the dust and heat?

3 So many hills between; so little strength to climb,
Can we ever reach to those heights sublime?

4 Poor pilgrim, take heart, for God, in His pity,
Has sent down His Son from the Golden City.

5 To bear up your feet to those heavenly lands,
Where His Father's House in its beauty stands;

6 Where mansions are ready for every guest,
And world-weary pilgrims, at last, may rest.

MARIA LOU EVE.
Augusta, Ga., 1883.

I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

1 When I awake, my Saviour, in that land—
The pleasant country on the other side,
Where trees of healing for earth's sorrows stand—
At home, at rest, I shall be satisfied.

2 When these poor feet that often stumbled here
Shall touch the ripples of the waves, that glide
Through pleasant pastures crystalline and clear,
Whispering of peace, I shall be satisfied:

3 And when these tired hands at Thy dear feet
Shall lay the heavy cross 'neath which I sighed,
To loose the life-long burden will be sweet:
Free from all sin—I shall be satisfied.

4 But never here:—the way so long appears,
Thy tender hand-clasp, O beloved Guide,
Seems loosed because of sin; I walk in tears,
Pining and penitent, but never satisfied.

5 Oh! by Thy memories of Gethsemane—
The traitor's kiss; Peter's sworn faith denied,
Forgive another wanderer from Thee,
Pardoned, dear Lord, I shall be satisfied.

6 And when I shall have crossed the mystic wave,
Lulled by the murmur of the heavenly tide,
Exchange earth's grave-scarred turf for golden pave,
Cypress for Palm—I shall be satisfied.

MINNIE L. HOPKINS.
Richmond, Va.

HEAVEN

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."

1 From height of bliss to depth of woe
With ceaseless tread I come and go;
'Tis sweet, yea, passing sweet, to know
In Heaven no tears will ever flow.

2 Dear human sympathy is mine,
And, too, the dearer love Divine;
Love is life's choicest, purest wine;
Heaven will all earthly love refine.

3 But all who with the Master stand,
A self-denying, loyal band,
The world will hate on every hand;
Hate lives not on Heaven's peaceful strand.

4 Deep shadows o'er my pathway lie,
Yet step by step the shadows fly;
Soon perfect day will bless mine eye;
Heaven hath no painful mystery.

5 I hunger, thirst, from day to day;
For daily bread I daily pray;
I dwell within a house of clay;
Heaven hath no change, no sad decay.

6 I weary; night brings calm repose,
Sweet slumbers heavy eyelids close;
No weariness the Spirit knows
In Heaven, where night no shadow throws.

7 Hail, day of deep and perfect peace!
Hail, love and love's Divine increase!
Hail, pleasures which shall never cease!
Hail, happy hour of my release!

8 Decay and death for beauty rare,
A prison for a temple fair!
I'll drop my chain a crown to wear,
And rise my Saviour's home to share!

KATE SUMNER BUER.

Alice Cary.

Alice Cary is so well known through her poems, that it is unnecessary to say that they left to the world a loved name and a heritage [illegible]. She was born April 26, 1820, near Cincinnati. One of the severest criticisms passed on her early poems was that they were "full of grave." Remembering the bereaved and lonely girl, who [illegible] at the tomb on the hillside, where her mother and sisters slept, how sweet her early song escape the shadow of death and the [illegible]. Her first literary adventure appeared in the Sabbath [illegible] of the West, published in Cincinnati. It was entitled [illegible] and was written when she was eighteenth year. After the [illegible] National Era at Washington, in 1847, she wrote [illegible] here, for the first time, attempted prose [illegible] translations. A few years after Alice, with her sister Phoebe, [illegible] their home in the West and went to New York, where they [illegible] and wrote. Soon after, they published the first [illegible] Papers." They were full of freshness and [illegible] full of the simple, natural graphic pictures of [illegible] and were [illegible] full of the experiences [illegible] and [illegible] poems. They were published [illegible] and [illegible] Their [illegible] Harper. Three years [illegible] was published with [illegible]

success, and the following year the "Clovernook Children" was published. This was as popular with young readers as the "Papers" had been with the elders. Besides writing constantly for Harper's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, Riverside Magazine, New York Ledger, New York Weekly, New York Independent, Packard's Monthly, and chance periodicals which entreated her name for their pages, the active brain and soul of Alice Cary, in twenty years, produced eleven volumes, every word and thought of which was wrought from her own being, and every line of which was written by her own hand, and many of the articles being of a religious nature.

Before 1856 Alice and her sister Phœbe had removed to the pretty house on Twentieth Street. From the beginning this house became the centre of one of the choicest and most cosmopolitan circles in New York. The two sisters drew about them not only the best, but the most genial, minds. True men and women found in each, companion, counselor and friend. They met every true woman that came to them with sympathy and tenderness; feeling that they shared with her all the mutual toils and sorrows of womanhood. Alice's pleasure was her labor. Of rest, recreation, and amusement, in the way other woman sought them, she knew almost nothing. Her rest and recreation were intervals from pain, in which she could labor. It was not always the labor of writing; but, nevertheless, it was labor of some kind, never play.

Near the close of her life she wrote, "Putting off the Armor." The poem reveals the longing of the soul for the rest upon which she has entered. Her beautiful life ended February 12, 1870, and she was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, while still falling snow covered all things with a pure white mantle.—"Youth's Companion."

ALICE CARY'S DYING HYMN.

1 Earth, with its dark and dreadful ills,
Recedes and fades away;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly hills,
Ye gates of death, give way.

2 My soul is full of whispered song;
My blindness is my sight,
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all alive with light.

3 And while my pulses faintly beat,
My faith doth so abound,
I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green immortal ground.

4 That faith to me a courage gives,
Low as the grave to go;
I know that my Redeemer lives,
That I shall live to know.

5 The palace walls I almost see,
Where dwells my Lord and King;
O grave! where is thy victory?
O death! where is thy sting?

ALICE CARY, 1870.

AT THE GATE.

1 I shall follow the footsteps that guide
To the land of perpetual day,
Where the sav'd shall forever, forever abide,
And I cannot but sing on the way.

2 There are thorns in the path for my hands,
There are difficult hills for my feet;
And the valleys are torrid, are torrid with sands,
But the music within me is sweet.

3 At the end of the journey I know,
Is the golden Jerusalem bright;
And the thought of its joys, of its joys as I go,
Is making the pilgrimage light.

4 And I'll try to be faithful indeed,
Till over the river I go,
In the pastures of blessing, of blessing to feed,
Sweet pastures that beckon me so.

LUCY M. CHAFFEE.
From "Royal Gems." J. R. Murray.

THERE IS LIGHT BEYOND THE HILLS.

1 Distant Eden, dream'd-of Eden,
Land beyond the dark blue hills:
Thou hast beauties, thou hast pleasures,
And my heart with longing fills;
Mind enchanted, eyes expectant,
Fain would feast on thy delight,
See those beauties, taste those pleasures,
Which the hills hide from my sight.

2 Beauteous sunlight, fading sunlight,
Later rests upon thy spires;
Waiting child-heart, mystic childhood,
Of the dreaming never tires,
Decks thy fields with robes e'er vernal,
Hears sweet music in thy dells,
Brings no sorrow, brings no sighing,
Brings to thee no parting knells.

3 Distant Eden, dream'd-of Eden,
Land beyond the dark blue hills;
Older minds than sportive children,
Dream of thee as free from ills;
Mortals toiling, mortals weary,
As life's duties he fulfills,
Trusts for brightness in the future,
Look for light beyond the hills.

MRS. L. L. RADCLIFFE.
From "Royal Gems." Brainard's Sons.

COMING NEARER.

"This land shall be your possession."—Num. xxxii: 22.

1 It 's coming, coming nearer,
The lovely land unseen;
Its shores are growing clearer,
Though mists lie dark between;
We watch its beams of glory,
We hear its bursts of song,
We're raptured with its story,
For it our spirits long.

REF.—O yes! it 's coming nearer, nearer, nearer;
O yes! it 's coming nearer,
The lovely land unseen.

2 The balmy winds are bringing
Its odors on their breath;
Our ship of life is swinging
To the port where is no death;

Where none are heavy hearted,
Where all are glad and free,
Where friends are never parted,
And saints their Saviour see.

3 It is coming, coming nearer,
We're homeward bound at last;
Its shores are growing clearer,
We soon shall anchor fast;
We'll dwell with Him forever
Who brought us o'er the tide,
And not a foe shall sever
Our souls from His dear side.

MRS. M. E. M. SANGSTER.

Set to music and copyrighted by Rev. R. Lowry, "Royal Diadem," 1872. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

PROMISED LAND OF GLORY.

"Who hath called us unto His eternal glory."—1 Peter v: 10.

1 Beyond this wilderness of sin
The promised land of glory waits,
And we, a happy pilgrim band,
Are journeying toward its open gates.

CHO.—Oh! promised land! above earth's skies
Thy radiant hills of glory rise,
And still there leads, as on we move,
The pillar of our Father's love.

2 Jehovah, in His tender care,
Hath sweetened Marah's bitter spring;
Awhile we rest 'neath Elim's palms,
And all the way we gladly sing.

3 Though foes surround us day by day
And dangers lurk on every side,
Jehovah shields us from all harm,
And nought of ill can e'er betide.

4 Dear Canaan home, how brief will seem
The few more years we journey here,
When we have crossed the Jordan strand
And all thy wondrous scenes appear.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.

From "Welcome Songs" by per. of F. H. Revell & Co., Chicago.

WHAT IT MUST BE TO BE THERE.

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."—Rev. xxi: 4.

1 We speak of the land of the blest,
A country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confest,
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and treasures untold,
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessèd above,
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there?

5 Do Thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare,
Then shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

ONLY A LITTLE WHILE.

"Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh in the morning." Psalm xxx: 5.

1 Only a little while
Of walking with weary feet,
Patiently over the thorny way
That leads to the golden street.

2 Suffer if God shall will,
And work for Him while we may,
From Calvary's cross to Zion's crown,
Is only a little way.

3 Only a little while,
For toiling a few short days,
And then comes the rest, the quiet rest,
Eternity's endless praise.

MRS. M. F. A. CROZIER.

Set to music and copyrighted, 1880, by George C. Stebbins.

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

"And the twelve gates were twelve pearls."—Rev. xxi: 21.

We read in the sacred traditions of yore,
Of the beautiful gate on the evergreen shore,
Where the souls unto whom we minist'ring came,
And gave words of comfort in Jesus' dear name,
Will meet us with welcome, will watch and will wait,
To guide us in safety thro' the Beautiful Gate.

2 Oh! those beautiful gates in the mansions of bliss,
Whose walls are of jasper and pale amethyst;
On the north, on the south, on the east and the west,
The twelve gates of pearl, in the land of the blest.
What records await us, when we shall unfold
Those gates, and pass over the streets of pure gold.

3 All honor and glory to Him who hath wrought,
For God's living temple, His treasures of thought.
The bright jewels He plucked are garnered with care,
In the crown of the Master they ever shine fair;
And gleaming high over the bright starry throne,
Shall be the sweet welcome, "Well done," faithful one.

MRS. JENNIE F. CROSBY.

From "Songs of Free Grace," by permission of D. L. Thompson, 1884.

ONLY ONE CROSSING.

1 Only one crossing: glory to God!
Though dark the journey
And thorny the road.
Only one torrent to stem on the way:
Then comes the resting,
The sunlight of day.

2 Only one crossing: surges may roll,
Billows like mountains
To frighten my soul;
Jesus hath promised my Pilot to be.
Lord, in the tempest
My heart clings to Thee.

3 Only one crossing: to blessèd repose—
Beautiful City,
Thy gates will enclose.
Zion's fair mansions in gladness I see;
Angels, bright angels,
Are waiting for me.

MRS. F. A. WOOD-WHITE.
November 11, 1876.

IMMANUEL'S LAND.

"The breath of thy land, O Immanuel."—Is. viii: 8.

1 The sands of time are wasting,
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Oh! dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand;
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

2 O Christ! He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams of earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above.
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand;
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

3 Oh! I am my beloved's,
And my beloved's mine;
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His house divine.
Upon the rock of ages
My soul redeemed shall stand,
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

ANNIE ROSS COUSIN, 1857.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

1 I have heard of a land on a far-away strand—
In the Bible the story is told—
Where no cares ever come; never darkness, nor gloom,
And nothing shall ever grow old.

2 In that beautiful land on the far-away strand
No storms with their blasts ever frown;
The streets, I am told, are paved with pure gold,
And the sun it shall never go down.

3 There are evergreen trees that bend low in the breeze,
And their fruitage is brighter than gold;
There are harps for our hands in that fairest of lands,
And nothing shall ever grow old.

4 There's a home in that land, at the Father's hand,
There are mansions whose joys are untold;
And perennial spring, where the birds ever sing,
And nothing shall ever grow old.

MRS. F. A. F. WOOD-WHITE.

Mrs. L. A. Lindsay.

"As the sun sinks, he makes color; so it is toward the evening of life that we find the rarest and sweetest types of womanhood—mothers and wives, for whom all the fountains of life have been unsealed, who have drained the mixed cup of love and joy, and been nourished also with the bitter wine of affliction."

Mrs. L. A. Lindsay, like a number of the other contributors to this volume, did not write hymns and religious poems till comparatively late in life. After the accumulated thought and deep religious experience of years the soul sometimes finds sweet relief and comfort in placing upon paper the heart melodies and harmonies in both the major and minor keys, that long have been struggling for expression. It frequently happens that these productions, as is the case with some to be found in this compilation, are among the ripest and best.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

1 Oh! the beautiful land, Oh! the home of the saints,
Where the spirit is freed from all earthly taints,
And the Saviour is standing and lovingly waits
To welcome His own when they enter the gates.

2 The country so radiant with rivers of light
Now flowing by all the blest spirits so bright,
Dazzling and flashing with radiance rare
'Round the home of the King; Oh! I long to be there.

3 The land so transporting and full of delight!
The soul stands amazed at the beautiful sight,
As it reaches the portals, just waking from sleep,
And hears heavenly music, sonorous and deep.

4 The place where oppression no more can be dealt,
Or pangs of affliction again will be felt;
When the soul at last seeks the home of its rest,
And settles in peace 'mid the hosts of the blest.

5 Oh! the city of God! what a home it must be
To the care-laden spirit, when death sets it free;
What joy it must feel as the clay falls away
And it springs from the darkness of night into day.

MRS. L. A. LINDSAY.
Eminence, Ky., 1876.

LAND OF THE BLESSED.

1 O, land of the blessed,
Thy shadowless skies
Sometimes in my dreaming I see,
I hear the glad songs
That the glorified sing,
Steal over eternity's sea.
Tho' dark are the shadows that gather between,
I know that thy morning is fair;
I catch but a glimpse of thy glory and light,
And whisper: would God I were there!

2 O land of the blessed,
Thy hills of delight
Sometimes on my vision unfold;
Thy mansions celestial,
Thy palaces bright,
Thy bulwarks of jasper and gold.
Dear voices are chanting thy chorus of praise,
Dear eyes in thy sunlight are fair;
I look from my valley of shadow below,
And whisper: would God I were there.

3 Dear home of my Father,
Fair city whose peace,
No shadow of changing can mar!
How glad are the souls
That have tasted thy joy,
How blest thine inhabitants are!
When weary with toiling, I think of the day—
Who knows if its dawning be near—
When He who hath loved me shall call me away
From all that has burdened me here.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.
Set to music by T. C. O'Kane.

THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY.

Suggested while listening to a sermon by Rev. Wm. W. Patton, D.D., in Hartford, Conn., 1849, from the text—"Thine eyes shall behold the King in His beauty, they shall see the land that is very far off."

Isiah xxxiii: 17.

(Tune *"Portuguese Hymn, or Lyons."*)

1 The "King in His beauty," transcendently glorious,
Enrobed in the brightness of Heavenly array,
O'er earth's darkest foe hath risen victorious—
His throne is resplendent in the "Land far away."

2 The eyes of the blind shall be opened to see Him,
The lame one leap forth, like the light-footed hart,
Deaf ears shall have broken the fetters that bound them,
And the dumb shall no longer sit silent apart.

3 The "King in His beauty," in that "Land far away,"
Hath promised the captive sweet freedom and ease,
Ah! the dungeon's dim light He will change into day,
And the woes of His bondage will surely appease.

4 Look upward ye poor, sorrowing poverty's child,
In the "Land that 's far off," thy bread shall be given;
Yes, thy drink shall be sure, and thy robes undefiled,
For thine are the riches and beauties of Heaven.

5 Look up, ye bowed-down one, look up—look away.
Oh! they tell of a land full of beauty far off.
Where no sun, and no moon, nor a star sheds a ray;
For the King on His throne is the splendor thereof.

6 Look upward, O tempted, ye tried one and weak.
Let faith pierce the cloud that is hanging between
The land of your sorrow, the home that ye seek,
Through the rift in the clouds Heaven's glory shall gleam.

7 Be patient in suffering, ye sick and infirm,
The "King in His beauty" hath conquered e'en death.
The designs of thy King, though ye cannot discern,
Shall rescue forever from earth's poisonous breath.

8 Oh! sad-hearted mourner in sable and weeping,
Thy loved ones are there in that "Land far away,"
With their "King in His beauty," safe watch they are keeping,
While the desolate linger on earth-land to pray.

9 The "King in His beauty" shall charm thy soul's vision,
His hand shall wipe gently all tears from thine eye;
Thy home shall be with Him in that land Elysian,
No parting, He whispers, no more shalt thou die.

CAROLINE L. POST
Springfield, Ill.

LICHT! LIEBE! LEBEN!

LIGHT! LOVE! LIFE!

(The inscription upon Herder's tombstone.)

1 The sunlight's glimmer through the storm-clouds parted,
The moonlight glancing on a restless sea,
Pale star-beams, which the eyes of night have darted,
Such, Herder, such the Light of Earth to thee!

2 A rose-tint caught from the rejoicing morn,
One sweet, lone voice from all earth's minstrelsy,
Of smiles and tears a transient rainbow born,
Such, Herder, such the Love of Earth to thee!

3 A search, a yearning for the fair, the true;
Illusive joys which the worn traveler flee;
The poet's rapture, and his anguish too;
Such, Herder, such the Life of Earth to thee!

4 But happy thou, if it was thine to gain
An entrance to the dwelling-place of light,
Whose holy clearness without earthly stain,
Inwraps a world all beautiful and bright.

5 And what is love, 'neath those serener skies,
Where never friend proves worthless or unkind!
Ah! what is love where beauty never dies!
Where heart to heart responds, and mind to mind!

6 Below, a plant by chilling winds uptorn,
It blooms with rich, immortal hues above,
And 'mid the radiance of celestial morn,
Glows with His brightness, whose dear name is Love.

7 And what is life—eternal life in Heaven!
To love, to serve with strong undying powers,
And find all blessings with our Saviour given,
Our Light, our Love, our Life, forever ours.

ANNA LENTHAL SMITH.
From the "Scarlet Oak," by per.

THE LAND OF EDEN.

1 O Eden Land, thou land of bloom,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
Beyond the pain, and grief, and strife,
That dim and mar our mortal life;
O Eden Land, thou land of the blest,
Where we alone find peace and rest,

2 O Eden Land—bright world of bliss,
More fresh and fair, and pure than this;
Oh! how our weary spirits long,
To reach that clime of light and song!
Thou Eden Land, at whose close gate
The treasures of our future wait.

3 Thou Eden Land, Oh! could we grasp
Thy promised blessings in our clasp;
Fain would we loose our hold on earth,
And rise to that immortal birth.
Which shall alone place in our hands
The key of heaven's fair Eden Land.

KATE CAMERON.
From "The Clariona," by permission Biglow & Main.
Copyright, 1867, by W. B. Bradbury.

AT EVENING IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

"It has sometimes been, as in that beautiful story, that the last steps, before the dark river was reached, lay through the land Beulah, * * * * and yet the feet may be dipped in the chill river, before the heavenly light has shone upon the face.—*Gravestones of a Country Parson.*

1 It shall be light! Though here the "silver lining,"
The solemn splendor of our midnight skies,
The crimson glory when the sun's declining:
Yet oft the spirit turns its eager eyes
To the calm brightness of celestial day,
Ah! when, she asks, will shadows flee away,
And all be light?

2 Though, like the wood thrush, when the days are dreary,
She sings her sweetest in her deepest gloom,
Or softly breathes the plaintive miserere,
As the crushed anthemis exales perfume,
She yearns to be where perfect spirits dwell,
And where the notes of hallelujah swell,—
Where all is light!

3 It shall be light! O Christian! it may be
That, ere thy feet shall touch the bridgeless stream,
All night and day the sun shall shine for thee,
Where the clear rivulets of Beulah gleam;
Yet, should thy sun in gloom descend the kies,
Fear not! For thee eternal morn shall rise—
It shall be light!

ANNA LENTHAL SMITH.

WILL THERE BE A ROBE FOR ME?

Tune—"Memories of Earth." G. H., No. 3.

1 When Christ's precious ones are gathered,
When He shuts the golden door;
When the feet that here grow weary,
Walk in thorny paths no more;
When His children who have suffered,
Folded to His gentle breast,
Hear Him saying "faithful servant,
Enter into joy and rest";
Shall I wear a crown of glory?
Will there be a robe for me?

2 When the day of life is closing,
And the evening cometh on,
After all the heat and worry
Since the rosy flush of dawn;
When the shadows closer gather,
When the dark waves surge and roar·
And from out the shadowed distance
We can hear the boatman's oar;
Will the angels give me welcome?
Will there be a robe for me?

MRS. M. J. SMITH.

THE RIVER OF SONG.

1 I hear of a river of wonderful sheen,
That glitters from morning till night,
And flows in its beauty its green shores between,
As if 'twere a creature of light;
I hear of its music so charmingly sweet,
That ripples and murmurs along,
There richness and softness in harmony meet,
They call it "The River of Song!"

2 Far over the isles where earth's music is borne
This glorious melody streams,—
'Twould be to the restless, the sin-sick and worn,
As sweet as the smile of their dreams;
How gladly our hearts from all strivings shall cease,
When we with the glorified throng
Shall drink from the purified waters of Peace,
And sail down "The River of Song."

3 "The River of Song!" Its low echo I hear,
Sometimes in the silence alone,
Its tenderness falls on my listening ear
And comforts my heart with its tone.
I hear it again in the stillness of night,
In dreams, as it murmurs along;
Oh! may we all, dressed in our garments of white,
Be rowed down this "River of Song!" By per.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.
Jacksonville, Ill., 1883.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Harriet Prescott Spofford began life among the rocks, woods and waters of Maine, at Calais, April 3, 1835. She spent her last years of school life at Pinkerton Academy, N. H., after having graduated at the Putnam School, Derry, N. H. In the course of her literary career, she has published ten volumes of prose and poetry. Among her best poems are "The Thief in the Night." "The Pine Tree," and the one following this sketch. She is now in the prime of life, dwelling in the midst of the happy dignity of felicitous domestic relations.

WHAT IS THAT LAST DREAD BREATH, TO DIE?

1 To feel God's glory breaking through
Heaven after heaven, and streaming down,
To gather off the cold death-dew,
And wipe my forehead in its crown.

2 To hear a voice unheard before,
Or in a dream but dimly guessed,
Whose fall more sweet than sea to shore,
Whose burden—"Child, come to thy rest!"

3 To wake on high at dead of night,
To float on seas most clear and broad,
To read the scroll of life aright,
To die—and find Thee, Lord!

HARRIETT PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

I WILL MEET THEE.

Suggested by a conversation held with my dear mother when on her death-bed more than twenty-five years ago.

1 Meet thee? Yes, I'll meet thee,
When the lamp will no more burn;
And the glass will cease to turn,
As the last sand passes;
There where day precludes the night,
In the spirit world of light,
I will meet and greet thee.

2 From the heights you'll see me,
As my bark draws near to them,
On the tide that others stem;
When I'm almost over,
I will hear your welcome cry,
As the breezes pass me by,
And you come to meet me.

3 Know thee? I will know thee!
Why should memory fail us there,
When we know each other here,
Where the light falls dimly?
Only grasp me by the hand,
Though a million round thee stand,
I will know and greet thee.

MRS. L. A. LINDSAY.
Eminence, Ky., April, 1884.

DEPARTURE.

1 Mount, my soul, from earth and time,
To thy mansion in the skies,
Longing for those realms sublime,
Break thy fetters, upward rise!
Guardian angels hover nigh,
Whispering oft in gentle tone,
Fearless with thine escort fly,
They shall lead thee to the throne.

2 Cling not to these mortal shores,
Doomed to darkness and decay,
While upon thy vision pours
Light from heaven's eternal day.
Thou shalt tread yon golden streets,
To the ransomed freely given,
Joyful, quaff ten thousand sweets
From the blissful streams of heaven.

3 Art thou shrinking from the tomb?
Shuddering in its chilling air?
Once, regardless of its gloom,
Christ, thy Saviour, slumbered there.
He hath risen! so thou shalt rise,
When the vale of death is trod;
Soar triumphant to the skies,
And the presence of thy God.

MRS. A. M. EDMOND.

OUR TEACHER GONE HOME.

1 She dwelt so near her heavenly home
No clarion call she needed;
Death's angel only whispered, "Come!"
And glad her spirit heeded.

2 So like an angel was she here,
This side the pearly portals,
That we shall surely know her there
Among the bright immortals.

3 O Father, help us loose our hold,
Our yearning hearts' affection;
And trust her, in Thine upper fold,
To Thy dear love's protection!

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.
"Exhibition Days." H. A. Young & Co.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

1 "He giveth His beloved sleep."
Oh! wipe your tears, ye souls that weep;
Your house is builded in the Lord,
Trust ye in Him and in His Word.

2 "He giveth His beloved sleep."
In tears who sow, in joy shall reap;
His dews and sun shall bless your field,
A plenteous harvest shall it yield.
"He giveth His beloved sleep."
Oh! blest art thou this rest to keep;
For nought shall break that sweet repose,
When in His love your eyes shall close.

MRS. ELIZA S. A. SALTONSTALL.
Hopkinton, Mass., 1880.

GO TO THY REST.

S. M.

1 Go to thy rest, fair child;
Go to thy dreamless bed,
While yet so gentle, undefiled,
With blessings on thy head.

2 Before thy heart had learned
In waywardness to stray;
Before thy feet had ever turned
The dark and downward way;

3 Ere sin had seared the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear;
Rise to thy home of changeless rest
In yon celestial sphere.

4 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright;
Because thy loving cradle-care
Was such a dear delight,

5 Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy upward wing detain?
No! gentle angel, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

WE'LL GO HOME, BY AND BY.

1 We'll go home, by and by, when our toil is all o'er;
In the shadow of evening, we will wait outside the door,
While life's sun serenely setting, all the clouds with gold is fretting,
We'll go home, by and by, and we'll tire nevermore.

2 We'll go home, by and by; for the Saviour tells us so;
When the clouds that here have risen shall have faded out, and lo!
We shall see the Lord of glory, we shall tell the wondrous story,
When we leave our well-worn sandals here below.

3 We'll go home, by and by, for the promises are sure.
Then take courage, fainting brother, just a little while endure;
Where the shadows cometh never, in the Christian's home forever,
We will meet, by and by, with the sinless and the pure.

MRS. M. J. SMITH.

VALE.

1 Thou did'st pass from my sight, like a vision of morning,
Where clouds of the night return after rain;
And the crimson and gold that illumined the dawning,
Are quenched in the gray tints of triumph again;
But there's joy in that beam although brief be its shining;
There's hope for the morrow in even one ray;
And the cloud on my heart hath this silvery lining;
Perhaps not forever, though parted to-day!

2 As the sun, sinking low in the depths of the ocean,
Flings backward his glory on heaven and shore,
And the billow that throbs as with human emotion,
In his smile, all forgetful how soon it is o'er;
So my heart wins this pearl from the deep of its sorrow,
And lays it with tears upon memory's shrine:
Though the light of my life set to rise not to-morrow,
Though parted forever, thy last look was mine.

CAROLINE A. HOWARD.
Set to music by Dr. Jas. R. Murray.

DEAR ONES, ANGEL-CROWNED

1 Since the summer roses faded,
Since the shadows longer grew,
Many garlands we have braided,
Of the cypress and the yew,
Many farewells have been spoken,
Many links in earth's chain broken;
God forgive us if we dare
Murmur in our hearts the prayer.
It is very hard to bear,
Hard to bear.

2 Some whose brows were flushed with glory,
Some who bore the cross 'mid shame,
Some who listened to love's story,
Some whose lips were touched with flame,
Faded like the summer blossoms;
Spent their breath upon our bosoms,
O'er our hearts their life-leaves swept,
And this solace 'mid them crept:
"Ye may weep, for Jesus wept,
Jesus wept."

3 While of cypress, yew and willow,
Garlands and our hands have bound,
Christ's sweet love has form'd a pillow,
For the dear ones angel-crowned;
And while sadly we are sighing
O'er their bodies lowly lying,
In those realms from sorrow free,
Where no death the dwellers see,
They are waiting you and me,
You and me.

ANNIE M. D. RADCLIFFE.
Set to music by James R. Murray.

ENTERED INTO REST.

1 When the work of day is done,
And adown the glimmering west
Vanishes the golden sun,
Sweetly comes the evening rest.

2 When night's darker shadows fall,
And the stars their watchings keep,—
Faithful vigils over all,—
Sweet to close the eyes in sleep.

3 Mortal forms, so worn and frail,
Lay in earth with tender care;
They, who pass within the vail,
Need no human vestments there.

4 Entered into heavenly rest!
Raised to realms of light and love;
Sweetly thus forever blest,
In the spirit-life above.

MARY C. WEBSTER.

INTO THE DARK.

1 Forth from the light,
Into the silent dark,
An unseen hand is leading!
Out into night,
Where all is still and stark,
Despite our human pleading.

2 So dark the way!
We falter, stumbling sore.
Haste, Light of Life! revealing
The coming day,
That shineth more and more,
For comfort, help, and healing!

3 Our lost loved one!
With spirits worn and faint,
How can we say, for crying,—
"Thy will be done"?
Or cease to make our plaint,
To Thee, Thou Great Undying?

4 O Christ of love!
Thou, who in pity wept,
Must we resign this blessing,—
All others prized above;
That we would fain have kept,
Dearest of our possessing?

5 Help us, we pray,
Our Father, in this stress!
Till we, without repining,
Can truly say,—
"'Tis well!" "Thy hand we bless,"
Our will to Thine resigning.

MARY C. WEBSTER.
Rocky Hill, Conn., 1883.

WILL HE COME?

1 "I can scarcely hear," she murmured,
"For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance,
I can hear a sound at last."
It is only the reapers singing,
As they carry home their sheaves,
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves.

2 "Sister, there are voices talking,"
Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek.
It is only the children playing,
Below, now their work is done;
And they laughed that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun.

3 Fainter grew her voice and weaker,
As with anxious eyes she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts,
I can hear a horseman ride."
It was only the deer that were feeding
In a herd on the clover grass;
They were startled, and fled to the thicket,
As they saw the reapers pass.

4 Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nests,
And the deer crouch'd in the forest,
And the children were at rest;
There was only a sound of weeping
From the watchers around a bed,
But rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet dead.

ADELAIDE PROCTER, 1860.

OUR DEAD.

1 Nothing is our own; we hold our pleasures
Just a little while ere they are fled;
One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our dead.

2 They are ours and held in faithful keeping,
Safe forever, all they took away;
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping,
Cruel time can never seize that prey.

3 Justice pales; truth fades; stars fall from heaven;
Human are the great whom we revere;
No true crown of honor can be given
Till the wreath lies on a funeral bier.

4 How the children leave us and no traces
Linger of that smiling angel band;
Gone, forever gone, and in their places,
Weary men and anxious women stand.

5 Yet we have some little ones, still ours;
They have kept the baby smile, we know,
Which we kissed one day, and hid with flowers,
On their dead white faces long ago.

6 When our joy is lost and life will take it,
Then no memory of the past remains,
Save with some strange, cruel stings that make it
Bitterness beyond all present pains.

7 Death, more tender-hearted, leaves to sorrow,
Still the radiant shadow—fond regret;
We shall find, in some far bright to-morrow,
Joy that He has taken living yet.

8 Is love ours, and do we dream we know it,
Bound with all our heart-strings all our own?
Any cold and cruel dawn may show it
Shattered, desecrated, overthrown.

9 Only the dead hearts forsake us never;
Love, that to death's royal care has fled,
Is thus consecrated ours forever,
And no change can rob us of our dead.

10 So when ill comes to besiege our city,
Dim our gold or make our flowers fall,
God sends death in love and pity,
And, to save our treasures, claims them all.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

IN THE NIGHT.

I

1 Low in the darkness, bleeding and crushed,
I lie in Thy sovereign hand;
Almost my very heart's beating is hushed,
Waiting Thy dreadful command.

2 Shall it be life? Oh! can it be death?
Trembling in anguish, I pray,
Take, O my God, whatsoever Thou wilt,
But take not this one life away.

3 Now, as of old, let the shadow go back
On its beautiful dial to-night;
Shut Thou the portals, that swinging so wide,
Would sweep it away from my sight.

4 Surely, dear Lord, it is nothing to Thee—
This one human life Thou canst spare,
And it is so much, so much unto me,
Oh! give me my passionate prayer.

5 Slowly—ah Heaven! the gates seem to move;
Now hither, now thither they sway—
Watching, and fearing, and weeping, I lie,
Too sick with my anguish to pray.

6 Father, my Father, forgive my wild cry—
I know not what I have said!
The portals stand wide, in the terrible night,
And I am alone with my dead!

II

1 Ah, wonderful! wonderful! Here in the night,
One giveth me songs for my tears—
One saith: "I am here in the valley with thee;
I carry thy griefs and thy fears."

2 Ah, wonderful! wonderful! Here on His breast,
Like John, the belovéd, I lie—
My passionate prayer sinks sobbing to rest—
'T is Jesus, to live or to die.

3 Thy sweet human life is over—'tis well—
It was Jesus for thee and for me!
I linger below, and still it is well,
It is Jesus for me and for thee!

MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.

This hymn is a happy illustration of how much poetry a hymn may contain without ceasing to be simple, easily intelligible, and adapted to public worship. Mrs Barbauld's harvest hymn, "Praise to God, immortal praise," is justly celebrated. Eng. Col.

DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies,—
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer-cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,—
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

ANNE LETITIA BARBAULD.

SOFTLY THE DAYLIGHT FADED.

1 Softly the daylight faded, far in the distant blue,
Blending its fading glory sweet with the twilight's hue;
Far in the distant portals, opened a golden door,
Sweetly the angels' music came from that far-off shore.

2 Far o'er the distant hilltops faded the golden beams,
Lowly the breeze of evening chanted their mournful strains;
Up thro' the shining ether, borne on the wings of light,
Floated the spirit onward, home to the realms of light.

3 Fair shone the light eternal, sweet was the golden air,
Panted the weary spirit, something of light to share;
Into the shining portals, clothed in her robes of white,
Breathing the love eternal, sings she her song to-night.

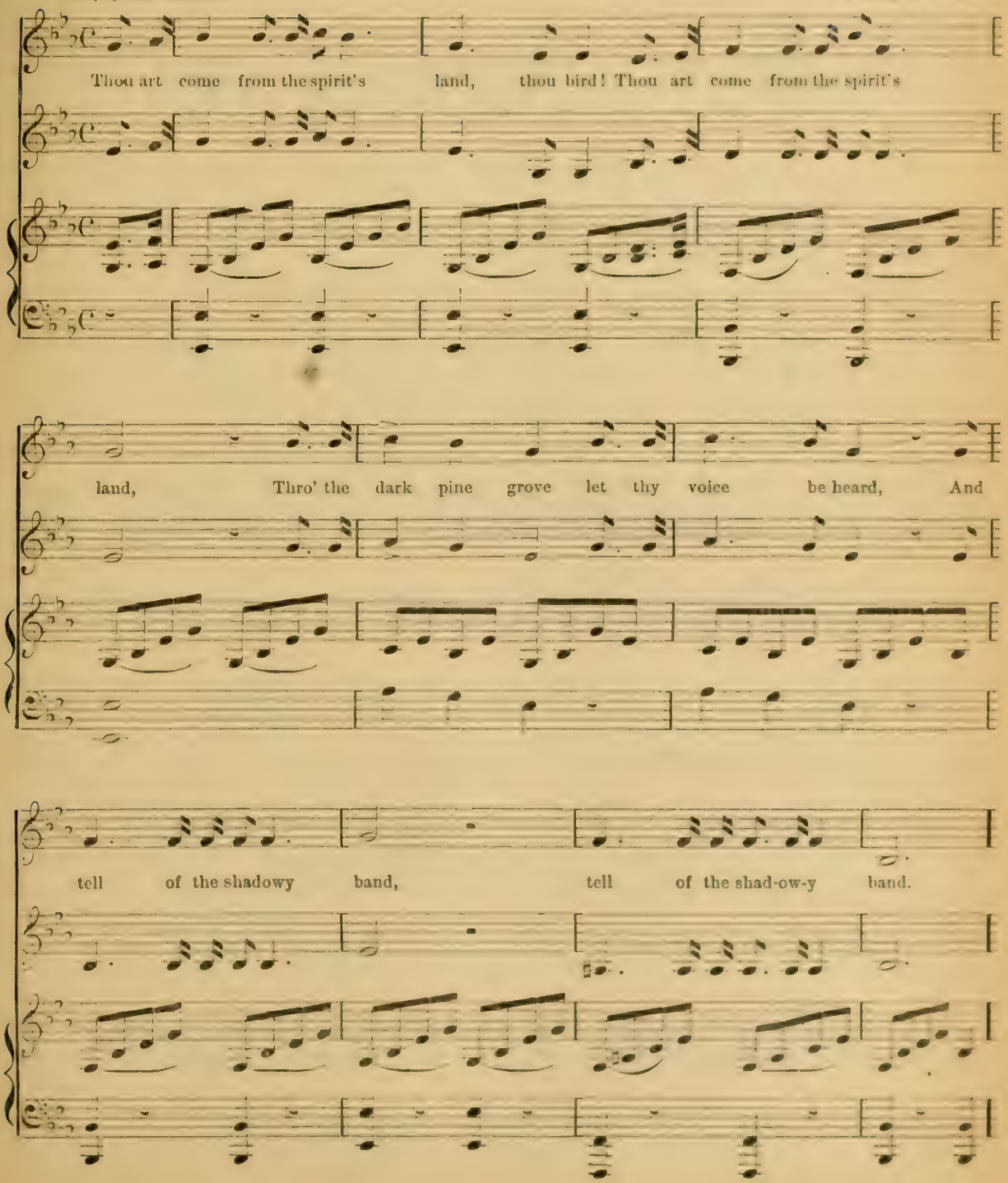
4 Sad was the hour of parting, bitter the tears we shed,
Laying her cold and silent, down with the shrouded dead.
Low, like a strain of music, over the far-off sea,
Christ, Thou hast called our loved one home to her rest in Thee.

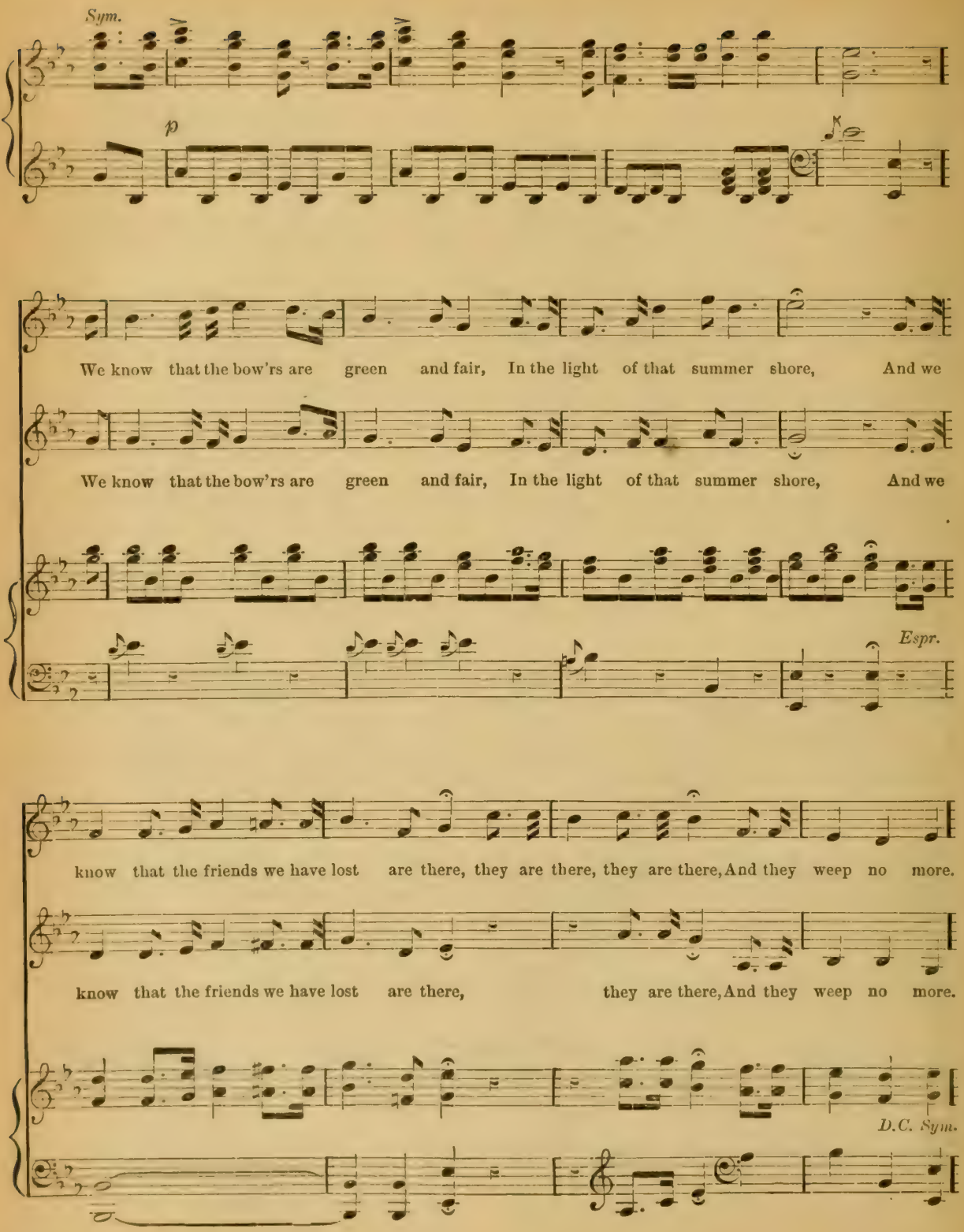
NEVA E. PARKHILL.

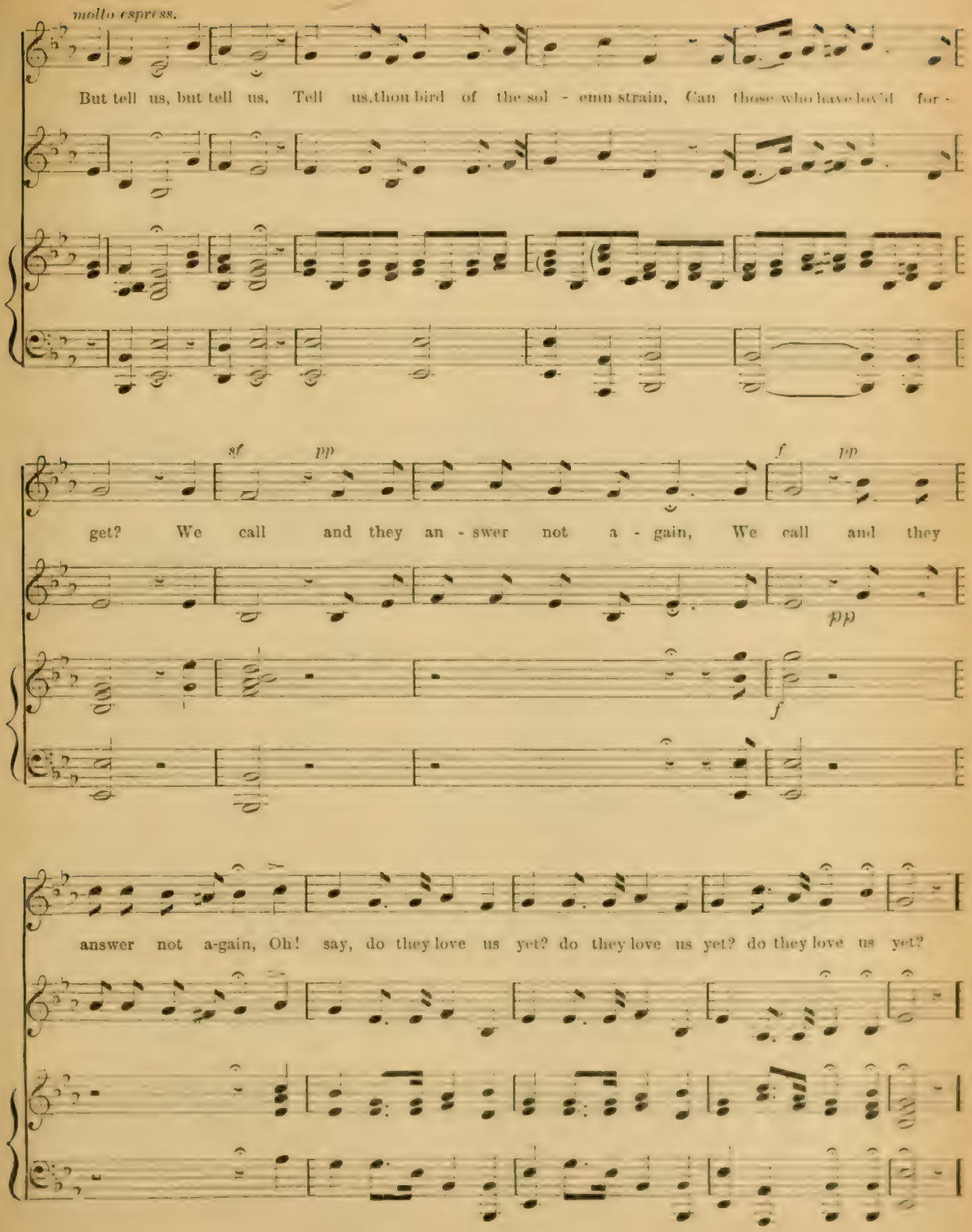
Set to music and copyrighted by C. E. Leslie in "Welcome Songs."

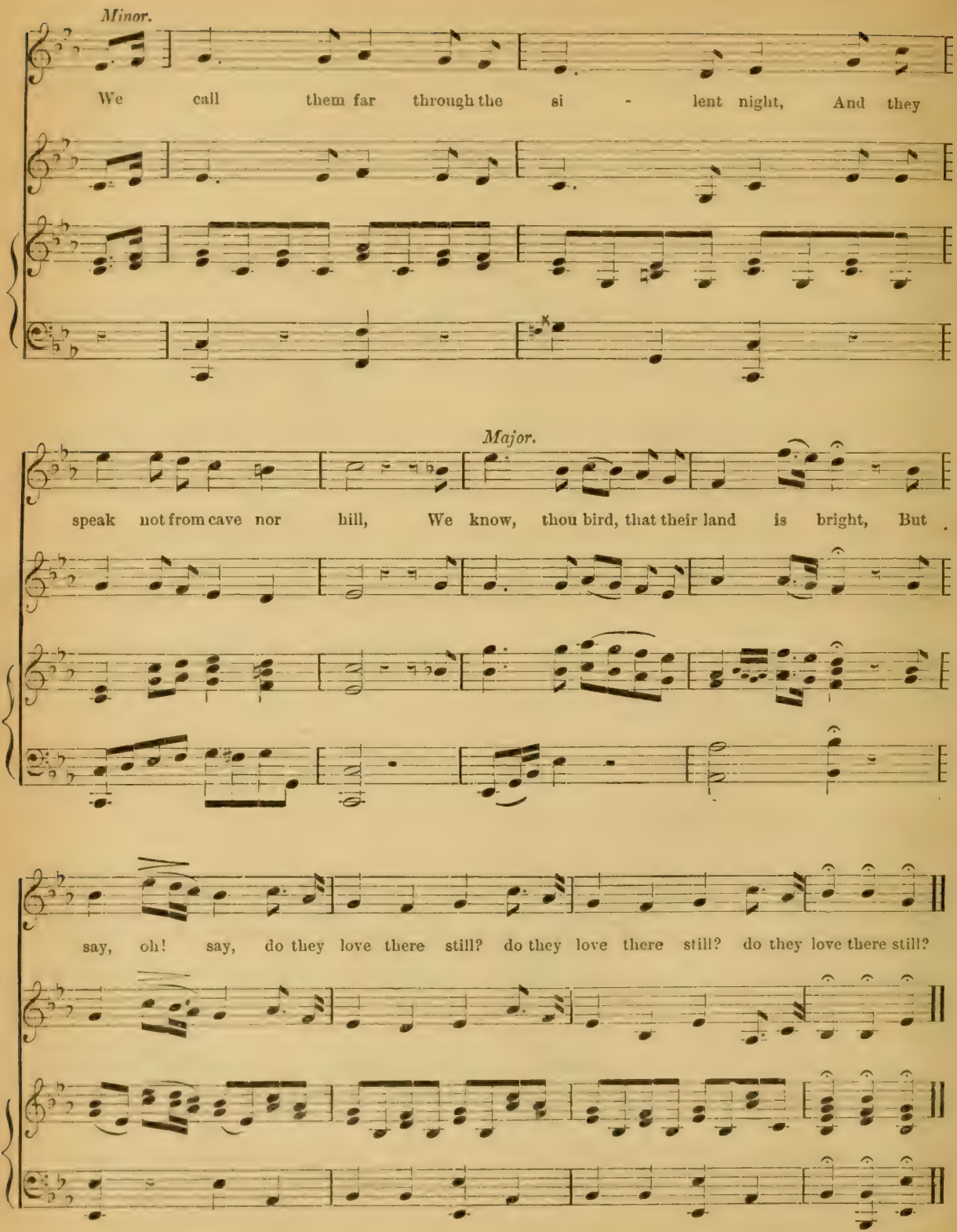
THE MESSENGER BIRD.

Poetry by MRS. HEMANS. Music by her Sister.




Sym.
p
We know that the bow'rs are green and fair, In the light of that summer shore, And we
We know that the bow'rs are green and fair, In the light of that summer shore, And we
Espr.
know that the friends we have lost are there, they are there, they are there, And they weep no more.
know that the friends we have lost are there, they are there, And they weep no more.
D.C. Sym.

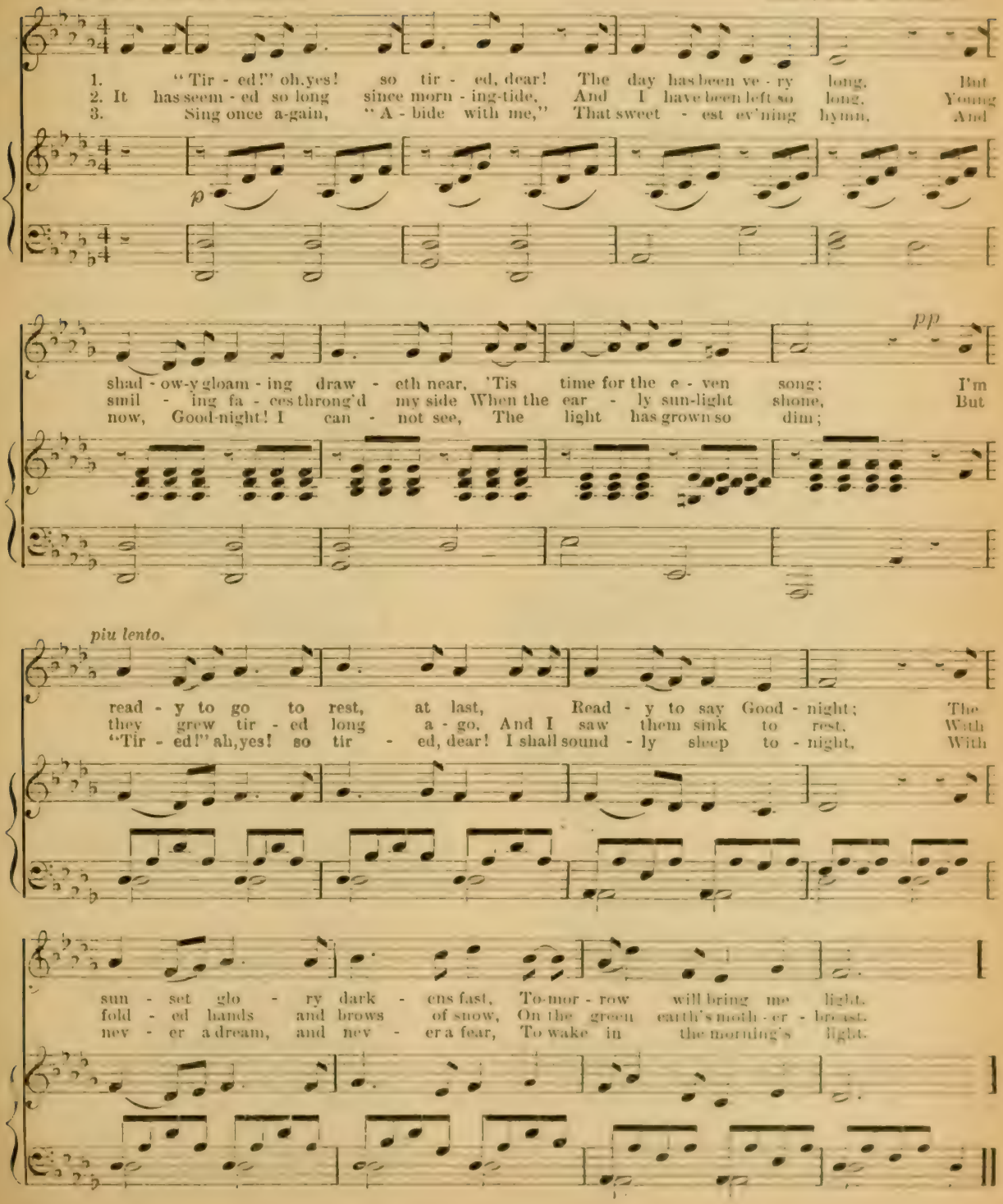

molto espress.
But tell us, but tell us, Tell us, thou bird of the sol - emn strain, Can those who have lov'd for -
sf pp
get? We call and they an - swer not a - gain, We call and they
f pp
pp
f
answer not a-gain, Oh! say, do they love us yet? do they love us yet? do they love us yet?


Minor.
We call them far through the si - lent night, And they
Major.
speak not from cave nor hill, We know, thou bird, that their land is bright, But
say, oh! say, do they love there still? do they love there still? do they love there still?

TIRED.

(FOR CONTRALTO.)

Words by MISS HELEN BURNSIDE. Music by MISS M. LINDSAY.



ASLEEP IN JESUS.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessèd sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear—no woe, shall dim the hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

MARGARET MACKAY, 1832.

GATHERING HOME.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth."—Rev. xiv: 13.

1 Up to the bountiful Giver of life,
Gathering home! gathering home!
Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife,
The dear ones are gathering home.

2 Up to the city where falleth no night,
Gathering home! gathering home!
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light,
The dear ones are gathering home.

3 Up to the beautiful mansions above,
Gathering home! gathering home!
Safe in the arms of His infinite love,
The dear ones are gathering home.

MISS MARIANA B. SLADE.
Set to music by Dr. A. B. Everett.

THE REDEEMED IN HEAVEN.

1 Lo! round the throne a glorious band,
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Of every tongue redeemed to God,
Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumph of His grace:
And day and night with ceaseless praise,
To Him their loud hosannas raise.

4 Oh! may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life!

MARY L. DUNCAN.

WHEN THEY GO SILENTLY.

1 When they go silently
Out from embraces,
While a white mystery
Covers their faces,
Shall our belovéd know
How the still shadows grow,
Crossing our path below
Through empty places?

2 Rest shall be sweet for them
Under green mosses,
Crowns shall be light for them
After the crosses;
Though we loved them tenderly,
Earth bound so slenderly
Theirs all the gain will be,
Ours all the losses.

3 When they go silently,
Is it to sever
Each fond and faithful tie—
Part we forever?
Stars of our love below,
Though with strange light they glow,
Surely our souls shall know,
Knowing the Giver.

4 Near, though we see them not,
Faces are glowing;
Sweet, though we hear them not,
Voices are flowing;
Giving mine eyes to see,
God will remember me,
When through His mystery
Silently going.

ANNIE HERBERT.
From "Royal Gems." Brainard's Sons.

Mary E. Brooks.

Mary E. Brooks, nee Aikin, was born at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and educated under the care of Mrs. Willard. While yet young she wrote for the New York periodicals under the signature of "Norma." In 1829 she published her longest poem — "The Rivals of D'Este," which with her others, numerous in number, displayed a lively and refined taste, together with a sweet Christian spirit. Her "Hebrew Melodies," are among the best of her works.

OH! WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

Jeremiah xxii: 10.

1 Oh! weep not for the dead!
Rather, Oh! rather give the tear
To those that darkly linger here,
When all besides are fled;
Weep not for the spirit withering
In its cold, cheerless sorrowing,
Weep for the young and lovely one
That ruin darkly revels on;
But never be a teardrop shed
For them, the enfranchised dead.

2 Oh! weep not for the dead,
No more for them the blighting chill,
The thousand shades of earthly ill,
The thousand thorns we tread;
Weep for the life-charm, early flown,
The spirit broken, bleeding, lone;
Weep for the death-pangs of the heart,
Ere being from the bosom part;
But never be a teardrop given
To those that rest in you blue heaven.

MARY E. BROOKS, 1828.

Mary L. Duncan.

It is not easy to say at what date her relish for the beauties of nature was enhanced, by looking beyond them to the power and munificence of the God of creation, combined with the compassion and love of the God of redemption. Her early attempts at noting with her pen the thoughts of her heart, exhibit the play of poetic imagery and sentiment together with efforts at reflection and sober views of existence beyond the world. The following verses have been recently found in a box of juvenile keepsakes and similar treasures. Judging by the writing, they may be referred to her eleventh or twelfth year.

EARLY DREAMS.

1 How sweet are those delightful dreams
That charm in youth's bright day of bloom!
And sweet those radiant sunshine gleams
That wander through surrounding gloom.

2 And bright are fancy's fairy bowers,
And sweet the flowers that round she flings,
When in gay youth's romantic hours
She shows all fair and lovely things.

3 But ah! there is a land above,
Whose pleasures never fade away;
A holy land of bliss and love,
Where night is lost in endless day.

4 And in the blaze of that blest day,
All earthly bowers we deemed so bright
Must fade, as when the sun's first ray
Dispels the darkness of the night.

5 Why should my soul so fondly cling
To joys that bless my pilgrimage?
The joys of Heaven I ought to sing,
Its raptures all my love engage.

6 Why should my spirit fear to die?
What though the river may be deep?
When passed, I never more shall sigh;
My eye shall then forget to weep.

7 Oh! for faith's bright eagle eye,
To pierce beyond the vale of tears
To regions blest above the sky,
To worlds unknown by lapse of years.

8 Then, should the toys that tempt me now
From my enraptured bosom fly,
In faith and grace my soul should grow,
Till death be lost in victory.

MARY L. DUNCAN.

Mrs. Loud.

Mrs. Loud, nee Barstow, was born in Bradford County, Penn. She had a wonderful memory, even when a child, committing whole volumes of poetry to memory. It was not until the year of her marriage, in 1824, that her own talent as a poet began to develop. She became quite an accomplished writer, and contributed to various magazines and lady journals. Her hymns and poems possess much melody of language, graceful thought, tender and pious feeling.

JESUS WEPT.

John xi: 35.

1 Draw near, ye weary, bow'd and broken-hearted,
Ye onward trav'lers to a peaceful bourne;
Ye, from whose path the light hath all departed;
Ye, who are left in solitude to mourn;
Though o'er your spirits hath the storm-cloud swept,
Sacred are sorrow's tears, since "Jesus wept."

2 The bright and spotless Heir of endless glory,
Wept over woes of those He came to save;
And angels wondered when they heard the story,
That He who conquered death, wept o'er the grave;
For 't was not when His lonely watch He kept
In dark Gethsemane, that "Jesus wept."

3 But with the friends He loved whose hope had perished,
The Saviour stood, while through His bosom rushed
A tide of sympathy for those He cherished,
And from His eyes the burning teardrops gushed,
And bending o'er the tomb where Lazarus slept,
In agony of spirit, "Jesus wept."

4 Lo! Jesus' power the sleep of death hath broken,
And wiped the tear from sorrow's drooping eye;
Look up, ye mourners, hear what He hath spoken,
"He that believes on Me shall never die."
Through faith and love your spirits shall be kept,
Hope brighter grew on earth when "Jesus wept."

MRS. LOUD, 1828.

The following outpouring of a refined spirit panting after earthly enjoyment of an ethereal character, she has entitled

IMAGINATIONS.

1 I've imaged a land where flowers are growing
In pristine sweetness all the year,
And purest crystal streams are flowing,
And sunbeams kiss the waters clear.

2 Where music's voice, the hours beguiling,
Comes floating on the summer air;
Where beaming suns are nobly smiling,
And cloudless skies are ever fair.

3 But darkness here the daylight closes,
And storms obscure the sunlit sky;
And thorns are mingled with our roses—
While joy is round us, grief is nigh.

4 Oh! were I in that land of gladness,
I've imaged fair within my breast,
Then farewell to grief and sadness,
Welcome, soul-refreshing rest.

5 Within the leafy grot reclining,
While balmy breezes round me played,
I'd gaze on scenes all brightly shining,
With naught to make my heart afraid.

6 My heart should rise, with nature blending
In one sweet song of harmony,
Each lovely object round me tending
To make my soul all melody.

MARY L. DUNCAN.

DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

1 Tender Shepherd, thou hast stilled
Now thy little lamb's brief weeping:
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its narrow bed 't is sleeping!
And no sigh of anguish sore
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love.

MISS C. WINKWORTH, TR.

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

1 'Neath a rose-hued wealth of Eglantines,
An enshrouding wreath of creeping vines,
Thou sleepest well!

2 Amidst life's turmoils, thou wakest not,
"Forgetting the world, by the world forgot,"
Calm is thy rest!

3 Did the years pass by thee sad and slow?
Was the journey long? Didst thou weary grow?
Now rest is thine!

4 Nor care, nor pain, can upon thee fall,
Thou hast found the peace that awaits us all,
Death's calm repose!

5 No marble marketh thy place of rest!
But the sunlight falls from the radiant West
Upon thy grave!

6 The bird-song, soft, from the weeping yew,
And the wild flowers, kissed by the evening dew,
Are thine for aye!

7 How soon for us will the summons come,
When the pulse shall cease, and the lips be dumb,
We may not know!

8 We, like marble, shall sometime lie,
While the tides of life shall go surging by,
In the ever-nearing by and by,
Death's hour shall come!

MRS. M. M. B. GOODWIN.

THE INFANT'S REMOVAL.

1 God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb untasked, untried;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified!

2 I look around and see
The evil ways of men;
And Oh! belovéd child!
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

3 Now, like a dewdrop shrined
Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove,—
Safe with the Source of love,
The Everlasting One.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

LIFE AND DEATH.

1 Oh! fear not thou to die!
Far rather fear to live,—for life
Hath thousand snares thy faith to try,
By peril, pain and strife.
Brief is the work of death,
But life! the spirit shrinks to see,
How full ere Heaven recalls the breath
The cup of woe may be.

2 Oh! fear not thou to die!
No more to suffer or to sin;
No snares without thy faith to try,
No traitor heart within;
But fear, Oh! rather fear,
The gay, the light, the changeful scene,
The flattering smiles that greet thee here,
From Heaven thy heart to wean.

3 Fear lest, in evil hour,
Thy pure and holy hope o'ercome,
By clouds that in the horizon lower,
Thy spirit feel the gloom
Which over earth and Heaven
The covering throws of fell despair,
And deems itself the unforgiven,
Predestined child of care.

4 Oh! fear not thou to die!
To die, and be that blessed one
Who in the bright and beauteous sky
May feel his conflict done;—
May feel that never more
The tear of grief, of shame, shall come
For thousand wanderings from the power
Who loved and called him home.

MRS. SOUTHEY.

AT REST.

1 Ah! silent wheel! the merry brook is dry,
And quiet hours glide by
In this deep vale, where once the merry stream
Sang on through gloom and gleam;
Only the dove in some leaf-shaded nest
Murmurs of rest.

2 Ah! weary voyager, the closing day
Shines on that tranquil bay,
Where the storm-beaten soul has longed to be;
Wild blast and angry sea
Touch not this favored shore by summer blest,
A home of rest.

3 Ah! fevered heart, the grass is green and deep
Where thou art laid to sleep;
Kissed by soft winds, and washed by gentle showers,
Thou hast thy crown of flowers;
Poor heart, too long in this mad world opprest,
Take now thy rest.

4 I, too, perplexed with strife of good and ill,
Long to be safe and still;
Evil is present with me while I pray
That good may win the day;
Great Giver, grant me Thy last gift and best,
The gift of rest!

SARAH DOUDNEY.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

1 When we meet in fields Elysian,
Freed from this world's pain and care,
Shall we, with our spirit-vision,
See and know each other there?
Can it be, that death will sever
All life's dearest, holiest ties?
Do we look farewell forever,
When we close these mortal eyes?

2 Shall we, in their angel plumage,
Know the loved of many years,
Lips that smiled, when we were happy,
Eyes that wept for all our tears?
Ah! how drear would be e'en Heaven,
Did not hope, with glances bright,
Whisper that the hearts, now riven,
In that world shall reunite.

3 We know that the lambs are tended,
When they come from pastures chill,
Bleating to the fold for shelter
From the bare and frosty hill,
By the ribbon, red or azure,
That we tied long months before;
And we lift the gate with pleasure,
To receive them home once more.

4 So shall they, who've gone before us,
Open for us the gate of light,
Kiss away our fears and trembling,
Put on us the robe of white,
Lead us through the pastures vernal,
By the feet of angels trod,
To the stream of life eternal,
Flowing from the throne of God.

NANCIE A. W. QUIEST.
Hinsdale, N. H.

LOWLY AND SOLEMN.

1 Lowly and solemn be
Thy children's cry to Thee,
Father Divine!
A hymn of suppliant breath,
Owning that life and death
Alike are thine!

2 O Father, in that hour,
When earth all helping power
Shall disavow,—
When spear, and shield, and crown,
In faintness are cast down,—
Sustain us, Thou!

3 By Him who bowed to take
The death-cup for our sake,
The thorn, the rod,—
From whom the last dismay
Was not to pass away,
Aid us, O God!

MRS. HEMANS.

IT IS I.

1 When waves of trouble round me swell,
My soul is not dismayed;
I hear a voice I know full well,—
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

2 When black the threatening skies appear,
And storms my path invade,
Those accents tranquillize each fear,—
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed;
Saviour, be near to aid!
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed,—
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
Death hides within its shade;
Oh! say, when flesh and heart shall fail,—
"'Tis I; be not afraid."

MISS [illegible]

ON THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.

1 At length, then, the tenderest of mothers is gone!
Her smiles, her love accents, can glad thee no more,
That once cheerful chamber is silent and lone,
And for thee all a child's precious duties are o'er.

2 Her welcome at morning, her blessing at night,
No longer the crown of thy comforts can be;
And the friend seen and loved since thine eyes first saw light,
Thou cans't ne'er see again! Thou art orphaned like me.

3 Oh! change, from which nature must shrink overpower'd,
Till faith shall the anguish remove and condemn;
For the change to those blest ones who "die in the Lord,"
Though to us it brings sorrow, gives glory to them.

MRS. AMELIA OPIE.

Phœbe Cary.

Phœbe Cary was born near Cincinnati, 1824, and died in 1871. Her poem entitled, "A Death Scene," has evidently been written from her own experience, as she watched by the dying bed of one very near and dear to her.

A DEATH SCENE.

1 Dying, still slowly dying,
As the hours of night rode by,
She had lain since the light of sunset
Was red on the evening sky,
Till after the middle watches,
As we softly near her trod,—
When her soul from its prison fetters
Was loosed by the hand of God.

2 One moment her pale lips trembled
With the triumph she might not tell,
As the sight of the life immortal
On her spirit's vision fell;
Then the look of rapture faded,
And the beautiful smile was faint,
As that in some convent picture
On the face of a dying saint.

3 And we felt, in the lonesome midnight,
As we sat by the silent dead,
What a light on the path going downward
The feet of the righteous shed;
When we thought how with faith unshrinking
She came to the Jordan's tide,
And, taking the hand of the Saviour,
Went up on the heavenly side.

PHŒBE CARY.

COME TO THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

S. M.

1 Come to the house of prayer,
O thou afflicted, come:
The God of peace shall meet thee there;
He makes that house His Home.

2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

3 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all—
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call—

4 Up to Thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

MISS E. TAYLOR.

SLEEP.

1 Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Among the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is
For gift or grace surpassing this:
"He giveth His belovéd sleep?"

2 What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved;
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep;
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse;
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
"He giveth His belovéd sleep."

3 What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith, all undisproved;
A little dust, to over weep;
And bitter memories, to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
"He giveth His belovéd sleep."

4 "Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
"He giveth His belovéd sleep."

5 O earth, so full of dreary noise!
O men, with wailing in your voice!
O delvéd gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And "giveth His beloved sleep."

6 His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap,
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
"He giveth His belovéd sleep."

7 For me, my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
"Who giveth His belovéd sleep."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

REJOICING IN HEAVEN.

1 Young spirit, freed from bondage,
Rejoice! Thy work is done;
The weary world is 'neath thy feet;
Thou, brighter than the sun!

2 Arise, put on the garments
Which the redeeméd win.
Now, sorrow hath no part in thee,
Thou, sanctified from sin!

3 Awake, and breathe the living air
Of our celestial clime!
Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou, who hast done with time!

4 Awake! Lift up thy joyful eyes,
See, all heaven's host appears;
And be thou glad exceedingly,
Thou, who hast done with tears.

5 Awake! descend! Thou art not now
With those of mortal birth;
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou, who hast done with earth!

MARY HOWITT.

Mary Hubbell.

Miss Hubbell is the daughter of Rev. Stephen Hubbell. Her mother is the well-known author of "Shady Side." She was regarded as a young lady of great intellectual promise. The following poem was written on her death-bed.

DEATH.

1 Say where, on thy slow pinions, tarriest thou,
O soft, celestial breath,
Sent to my spirit from the Infinite?
I will not call thee Death!

2 On my white couch, all day I wait for thee,
And through the dewy night;
Has He commissioned thee to wing so slow,
And calm, thy solemn flight?

3 In velvet fields, I know the lambkins play,
And infant violets peep.
Come swiftly, ere my almost parted heart
Return for these to weep!

4 While still and pale, I fade from hour to hour,
Eyes, keeping watch like stars,
Make earth so dear that still my spirit rests
Without the crystal bars!

5 This lower sky is gloriously fair;
I am not tired of earth!
From other spheres, I shall look love to thee,
Land of my mortal birth!

6 But I have caught a vision of the palms
Around the Mount of God:
That mystic tree, whose branches show the way
Which Christ, the Saviour, trod.

7 And underneath their boughs my soul must dwell
With souls beatified.
'Twas whispered to me in the holy night,
By angels at my side.

8 Then why, on thy slow pinions, tarriest thou,
O soft, celestial breath,
Sent to my spirit from the Infinite?
I will not call thee Death!

MARY HUBBELL.

AN OPEN DOOR.

Rev. xxi: 23.

L. M.

1 A light streams downward from the sky,
An open door the radiance shows,
Through which the ransomed spirits fly,
To enter bliss no mortal knows.

2 Girded with gladness in that home,
No soul its sackcloth ever wears;
No sickness, griefs, or fears, can come,
No burdened heart with heavy cares.

3 A tree of life, with pleasant shade,
Grows in that upper Paradise;
Renewed from Eden's early glade,
Its various fruit each want supplies.

4 There flowers of grace in beauty stand,
With fragrance of immortal bloom;
No blighting breath, nor icy hand,
Demands their sweetness for the tomb.

5 Sweet sinless home! my spirit longs
To mount the skies, and breathe thine air;
With grateful heart to join the songs,
Whose rolling tide flows ceaseless there!

MRS. HINSDALE, 1865.

MY WELCOME BEYOND.

1 Who will greet me first in heaven,
When that blissful realm I gain,
When the hands have ceased from toiling
And the heart hath ceased from pain;
When the last farewell is spoken,
Severed the last tender tie,
And I know how sweet, how solemn,
And how blest it is to die?

2 As my barque glides o'er the waters
Of that cold and silent stream,
And I see the domes of temples
In the distance brightly gleam—
Temples of that beauteous city
From all blight and sorrow free,
Who adown its golden portals
First will haste to welcome me?

3 Ah! whose eyes will watch my coming
From that fair and beauteous shore?
Whose the voice I first shall listen
That shall teach me Heavenly lore?
When my feet shall press the mystic
Borders of that better land,—
Whose face greet my wondering vision,
Whose shall clasp the spirit hand?

4 Who will greet me first in Heaven?
Oft the earnest thought will rise,
Musing on the unknown glories
Of that home beyond the skies;
Who will be my Heavenly mentor?
Will it be some seraph bright,—
Or an angel from the countless
Myriads of that world of light?

5 No, not these, for they have never
Dawned upon my mortal view,—
But the dear ones gone before us,—
They, the loved, the tried, the true;
They who walked with us life's pathway,
To its joys and griefs were given,
They who loved us best in Earth-land
Be the first to greet in Heaven.

ALICE WELLINGTON.

GUARDIAN ANGELS

1 With us in our wanderings,
With us when we rest;
Ever waking thoughts most holy,
Purified and best.

2 Roaming wheresoe'er we may,
O'er the sea or land;
Ever strengthened, led and guided
By a helping hand.

3 Ministering angels now
Are the glorified;
Heavenly comforters are those
Whom we say have died.

4 Watchful care they give us now,
Tenderer love bestow;
Drawing nearer, nearer heaven,
Helping up to go.

MRS. CARRIE L. POST.
From the "Daily Monitor," Springfield, Ill., 1882.

Mrs. David Brant.

Mrs. Brant was born at Huntington, Huntington Co., Pa., August 1, 1857, and died October 25, 1883, being a little over 26 years old at the time of her death. She was married to David Brant, in this city, March 17, 1877. Below are reproduced some lines written by Mrs. Brant, during her last illness.

ONLY WAITING.

1 Only waiting for the Saviour,
Only waiting for His call,
To that home beyond the river,
Just beyond the golden wall.
Hush, be still, thou weary spirit,
Why impatient wilt thou be?
For beyond the shining portal
There the Saviour waits for thee.

2 Only waiting for the Saviour,
Oh! how blessèd is the thought,
Healing every pain and sorrow,
Every grief the world has wrought.
Soon you'll be with Him in glory,
Soon His loving face you'll see,
At His feet in shining brightness,
Forever, through all eternity.

3 Only waiting for the Saviour,
Waiting for a crown to wear,
Longing for a robe of whiteness,
And the angels' song to share.
Only waiting for the Saviour,
He who sits upon the throne,
There to welcome all His loved ones
To that bright celestial home.

4 Only waiting for the Saviour,
Restless spirit, why not wait?
Soon you'll reach that home in glory,
Enter through the golden gate.
There to see in sweet rejoicing
Angels singing 'round the throne,
Welcoming each coming spirit
To that bright and happy home.

5 Only waiting for the Saviour,
For Him who died to set us free,
On the cross in deepest suffering,
Died to save both you and me.
Still He waits and watches o'er us,
Tenderly He bids us come,
There to be with Him in glory,
In that bright eternal home.

6 Only waiting for the Saviour,
For to bear my soul away,
To the realms of endless glory,
To that land more fair than day.
Where the tree of life is blooming,
And the crystal waters gleam,
Angels bear my spirit over
To that home so like a dream.

MRS. DAVID BRANT.
From Springfield, Ill., "State Journal."

OVER THE RIVER I'M GOING.

1 Over the river I'm going,
Beyond where the pearly gates stand,
Over the cold icy billows,
To live in a fair, sunny land.
My Father has built me a mansion,
And filled it with treasures of gold,
Yes, over the river I'm going,
To where there are pleasures untold.

CHORUS—To where there are pleasures untold,
To where there are pleasures untold;
Yes, over the river I'm going,
To where there are pleasures untold.

2 Over the river I'm going;
Oh! seek not to draw me aside!
See, for the boatman is waiting
To ferry me over the tide.
My Saviour is there to receive me,
And shield me from suffering and cold;
Yes, over the river I'm going,
To where there are pleasures untold.

MINNIE WATERS.

A MIDNIGHT CAROL.

1 Was it angels that I heard?
Through the darkness cold and gray,
Singing soft and far away,
Singing nearer and more near,
Tender, sweet and heavenly clear,
In the silence of the night,
As a white-winged chorus might,
Till my heart within was stirred—
Was it angels that I heard?

2 Was it angels that I heard?
Even so they sang and spoke
To the 'mazed shepherd folk
On the bare moor 'mid the snow
In the India long ago;
Songs of peace, of love to men,
Of the Babe of Bethlehem,
Sweeter song than song of bird;
Was it angels that I heard?

3 Was it angels that I heard?
They, His messengers all fair,
Chant His praises everywhere,
Sweetly chant and never tire;
Whoso joins the lovely choir,
Echoing back their song again,
Doeth angel work for men;
So I hold (she still averred)
It was angels that I heard!

SUSAN COOLIDGE.
From the "Christian Union," 1881.

THE ROYAL BRIDEGROOM.

1 Behold, the Royal Bridegroom,
Hath called me for His Bride!
I joyfully make ready (Rev. xix. 7.)
And hasten to His side.
He is a Royal Bridegroom,
But I am very poor,
Of low estate He chose me,
To show His love the more:
For He hath purchased for me
Such goodly, rich array—
Oh! surely, never Bridegroom
Gave gifts like His away.

2 When first upon the mountains,
I, in the vale below,
Beheld Him waiting for me,
Heard His command to go;
I, poorest in the valley,
Oh! how could I prepare
To meet His royal presence?
How could I make me fair?

3 Ah! in His love He sent me
A garment clean and white, (Rev. xix, 8.)
And promised broidered raiment,
All glorious in His sight;
And then He gave me glimpses
Of the jewels for my hair, (2 Tim. iv. 8,)
And the ornament most precious (1 Pet. iii. 4,)
For His chosen bride to wear.

4 First in my tears I washed me,
They could not make me clean;
A fountain then He showed me, (Zech. iii. 1.)
Strange until then unseen,
So close I'd lived beside it
For many weary years,
Yet passing by the fountain,
Had bathed me in my tears.
O love, O grace, that showed it! (Rom. iii. 4.)
Revealed its cleansing power,
How could I choose but hasten
To meet Him from that hour.

5 He sent His Guide to guide me,
He knew how blind, how frail
The children of the valley—
He knew my love would fail.
He knew the mists above me
Would hide Him from my sight,
And I, in darkness groping,
Would wander from the right.
I know that I must follow
Slow, when I fain would soar,
That step by step thus upward,
My Guide must go before.

6 Cleave close, dear Guide, and lead me,
I cannot go aright
Through all that dost beset me,
Keep, keep me close in sight!
'Tis but a little longer;
Methinks the end I see,
Oh! matchless love and mercy,
The Bridegroom waits for me;
Waits, to present me faultless,
Before His Father's throne,
His comeliness my beauty, (Phil. iii. 21.)
His righteousness my own.

MRS. S. L. SHIPLEY.

Philadelphia Press, 1883.

Minnie D. Bateham's

Hymns and poems speak for themselves. But it is always pleasant to record words of appreciation and commendation concerning one so gifted in song and so trustful and happy in her Christian life. The death of this sweet singer occurred at her home in Painesville, O., Oct. 30, 1885, after years of suffering, patiently and sweetly borne. Her pastor, Rev. Geo. R Merrill, says of her: "Set apart, at the age of twelve, to a well-nigh hopeless invalidism, she so used books and friends and nature that few graduates of the schools were her equals in the range and accuracy of her knowledge. Her Christian life was exquisitely natural in its unfolding, beginning with her own consciousness of life itself, and the sense of what she owed her Lord impelled her to strongest efforts to make the most of herself, to cultivate and use her gifts, and to make everything that belonged to Him her special care."

HIS DWELLING-PLACE.

1 O Christ, my Master and my King,
How can such wonder be,
That Thou, the Lord of all the earth,
Shouldst make Thy home with me!

2 That not alone in moments rare
When faith is strong and free,
And love has but to reach her hand
To feel it clasped by thee;
But day by day, through vexing cares,
Through weak distrust and sin,
Thou dost not leave the humblest heart
When Thou hast entered in!

3 If such Thy word, O Friend divine,
And Thou dost love so well,
How must I haste to furnish forth
The house where Thou dost dwell!
How must I strive to banish self,
And worldly sovereignty,
That Thy strong love may widen out
The narrow walls for Thee!

4 And daily must I guard the door,
From envy, fret and strife,
That so a quiet house may hold
The Prince of peace and life.
And if no shades of doubt obscure
The skyward windows free,
The steadfast light of heaven shall keep
A sunny home for Thee.

5 Oh! poor and low the vassal's hut,
Yet if Thou reignest there,
Bring in the riches of Thy grace
And make Thy dwelling fair!

MINNIE D. BATEHAM,
Painesville, O. 1884.

VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

"The way of the cross, the way of light."

1 Via crucis, via lucis—
Words of peace, and words of power;
When beneath our burdens bending,
When some cross-crowned steep ascending,
Via crucis, via lucis—
Nerves us for the trial hour.

2 Via crucis, via lucis—
Bind this motto to thy heart;
'Mid thy daily cares and crosses,
'Mid thy conflicts and thy losses,
Via crucis, via lucis—
Of its poison robs the dart.

3 Via crucis, via lucis—
Ransomed ones before the throne,
Hear we not Heaven's arches ringing
With the song ye now are singing—
Via crucis, via lucis—
Calvary's Martyr's work is done,
Calvary's Victor claims His own—
Via crucis, via lucis!

MRS. ANNIE L. ANGIER.
In New York Observer.

THE WOUNDS OF SIN.

1 Deep are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas, is nature's aid,
The work exceeds all nature's power.

2 Sin, like a raging fever, reigns,
With fatal strength, in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads its poison to the heart.

3 And can no sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

4 There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in His heavenly smiles appear
Such aid as nature cannot give.

5 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

ANNE STEELE.

MESSAGE OF SALVATION.

(Tune,—"*Pass me not, O gentle Saviour.*")

1 Unto us the message cometh
Of redeeming love,
Of the One who died to save us,
Pleading still above.

CHO.—Freely, freely,
Jesus died for all;
Who can slight the tender mercy
Of His loving call?

2 We'll repeat the wondrous story;
Though the hosts of sin
Close around in deadly conflict,
Christ is sure to win.

3 Still the patient Saviour calleth,
O rebellious one!
Can you yet reject His mercy!
Think what He has done.

4 Hear to-day the invitation:
Come to Christ and live,
And the bliss of full salvation
He to you will give.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.
By per. David C. Cook.

PRECIOUS BLOOD.

(Tune,—"*Urbane*," 171 A, in Havergal's "Psalmody.")

1 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary,
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for me!

2 Precious blood that hath redeemed us,
All the price is paid!
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

3 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole,
Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er thy soul.

4 Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
White as snow,

5 Now the holiest with boldness
We may enter in,
For the open fountain cleanseth
From all sin!

6 Precious blood! by this we conquer
In the fiercest fight;
Sin and Satan overcoming
By its might.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Mrs. F. J. F. Wood-White

Resided for many years in Clinton, Iowa, and still regards it as her home, since her beloved dead lie buried there. For thirty years past she has ranked with the best American hymn writers and poets. At present she is doing editorial work in Chicago, and during her four years' residence in that city, has written chiefly in prose. (1885.)

THE OPEN GATE.

1 "There is a gate that stands ajar;"
Beyond it Zion's mansions are,
And everlasting peace.
Within that clime the pure abide,
Rejoicing at the Saviour's side,
And anthems never cease.

2 That gate is now ajar for me,
Beyond, my blessèd home I see,
And never-ceasing rest.
For me the Lord of Glory died,
That I might cross the purple tide,
And stand a welcome guest.

3 "That gate ajar" will open wide,
That darkly surging sea divide,
When life's last hour is past.
My eager feet shall press the sod,
By all the ransomed millions trod,
And stand entire at last.

4 That welcome hour is hasting on,
My moments here will soon be gone,
And earth's last conflict won.
Then at the entrance of that gate
My Lord, in glory, shall await,
And greet His ransomed one.

MRS. F. J. F. WOOD-WHITE.
Dec. 12, 1875.

Mrs. E. A. Wilson.

The early home of Mrs. Wilson was in Washington, D. C. Since her marriage to E. A. Wilson, the chief founder of the Third Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Ill., and editor of "The Labor of Love," and "Food for the Lambs," her home has been in that city. Of a remarkably sweet and retiring manner, she has written more extensively than the public are aware of, her productions having usually appeared anonymously. Her verse is noted for perfect rhythm, smooth and flowing measure, with sentiment ever expressive of deep piety and thorough consecration. Her maiden name was Cynthia Corwin Hannon.

THORNS.

1 Thorns pierced a holier than thou,—
Not for His sins, but thine,
Did cruel soldiers for His brow
The sharp, mock crown entwine.

2 He bore alone the bitter pain,
Not soothed by love as thou;
That we a portion fair might gain,
And strength for trials now.

3 When sharper thorns in coming days
Cause thee like Paul to pray,
"Sufficient for thee is my grace,"
May Christ thy Saviour say.

MRS. E. A. WILSON.
Springfield, Ill., 1880.

OH! 'TIS GLORY IN MY SOUL.

1 To Thy cross, dear Christ, I'm clinging,
All my refuge and my plea;
Matchless is Thy loving kindness,
Else it had not stoop'd to me.

2 Long my heart hath heard the calling,
But I thrust aside Thy grace;
Yet, O boundless condescension,
Love is shining from Thy face.

3 Love eternal, light eternal,
Close me safely, sweetly in;
Saviour, let Thy balm of healing
Ever keep me free from sin.

ELIDA I. LEST.
By per. Set to music by Prof. J. E. Sweeney in "Gems of Praise," published by John J. Hood.

THY NAME ALONE CAN SAVE.

"For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."—Acts iv: 12.

1 There is a name divinely sweet,
That melts the heart to love,
And wakes the highest note of praise
From angel choirs above;
It guides the mourning wanderer home;
It calms the troubled wave;
In all the realms beneath the skies,
No other name can save.

CHORUS.—Dear Saviour, Thine the precious name
That melts the heart to love,
And wakes the highest note of praise
From angel choirs above.

2 That name devotion's flame inspires
In every grateful breast;
And through its all-prevailing power
We hope and look for rest;
It brings us near the throne of grace,
By faith and earnest prayer;
It brings to every waiting soul
A Father's blessing there.

3 The saints redeemed, with one accord,
The name in glory sing;
And o'er the radiant fields of light,
Their loud hosannas ring;
Eternal Father, Source of Light!
Inspire our grateful lays;
And teach our hearts in nobler strains
That blesséd name to praise.

MRS. F. J. VAN ALSTYNE.
From "Pure Gold," by per. Biglow & Main.
Copyrighted 1871.

WONDROUS LOVE.

"God so loved the world."—John iii: 16.

1 God loved the world of sinners lost
And ruined by the fall;
Salvation full, at highest cost,
He offers free to all.

CHORUS.—Oh! 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love!
The love of God to me;
It brought my Saviour from above,
To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
The risen Son of God;
Redemption by His death I find,
And cleansing through the blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,
And to His saints makes known
The blesséd rest from inbred sin,
Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;
There shall to you be given
A glorious foretaste, here below,
Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
Let all the ransomed sing,
And triumph in the dying hour
Through Christ the Lord our King.

MRS. M. STOCKTON.
Set to music by W. G. Fischer.

THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there."—Rev. xxi: 25.

1 There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the Cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.

REFRAIN.—O, depth of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me, for me?
Was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.

3 Press onward then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love Him more in heaven.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.
From "Hallowed Songs," published by Philip Phillips.
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THERE IS LIFE FOR A LOOK.

"Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—Isa. xiv: 22.

1 There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

REF.—Look! look! look and live!
There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee.

2 Oh! why was He there as the bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?
Oh! why from His side flowed the sin-cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid?

3 It is not thy tears of repentance and prayers,
But the blood that atones for the soul;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at once
Thy weight of iniquities roll.

4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He appeared,
And completed the work He begun.

5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives;
And know with assurance thou never canst die
Since Jesus, thy righteousness, lives.

AMELIA M. HULL.
Set to music by Rev. E. G. Taylor.

THE WANDERER NO MORE WILL ROAM.

1 The wanderer no more will roam,
The lost one to the fold hath come,
The prodigal is welcomed home—
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

2 Though clothed with shame, by sin defiled,
The Father hath embraced His child,
And I am pardoned, reconciled,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

3 It is the Father's joy to bless,
His love provides for me a dress,
A robe of spotless righteousness,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

4 Now shall my famished soul be fed,
A feast of love for me is spread,
I feed upon the children's bread,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

5 Yea, in the fulness of His grace,
He put me in the children's place,
Where I may gaze upon His face,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

6 I cannot half His love express,
Yet, Lord, with joy my lips confess
This blessèd portion I possess,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

7 And when I in Thy likeness shine,
The glory and the praise be Thine,
That everlasting joy is mine,
O Lamb of God, in Thee!

MARY JANE DECK, 1847.

ROOM FOR THEE.

"There was no room for them in the inn." Luke. 2:7.
(Tune,—*G. H.* 2:62.

1 Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy kingly crown,
When Thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room,
For Thy holy nativity.

CHO.—Oh! come to my heart, Lord Jesus!
There is room in my heart for Thee.
Oh! come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come!
There in room in my heart for Thee.

2 Heav'n's arches rang when the angels sang
Of Thy birth, and Thy royal decree;
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,
And in greatest humility.

3 Foxes found their rest, and the birds had their nests,
In the shade of the cedar tree;
But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God,
In the deserts of Galilee.

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with Thy living word,
That should set Thy people free;
But with mocking and scorn and with crown of thorn,
Did they bear Thee to Calvary.

5 Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory,
Thou wilt call me home, saying "yet there is room,"
There is room at My side for thee.

EMILY S. ELLIOT.
Set to music by Ira D. Sankey.

SANS CHRIST.

'Vous étiez en ce temps-là sans Christ.'
Éph. ii. 12.

1 Que ferais-je sans Toi, Sauveur plein de clémense?
Par ton sang précieux à grand prix racheté,
Tes mérites parfaits sont ma richesse immense
Mon espoir pour le temps et pour l'éternité.

2 Que ferais-je sans Lui? Les trésors de ce mode
Ne sont rien à mes yeux, auprès de Jésus-Christ;
Mais plus il verse en moi sa paix pure et profonde,
Plus je vondrais en vous voir les fruits de l'Esprit.

3 Pourquoi vivre sans Lui? Tout près de vous il passe,
Il n'attend qu'un soupir pour vous prendre en ses bras;
Attendra-t-il toujours? Il veut vous faire grâce....
Et vous, pauvre égaré, ne le voulez-vous pas?

4 Que ferez-vous sans Lui! Dans sa bonté suprême
Il s'est offert pour vous, sa force est votre appui;
N'avez-vous pas besoin d'un Sauveur qui vous aime,
Et qui vous aimera demain comme aujourd'hui?

5 Que ferez-vous sans Lui dans l'amère détresse,
Quand un brouillard épais voilera le chemin,
S'il vous faut porter seul le poids qui vous appresse,
Et n'avoir pas un guide à qui donner la main?

6 Vivre encore sans Lui, ce serait impossible,
Si vous saviez quels fers vous tiennent attaché,
Si vos yeux dessillés voyaient le mal terrible
Qui vous mène à la mort, salaire du péché.

7 Que ferez-vous sans Lui, lorsqu'une main glacée
Vous poussera tremblant vers l'abîme inconnu?
Quelle voix dira: 'La mort est terrassée,
Et tu seras vainqueur, par mon bras soutenu'?

8 Que ferez-vous sans Lui, quand ie souverain Juge
Qui sait tout, qui voit tout, qui ne fait point d'erreur,
Qui vous avait en vain offert un sûr refuge,
Sondera les derniers replis de votre cœur?

9 Que ferez-vous sans Lui, quand, la porte fermée,
Vous vous consumerez en stériles efforts,
Du céleste banquet la lumière embaumée
Arrivant jusqu'à vous dans la nuit du dehors?

10 Mais avec Lui, mon frère, avec Lui, c'est la vie!
C'est tout ce qu'il nous manque et tout ce qu'il nous faut;
C'est le flot déborbant d'une joie infinie,
Paix parfaite ici-bas, bonheur parfait là-haut!

11 Que ferais-tu sans Lui? Pourquoi rester rebelle
A la voix qui t'invite et te dit: 'Viens à moi'?
Ta pauvre âme a besoin de ce Sauveur fidèle,
Et Lui, grâce ineffable, il a besoin de toi!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.
Translated by Mons. L. Pasteur Tourlière.

OUT IN THE WILDERNESS.

1 I once was treading, wearily, alone,
A frightful wilderness. The starless night
Hung round me like the blackness of a pall.
I heard the fearful cry of evil beasts;
I saw at intervals the lightning play—
A fiery snake that lighted up the dark—
Above an endless pit that yawned for me.
I called on names beloved: the lonesome wood
Sent back my cry. A wail was on the wind,
And phantoms strange seemed beckoning me below.

2 Where, then, was He whose name the demons fear?
I could not find my Lord. A storm arose—
A storm which shook the earth beneath my feet,
And rent in twain the old gigantic trees;
And on the howling wind there seemed to ride
The fiendish forms that mock and taunt and sneer:
None else replied. Where, then, was Christ, the Lord?
Was He no more, that hell kept carnival?
I called aloud, "I trust, though Thou dost slay:
Shine on my path, O Bright and Morning Star!"

3 My feet beside the pit began to slide;
When, from above, a hand, a powerful hand,
Held me, and drew me back, and led me on.
Above the wilderness there broke a light,—
A clear soft dawning, as of dewy day;
A light like to the smile of one beloved,
Who loves us without stint. Then music fell:
Was it the flutings of the greenwood birds,
Or half-caught hymnings sliding down from heaven?
And still the heart of love and arm of strength
Bear me along the brightening wilderness.

URANIA LOCKE BAILEY.

SUBSTITUTION.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."—Isaiah liii: v.

1 O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head!
Our load was laid on Thee;
Thou stoodest in the sinner's stead,
Didst bear all ill for me.
A Victim led, Thy blood was shed;
Now there's no load for me.

2 Death and the curse were in our cup—
O Christ, t' was full for Thee!
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop—
'Tis empty now for me.
That bitter cup—love drank it up;
Now blessings' draught for me.

3 Jehovah lifted up His rod—
O Christ, it fell on Thee!
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;
There's not one stroke for me.
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;
Thy bruising healeth me.

4 The tempest's awful voice was heard—
O Christ, it broke on Thee!
Thy open bosom was my ward,
It braved the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for me.

5 Jehovah bade His sword awake—
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;
Thy heart its sheath must be—
All for my sake, my peace to make,
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6 For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,
And I have died in Thee;
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,
And now Thou liv'st in me.
When purified, made white, and tried,
Thy Glory then for me!

MARY A. R. COUSIN.
Set to music by Ira D. Sankey.

OVER THE LINE.

"Let him come unto me."—John vii: 37.

1 Oh! tender and sweet was the Master's voice
As He lovingly called to me,
"Come over the line, it is only a step—
I am waiting, my child, for thee."

2 But my sins are many, my faith is small,
Lo! the answer came quick and clear;
"Thou needest not trust to thyself at all.
Step over the line, I am here."

3 But my flesh is weak, I tearfully said,
And the way I cannot see;
I fear if I try I may sadly fail,
And thus may dishonor Thee.

4 Ah! the world is cold, and I cannot go back,
Press forward I surely must;
I will place my hand in His wounded palm,
Step over the line and trust.

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MRS. N. K. BRADFORD.
Set to music by Edward H. Phelps.

OUTSIDE THE GATE.

1 I stood outside the gate,
A poor way-faring child;
Within my heart there beat
A tempest, loud and wild.
A fear oppress'd my soul,
That I might be too late;
And, Oh! I trembled sore,
And pray'd outside the gate.

2 "Mercy!" I loudly cried;
"Oh! give me rest from sin!"
"I will," a voice replied;
And Mercy let me in.
She bound my bleeding wounds;
She soothed my aching head;
She eased my burden'd soul,
And bore the load instead.

3 In Mercy's guise, I knew
The Saviour long abused;
Who often sought my heart,
And wept when I refused.
Oh! what a blest return
For ignorance and sin!
I stood outside the gate,
And Jesus let me in!

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.
Set to music by A. B. Everett, in "Songs of Gladness."

SANCTUM SANCTORUM.

1 All days are great Atonement days;
All men who come and humbly bring,
As incense with their offering
Of broken hearts, true prayer and praise,
Are priests on God's Atonement days.

2 Their souls are sanctuaries where,
Close curtained from the world of sin,
The covering cherubs brood within,
Making, amid earth's deserts bare,
Holiest of holies everywhere.

3 The Spirit-lighted mercy-seat
To every alien's foot is free,
Whate'er his Gentile life may be,
If he but bring oblations meet
To lay before that mercy-seat.

4 He does not need the priestly dress,
The breastplate wrought of precious stone,
Urim or Thummin—Christ alone
In His supreme, white righteousness,
Robes him as with the high priest's dress.

5 He does not need to bear at all
The mystic blood of sacrifice
Within his hand as proffered price,
Before the absorbing peace shall fall;
One Lamb's, was sprinkled once for all!

6 Each day may be a sacred day,
And every spot a holiest place,
Where Christ doth manifest His grace;
Each day wherein men trust, obey,
And love, is an Atonement day!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

WHY DO YOU BRING OBLATIONS?

Isaiah i.

1 Why do you bring oblations vain,
Instead of heartfelt praise?
My soul abhors your bullocks slain,
Your fasts and Sabbath days.

2 Ye tread my courts in solemn state,
And keep returning moons;
These empty baubles all, I hate,
And formal prayers and tunes.

3 Ye spread your hands: but well I see
That they are full of blood;
Make good the tree and then to Me
The fruitage shall be good.

JENNY B. BEAUCHAMP.
Denton, Texas, Feb., 1883.

COMPLETE IN HIM.

1 My soul complete in Jesus stands!
It fears no more the law's demands;
The smile of God is sweet within,
Where all before was guilt and sin.

2 My soul at rest in Jesus lives;
Accepts the peace His pardon gives;
Receives the grace His death secured,
And pleads the anguish He endured.

3 My soul its every foe defies,
And cries—"T is God that justifies!
Who charges God's elect with sin?
Shall Christ, who died their peace to win?

4 A song of praise my soul shall sing,
To our eternal, glorious King!
Shall worship humbly at His feet,
In whom alone it stands complete.

MRS. O. W. HINSDALE, 1865.

THE ONE NAME

1 There is one name that I would trace
In richest gold and rarest gems,
Round which in forms of truest grace
Would wreathe earth's grandest diadems;
One name, to which in humble awe
And grateful homage I would bow,
Offering as due sacrifice,
Adoring love's most solemn vow;
One name, to which my soul would raise
The incense of perpetual praise.

2 There is one name that I would speak
With reverential, tender tone;
One name that I would ever seek
In all its richness to make known;
One name to which I long to see
Earth's every dweller reverent kneel;
One name, whose praise I fain would hear
Rise in one full, triumphant peal;
One name, than all sweet names more sweet,
Whose praises angels oft repeat.

3 That name is Jesus! Hear, my soul,
With reverent awe, that sacred name,
To make thee of life's sickness whole,
Jesus to earth once kindly came;
For thee He lived a suffering life,
Of hatred, scorn, neglect and blame;
For thee He bore the tempter's strife,
For thee the keenest pain and shame;
For thee, for all, the Saviour died,
The Son of God was crucified.

4 Blest name, the pledge of love untold,
Of pardon, peace and purity,
The only title we can hold
Or plead as soul security,
Rest for the weary, joy for those
With grief or weariness oppressed,
Hope's anchor, haven of repose,
Through it life's ills are all redressed,
Through it our needs are all supplied,
And God is fully satisfied.

5 Jesus! let those who dare deride,
Let those who will, scoff and reject,
My soul in Thee will still confide,
Shall still believe Thou wilt protect;
Still will I call Thee Son of God,
Redeemer, Intercessor, Friend,
Still seek for pardon through Thy blood,
My hope's beginning and its end,
And if I perish, it shall be
Trusting, Lord Jesus Christ, in Thee.

ANGIE FULLER.
Savanna, Ill., 1883.

AT THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

1 He lay at the pool of Bethesda;—
How weary and long were the years!
How sick was his heart with the waiting!
How dim were his eyes with the tears!

2 For many had pressed in before him
To prove the great miracles' truth,
And up from the fountain of healing
Had come with the freshness of youth.

3 The sick and the blind were around him,
The halt and the palsied were there;
And in the dusk shadow at night-fall
His patience grew well-nigh despair.

4 Thus year after year circled slowly;
In vain, as he lay on his bed,
At the sound of the down-rushing angel,
He stretched out his hand to be led.

5 The light of a Sabbath broke o'er him,
Still waiting 'mong withered and lame;
And mixed with the breath of the morning
The scent of the sacrifice came.

6 And weeping like David in exile,
He murmured the psalm of complaint:
"I cry out for Thee, O Jehovah!
For courts of Thy temple I faint!"

7 Whose eyes, with such god-like compassion,
Looked into his desolate soul?
Who was it that bending above him
Asked gently, "Will *thou* be made whole?"

8 How divine was the face in its beauty!
How tender and loving and sad!
Surprised at the sweet words of pity,
He answered, half doubting, half glad.

9 He told how, with no friend or helper,
He had watched for the time of God's power,
But ever thrust back in his weakness,
He had waited in vain the good hour.

10 "Arise! take thy bed!" said the Master;
His will o'er his limbs had control,
He felt the new blood coursing through him,
He knew he was instantly whole.

11 He rose up, he walked, and he carried
The couch of his weakness and pain!
He went out with joy and thanksgiving
And prayed in God's temple again.

12 O thou who art still by Bethesda,
A longing and impotent soul,
Look up! Over thee He is bending
And asking, "Wilt *thou* be made whole?"

URANIA LOCKE BAILEY.

MARY OF MAGDALA.

"Peace," she cried, "O wild unrest,
Growing madness in my breast!
Oh! to be a flower and greet,
Pure and white, the morning sweet!
Oh! to be a sparrow small
Nesting in the temple wall!
Oh! to be a babe again,
Dying thus without a stain!
Then another voice began:
"Lo! there comes a wondrous man
Into Bethany to-day;
He might charm thy pain away.
He has power to raise the dead;
He forgiveth sin, 'tis said;
And His pity is divine
For repentings such as thine."
"Doth he come?" she cried, "'twas He
Sent the legioned fiends from me!
Then did my remorse begin;
Then I knew how vile is sin.
So I watch beside the door,
Waiting for Him evermore;
Longing still to hear His feet
Pass along the crowded street.
Oh! to see the look of grace
Lighting that majestic face!
Oh! to hear that tender voice
Bidding heavy hearts rejoice!
Purer than the child new-born,
Yet no sinner hath His scorn;
I will go my Lord to meet,—
Kneel beside his sacred feet.
In this casket, frail and fair,
Is a perfume, costly, rare,
Souls of plants from foreign soil,
Precious as the fragrant oil,
Which, forbidden to the Jews,
Holy priests alone may use.
I will crush the fragile thing,
And anoint my Priest and King.
Prostrate at His feet I'll stay,
Weeping all my heart away,
Till my Lord shall say to me
'All hath been forgiven thee!'"

UNA LOCKE BAILEY.

I'LL GO.

1 Why perish with cold and with hunger?
There's plenty for all and to spare
In the beautiful home of my Father,
And welcome awaiting me there.

CHO.— Come, come, wanderer come!
There's plenty for thee in thy Father's home,
Come, come, all ye who roam! [home.
There's welcome and love in your Father's

2 I'll go and I'll say to my Father,
I've sinned against heaven and Thee;
I'm not worthy a place 'mong Thy children,
Thy servant I gladly would be.—CHO.

3 My Father is waiting to greet me
With tender and loving caress;
He will see me afar, and will meet me,
Forgive, and restore me, and bless.—CHO.

MISS M. A. BAKER, 1880
Set to Music by Dr H. R PALMER, and used by permission.

Mrs. Southey.

Mrs. Southey, *nee* Caroline Anne Bowles, only child of Captain Charles Bowles, was born at Buckland, near Lymington, Hampshire, in 1787. When young she lost her parents, and for many years she led a retired life. She published poetical and prose works at first without her name. Her "Chapters on Churchyards," in "Blackwood's Magazine," brought her more prominently before the public as one of the gifted writers of the period. In 1839 she married Robert Southey, the poet. He had written more than twelve hundred letters to her upon literary and other subjects. On his death, in 1843, Government gave her a pension of £200 a year. She died in 1854.

CALVARY.

1 Love, love divine, I sing;
Oh! for a seraph's lyre;
Bathed in Siloa's stream,
And touched by living fire.
Lofty, pure, the strain should be,
When I sing of Calvary.

2 Love, Love on earth appears!
The wretched throng His way;
He beareth all their griefs,
And wipes their tears away.
Soft and sweet the strain should be,
Saviour, when I sing of Thee.

3 He saw me as He passed,
In hopeless sorrow lie,
Condemned and doomed to death,
And no salvation nigh.
Long and loud the strain should be,
When I sing His love to me.

4 "I die for thee," He said—
Behold the cross arise!
And lo! He bows His head—
He bows His head, and dies!
Soft, my harp, thy breathings be,
Let me weep on Calvary.

5 He lives! again He lives!
I hear the voice of love—
He comes to soothe my fears,
And draw my soul above.
Joyful now the strain should be
When I sing of Calvary.

MRS SOUTHEY, 1850.

Cecelia Havergal.

Before the author of the following was married recently to Rev F Bickersteth Grant, she remarked in a letter to her aunt: "After next I am about to change my name. I shall still retain my Havergal name and continue to write under the name of Cecelia Havergal." Her residence is now in Leamington, where her husband has a charge. 1884

SELF.

1 Self is struggling, wrestling, heaving,
Longing for the mastery;
Never ceasing, ever rushing
Forward into misery!

2 Cords of iron cannot bind it,
So unruly is its strength;
Silvery gentle love must tame it,
And its pinions clasp at length!

3 Every turning in life's pathway
Self hath some bright finger-post;
Some grand artifice discovered,
Some new plan of which to boast.

4 Who can from this Self deliver?
Only Jesus Christ the Lord.
Cast this Self on Him—who never
Faileth them that trust His word.

5 Self sings always in the minor,
Wailing with discordant woe;
But who looks from Self to Jesus,
Rich, bright melodies shall know!

6 Saviour, help us in those moments
When the fight is fierce within;
Draw us up from Self to Heaven
Till Thy name glad victory win!

CECELIA HAVERGAL.
Oakhampton, England, 1884

THE SAVIOUR'S CROSS.

1 A glorious cross He bore,
Though grievous made by sin:
The humble, willing, eager Lord,
To see His subjects all restored,
By love each heart to win,
Came down to earth a Sacrifice,—
How wondrous, boundless, was the price,
What could we ask for more?

2 The sins of thine were lain
Thereon, for Him to bear!
How patiently the gentle feet
Pursued the way, the end to meet;
How scorned His eyes the glare
Of worldly good on either side,
His Spirit fixed, whate'er betide,
Beyond all transient pain.

3 Oh! let us imitate
The Saviour of mankind!
Nor turn our feet from narrow path,
Remembering 'tis He only hath
Bid us that way to find.
With souls intent on scenes afar,
Let naught besides the vision mar;
So nears the holy gate!

MISS E. A. HOFFMAN
Westville, New Haven, Conn. 1882

Frances Miriam Whitcher.

Nearly everybody has read the "Widow Bedott Papers," but few who enjoyed their rollicking humor knew or fancied that the author was a lady of deep piety and shrinking modesty, who preferred a very different style of composition.

Frances Miriam Berry was born at Whitestown, Oneida County, N. Y., November 1, 1811. She married, January 6, 1847, Benjamin William Whitcher, Episcopal minister in that place. The following spring they removed to Elmira. She died of consumption, January 4, 1852. Her minor writings have never, I believe, been collected. In the summer of 1846 she became a regular contributor to Neal's "Saturday Gazette" and in that paper or in the "Gospel Messenger" her hymns appeared.—Prof. F. M. Bird, of Lehigh University, in "Independent."

THE LITANY.

1 Saviour! Thou who dost deliver
Those that trust Thy glorious name,
Yesterday, to-day, forever,
Still unchangeably the same.

2 Israel's Shepherd! seek and find me;
Lead me in the narrow way;
To Thy cross in mercy bind me,
Nevermore from Thee to stray.

3 By Thy holy incarnation,
By Thy painful life below,
To Thy earnest supplication
In that lonely hour of woe:

4 By Thy cross and bitter passion,
By Thy pierced and bleeding side,
By Thy words of consolation
To the thief who with Thee died;

5 By Thy truth, that cannot vary,
Draw my trembling soul to Thee;
Save me, O Thou Son of Mary;
To Thy sheltering arms I flee.

6 Wake, my soul! thou idle dreamer,
Sinking in an unknown wave;
Stretch Thy hand, my dear Redeemer;
Save, for only Thou canst save.

MRS. F. M. WHITCHER.

The following is of the same grave and lenten character, though more subjective. It was written "during a period of suffering."

AFFLICTION.

1 Afflict me, Father. Let Thy heavy rod
Fall on my sinful head;
I would not shun the sufferings of my God,
Whose blood for me was shed.

2 Afflict me, Father. I will take the cross
Unmurmuringly and still,
By Thy good help, and bear all earthly loss,
If I may do Thy will.

3 Aye, slay me, Father, and I will not fear
The coming of Death's dart,
If I may see the Lord's kind angel near,
To strengthen my weak heart.

MRS. F. M. WHITCHER.

If any one will turn from these poems to that headed "Can't Calkilate," in the Bedott Papers, he will see a contrast indeed. The rich, if not very refined humor of that book seems genuine enough; but this is a deeper and more real strain. So far from possessing the genial turn which one expects in the delineator of the Elder and the Widow, "she was of a reserved and retiring disposition and timid with strangers to a degree that was often mistaken for haughtiness or a conscious sense of superiority. Only her most intimate acquaintances knew her loving and unselfish nature." "Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying' was her favorite book and her constant companion during her hours of health, as well as in the long, weary months of sickness which preceded her death."—Prof. Bird.

THE CROSS.

1 How mean the little griefs appear
That make my soul complain;
How foul the sins that placed Him there
And caused His dying pain!

2 O Sacred Cross! on thee impaled,
Let my transgressions die,
And where my Saviour's feet were nailed
May I forever lie!

3 Was e'er such all-enduring love,
Unchanging, wondrous, free,
As that which drew Thee from above
To save a wretch like me?

4 Thrice welcome to my closing eye
The opening tomb shall be,
If from the grave where Thou didst lie
I may but rise to Thee!

MRS. F. M. WHITCHER.

(Mrs. Whitcher's theology was not Calvinistic; but this exception is curiously made.)

FAITH AND TRUST.

1 Oh! trust His word
When unseen foes assail. There was an hour
Of gloom and darkness, when the fiend had power
To tempt Thy Lord.
Lean on His breast
When earthly love forsakes thee, and the charm
Of friendship dies away. His holy arm
Will give thee rest.

MRS. F. M. WHITCHER.

The "Bedott Papers" must have represented one side of her nature. But, to judge by these hymns, her life was a perpetual Passion Week and her constant mental attitude one of profoundly sincere and sad adoration before the Cross. Whether the starting-point be the Church's services and teachings, which she dearly loved, or her private thoughts and experiences, her burden is the same. Thus:

SUBMISSION.

1 Peace, stubborn will!
Peace, restless heart! forget thy griefs and think
Upon the bitter cup which He did drink,
Meekly and still.

2 Thou bearest naught
Of anguish that thy Saviour did not know,
He suffered all thy sorrow, save the woe
Thy sin has wrought.

MRS. F. M. WHITCHER.

RESURRECTION.

"O life, that we cannot lose without so many deaths! O death, which we cannot have but by the loss of so many lives." MADAME GUYON.

1 I was a corn of wheat
That fell in the ground,
Out of the sunlight sweet,
Out of the sound
Of human voices and the song of birds;
Yet in the damp and death I heard the words,
Once spoken in the dark, and now more plain,
"Ye must be born again."

2 "O earth, earth, hear," I cried,
"The voice of the Lord!
Open your prison wide,
Fulfill His word;"
But denser, darker, round me closed the earth;
It was a day of death, and not of birth;
And crushing human feet passed o'er the sod
That shut me out from God.

3 There was no way, no choice,
No night, no day,
No knowledge, no device,
Only decay!
Yet at my heart a little flickering life
Remembered God and ceased its useless strife;
Remembered the command it could not keep,
And fell asleep.

4 When life began to dawn,
The song of a lark,
With a subtle sense of morn,
Fell through my dark,
And tender sounds of happy growing things,
Or the soft stirring of a chrysalis' wings,
Thrilled all the under-world, sunless and dim,
With an Easter hymn!

5 Then the great Sun leaned low
And kissed the sod.
Ah! what was I, to know
The touch of God!
The dumb earth melted at His voice, and I
Stood face to face with Him beneath His sky,
And all around, within, below, above,
Was life and love.

MARY A. LATHBURY.
In "Christian Union." 1884.

MY SAVIOUR.

1 I am not skilled to understand
What God hath willed, what God hath planned;
I only know at His right hand
Stands One who is my Saviour.

2 I take God at His word and deed:
"Christ died to save me"—this I read;
And in my heart I find a need
Of Him to be my Saviour.

3 And had there been, in all this wide,
Sad world, no other soul beside,
But only mine, yet He had died—
That He might be its Saviour.

4 One wounded spirit, sore oppressed,
One wearied soul, that found no rest
Until it found it on the breast
Of Him who was his Saviour.

5 Then had He left His Father's throne,
The joy untold, the love unknown,
And for that soul had given His own,
That He might be its Saviour.

6 And, Oh! that He fulfilled may see
The travail of His soul in me,
And with His work contented be,
As I with my dear Saviour!

7 Yes! living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my solace, from this spring,
That He who lives to be my king,
Once died to be my Saviour.

DORA GREENWELL.

SAVED BY THE BLOOD.

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John i. vii.

1 We're saved by the blood
That was drawn from the side
Of Jesus our Lord,
When He languished and died.

REFRAIN.—Hallelujah to God,
For redemption so free;
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Dear Saviour, to Thee.

2 Oh! yes, 'tis the blood
Of the Lamb that was slain·
He conquered the grave,
And He liveth again.

3 We're saved by the blood,
We are sealed by its power;
'Tis life to the soul,
And its hope every hour.

4 That blood is a fount
Where the vilest may go,
And wash till their souls
Shall be whiter than snow.

5 We're saved by the blood,
Hallelujah again;
We're saved by the blood,
Hallelujah, Amen.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Copyrighted, 1875, in "Brightest and Best," by per. Biglow & Main.

RIFTED CLOUDS.

1 There is never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears;
There is never a life so happy,
But has had its time of tears:
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

2 There is never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet;
There is never a path so rugged,
Bearing not the print of feet;
But we have a Helper furnished
For the trials we may meet.

3 There is never a way so narrow
But the entrance is made straight;
There is always a guide to point us
To the "little wicket gate."
And the angels will be nearest
To a soul that's desolate.

4 There is never a heart so haughty
But will some day bow and kneel;
There is never a heart so wounded
That the Saviour cannot heal:
There is many a lowly forehead
Bearing now the hidden seal.

MARY COLBY.
Set to music and copyrighted by T. C. O'Kane.

WHO DIED TO SAVE US ALL.

1 There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

2 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious blood.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

3 Oh! dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming blood,
And try His works to do.
For there's a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

Maria James.

Maria James was born in Wales, about the year 1795, and accompanied her parents to this country when seven years old, and settled near Clinton, N. Y. When about fifteen years of age she wrote much verse that was called good. Her taste for intellectual enjoyments did not interfere with her love for the domestic duties of life; while occupied in her daily house work she composed her best poems, though weeks frequently elapsed before she had time to commit them to paper. Most of them were collected and published in book form called: "Wales and other Poems," in 1839, with an able introduction by Dr. Potter, who says:—"Some of these pieces breathe the true spirit of poetry; none will question that they breathe a yet nobler spirit, that of true piety." Maria James is a striking illustration of the fact that true genius, refinement and real worth, are often found in stations where least expected. Her family belonged to the humble poor, pious and industrious.

GOOD FRIDAY.

1 The scene is fresh before us,
When Jesus drained the cup,
As new the day comes o'er us,
When He was offer'd up:

2 The veil in sunder rending,
The types and shadows flee,
While heaven and earth are bending
Their gaze on Calvary.

3 Should mortals dare in numbers,
Where angels trembling stand?
Or wake the harp that slumbers
In flaming seraph's hand?

4 Then tell the wondrous story
Where rolls salvation's wave,
And give Him all the glory,
Who came the lost to save.

MARIA JAMES.
New York, 1840.

EASTER-TIDE.

1 'Tis the Resurrection Morning,
Lo! within the glad spring skies
See, the amber light is breaking;
And the night's grim shadow flies!
List! a thousand birds are singing
'Cross the hills and meads away,
And a thousand leaves are bursting
From their darkness into day.

2 T'is the Resurrection Morning!
Bridal buds of purest white
'Neath the touch of dainty fingers
With a fringe of green unite;
Blooms of ev'ry tint and fashion,
Odors wondrous sweet and rare,
Drifted like a cloud of perfume,
Grace earth's Easter everywhere.

3 'Tis the Resurrection Morning!
All the choirs for miles away
Shall awake, and tune their voices,
As they chant their strains to-day:
All the bells shall tell the story
In this sacred theme agreed,—
"Praise to God! To God the glory!
Christ the Lord is risen indeed!"

4 'Tis the Resurrection Morning!
May our souls the whiteness wear
Like unto the Easter lilies,
Pure and guileless, clean and fair!
May we learn their simple lesson,
They who toil not, neither spin,
This: to be content with living,
If our hearts are pure within.

5 'Tis the Resurrection Morning!
Peace is in the open sky,
Peace is in the bells' sweet murmur,
Peace is in the wind's low sigh,
Peace is in the creamy lilies;—
Why may we not also say
Peace hath its contented biding
In our hearts, this Easter day?

6 'Tis the Resurrection Morning!
Lo! all nature wakes to sing!
Ev'ry holt and haugh is ringing
With the music of the spring;
And the burden of their rhythm
As it echoes miles away,
Smites the ear with touching sweetness:
"Christ the Lord is risen to-day!"

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.
Jacksonville, Ill., 1883.

GOD LIVETH EVER.

1 God liveth ever!
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!
Our God is good: in ev'ry place
His love is known, His help is found;
His mighty arm and tender grace
Bring good from ills that hem us round.
Easier than we think, can He
Turn to joy our agony.
Soul, remember 'mid thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns!

2 God liveth ever!
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!
Scarce canst thou bear thy cross? Then fly
To Him where only rest is sweet.
Thy God is great; His mercy nigh,
His strength upholds the tottering feet.
Trust Him, for His grace is sure,
Ever doth His truth endure.
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all forever reigns!

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

CHRIST'S INTERCESSION.

Heb. vii: 25.

1 He lives! the great Redeemer lives!
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before His Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of His blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles and all is peace.

3 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on His heart.

4 Great Advocate, Almighty Friend!
On Him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

ANNE STEELE.

ALL HAIL, THOU ARISEN!

(Tune. "*Portuguese Hymn, or Lyons.*")

1 All hail, Thou Arisen! Our Saviour and King!
With glad hearts and voices Thy praises we sing.
Dispelled is death's darkness! The tomb is unsealed,
And Thou, in Thy glory immortal, revealed!

2 Hosanna! hosanna! the music prolong.
Our Lord is triumphant! this theme be our song.
No longer by terror and anguish assailed,
O'er death and destruction Thy power hath prevailed!

Ye trees of the forest, His praises declare!
Ye waves of the ocean, ye breezes of air!
Ye birds of the woodland, exultantly sing;
To Him yield your fragrance, ye blossoms of spring!

3 Oh! who would not bless Him, and worshipful bend
To-day in His temple, our Father and Friend,
Whose gifts of compassion, of comfort, and love,
Our risen Redeemer hath brought from above!

4 Hosanna! hosanna! be unto the Lord!
All worship and honor to Thee we accord.
While blossoms and verdure are seeking Thy shrine,
We praise and adore Thee, O, Father Divine!

MARY C. WEBSTER.
Rocky Hill, Conn., 1883.

HE IS RISEN!

1 Waken! waken early! Christians!
'Tis the day when Christ arose!
See! the East with radiant beauty,
At its bless'd dawning glows!

2 Wake and hasten to His temple!
There your gladsome strains unite!
Let His praise, th' ascended Saviour,
Your rejoicing hearts delight!

3 Hark! the choirs of holy angels
In sweet notes His welcome tell!
"Hail! Thou King of glory! victor
Over sin and death and hell!"

4 See! they throng the walls of jasper!
See! the pearly gates unfold,
And our risen, exalted Saviour
Walks once more the streets of gold!

5 Shall our faith with eyelids drooping,
E'er again relax her gaze?
Shall our voice in song melodious,
Ever cease His name to praise?

6 Nay! with faith and hope triumphant,
We will walk the path He trod,
With our eyes fixed on the mansions
Where He dwelleth now with God—

7 Trusting in the flowing fountain
Of our Surety's dying love,
Till at length, in His good pleasure,
We, like Him, shall soar above.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH.
Boston, 1882.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

1 Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion mov'd,
Descended, like a pitying God,
To save the souls He lov'd.

2 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind His soul in death;
He shook the kingdom when He fell,
With His expiring breath.

3 Not long the toils of hell could keep
The Hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught so much Divine.

4 And now His conquering chariot-wheels
Ascend the lofty skies,
While broke beneath His powerful cross
Death's iron sceptre lies.

5 Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below,
Through Him is pardoning love dispens'd
And boundless blessings flow.

MRS. BARBAULD.

EASTER LILIES.

1 The pure and holy lilies
Attend their Lord alway;
The Easter-lilies praise Him,
They "of the valley" pray.

2 Red-lilies speak His passion,
Field-lilies breathe His love,
And Water-lilies image
His peace in heaven above.

3 Weave in the glorious blossoms
To deck the Easter tide,
An offering fit and spotless,
By Jesus sanctified!

4 And when in bliss we see Him,—
The gates of life thrown wide,—
The Angel of the Lily
Shall lead us to His side.

LOUISA PARSONS HOPKINS.
From "Breath of Field and Shore."

DAYBREAK.

1 Lo! the mists are fleeing!
Shine, O Olivet,
For the Crown of promise
On thy brow is set.

2 Lift your heads, ye mountains!
Clap your hands, ye hills!
Into rapturous singing
Break, ye murmuring rills!

3 Shout aloud, O forests!
Swell the song, O seas!
Wake, resistless ocean,
All your symphonies!

3 Wave your palms, O tropics!
Lonely isles rejoice!
O ye silent deserts,
Find a choral voice!

4 Winds, on mighty trumpets,
Blow the strains abroad,
While each star in heaven
Hails its risen Lord!

JULIA C. R. DORR.
Rutland, Vt., 1884.

AN EASTER OFFERING.

(Tune,—"*Olivet.*")

1 Father, in heaven above,
Great Source of light and love,
Hear Thou my prayer!
Oh! mark these weary eyes,
Hear Thou these anguished cries,
Wrung from a heart which lies
Crushed in despair.

2 Wild billows overwhelm,—
Careless of chart or helm
My frail bark speeds;
Low in each blast I bend,
While storms of sorrow trend;
O Lord, their wrath forefend,
Help Thou my needs.

3 Where now each promise, Lord,
Made in Thy Holy Word
Faithful and sure?
No "bruisèd reed to break,"
No "smoking flax to slake,"
Or "righteous man forsake,"
His "seed" secure.

4 Framer of righteous laws,
Here let me plead my cause,
See, Lord, I come.
I strive with tearful moan,
With sighs and bitter groan,
Making my sorrows known—
Words I have none.

5 I wait, Lord, patiently,
To move Thee by my cry
Some help to give.
Restore my faith in Thee;
In sweet assurance see
Mercy and hope for me,
Bidding me live.

6 What if the world shall judge
My heart by secret grudge,
Need I repine?
Since Thou dost understand
Each thought in silence planned,
Inciting heart and hand
To actions fine.

7 And should some dark wrong fall
Around me like a pall,
Let me not yield
Or sink in blind despair,
Thou wilt my way prepare,—
Remove each treacherous snare,—
My strength and shield.

8 As my petitions rise,
Dear Lord, do not despise
Them, meekly given;
As Thou dost pardon me,
May I each enemy
Forgive most heartily,
O Lamb of heaven.

9 Ere the sweet Easter time
Bury all sin and crime
In Jesus' tomb;
And on the holy dawn
Of resurrection morn,
Celestial joy be born
Out of the gloom.

MRS E. R. WILLIAMSON.
In "Cambridge Tribune."

MARY AT THE SEPULCHRE.

"Then the disciples went away again unto their own home. But Mary stood without the sepulchre weeping." John xx. 10–11.

1 He is gone! the tomb forsaken!
They have come where Jesus lay,
Roll'd aside the stone, and taken
Him they crucified away!
Here's the shroud we sorrowing made Him
Whom they pierced with nail and spear:
Murderers of our Lord! they've laid Him
Far from sight—He is not here.

2 Lo! I see, where He was sleeping
Pale, in death's cold, shadowy night,
Watchmen; they His place are keeping,
Clothed in raiment dazzling white!
And, as consolation giving,
'T was of Him they sweetly said,
"Weep Him not; nor seek the living
In the mansion of the dead."

3 They are angels!—and they know me!
Sinful mortal, I'm afraid!
Stranger, Sir, wilt thou not show me
Where my blessèd Lord is laid?
'Tis His voice!—my name He calleth!
Hail Rabboni!—Israel's King!
Conquer'd death beneath Thee falleth!
Broke his sceptre—lost his sting!

MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.
Newburyport, Mass.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

1 On sad Gethsemane thick shadows hung,
And whispering low to answering glade and hill,
The soft wind prophesied with plaintive tongue,
Making earth's throbbing pulses strangely still,
Sad prophecies of sacrificial cries
That should ere long from Calvary's summit rise.

2 The moon withdraws her face; One comes to pray;
The sinless One, His meek eyes raised to heaven,
His patient lips imploring, "Take away
This cup of anguish to my faint heart given;
Yet, if I die that life for *these* be won,
My Father, it is well; Thy will be done!"

3 The crimsoned drops that gathered on His face,
Dropped like a dew upon the astonished earth:
When lo! the Passion Flower, with timid grace,
Raised her sweet head to bless Him for her birth
And pitying angels soothed Him while He wept;
For earthly love, alas! forgot—and slept.

4 Then, O my heart, came Calvary's day of gloom,
The crown of thorns, the spear, the mocking crowd;
Earth shook with horror, and the shivering tomb
Gave up her dead; while from the God-head bowed
Went up the mournful cry from Calvary's tree:
"My God, my God! hast thou forsaken me?"

5 But not for long could death the victory claim!
In the gray morning, when the soldiers fly,
The waiting Mary hears Him breathe her name;
And lo! the Master stands in glory by!
Then earth and heaven their carols blend in one;
One glorious Easter hymn, "God's will is done!"

6 How oft, O Father, do we bring to Thee
The prayers His lips made sacred: "Not this cup,
My God, my God! hast thou forsaken me?
And must I drink this bitter portion up?"
Then when grief goes by and peace is won;
Come grateful carols that Thy will is done.

LIZZY M. GLENN

IMMORTALITY AND LIGHT.

1 Day of God, thou blessed day,
At thy dawn the grave gave way
To the power of Him within,
Who had, sinless, bled for sin.

2 Thine the radiance to illume
First, for man, the dismal tomb,
When its bars their weakness owned,
There revealing death dethroned.

3 Then the Sun of righteousness
Rose, a darkened world to bless,
Bringing up from mortal night
Immortality and light.

4 Day of glory, day of power,
Sacred be thine every hour;
Emblem, earnest, of the rest
That remaineth for the blest.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

THE PORTALS OF LIGHT.

Isaiah xlii: 6.

1 I know not the hour of His coming,
I know not the day, nor the year,
But I know that He bids me be ready
For the step that I sometime shall hear.
And whether on earth or in heaven,
Down here, or 'mid scenes of the blest,
I am sure that His love will surround me,
And with Him I will leave all the rest.

CHORUS.—And when His voice calls in the morning,
At noon-time, perhaps, or at night,
With no plea but the one, "Thou hast called me,"
I shall enter the portals of light.

2 I know not what lieth before me,
It may be all pleasure, all care,
But I know at the end of the journey
Stands the mansion He went to prepare.
And whether in joy or in sorrow,
Through valley, o'er mountain or hill,
I will walk in the light of His presence,
And His love all repining shall still.
CHORUS.

3 I know not what duties are waiting,
For hands that are willing and true,
And I ask but the strength to be faithful
And do well what He gives me to do.
And if He should bid me stand idle,
Just waiting in weakness and pain,
I have only to trust, and be faithful,
And sometime He'll make it all plain.
CHORUS.

M. E. SERVOSS.

From "Heavenward," music by J. R. Murray, pub. by Brainard's Sons.

JESUS, MY REDEEMER, LIVES.

1 Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
Christ, my trust, is dead no more,
In the strength this knowledge gives,
Shall not all my fears be o'er;
Calm, though death's long night be fraught
Still with many an anxious thought?

2 Jesus, my Redeemer, lives,
And His life I soon shall see;
Bright the hope this promise gives,
Where He is I soon shall be:
Shall I fear then? Can the Head
Rise and leave the members dead?

3 Close to Him, my soul is bound
In the bonds of hope unclasped,
Faith's strong hand this hold hath found,
And the Rock hath firmly grasped,
And no ban of death can part
From our Lord the trusting heart.

4 I shall see Him with these eyes,
Him whom I shall surely know;
Not another shall I rise,
With His love this heart shall glow;
Only there shall disappear
Weakness in and round me here.

ELECTRESS OF BRANDENBURG.

EASTER.

1 I have no frankincense, no myrrh
I have no spice, no oil;
But here are snowy roses, Christ,
Without a stain or soil.
O fairest Lord, for Thy dear sake
My roses take.

2 I have no silver, and no gem,
No virgin gold for Thee;
But here are lilies white as light
And sweet with purity.
O fairest Lord, for Thy dear sake,
My lilies take.

LILLIE E. BARR.
John's Island, S. C.

GOOD FRIDAY. EASTER.

1 Muse on thy Lord's sharp pains,
Borne, soul, for thee;
Think how He broke death's chains
To set thee free.

2 Muse on the joy He brought
Forth from the tomb;
Think how thy life He bought,
Bearing death's doom.

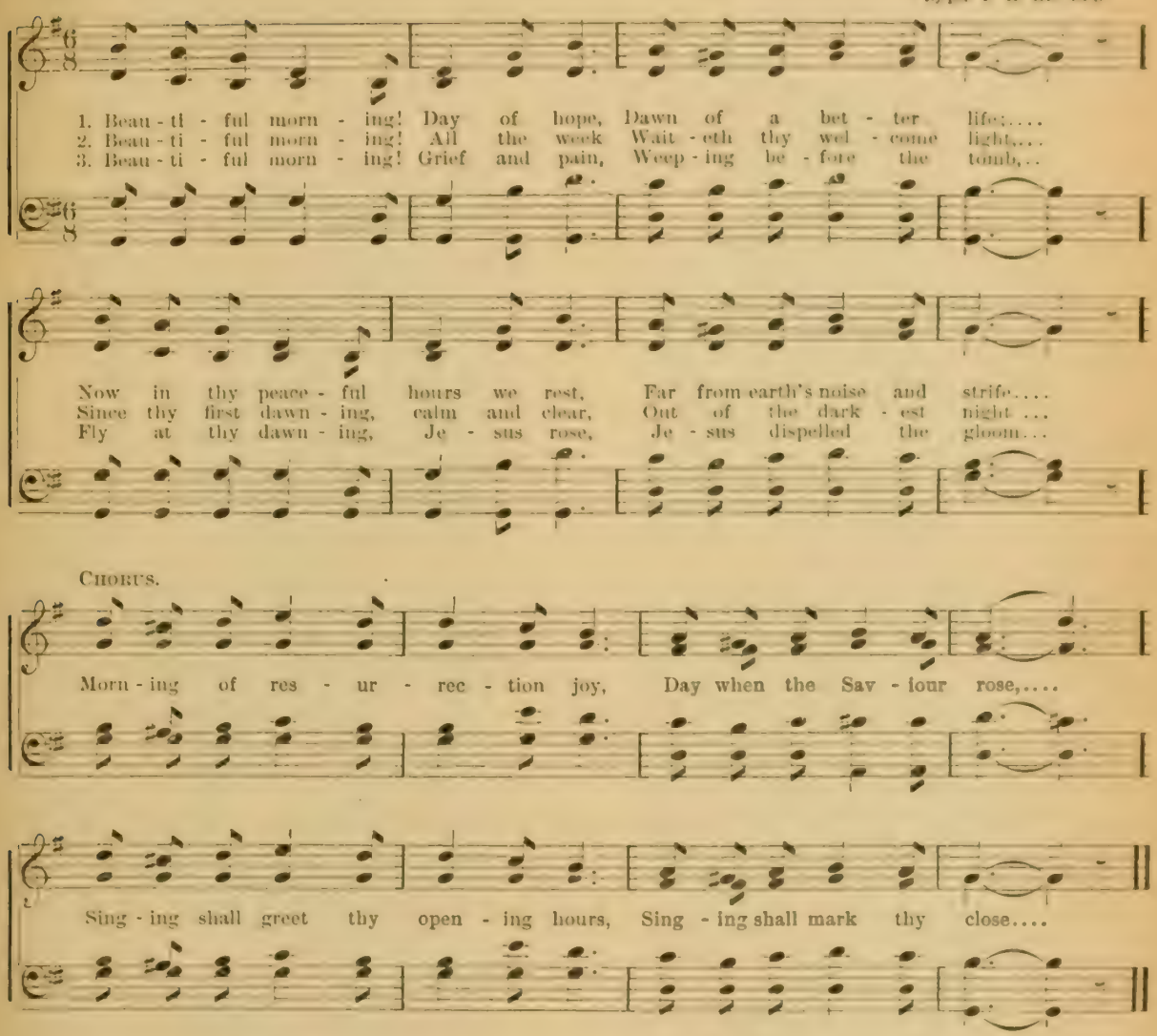
3 Lilies of Easter-tide
Blossom for thee;
Pardoned and purified,
Rise, soul, set free!

MARY L. M'LANATHAN.
New York City.

BEAUTIFUL MORNING

"He is not here but is risen." Luke XXIV. 6

ANON. LUCY J. RIDER
By per. F. H. REVELL



EASTER.

1 Break, O Day, in beauty break;
Spread your tints of rarest rose:
Morn on which our Lord doth wake
Victor over all His foes,

2 Haste, O Sun, thy light to shed:
Let thy beams the garden bless
Where He riseth from the dead—
Greater Sun of righteousness.

3 Nay: too late thy splendors shine:
Empty is the sacred tomb.
Early risen, His light divine
Bids immortal hopes to bloom.

4 Rise, my soul, in gladness rise.
Christ, thy life, from death appears;
He who, loving, in Him dies.
Dying, lives to endless years.

5 Nevermore shall death and night
Rule, since Christ forever lives.
He, the Lord of life and light,
Victory gaining, victory gives.

6 Praise, my soul, break forth in praise.
Praises sing all that hath breath.
Heaven and earth your voices raise,
Life hath triumphed over death.

JULIA CLARK

AFTER ASCENSION.

1 O Saviour, ascended on high,
Forget not our wants and our woe,
Who only our needs can supply,
Who only our sorrows can know.

2 High now on the throne of Thy power,
Whom seraph and cherubim praise,
Forget not Gethsemane's hour
When cries of contrition we raise.

3 Forget not the cross and the thorn,
Exalted in glory above,
When prayers, of our suffering born,
Ascend to the throne of Thy love.

4 Dear Jesus, Thy life here below,
Its hunger, its tears and its pain,
Have taught us Thy kinship in woe.
Oh! crown us with joy in Thy reign.

5 "Acquainted with grief," blessèd word:
Oh! kindly our sorrows relieve,
And after our cross, gracious Lord,
Us into Thy glory receive.

LUELLA CLARK

EASTER DAY.

L. M.

1 'Tis Easter Day! glad Easter Day!
The dear Lord's rising all obey;
The sun, the birds, the verdure new,
The sparkling stream and mountain, too,
With Christian hearts His praises sing,
As joyously sweet church bells ring.

2 New life, this merry Easter morn,
Bids earth her children to adorn;
Awaking out of death, our Lord
Ascends, to be by us adored;
No more in depths of sin we bend,
But lift our souls to Christ, our Friend.

3 O He is risen! as He said;
And through His grace may we be led
To happiness beyond the skies,
And earthly joys no more to prize;
May we be blessed by this our Lord,
From sin and sleep to life restored.

4 This joyous Easter, let us soar
With Christ, in heart, and evermore
With gratitude our service prove,
As He doth by the spirit move,
Nor yield to dark temptation's sway,
Lest, flattering, we lose the Way.

5 The Way, the Light, the Life, is He
Who now from sorrow is set free;
Who for us died, yet lives again;
That we, too, rise, with Him to reign.
Oh! deepest mercy! promise great!
May we cling closer as we wait.

HAZEL WYLDE.
September, 1882

THE MASTER IS SO FAIR.

"Having a desire to depart and to be with Christ."—Phil. i. 23.
"Hadad said unto Pharaoh, Let me depart, that I may go to mine own country. Then Pharaoh said unto him, But what hast thou lacked with me, that, behold, thou seekest to go to thine own country? And he answered, Nothing; howbeit let me go in any wise."—1 Kings xi. 21, 22.

1 And thus our hearts appeal to them,
When we behold our dearest rise,
And look towards Jerusalem
With strangely kindling eyes.

2 And thus we vainly seek to hide,
With the poor curtain of our love,
The shining gates that open wide
To welcome our sweet saints above.

3 Yet still to them from that bright land,
Through our thin tent the glory gleams;
Already lost to us, they stand,
Wrapped in a mist of golden dreams.

4 For ah! the Master is so fair,
His smile so sweet to banished men,
That they who meet it unaware,
Can never rest on earth again.

5 And they who see Him risen afar
At God's right hand to welcome them,
Forgetful stand of home and land,
Desiring fair Jerusalem.

6 Yet have we lavished at their feet
The precious ointment of hearts that break
For love; we counted sorrow sweet,
And pain—a crown for their dear sake:

7 "What have ye lacked, beloved, with us,"
We murmur heavily and low,
"That ye should rise with kindling eyes,
And be so fain to go?"

8 And tenderly the answer falls
From lips that wear the smile of heaven:
"Dear ones," they say, "we pass this day
To Him by whom your love was given.

9 "And in His presence clear and true,
We answer you with hearts that glow,
No good thing have we lacked with you—
Howbeit, let us go."

10 And even as they speak their thoughts,
They wander upward toward the throne.
Ah, God! we see, at length, how free
All earthly ties must leave Thine own.

11 Yet, kneeling low in darkened homes,
And weeping for the treasure spent,
We bless Thee, Lord, for that sweet word
Our dear ones murmured as they went.

12 It was not that our love was cold,
That earthly lights were burning dim.
But that the Shepherd, from His fold,
Had smiled and drawn them unto Him.

13 Praise God the Shepherd is so sweet!
Praise God the Country is so fair!
We could not hold them from His feet;
We can but haste to meet them there!

BARBARA MILLER M'ANDREW.

CHRIST'S RETURN.

1 The golden gates are lifted up,
The doors are opened wide,
The King of glory is gone in,
Unto his Father's side.

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now Thou art,
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on Thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That veiled Thee from our eyes.

4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let Thy dear grace be given,
That while we tarry here below,
Our treasure be in heaven!

5 That where Thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in Thee!

MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

EASTER OFFERINGS.

"The Lord hath need of them" Matt. xxi: 3.

1 What shall we offer of gift to-day—
What treasure that Christ will heed?
What on Love's altar is best to lay—
Of what can the Lord have need?

2 Once robes and branches of palm were strewed,
While thrilled was the bending sky
With floods of triumph, filling the road
As the Holy One went by.

3 What meed to-day shall leaven the throng
With faith in the feet we kiss?
What spreading bloom and pæan of song
Move the question, "Who is this?"

4 Oh! not the evergreen palms we wear,
Or robes in His way we fling,
Or floral gifts that to Him we bear,
Most honor our Lord, the King!

5 These gifts are good, but worthier ones
Lie hidden away beneath,
And mellow the world, as latent suns
That pierce through the winter's sheath.

6 Of such are the childlike trust and peace
That beam on the Christian's face;
Of such are the prayers that never cease
Till they win a looked-for grace—

7 Of such are the helping hand and heart,
Of such is sympathy's tear;
Of such is the soul that knows the art
To gladden with godly cheer—

8 Of such is the love that upward lifts
The church in its onward way:
Such, such are our spirits' priceless gifts
That the dear Lord needs to-day.

MARY E. DODGE.

Rev. Phœbe A. Hanaford.

Rev. Phœbe A. Hanaford is a Baptist, but the regulations of that denomination not permitting a woman to enter the [illegible] and feeling called of God to preach such a gospel as she believed in the Universalist faith, some years since, though still a Baptist in heart of certain outward rites, &c. She is an earnest, faithful pastor, beloved and honored, doing much good as a Shepherd of Souls, both among the sheep and lambs of her fold and in the authorship of many hymns and poems, besides being an excellent writer of prose. She edited the "Ladies' Repository," Boston, three years.

EASTER HYMN.

(Air.—"*Rock of Ages.*")

1 Christ is risen! lo! the day
Glows with love's divinest ray;
Light is come, the gleam divine
On each human path to shine;
So with grateful gladness sing,
Christ is ris'n, our glorious King!

2 Christ is risen! lo! the grave
Holds Him not who came to save,
Save from sin and death and pain,
Save from doubt's depressing reign;
So with joyful hope we sing,
Christ is ris'n, our conquering King!

3 Christ is risen! lo! a voice
Calls from heavenly heights, "Rejoice!"
Angels welcomed Him whose birth
They had heralded on earth—
Of His triumph let us sing,
Christ is ris'n, our Saviour King!

4 Christ is risen! lo! we'll be
Witnesses, O Lord, for Thee;
Men and women strong and sweet,
By Thy grace disciples meet:
Till this song in heaven we'll sing,
Christ is ris'n, behold our King!

PHŒBE A. HANAFORD, 1883.
Pastor Second Universalist Church, Jersey City, N. J.
1886, Pastor Church of the Holy Spirit, New Haven, Conn.

EASTER.

(Tune—"*Webb.*")

1 O Earth, forget thy winter; O Nature, bud and bloom,
And clothe the slopes with greenness that late were hung with gloom.
O clustered Easter lilies, your gleaming censers lift,
Forth comes the mighty Victor, the rocky tomb to rift.

2 O gentle Easter angels, be swift to greet the day
When from the guarded chamber the stone is rolled away,
And Christ the King steps onward, with death beneath him dead,
And leads His ransomed homeward, with glory on His head.

3 Three days ago they laid Him, all pulseless, on the bier;
The thorn-marked brow was pallid; their hearts stood still in fear.
Three days of solemn stillness, three days of grief sublime—
A pause when seraphs waited to hear the throbs of time.

4 And now? No burst of music, as when a Babe He came,
Though heaven is thrilled with rapture, and cherub-anthems flame.
In soundless flight on sweeping, the shining ones descend
To give our earth the key-note of songs that shall not end.

5 What though there are who listen in vain for voices hushed,
What though there are who languish o'er sweet hopes early crushed.
Still peal the Easter chorals adown the lonely years,
And yet the Easter promise hath solace for our tears.

6 The Christ for us hath conquered our one relentless foe,
Our vanished ones forever with Him are safe, we know.
O fragrant Easter lilies, like tapers fair ye stand,
To light the silent portals that guard the deathless land.

7 Haste, gentle Easter angels, who rolled the stone away,
Come, melt our loveless spirits, shame unbelief this day,
And help us tread it under our footsteps as we sing
The joyous hymns of Easter around our risen King.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

EASTER.

As bowed with sin,
My heart in anguish cried,
I heard a voice within,
"Go to the crucified."

In that dark hour,
Crushed by death's power,
For me, the Master lay.
Chilling with fear,
As I drew near
To the cold grave,
I heard Him say,
"If thou lovest me,
This sacrifice must be;
Thy loved bring here.'
Then, to the icy bier,
Trembling I gave
The hand so dear.
When, list! I hear
In songs of joy,
"Jesus can save."
And rising, with the morn,
His shining form,
In heavenly light,
Threw radiance bright
On my own boy;
Safe from sin's charms
In Jesus' arms.

MRS. L. S. TAYLOR.
Streator, Ill.

DEI GRATIA.

Lay Easter lilies on the breast of all thy dead,
With blue forget-me-nots make soft their lowly bed,
With tend'rest, hungriest tears baptize cold hands, dear head.
Yet as thy last caress
Falls on unanswering clay,
Ah, what divine *largesse*
Of life, dawns with the day
Of immortality, what heavenly surprise!
The great death-angel is but usher for a King,
A greater than he calls by every grave, Arise!
To hear that voice proves pow'r to follow where he flies,
And mounting, mounting toward the God-like, cleave the skies!
The angel of the resurrection! him we sing
This blesséd Easter morning, Christ is King, is King!
Let our hosannas ring,
To him our dead we bring,
Our slain of death, our slain of sin,
Oh! gather all thy stricken in
This blesséd Easter morning, Christ, our King! our King!

ISADORE GILBERT JEFFERY.
Chicago, Ill.

AN EASTER STRAIN.

1 Fear not!
One by one God's little birds fly home,
And sweetly sing,
"Behold the spring!"

2 Fear not!
Each after each dear buds do softly reach
The smiling light,—
'Tis no more night!

3 Fear not!
All shadows lift; in His own gift
Is life and bloom;
There is no tomb

4 But hath
Its bondage riven since Christ has risen;
So do not fear;
But glad and clear

5 The praise
Most tuneful swell of songs that tell,
How God is love
All souls above!

MISS S. P. BARTLETT.

EASTER HYMN.

1 Christ our Lord to-day is risen!
Strike the note and send it forth;
Let the wind bear on the tidings
East and west and south and north!

2 Christ is risen! Joy and gladness
Follow in His shining train!
Christ is risen! victory! victory!
Over sin and death and pain!

3 Christ is risen! men exulting
With new hope the strain prolong,
And the angels tune their harp-strings
To a newer, sweeter song!

4 Once again, this Easter morning,
Sounds the promise glad and free;
"Since I live, my chosen people
More than conquerors shall be."

5 See! its rays light up the precincts
Where your dead were wont to lie,
Now the grave is but a pathway
Leading to your home on high!

6 I have plucked from death its venom,
Powerless is now his sting,—
Let the choirs of earth and heaven
"Glory, Alleluia!" sing!

SUSIE V. ALDRICH.
Boston, Mass., 1883.

LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

1 Light of the world, across our paths,
The devious paths of this dull shore,
Oh! send some bright, some cheering ray,
That we may walk in night no more.

2 Often, dear Lord, our footsteps sink
In pitfalls strangely deep and wide,
Or stumble on the rocky steep
Where dang'rous beasts of prey abide.

3 But let Thy light, Thy blessèd light,
All glorious with truth and grace,
Shining from out the heavenly courts,
Reveal to us Thy loving face.

4 And we will tread the narrow path,
Made holy by Thy bleeding feet,
Till Thou shalt guide us where at last
We with our risen Lord shalt meet.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH.
Boston, Mass., 1883.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

1 Thy miracles are no state splendors,
Whose pomps Thy daily works excel;
A rock which breaks the stream, but renders
Its constant current audible.

2 The power which startles us in thunders
Works ever silently in light:
And mightier than these special wonders,
The wonder daily in our sight.

3 Rents in the veils Thy works that fold,
They let the inner light shine through;
The rent is new, the light is old,
Eternal, never ever new.

4 And therefore, when Thy touch arrests
The bearers of that bier of Nain,
Warm on unnumbered hearts it rests,
Though yet their dead live not again.

5 And Thy compassionate "Weep not!"
On this our tearful earth once heard,
For every age with comfort fraught,
Tells how Thy heart is ever stirred.

6 Nature repeats the tale each year,
She feels Thy touch through countless springs,
And, rising from her wintry bier,
Throws off her grave-clothes, lives and sings.

7 And when Thy touch through earth shall thrill
This bier whereon our race is laid,
And, for the first time standing still,
The long procession of the dead,

8 At Thy "Arise!" shall wake from clay,
Young, deathless, freed from every stain;
When Thy "Weep not!" shall wipe away
Tears that shall never come again;

9 When the strong chains of death are burst,
And lips long dumb begin to speak,
What name will each then utter first?
What music shall that silence break?

MRS. CHARLES.

EASTER.

1 Dawn of dawns, the Easter Day
Far and wide in splendor breaks
Darkest shadows flee away
Where it breaks.

2 Veiléd in its vernal light
Christ, the Light of light, arose;
From the grave's unbroken night,
He arose.

3 Though beneath the cross He fell,
Though upon the cross He died,
Led He captive death and hell
When He died.

4 Overcome, He overcame;
Conquered, more than conqueror lives;
Crownéd King with heaven's acclaim,
Jesus lives!

5 Through the gates of sacrifice
He, the victim, victor went.
Lo! His triumph lights the skies,
Since He went.

6 Darker than the night our sin,
Silent as the tomb our life,
Still His glory enters in,—
Light and life.

7 "Rise and follow me," He saith;
"Love as I have loved you;
Rise to life that I through death
Won for you."

8 Love that counts not sacrifice,
Keeping nothing back from Him;—
To such love must we arise,
Following Him.

9 As He laid His garments by,
With the bondage of the grave,
Clothed in Love's own majesty
Left the grave,

10 Self, the earth's most earthly dress,
Must we cast aside like Him,
And, putting on His righteousness,
Rise with Him.

11 He hath rolled the stone away
Through redemption's might for us;
Dawn of dawns, the Easter Day
Breaks for us.

HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.
Portsmouth, N. H., 1840.

THE LORD IS RISEN INDEED.

1 The Easter praises may falter
And die with the Easter Day,
The blossoms that brightened the altar
In sweetness may fade away;
But after the silence and fading
There lingers, untold and unpriced,
Above all changing and shading,
The love of the living Christ.

2 For the living Christ is loving,
And the loving Christ is alive!
His life hidden in us is moving
Us even to pray and to strive.
Alas! that e'en in our striving
We labor like spirits in prison,
Forgetting that Jesus is living,
Forgetting the Saviour has risen!

3 We join in the Easter rejoicing,
And echo each gladdening strain,
While a pitiful minor is voicing
Our own secret doubting or pain.
We weave Him a shroud of our sadness,
We cover His smile with our gloom,
And drive back the angel of gladness
Who waits at the door of the tomb.

4 We know not our own hearts have hidden
Our Christ in a grave of our own;
We know not our own hearts are bidden
To roll from the threshold the stone.
While our tearful eyes, drooping and weary,
With watching in sorrow and fear,
Might see, with the heart-broken Mary,
That the Lord is alive—and is near!

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.
In N. Y. "Independent."

THE EASTER GUEST.

1 I knew Thou wert coming, O Lord Divine,
I felt in the sunlight a softened shine,
And a murmur of welcome, I thought I heard,
In the ripple of brook and the chirp of bird;
And the bursting buds and the springing grass,
Seemed to be waiting to see Thee pass;
And the sky, and the sea, and the throbbing sod,
Pulsed and thrilled to the touch of God.

2 I knew Thou wert coming, O Love Divine,
To gather the world's heart up to Thine;
I knew the bonds of the rock-hewn grave
Were riven, that living, Thy life might save.
But blind and wayward, I could not see
Thou wert coming to dwell with me, e'en me.
And my heart, o'er-burdened with care and sin,
Had no fair chamber to take Thee in.

3 Not one clean spot for Thy foot to tread,
Not one pure pillow to rest Thy head;
There was nothing to offer, no bread, no wine,
No oil of joy in this heart of mine;
And yet the light of Thy kingly face
Illumed for Thyself a small dark place,
And I crept to the spot by Thy smile made sweet,
And the tears came ready to wash Thy feet.

4 Now let me come nearer, O Christ Divine,
Make in my soul for Thyself a shrine;
Cleanse, till the desolate place shall be
Fit for a dwelling, dear Lord, for Thee.
Rear, if Thou wilt, a throne in my breast,
Reign, I will worship and serve my guest.
While Thou art in me—and in Thee I abide—
What end can there be to the Easter-tide.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.
New York, 1883.

JESUS LIVES.

John xiv: xix.

1 Jesus lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appall me;
Jesus lives! and well I know,
From the dead He will recall me;
Better life will then commence,
This shall be my confidence.

2 Jesus lives! to Him the throne
Over all the world is given;
I shall go where He is gone,
Live and reign with Him in Heaven:
God is pledged; weak doubtings, hence
This shall be my confidence.

3 Jesus lives! I know full well,
Naught from Him my heart can sever;
Life nor death, nor powers of hell,
Joy nor grief, henceforth, forever:
God will power and grace dispense,
This shall be my confidence.

"LITTLE CHILDREN, DEAR, LOOK UP!
TOWARDS HIS BRIGHTNESS PRESSING."

"*Children's Easter.*"
Lucy Larcom.

4 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
Entrance into life immortal;
Calmly I can yield my breath,
Fearless tread the frowning portal;
Lord, when faileth flesh and sense,
Thou wilt be my confidence!

ELECTRESS OF BRANDENBURG, 1841.
Tr. by Frances Elizabeth Cox.

EASTER HYMN.

1 O'er the eastern hills arise
Rays of glory, and our eyes
Gaze upon the wondrous scene,
Lightning's flash and snowy gleam
Of the seraph clothed in white.
From the realms of life and light.
Lo! He rolls away the stone,
Christ now reigns on earth alone.

2 Hark! a sleeping world awakes,
Into songs of gladness breaks!
Fields and dells in joyous haste
Deck with flowers their dreary waste.
Birds among the leafy trees
Warble to the wildwood breeze.
Mortals, Christ now reigns on earth,
He who gave e'en nature birth.

3 Women, waiting at the tomb,
Overawed with sense of gloom—
"Fear ye not," the angel said,
"Christ has risen from the dead."
Hail the resurrection morn!
He who has our sorrows borne
Lives again! rich offerings bring
To our Sovereign, Lord and King!

LIZZIE CAMPBELL SMITH.

RING, RING THE BELLS.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Cor. xv: 20.

1 Ring, ring the bells over ocean and shore,
Jesus, the Risen, shall suffer no more;
Jesus, the Risen, is mighty to save;
Where is thy strength and thy vict'ry, O Grave?

2 Break from your bondage of winter, O Earth,
Wake to a spring-time of music and mirth;
Blossom and sing, for your darkness is done;
Jesus hath risen, thy life-giving Sun.

3 Ring, ring the tidings with joy in the chime,
Down through the shadows of error and crime;
Ring to the spirit of bondman and free,
"Jesus is risen, and liveth for thee."

FLORA L. BEST.

EASTER-MORNING.

1 Let joy bells be ringing!
All nature upspringing,
Feels new life through every vein;
For Christ has arisen,
Has broken death's prison,
On earth He will evermore reign!

2 Come, children, bring showers
Of loveliest flowers!
No offering for Easter more sweet;
With grateful adoring,
And humble imploring,
Oh! cast them at Jesus' dear feet!

FANNY E. NEWBERRY, 1884.

CHILDREN'S EASTER.

1 Breaks the joyful Easter dawn,
Clearer yet, and stronger;
Winter from the world has gone;
Death shall be no longer.
Far away good angels drive
Night and sin and sadness;
Earth awakes in smiles, alive
With her dear Lord's gladness.

2 Rousing them from dreary hours
Under snowdrifts chilly,
In His hand He brings the flowers,
Brings the rose and lily.
Every little buried bud
Into life He raises;
Every wild flower of the wood
Chants the dear Lord's praises.

3 Open happy buds of spring,
For the sun has risen!
Through the sky sweet voices ring,
Calling you from prison.
Little children, dear, look up!
Towards His brightness pressing,
Lift up every heart, a cup
For the dear Lord's blessing!

LUCY LARCOM.
In Youth's Companion, 1884.

AN EASTER LILY.

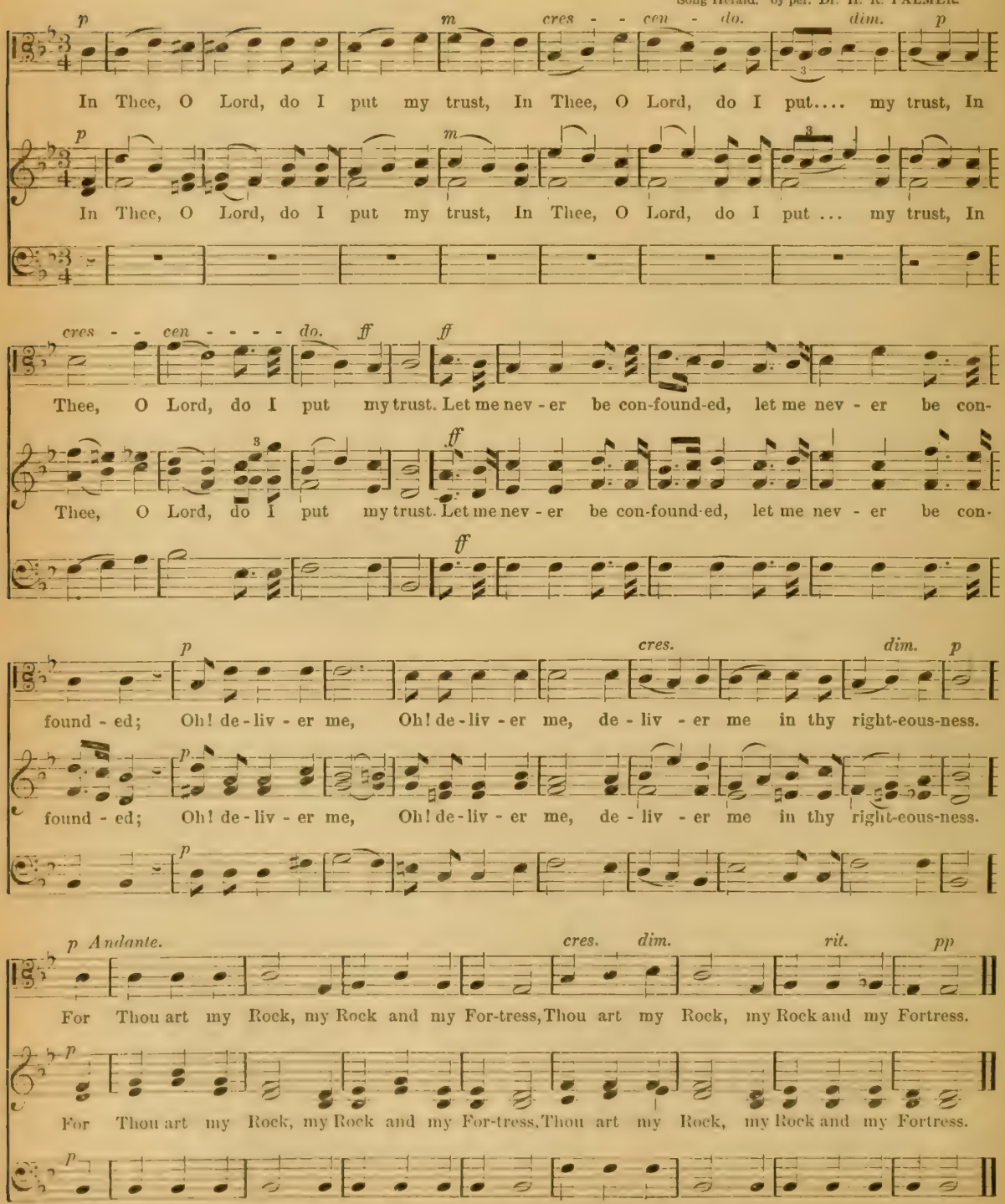
1 Pale, pale as any fair Annunciation lily,
With head drooped on her breast,
As flow'r that 'neath the night dew, trembling, cold and stilly,
Leans upon earth for rest;
Thus, smiling, passed she unto God's great resurrection,
A lily in her hand,
No more to feel life's woe; its pain and its correction,
No more to understand.

2 For her there dawneth ever one white Easter morning,
That knows not noon, nor night.
No pleading litanies, no tapers for adorning,
The Lamb is there the Light.
For us, the surpliced priests, the choir's thrilling vesper,
The solemn tolling bell;
"Is it well with the child?" they ask us, and we whisper,
For answer, "It is well."

LEETHA SCRANTON PRICE.
In the Hospital Review, 1884.

IN THEE, O LORD.

SOPHIE C. HALL.
"Song Herald," by per. Dr. H. R. PALMER.



THE UNSEEN HAND.

1 I placed my hand in the Hand of God
In the days of the long ago,
'Twas sweet as a thrill of the mother-love,
And pure as the mountain snow.
I link'd my little life to Christ
In my youthful days of hope,
Then Jesus with His gentle touch
The pearly gates did ope.

2 Along the current of the stream
Of life's resistless tide,
That Hand has clasped mine firm and strong,
Whatever else betide.
I've wander'd thro' the flow'ry paths
Of life with many a joy,
I've gathered gold from busy toil,
But not without alloy.

3 I see beyond the portals fair
No shade of gloom or night,
I see the white-rob'd angels there
In yonder realms of light,
I feel God's loving, tender Hand,
Like dew-kiss'd flowers at eve,
It guides me on, beyond, afar,
To joys I shall receive.

4 And when I touch the Jordan wave
He'll hold it out to me,
Each crest shall beam with glory's star
While crossing o'er the sea.
Then with the same unfailing love
He'll bear me to the shore,
The Hand that now I cannot see
Will be unseen no more.

EMMA PITT.

WHOM NOT HAVING SEEN, YE LOVE.

1 "Not seen!" The veil of flesh
Doth dim our spirit's eyes,
Nor shall we see, until
We mount the vaulted skies.
But we will love Thee still, our Lord!
Believing all Thy gracious word.

2 "Not seen:" but near and far
The workings of Thy hand
Illume the silent sea,
And beautify the land.
The spangled heavens reveal, at night,
The hand that brings at dawn the light.

3 But grander far Thy work
Within the deathless soul!
Where doubt and sin and sloth
Yield to Thy loved control,
And struggling hope and faith arise,
With peace and truth, in glad surprise.

4 "Not seen:" but dearer far
Than aught that greets the sight;
We seek Thee through the day,
And trust Thee through the night.
In busy toil or silent sleep,
Thy loving watch around us keep.

5 We'll lean our weary souls
Upon Thy strength'ning grace,
And seek Thy counsels wise,
To guide in each dark place;
And walk by faith, until the light
Of heaven reveals all truth to sight.

EMILY PUTNAM WILLIAMS.

FAITH.

C. M. (Brewer.)

1 Oh! for that faith whose voice can still
The doubts that vex the soul;
That seeks to know no other will,
But God's supreme control.

2 Oh! for a sweet and holy rest
On God's divine decree,
Knowing that if with *trust* I'm blest,
There's naught but *love* for me.

3 Although the clouds that hide His hand
Sometimes obscure the light,
I'd meekly tread the darkened land,
And wait the morning bright.

4 Lord, I believe; but fain would pray
Like him who sought relief,
Ere Thou from earth didst pass away,
"Help Thou my unbelief."

5 Then through each dark and trying hour,
Thy guiding hand I'll see;
And lift, though clouds may round me lower,
A trusting heart to Thee.

EMILY P. WILLIAMS, 1881.

I LEFT IT ALL WITH JESUS.

"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you." - 1 Peter v. 7.

1 I left it all with Jesus
Long ago;
All my sins I brought Him,
And my woe.
When by faith I saw Him
On the tree,
Heard His small, still whisper,
"'Tis for thee,"
From my heart the burden
Rolled away—happy day!

2 I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
How to steal the bitter
From life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop
With his smile,
Make the desert garden
Bloom awhile:
When my weakness leaneth
On His might, all seems light.

3 I leave it all with Jesus
Day by day;
Faith can firmly trust Him
Come what may.
Hope has dropped her anchor,
Found her rest
In the calm, sure haven
Of His breast:
Love esteems it heaven
To abide at His side.

4 Oh! leave it *all* with Jesus,
Drooping soul!
Tell not *half* thy story,
But the whole.
Worlds on worlds are hanging
On His hand,
Life and death are waiting
His command;
Yet His tender bosom
Makes *thee* room—Oh! come home!

MISS ELLEN H. WILLIS.

THE PATH OF FAITH.

"Lord, if it be Thou, bid me to come unto Thee on the water."—Matt. xiv: 28.

1 If it be Thou, my Lord,
Above the roar of the tempestuous sea,
Let but Thy voice be heard,
And I will venture forward "unto Thee."

2 "Forth unto Thee," my Lord,
Heeding not those who fain would hold me back;
If I have but Thy word,
I can "go forward" o'er the ocean's track.

3 Not that I have the strength
To plant one footstep on that raging wave;
Much more to cross the length
That severs me from Thee: but Thou canst save.

4 Yes, Thou canst keep my feet
From sinking in the drifting, surging tide;
And though the winds may beat,
Thy power shall bring me safely to Thy side.

5 Even if I should fail,
Through looking at my weakness, or around,
One faltering cry to Thee,
And in Thine arms I know I shall be found.

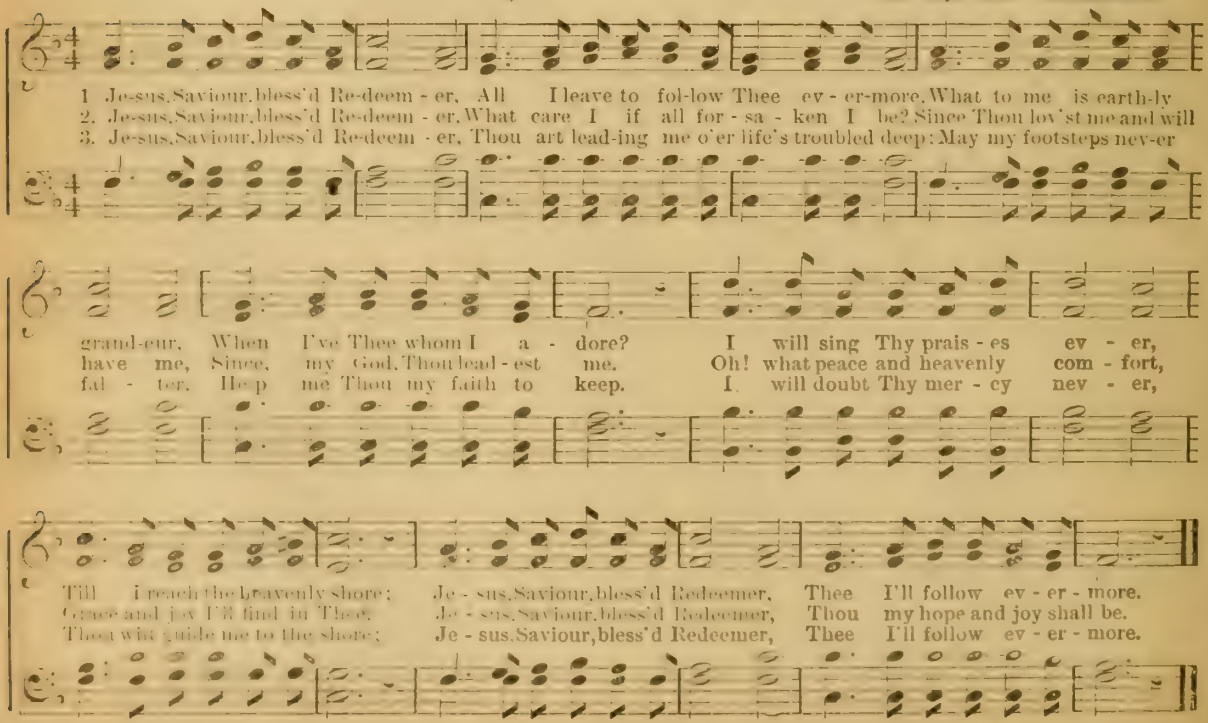
6 "Bid me to come" then, Lord,
For love's constraining power shall conquer fear,
And hope shall buoy me up,
And faith's safe pathway soon shall bring me near.

7 Near to Thyself, my Lord,
Into Thy presence realized and sweet,
To gaze in rapturous joy,
To listen, learn, and worship at Thy feet.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR.

ALL I LEAVE TO FOLLOW THEE.

Words and Music by ABBY NEWHALL EVERETT,
From "Royal Gems." Brainard's Sons.



MY PRECIOUS BIBLE.

1 My Bible, precious treasure!
Worth more than gems of gold;
Be it my choicest pleasure
Thy covers to unfold.
Thy fair illumined pages
With God's own glory shine;
Down through the long, long ages,
It gleams in every line.

Cho. My precious Bible! 'tis a book divine;
Where heavenly truth and mercy shine,
And wisdom speaks in every line,
Speaks to me, speaks good news to me.

2 For God's exceeding glory,
His very life is love;
All through His sacred story
Its splendor is inwove.
It glows in man's creation,
And Oh! more radiant still,
In his complete salvation,
From sin and mortal ill.

Chorus.

3 I read and weep and wonder
How God, a holy God,
Could still the law's wild thunder,
With mercy, gentle word.
How raise the pale transgressor,
Bowed low with pain and fear,
And make him heaven's possessor,
With Christ, the Son, an heir.

Chorus.

4 O marvellous revelation!
O tender, pitying love!
Of saints the admiration,
The song of hosts above.
Be this my wondrous story,
My daily, fresh delight,
And in this flood of glory
My soul be ever bright.

Chorus.

MRS. H. E. BROWN.
Editor N. Y. "Advocate and Guardian."
Born at Portsmouth, N. H., about 1840

HE LEADETH US EVER.

"He leadeth us beside the still waters." Ps. xxiii: 2.

1 If through the lone desert
Life's pathway doth lead,
Or the wilderness waste,
God's hand let us heed;
He leadeth us ever,
God's hand let us heed.

2 If out on the ocean,
Where dark the storms lower,
Where wrecking waves dash
He will lead us to shore;
He leadeth us ever,
God's hand let us heed.

3 His voice stills the tempest,
His hand holds the storm;
He knoweth the harbor,
The night's brightest morn;
He leadeth us ever,
God's hand let us heed.

4 His wisdom unerring,
His providence kind,
His love, a sure solace,
He gives to mankind;
He leadeth us ever,
God's hand let us heed.

MRS. S. A. GOLDEN.
From "Joy Bells," by permission.

HE KNOWS.

1 I know not what will befall me!
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
And o'er each step of my onward path
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy He sends to me
Comes as a sweet and glad surprise.

2 I see not a step before me,
As I tread the days of the year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

3 For perhaps the dreaded future
Has less bitterness than I think;
The Lord may sweeten the water
Before I stoop to drink,
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside its brink.

4 It may be there is waiting
For the coming of my feet
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips can only tremble
With the thanks I cannot speak.

5 O restful, blissful ignorance!
'Tis blessèd not to know,
It keeps me quiet in those arms
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom which loves me so.

6 So I go on not knowing;
I would not if I might;
I would rather walk on in the dark with God,
Than go alone in the light,
I would rather walk with Him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight.

7 My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose,
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose;
So I send the coming tears back,
With the whispered word "He knows."

MARY [illegible]

GOD OUR FATHER.

1 Here I can firmly rest;
I dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
My Friend and Father is.

2 Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead;
What Christ hath given, that alone
I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and His blood;
It is through Him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.

4 At cost of all I have,
At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God who yet shall save;
I will not turn from Him.

5 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind He reigns;
My care and sadness He dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

6 He prospers day by day
His work within my heart,
Till I have strength and faith to say,
"Thou, God, my Father art!"

MISS C. WINKWORTH, tr.
Born 1829.

FAITH IN DIVINE GOODNESS.

1 He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful to the flower,
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

2 Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs whom they trust and love?
Creator, I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

3 Oh! ne'er will I at life repine!
Enough that Thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing, with parting breath,
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father, Thy will, not mine, be done!

MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS.

PROVIDENCE.

C. M. D.

1 While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.
Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To Thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed:
That mercy I adore.

2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see—
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee!
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet Thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on Thee.

MISS HELEN M. WILLIAMS.
{ Born 1762.
{ Died 1827.

I CAN ALWAYS TRUST IN JESUS.

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

1 I can always trust in Jesus,
In the dark or in the light,
In the gloomiest vale of shadow,
Or the silence of the night.

CHORUS.—Always trusting, always trusting,
In His word and in His love,
Ever resting all on Jesus,
Till I reign with Him above.

2 I can always trust in Jesus,
Though all earthly hope shall fail,
I can rest on my Redeemer,
Over all I shall prevail.

3 I can always trust in Jesus,
He can ev'ry weakness heal,
On the Rock of Ages founded,
Strength and comfort He'll reveal.

4 I can always trust in Jesus,
In the sunshine He is near,
In the fiercest storm He whispers,
I am with thee, do not fear.

EMMA PITT.
Set to music by F. W. Nichols.
Copyright, 1883, by Emma Pitt, in "Gospel Light."

SONGS OF FAITH.

1 O songs of faith that pilgrims sing!
To you our hearts forever cling:
You guide us where the saints have trod,
You lead us to the throne of God.
O music soft! O music sweet!
Borne upward by your song,
Though storms of time around us beat,
The weakest heart grows strong.

2 O songs of love that angels sing!
What peace and joy your sweet notes bring:
They float so sweetly down the way
That leads us up to endless day.
O music soft! O music sweet!
With Heaven in the strain;
Our waiting ears your sweet songs greet,
They calm our weary pain.

3 And now, O joy! at last, at last
The years of toil and woe are past,
And Zion's golden gate appears;
We pass for aye from grief and tears.
O music soft! O music sweet!
We lay our burdens down,
For evermore at Jesus' feet,
And there receive our crown.

FANNY CHURCH.
Set to music by J. H. Tenney.
From "The Little Sower."

NO BOOK LIKE THE BIBLE.

1 No book is like the Bible,
For childhood, youth, and age;
Our duty, plain and simple,
We find on every page.
It came by inspiration,
A light to guide our way,
A voice from Him who gave it,
Reproving when we stray.

CHORUS.—No book is like the Bible,
The blessèd book we love;
The pilgrim's chart of glory,
It leads to God above.

2 It tells of man's creation,
His sad primeval fall;
It tells of man's redemption,
Through Christ who died for all.
In sacred words of wisdom,
It bids us watch and pray,
And early come to Jesus,
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

3 Oh! let us love the Bible,
And praise it more and more;
Our life is like a shadow,
Our days will soon be o'er.
But if we closely follow
The counsel God has given,
We then may hope with angels
To sing His praise in heaven.

FANNY CROSBY.
Set to music by Asa Hull.
From "Casket, No. 2," by permission.

FAITH.

1 I will not doubt, though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home with broken masts and sails;
I shall believe the hand which never fails,
From seeming evil, worketh good for me.
And though I weep because those sails are tattered,
Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,
"I trust in Thee."

2 I will not doubt, though all my prayers return,
Unanswered, from the still white realm above.
I shall believe it is an all-wise love,
Which has refused these things for which I yearn.
And though at times I cannot keep from grieving,
Yet the pure ardor of my fixed believing
Undimmed shall burn.

3 I will not doubt, though sorrows fall like rain,
And troubles swarm like bees about a hive,
I shall believe the heights for which I strive
Are only reached by anguish and by pain;
And though I groan and writhe beneath my crosses,
I yet shall see, through my severest losses,
The greater gain.

4 I will not doubt. Well anchored in this faith,
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves every gale.
So strong its courage that it will not quail,
To breast the mighty unknown sea of death.
Oh! may I cry, when body parts with spirit,
"I do not doubt," so listening worlds may hear it,
With my last breath.

ELLA WHEELER.
Madison, Wis.

CLINGING TO CHRIST.

1 O Holy Saviour! Friend unseen,
Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to Thee!

2 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove;
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to Thee.

3 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to Thee!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834

TRUST IN GOD.

"Trust in God."—1 Pet. v. 7.

1 Where wilt thou put thy trust?
In a frail form of clay,
That to its element of dust
Must soon resolve away?

2 Where wilt thou cast thy care?
Upon an erring heart,
Which hath its own sore ills to bear,
And shrinks from sorrow's dart?

3 No,—place thy trust above
This shadowy realm of night,
In Him, whose boundless power and love
Thy confidence invite.

4 His mercies shall endure
When skies and stars grow dim.
His changeless promise standeth sure.—
Go,—cast thy care on Him.

MRS. [illegible]

TRUST.

"None of them that trust in Him shall be desolate." Ps. xxxiv: 52.

1 Though the rain may fall and the wind be blowing,
And cold and chill is the wintry blast,
Though the cloudy sky is still cloudier growing,
And the dead leaves tell that summer has passed,
My face I hold to the stormy heaven,
My heart is as calm as the summer sea,
Glad to receive what my God has given,
Whate'er it be.

2 When I feel the cold I can say, "He sends it,"
And His wind blows blessing I surely know,
For I've never a want but that He attends it,
And my heart beats warm though the winds may blow.
The soft sweet summer was warm and glowing;
Bright were the blossoms on every bough;
I trusted Him when the roses were blowing,
I trust Him now.

3 Small were my faith should it weakly falter,
Now that the roses have ceased to blow,
Frail were the trust that now should alter,
Doubting His love when storm clouds grow.
If I trust Him once I must trust Him ever,
And His way is best, though I stand or fall,
Through wind and storm He will leave me never,
He sends it all.

MRS. FRANK TAYLOR.
Philadelphia, Pa., 1882.

REFUGE.

"And a man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest."—Isa. xxxii: 2.

(Tune.—"*The Solid Rock.*")

1 Though buffeted and tempest-worn,
Though burdened, weary and forlorn;
Though wand'ring in temptation's night,
Fainting and longing for the light,
Adown life's wildest, loneliest spot,
One walks by me, whom I see not.

2 No surer is His word of grace,
When not a cloud obscures His face,
Than when the wildest tempests roll,
And darkness curtains all my soul;
His truth so sure, His grace so free,
His righteousness is all my plea.

3 And, reaching through the dark, I know
A hand upholds me where I go:
Though in the dark I may not see
The hand that reaches after me;
Dear pierced hand! Oh! clasp and hide
E'en me, within a riven side.

MARY A. LEAVITT, 1881

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

"The Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

1 What though we are late in the cold, starless night,
Still nearer we draw to our own Father's door,
And out from the tempest and into the light
We surely shall come when our journey is o'er.

2 The burdens that crush us well-nigh to the dust,
The anguish that tortures, the terrors and fears,
Are known to the Heart in whose love we may trust,
That watcheth our stumbling, that counteth our tears.

3 The way groweth lonely, the sky is more drear,
The helpers who loved us have passed through the tomb;
But He who is mightiest still is most near;
Let us reach forth our hand and meet His in the gloom.

4 The false fires are dancing to dazzle our sight;
There is danger around, there is darkness before.
But look! through the casement doth shine out the light,
As nearer we draw to our own Father's door!

UNA LOCKE BAILEY.

TO A STAR.

1 Thou beauteous star, that lifts thy silver head
Above the dusky shoulders of the world,
And trembles, like a drop of glory pearled
Upon the flower of darkness, wide out-spread;

2 How many ages, in thy circles whirled,
Hast thou been reaching with thy beams of light,
Through sweep on sweep of starry spaces bright,
And feeling for this weary, shuddering world?

3 What noble Titans dwell in thy rare clime?
Surely, thou dost embower some godlike race;
Oh! what am I that dost behold thy face?
A speck of dust upon the web of time.

4 Unheeding time, thou threadst the woof of spheres,
All glowing from the finger-touch of God,
While I must cleave unto this heap of sod,
A worm, with neither might nor length of years.

5 But hold! knowest thou the wondrous thing thou art?
Dost thou not run through the harmonious theme
Of rhythmic spheres, that round thy pathway teem,
Unconscious of thine own majestic part?

6 I know the fount in which my life begun,
But thou knowest not the source of all thy light;
Thou sweepest on, ignipotent and bright;
Still through thy glorious circles, blindly run.

7 When this wrapped soul has cast its fetters far,
And, naked, leaped to heaven's highest noon,
As bursts a bright-winged moth from its cocoon,
Lo! then shall I transcend the brightest star.

LILLIAN BLANCHE FEARING
Davenport, Ia., 1884.

A HEART MELODY.

In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."—Isa. xxx: 15.

1 "In quietness, in confidence,"
A whispered soft refrain
Of just these two—these simple words
In oft-repeated strain,
Breathes o'er my heart's foreboding fears,
A rest from care and pain.

2 "In quietness, in confidence;"
What is the power that lies
Hidden beneath this melody,
Bidding my courage rise,
Chasing the gloom from darkest scenes,
The tears from weeping eyes?

3 "In quietness, in confidence;"
It was the Master's word
That woke the echo in my heart;
The still, small voice I heard:
'Twas the same voice that fills all heaven
My inmost soul that stirred.

4 "In quietness, in confidence;"
No marvel it should thrill
My soul with rapture; that its sound
My restless heart should still;
No storm so fierce, no waves so high,
But He can calm at will.

5 "In quietness, in confidence;"
My little whispered psalm
Still falls in sweet and holy power,
Like fragrant, soothing balm,
Hushing the heaving billows in
The Lord's own wondrous calm.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR.

SATISFIED.

1 "I have found for world-worn spirits
One sweet spot of sheltering shade,
Like an Elim in the desert,
Spot where none dare make afraid;
'Tis the human heart of Jesus,
Resting-place for sinners made.

2 "'Tis the human heart of Jesus
In the light of Godhead seen,
Heart that suffered, heart that sorrowed,
Now the place where I may lean:
Safer shelter, surer refuge,
Sweeter home, has never been!

3 "God in Christ has come to meet me;
He has stooped from His high throne,
He has taken human nature,
He has made my cause His own;
He has pitied, He has loved me,
He has died for sin t' atone.

4 "Ah! my eyes can see new beauty,
As the God-Man stands revealed,
And His heart that once was riven
Melts my heart that once was sealed,
And my wounds of sin and sorrow
By His wounded side are healed.

5 "He is chief among ten thousand,
None His Kingship can contend;
He is peerless, He is matchless,
His perfections have no end!
He is altogether lovely,
My belovéd and my Friend!

6 "Yet the world refused to own Him,
Of His beauty nothing guessed;
Heeded not His tender pity,
Spurned Him when He would have blessed;
Crucified the Lord of glory
When He came to give it rest!

7 "So the world no longer charms me
With its baubles and its toys;
I can leave them all forgotten
As I drink of deeper joys:
Jesus crucified and risen
All their witching spell destroys.

8 "I have found a new ambition,
One to live for, One to please:
Motive-power all toil ennobling,
Love that from self-seeking frees;
Service which is never irksome,
Labor which is truest ease.

9 "So I walk, a pilgrim-stranger,
Through the world that loved Him not:
If it hate me, like my Master,
Need I murmur at my lot,
While I know my humblest service
Ne'er will be by Him forgot?

10 "And He loves me, this sweet Saviour,
With a changeless love and true;
Saves me, keeps me, guards me, guides me,
All the desert journey through;
And the fellowship of heaven
Gilds my way with beauty new.

11 "Thus with gladsomeness of childhood
Is my daily pathway trod,
And with [illegible]'s confession
Now no evil I foreclose,
But like rest on mother's bosom
Is my inward peace with God."

[illegible] M. TAYLOR.
[illegible]

"REJOICING IN HOPE."

1 Changeful hath been my lot below,
Sometimes I've basked in joy's bright glow,
And sometimes sunk 'neath clouds of woe
Which lowered above my head.

2 Sometimes the blossoms fair and sweet
On velvet sward my vision meet,
And sometimes brambles tear my feet
While toiling thro' the world.

3 I know not what the future holds
In store for me—I know He folds
Me in His mighty arms and moulds
My spirit at His will.

4 How much I shall be called to bear
Ere He can see His image there
Reflected as in silver fair,
Is all to me unknown.

5 I only know that when to me
The scenes of earthly life shall be
No more, that thro' Eternity
My soul His face shall see.

6 For said He not, "I will prepare
A place for you, a mansion fair,
Where you shall in my glory share,
And ever be at rest?"

7 I know not where that home will be,
Its form He hath not shown to me,
Nor who will be my company
In that fair land of light;

8 But if my Lord with me abide,
My elder Brother, true and tried,
Sure, with my portion satisfied,
I cannot ask for more!

9 And so, what matter whether joy,
Or grief, or pain these hours employ?
Soon, soon, that bliss without alloy
Shall on my spirit dawn.

10 And I, while years unnumbered speed,
Shall ever on His beauties feed,
Content if I in word or deed
His blessed image show.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH.

I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

1 I will not let Thee go, Thou help in time of need,
Heap ill on ill,
I trust Thee still,
E'en when it seems as Thou would'st slay indeed!
Do as Thou wilt with me,
I yet will cling to Thee;
Hide Thou Thy face,—yet Help in time of need,
I will not let Thee go!

2 I will not let Thee go—should I forsake my bliss?
No, Lord, Thou'rt mine,
And I am Thine!
Thee will I hold when all things else I miss.
Though dark and sad the night,
Joy cometh with the light;
O Thou, my Sun! should I forsake my bliss?
I will not let Thee go!

3 I will not let Thee go—my God, my life, my Lord
Not death can tear
Me from His care
Who for my sake His soul in death outpoured;
Thou died'st in love to me;
I say in love to Thee,
E'en when my heart shall break, my God, my life, my Lord,
I will not let Thee go!

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.
Translated from the German.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 Peter, v: 6.

1 In some way or other the Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* way,
It may not be *thy* way;
And yet in His *own* way,
"The Lord will provide."

CHO.—Then, we'll trust in the Lord,
And He will provide;
Yes, we'll trust in the Lord,
And He will provide.

2 At some time or other the Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* time,
It may not be *thy* time;
And yet in His *own* time,
"The Lord will provide."

3 Despond then no longer; the Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word He hath spoken
Was ever yet broken:
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on then right boldly; the sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

MRS. M. A. W. COOK.
From "Hallowed Songs," by Philip Philips.

HOPE IN DEATH.

1 Who knows how near my life's expended?
Time flies, and death is hasting on:
How soon, my term of trial ended,
May heave my last expiring groan!
For Jesus' sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!

2 Death comes when night the world is hiding,—
He comes too in the glare of day,—
Wherever I am here abiding,
At once I may be call'd away:
For Jesus' sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!

3 Lord, lead me oft to think of dying,
That when the hour of trial's come,
My soul may then, on Christ relying,
Sink all its terrors in His tomb:—
And for *His* sake when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!

4 And now, betimes, would I provide me
That sure support whereon to rest,
And cheerful say—"What shall betide me,
Choose, Lord, as Thou shalt see it best!"
And when my heart and flesh shall fail,
For Jesus' sake, may it be well!

5 Awake in me desires for heaven!
Help me to view the world aright;
Far from my heart its wiles be driven
While endless joys allure my sight:
For Jesus' sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!

6 My many sins!—Oh! veil them over
With merits of Thy dying Son!
I here Thy richest grace discover,—
Here find I peace, and here alone:
And, for His sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O Lord, may it be well!

7 His bleeding wounds give me assurance
That Thy free mercy will abide;
Here strength I find for death's endurance,
And hope for all I need beside:
For Jesus' sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!

8 Nothing from Christ my soul shall sever,
Nor life, nor death,—things high nor low·
I take Him as my Lord forever,
My future trust, as He is now:
And for His sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!

9 Then come my end to-day, to-morrow,
I know, through Christ, 't will work my good:
The world may in the prospect sorrow,—
But I rejoice through Jesus' blood:
And for His sake, when flesh shall fail,
With me, O God, may it be well!

10 I live, meantime, in Thee confiding,
Of death have no appalling fear;
Enough for me—my God is guiding,
Through faith my future hopes are clear:
Thy grace in Christ will never fail,
And when I die, 't will all be well.

AMELIA JULIANA, COUNTESS OF SCHWARZBURG
Died 1706
Rudolstadt, Germany Translated by Prof. Wilks, 1866.

CLING TO THE BIBLE.

1 Cling to the Bible, though all else be taken,
Lose not its promises precious and sure,
Soul with lips thirsty by fever o'ertaken,
Drink from its waters, the fountain is pure.

2 Cling to the Bible. This jewel, this treasure
Lifts out of darkness and saves fallen man;
Pearl whose great value no mortal can measure,
Seek and secure it, O soul, while you can.

3 Lamp for the feet that in by-ways have wandered,
Guide for the youth that would otherwise fall,
Hope for the sinner whose best days are squandered,
Staff for the aged—the best book of all.

MRS. M. J. SMITH.

ASSURANCE.

1 You tell me that the summer hours
Have gone forever by;
That, dead and cold, the summer flowers
Enwrapped in snow-shrouds lie.

2 You tell me youth will fade away,
Like summer's wealth of bloom;
Our hopes, our thoughts, our work decay—
That earth is one great tomb.

3 You tell me life is like the year—
That death will come to all,
And over human joy and fear
The silent snows will fall.

4 I tell you that the summer days
Are coming back again;
The flowers will bloom in woodland ways,
To cheer the hearts of men.

5 I tell you that this youth of trust
May come to us once more;
The blossoms spring from out the dust,
As lovely as before.

6 I tell you Christ of Nazareth
Has snapped the dreaded bond,
And life in Him leads not to death,
But to a life beyond.

JESSIE H. BROWN.
Cleveland, O., 1883.

AFTERWARD.

1 A glorious word rings in my soul,
E'en like a song of cheer,
And even in the darkest hour
Its melody I hear.

2 "No chastening bringeth present joy,"
We cry in life's distress,
But in the afterward of God,
Grow "fruits of righteousness."

3 O afterward, grand afterward,
Thou harvest-time of peace,
How far away is thy fair day!
When shall the chastening cease?

4 The pain, the sigh, the weariness,
Must these prepare thy way?
Then welcome, chastening ministry,
Not long shall be their stay.

5 O chastened heart, lift up a song,
Nor faint beneath the rod;
A night of pain, and then the dawn,
Grand afterward of God!

MARY H. ROWLAND.
Chicago, 1885.

IN THE VESTIBULE.

1 Is it all a dream, of a wider life
That waiteth, beyond the struggle and strife?
And is it for this men are found to die?
Nay, more, would they live for a baseless dream,
For a splendid lie?

2 For the land that lieth beyond the death—
Men have fought for that, with their parting breath,
And down in the trenches they're fighting to-day—
As patriots stand for their native land,
So, for theirs, stand they.

3 Ye who cover the dust, saying, "Alas! alas!
It blossoms no more, save in flowers and grass,"
What answer have ye, for the men who climb,
By trampling their lives in the very dust,
To a life sublime?

4 Would they die the death of the Christ that died?
Could they live the life of the crucified?
Have they never a glimpse through the portal fair,
As they watch and wait at the beautiful gate,
Of the life up there?

5 Nay, 'tis but the vestibule, narrow and dim,
Where we catch the sound of song or of hymn,
Or a gleam of light from the chancel within,
But we'll see it all, when the doors fling wide,
And we enter in.

MARIA L. EVE.

SILENCE.

"My soul waiteth upon God."

Psalm lxii. 1. The marginal reading is—"*My soul keepeth silence unto God.*"

1 My soul keeps silence unto Thee, my God!
As lutes are silent till the master's power
Wakes to sweet music each responsive chord.
A refuge art Thou in the darkest hour,
And fondly trusting where I cannot see,
Would I keep silence, O my God, to Thee!

2 Thus on my spirit shall repose descend,
Like the deep hush that on the forest falls,
Lulling the birdling which its shades befriend,
While stillness steals throughout the leafy halls,
Until at last the genial summer shower
Shall send a richer life through bud and flower.

3 Or, as in moments that precede the dawn,
When seas are silent, and the winds are calm,
Not now the flush and triumph of the morn,
Yet is the air enriched with choicest balm;
Nor shall dark shadows from the streamlet bar
The gentle radiance of some lingering star;

4 But soon the joyous birds, in concert sweet,
Shall hail the coming of the glorious sun;
His royal rising the glad waters greet;
Each sends on high a fervent orison.
The wakened wind an argosy shall be,
To bear its treasures o'er the shining sea.

5 So in the morning twilight of the soul,
Would I keep silence, O my God! to Thee,
That thus some starry promise may unroll
Its beauty and its brilliancy for me;
And from my mind, with all its various powers,
Shall rise sweet incense as the breath of flowers,
Till God's own glory gilds the glowing hours!

ANNA LENTHAL SMITH.

NAUGHT OVERHEAD.

1 With no pillowed head on the stormy deep,
When "Master!" we cry, "Awake from Thy sleep,
For the skies are black and the tempest raves,"
To say, "Peace, be still!" to the tossing waves,
To the fearful waves.

2 When our light goes out, where the way is wide,
When the very stars all their faces hide,
If we could not reach for an unseen hand,
How lost should we be in the desolate land,
In the lonely land.

3 When we miss the strength of a stronger arm,
The warmth of a hand that was ever warm,
Oh! where should we turn, if we could not rest
On a stronger arm and a truer breast,
And a truer breast!

4 For the Father hears when His children cry
Not alone for things in the great "By-and-by,"
But the lesser things, that we want so much—
Our poor human needs, of time and of touch—
He remembereth such.

5 But lonely indeed are the feet that tread
Thro' a world like this with naught overhead;
For our human strength is a broken reed,
And had we none else in the hour of need
We were poor indeed.

6 Who walketh alone, where nature is cruel,
To what shall he cry? For the stones are dead,
The mountain cares not, the sea pities not,
And naught but the sky, a canopy spread,
And the stars overhead.

7 No answering voice, no answering hand,
In uttermost need, when he cries for bread;
No path leading upward and homeward for him,
When lights are kept burning and table is spread,
Overhead, overhead!

MARIA L. EVE
(Written for "Chronicle and Constitutionalist.")

CHRIST STILLING THE TEMPEST.

St. Mark iv: 37-39.

1 There was tumult on the water,
And a tempest rocked the deep;
But the Saviour on His pillow
Lay in calm and peaceful sleep.

2 Vainly did the poor disciples
Toil and strive to gain the shore;
Fiercely, wildly, wind and tempest
Beat them backward faint and sore.

3 Hear us, Lord! Oh! save! we perish!
Without Thee we can but die!
All in vain our toils and efforts,
Save, dear Lord! Oh! hear our cry!

4 Doth He hear? Ah! yes, He rises;
Bids the raging tumult cease.
At His voice the tempest lulleth,
In a moment all is peace.

5 Do the waves of fierce temptation
Beat upon thy troubled breast?
Do the storms of tribulation
Leave thy heart no place of rest?

6 Go to Jesus. He will hear thee,
Bid the raging tempest cease.
All in vain our tears and efforts,
Hark! He speaks and all is peace.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

TRUST.

1 O gracious Lord, how can I doubt
Thy ever-watchful care?
My coming in, my going out
Thou dost in love prepare.

2 Thy gifts of providence and grace
The hastening dawn outrun:
I see the shining of Thy face
Before the rising sun.

3 And when at length in twilight vales
The light of cheerful day,
Thy grateful presence never fails
To guide my shadowed way.

4 For, loving Lord, Thou dost not bless
With plenteous gifts alone;
In pain and loss and lack, no less
Is Thy great goodness shown.

5 So I will praise Thee in the light,
When I Thy blessings see,
Nor cease to trust in darkest night,
Since darkness hides not Thee.

LUELLA CLARK.

PATIENT AND PURE.

"For ye have need of patience." "Keep thyself pure."

1 Pure and patient! Lord, the plea
Of my soul must rise to Thee,
For Thou dost know
All the bitterness I bear;
All the way of heavy care
In which I go.

2 Patient in my weariness,
Patient in the ills that press,
I would be still.
Thou, who knowest temptation's power,
Keep me in each trial hour
Pure as Thy will.

3 Make rebellious thought of mine
Captive to Thy thought divine,
Obedient.
Though my weary feet must bleed,
Let me go where Thou dost lead,
E'en thus content.

4 Teach me, make me what Thou wilt,
Take away each thought of guilt
That would allure.
Trembling I seek Thy side;
Keep me, O Thou crucified,
Patient and pure!

MISS M. BUNCE.
Woodhull, Ill., 1884.

SAVED BY FAITH.

1 Lo! the Saviour passeth by;
See the people round Him press!
Would He notice such as I?
Condescend to heal and bless?

2 Dare I seek Him in the crowd
Pressing close on every side!
Hear the voices harsh and loud!
Let me from their faces hide!

3 Let me touch His garment's hem,
In the multitude concealed;
Surely He would not condemn.
Lo! I touch, and I am healed.

4 Saith His voice, in accents mild,
Daughter, peace be in thy soul;
Thou to God art reconciled,
For thy faith hath made thee whole.

EMMA T. FELT.
Warsaw, Ill., Oct., 1883.

REJOICE, YE SAINTS.

Phil. iv. 4.

1 Rejoice, ye saints, in Christ the Lord,
And praise His name with one accord;
Let every heart rejoice with song,
For thanks and praise to Christ belong.

2 Rejoice! He came your soul to save;
Rejoice! He triumphed o'er the grave;
Rejoice for Him who once was slain!
Rejoice for Him who rose again!

3 Rejoice! the Comforter has come;
Within your heart He makes His home;
He feeds you with divinest food,
Fresh every morn, at eve renewed.

4 Rejoice o'er sins now washed away,
For hope of an eternal day;
For present peace and rest of mind,
For will subdued and all resigned.

5 Lord, keep us ever at Thy feet,
In faith, hope, love and rest complete;
Joying in all our pathway here,
That Christ the Lord is always near.

LAURA E. RHODES STUNTZ.
Alhambra, Cal., Dec. 2, 1885.

THE FIGHT OF FAITH.

[One of the victims of the persecuting Henry VIII., the author was burnt to death at Smithfield in 1546. The following was written and sung by her while a prisoner in Newgate.]

1 Like as the armed Knighte,
Appointed to the fielde,
With this world wil I fight,
And faith shal be my shilde.

2 Faith is that weapon stronge,
Which wil not faile at nede;
My foes therefore amonge,
Therewith wil I procede.

3 As it is had in strengthe,
And forces of Christes waye,
It wil prevaile at lengthe,
Though all the devils saye *naye*.

4 Faithe of the fathers olde
Obtained right witnèss
Which makes me verye bolde
To fear no worldes distress.

5 I now rejoice in harte,
And hope bides me do so;
For Christ wil take my part,
And ease me of my wo.

6 Thou sayst, Lord, whoso knocke,
To them wilt thou attende;
Undo, therefore, the locke,
And thy stronge power sende.

7 More enimies now I have
Than heeres upon my head;
Let them not me deprave,
But fight thou in my steade.

8 On thee my care I cast,
For all their cruell spight;
I set not by their hast,
For thou art my delight.

9 I am not she that list
My anker to let fall
For every drislinge mist;
My shippe's substancial.

10 Not oft I use to wright
In prose, nor yet in ryme;
Yet wil I shewe one sight,
That I sawe in my time.

11 I sawe a royall throne,
Where Justice shulde have sitte,
But in her steade was One
Of moody cruell witte.

12 Absorpt was rightwisness,
As by the raginge floude;
Sathan, in his excess
Sucte up the guiltlesse bloude.

13 Then thought I—Jesus, Lorde,
When thou shalt judge us all,
Harde is it to recorde
On these men what will fail.

14 Yet, Lorde, I thee desire,
For that they doe to me,
Let them not taste the hire
Of their iniquitie.

ANNE ASKEWE, 1546.

CHRIST THE HELPER.

Matt. xiv, 13.

1 Hold my hand, O blesséd Saviour,
Lest I sink in shame and sin;
Open wide my heart's closed windows,
Let Thy heavenly truth shine in.

Cho.—Hold my hand, O blesséd Saviour,
Lest the waves of sin should drown.
Storms of life, with such a Helper,
I shall never fear your frown.

2 Hold my hand, Oh! hold it firmly;
Snares through all my ways abound,
Keep my weary eyes from slumber
When I tread enchanted ground.

3 Hold it when the sinful pleasures
Of the world would beckon on;
Hold it when my earthly treasures,
And the hopes they held, are gone.

4 Hold it when the dark death-angel
Beckons from the shadowy land;
When I cross the swelling river,
Blesséd Saviour, hold my hand.

CLARA B. HEATH.
From "Songs of Delight," by per.

FROM A POEM ENTITLED

TRUST.

"Thy Maker is thy husband: the Holy One of Israel: his name.—Is. liv: 5.

1 No mortal lover is like mine;
There is no spot in Thee;
I trust Thee with a perfect trust
That toward none else may be.

2 Thou hast a human heart, Belov'd,
Though Thou art God beside,
And every human need I feel
In Thee is satisfied.

3 The wife has secrets never breathed
To him whom she loves best;
The husband tells not every thought
To th' wife upon his breast.

4 Each soul a lonely chamber hath
The nearest may not see,
But every secret of my heart—
I tell it straight to Thee.

REV. ANNA OLIVER.
Pastor Willowby Av., M. E. Church.
Brooklyn, N. Y., 1882.

PRAYER BY MARY, QUEEN OF HUNGARY.*

1 O God! though sorrow be my fate,
And the world's hate
For my heart's faith pursue me,
My peace they cannot take away;
From day to day
Thou dost anew imbue me;
Thou art not far; a little while
Thou hid'st Thy face with brighter smile
Thy father-love to show me.

2 Lord, not my will, but Thine, be done;
If I sink down
When men to terrors leave me,
Thy father-love still warms my breast,
All 's for the best;
Shall man have power to grieve me
When bliss eternal is my goal,
And Thou the keeper of my soul,
Who never will deceive me?

3 Thou art my shield, as saith the Word.
Christ Jesus, Lord,
Thou standest pitying by me,
And lookest on each grief of mine
As if 't were thine:
What then though foes may try me,
Though thorns be in my path concealed?
World, do thy worst! God is my shield!
And will be ever nigh me.

*Translation. From "Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song."

FAITH.

1 What though the heavens are dark with clouds
That hide the smiling sky?
What though the thunder's fearful peal
Proclaim the storm is nigh?
It cannot harm unless His voice
Shall utter its command—
He makes the clouds His chariot,
And subject to His hand!

2 What though we toss upon a sea
Piled high with wreaths of foam,
And many a league of danger be
Between us and our home?
The voice that bade Gennes'ret's wave
In peaceful calmness lie,
Still whispers o'er the surging deep,
"Be not afraid! 't is I!"

3 Thus watched and guarded, every step
Is under His control,
The children of the Lord are safe,
Though worlds in conflict roll!
For He who won the vict'ry lives
A mansion to prepare,
And His unfailing word is pledged
To bring them safely there.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH.
Boston, 1882.

ABIDE WITH ME.

1 Abide with me; the sunset's golden finger
Has drawn a veil between the world and me;
Upon the mountain top his rays still linger,
But in the valley I deep darkness see,
And whelming shadows hover over me.

2 Abide with me; the way is drear and lonely,
And frightful phantoms start from every side
Which battle for my soul, that soul which only
Knows Thee on earth, in Heaven, O Crucified!
For that dear reason keep Thou near my side.

3 Abide with me: earth's blandishments beset me;
They rise like clouds between my soul and thine,
Hiding Thee, so that soon I must forget Thee,
Unless a beam from loving eyes divine
Shall through them cast its radiance to mine.

4 Abide with me; dear Lord, let me not perish!
Chase from heart and way these phantoms dire;
Thine "altar coals" on my heart's altar cherish,
So that each sin consumed in love's pure fire
May clog no more my soul's deep, strong desire.

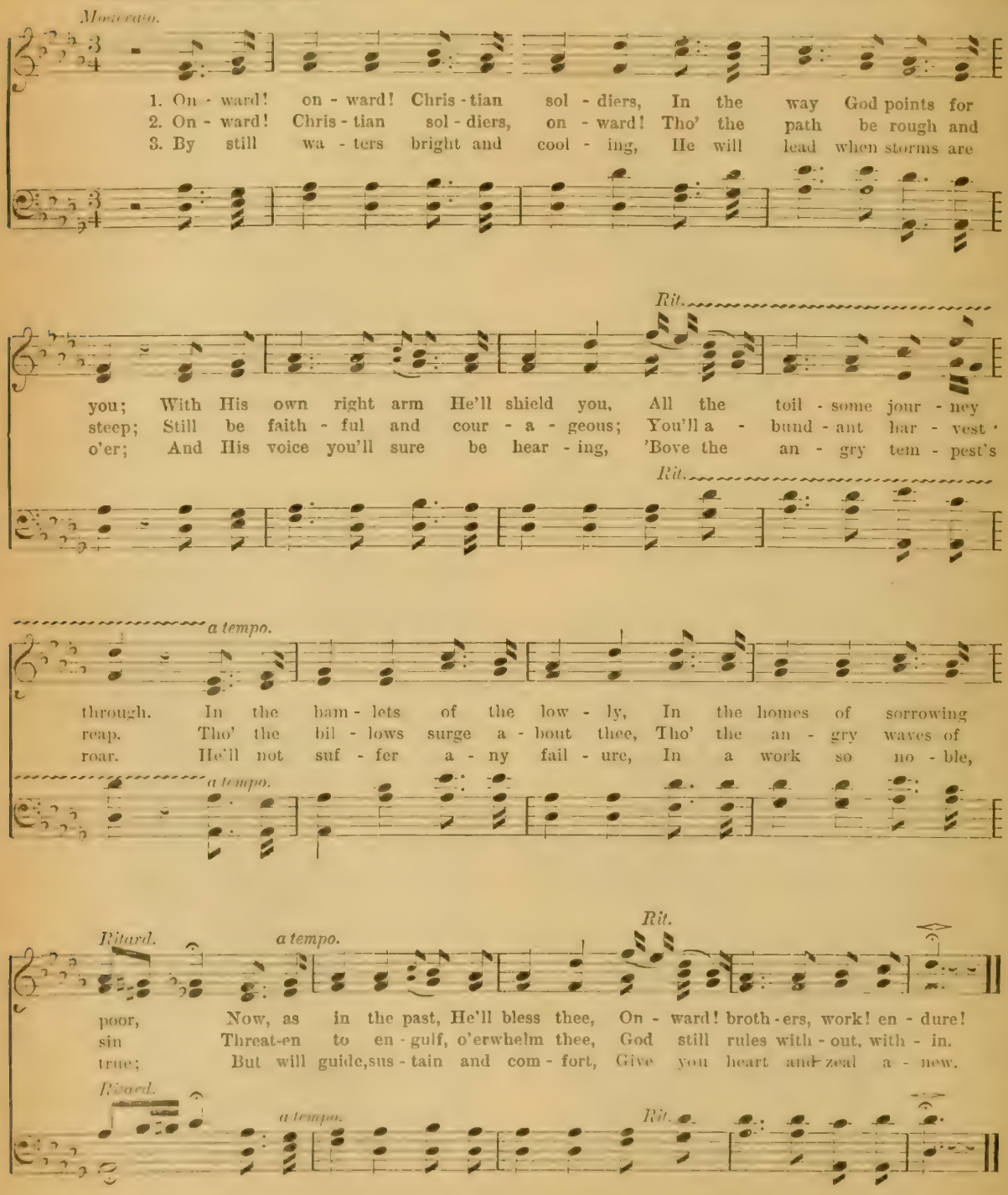
5 And when at last through earth's dark vale ascending
I reach the heavenly hills, and at Thy feet
Look, Lord, upon Thee, doubts and fears all blending
In one long gaze of joy so deep, so sweet,
Then satisfied, I need no more repeat
Abide with me!

JESSIE MEREDITH.
In "Our Continent."

ONWARD! CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS!

Written for, and sung at the fifth anniversary of the Y. M. C. A. Springfield, Ill., 1870.

Words and Music by MRS. G. C. SMITH.



Miss M. E. Servoss.

It has been well said, that the writing of a good hymn is a surer embalmment than the art of the Egyptians could ever compass. Miss M. E. Servoss, of Chicago, has the honor of truly interpreting a high plane of religious emotion, and associating it with sentiment and imagery which Christian hearts will ever love and cherish, and in which they will find refuge and comfort. Such hymns as her's strike light across the consciousness of Christians everywhere. A recent extended article by her, on Hymnology, giving her views as to what constitutes a good hymn, or what are the chief characteristics, demonstrates her clear perceptions on this subject, and proves her to be a faithful student in this line of thought and work. She has written hymns for thirty-five different collections, on topics appropriate for general worship, for seasons of revival, missionary and temperance meetings, and also for use in the home. She is best known by the celebrated hymn, "He will hide me," sung so much in the Moody and Sankey meetings. She is the author and designer of Prang's Christmas Sheaf, a neat work of art.

HE CARETH.

"For he careth for you." I. Peter, v: 7.

1 When toiling along over desert and plain,
My pathway seems lost in yon mount-shadow'd lea,
I hear like an echo the heavenly strain,
"He careth, he careth, he careth for thee."
REF.—He careth for you, he careth for me,
From pitfalls of evil he keepeth us free,
And this be our comfort where'er we may be,
He careth, he careth for you and for me.

2 I know, then, tho' shadows creep over my way,
And dangers surround that I cannot foresee,
No harm can befall me, no terror dismay,
"He careth, he careth, he careth for me."

3 What need I to know of what lieth beyond,
Since Jesus each step of my way doth o'ersee?
My heart in its trusting can never despond,
He careth, he careth, he careth for me.

4 My path may be stony, the stars may have set,
And night-winds roar loud like the waves of the sea,
But Jesus his loved ones will never forget,
He careth, he careth, he careth for me.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.
From "Royal Gems." Music by A. Geibel.
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HE WILL HIDE ME.

"In the shadow of His hand hath he hid me." Isa. xlix: 2.
8s & 7s, with Chorus.

1 When the storms of life are raging,
Tempests wild on sea and land,
I will seek a place of refuge
In the shadow of God's hand.
CHO.—He will hide me, he will hide me,
Where no harm can e'er betide me;
He will hide me, safely hide me,
In the shadow of his hand.

2 Though he may send some affliction,
'T will but make me long for home
For in love, and not in anger.
All his chasténings will come.

3 Enemies may strive to injure,
Satan all his arts employ;
He will turn what seems to harm me
Into everlasting joy.

4 So, while here the cross I'm bearing,
Meeting storms and billows wild,
Jesus for my soul is caring;
Naught can harm his Father's child.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.
Set to music by Jas. McGranahan, [illegible]
and used by per. Copyright, [illegible].

GOLDEN STAIRS.

1 Oh! those beautiful golden stairs,
Which heavenly feet have trod,
Where, 'mid soft, sweet and balmy airs,
We, too, may mount toward heaven and God.

2 Love is the first stair, broad and grand,
Joy, we press with happy feet,
Peace, calm and restful, here we stand,
And grasp the hand of friends we meet.

3 Long suffering toward all human kind,
Gentleness, in look and tone,
Goodness of heart, and soul, and mind,
Mark these toilers as God's own.

4 Faith in God bears us upward still,
Meekness in life and spirit,
Temperance, Oh! what raptures thrill,
Life eternal, we inherit.

5 These beautiful stairs! up and down,
Lord, help us ever to go,
Till, for earth's cross, a glorious crown,
Thou wilt with Thine own hand bestow.

IRENE H. SMITH.
Quincy, Ill., Sept., 1882.

Mrs. Helen E. Brown.

Born in Portsmouth, N. H., about the year 1840. She is the successful Editor of the New York Advocate and Guardian, and has written some rare gems in hymnology and sacred poesy.

FROM DAY TO DAY.

1 My days are stairs that lead to life's great end,
And one by one I steadily ascend;
Climbing, with purpose true, the upward road,
That brings me to the city of my God.

2 Sometimes the step is bright with the full sun
That shines in cloudless radiance thereon;
Sometimes a shadow falls upon the way,
But, dark or light, I need not go astray.

3 One stair is rough with thorn-points all bestrown,
But shoes of iron tread the nettles down;
And one so steep, my weary, crippled feet
The painful ascent scarcely can complete.

4 Sometimes upon a slippery step I tread,
And fierce temptations make my soul afraid;
But held in Christ's dear hands, so tender, strong,
The next I mount with courage and a song.

5 Each step in the long course a history has;
I make a mark as one by one I pass,—
A gladsome record here, a tear-spot there,
A rescued soul, a struggle or a prayer.

6 And on life's mystic ladder to the skies
Bright angels come and go to Paradise;
And work grows dearer as the end draws near,
Until I reach at last the golden stair,

7 And enter through the open pearly gate,
Where, with our King, souls watch for me and wait;
There at His feet I'll cast my trophies down,
And shout the victory which His love has won.

MRS. HELEN E. BROWN, 1884.

THE CHRISTIAN FAITH

"The pure in heart shall see God."

1 We see Him not—yet daily walk
Upon the turf so green,
He laid beneath our weary feet,
With gems dropped in between.

2 We see Him not—yet o'er our heads
Is His own beauteous blue;
We see Him not—and yet the stars
Like angel-eyes peep through.

3 We see Him not—yet every flower
That hold its tiny cup
To catch the sparkling dew-drop, ere
The sun-god drinks it up;

4 And every little songster
That warbles in the trees;
And every wand'ring zephyr
That sighs amid the leaves,

5 Bear each a loving token
Of the Father-hand divine,
And leave a trace on Nature's page,
A mystic, golden line.

6 We see Him not—and yet the breeze
Brings healing in its wings;
We see Him not—and still the leaf
Its balmy odor flings;

7 And e'en the bow of promise bends
To clasp both earth and heaven;
In all these tokens of His love
To erring creatures given,

8 We see Him not—our eyes are dim,
The veil of sense enshrouds;
We upward look to view the heavens
And see but fleecy clouds.

9 With deadened sense we deeper plunge
Into obscurity;
Dear Lord! touch Thou these sightless orbs,
That we may look on Thee.

10 Then as the crystal stream reflects
The shining stars at even;
So our purged souls, from sin set free,
Shall glow with light from heaven.

11 And wheresoe'er our eyes we turn,
On firmament or sod;
We shall behold above, below,
Our Father and our God.

MARY E. GILMAN.

"LOVEST THOU ME MORE THAN THESE."

John xxi: 15.

1 The voice of Jesus! Hark! my soul,
A lesson 'tis for thee,
Hast thou believed and then denied—
Art sure thou lovest me?
Or hast thou seen some weak one fall,
And thou, perchance, at ease,
And ever whispered to thyself,
Sure I love more than these?

2 Beware, my soul, the tempter's there
With his beguiling pleas;
Beware thy answer when thou'rt asked,
"Lovest thou more than these?"
We look at sin with human eyes;
Sin we in others see
May e'en be less than some dark thoughts,
Or lack of charity.

3 And how shall I say aught but this:
Dear Lord, thou knowest all.
I would love Thee. But I'm so weak
It scarce seems love at all.
And I would feed Thy sheep, my Lord,
To show my love to Thee,
Would lead the lambs within the fold,
But Thou must strengthen me.

4 For I'm not worthy to receive
Thy kindness shown to me;
Not worthy the blest privilege
Of working, Lord, for Thee.
Yet, dearest Lord, for strength I pray,
Some little work to do
To show my love for Thee. O Christ,
Wilt Thou my strength renew?

5 And, Oh! may I, while here on earth,
The "cup of water" give
In Thy dear name; for Thy dear sake,
Oh! teach me how to live.
To live or suffer for Thy sake,
Whate'er Thy will may be,
And often whisper to my soul,
Lovest thou—follow me.

MRS. M. A. DRYDEN.
Neoga, Ill.

I SLEEP, BUT MY HEART WAKETH.

1 The fire-light flickers from the burning ember,
Curtained and close I dream of days of old,
From broken sleep I start when I remember
That while I rest so warm, the poor are cold.

2 The wind blows fierce without. Upon the billow
The seaman struggles with the raging storm,
From cold, close wrapped, I lie upon my pillow
And pray for all without who are not warm.

3 O Thou, who once to this poor world of sorrow
In sweet compassion left Thy throne above,
Rebuke the storm and send a bright to-morrow,
Oh! help the needy, for Thy name is Love.

4 All that we have we owe but to Thy favor,
The earth is Thine with all its boundless store;
Impart to us from Thine own heart the savor
That we may cheer and bless hearts sad and sore.

5 The poor Thou leavest always to our care,
And what we do for them we do for Thee.
Thou lovest them. Then be our deeds our prayer.
Who helps My loved ones doeth most for Me.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

CHARITY.

"Charity never faileth."....."And have not Charity I am nothing."

1 Charity! it faileth never;
Thus is proved--the true, the right,—
This, the strong up-heaving lever
Raising souls to purer light.

2 Though with tongues of angels speaking,
Though all knowledge may be thine,
Prophet gifts reward thy seeking,—
Mystery unveil her shrine;—

3 Though thy faith may give thee power
To remove the mountains high;
Though thy zeal may court the hour
In a martyr's flame to die;—

4 Lacking this, the greatest treasure,
Thou shalt be as nothing worth;
More than faith, and hope, its measure,—
Charity, of heavenly birth!

5 Charity, the never-failing,
Charity, that suffers long;
Charity, the all-prevailing,
Charity, the ever-strong!

6 Bearing all, believing ever;
Meek and without thought of ill;
Hoping on, despairing never,
Holding an enduring will.

7 Be it ours, this lamp to cherish
That shall guide our steps aright;—
Then, though all things earthly perish,
This shall beam with fadeless light.

8 Prophesies shall fail or falter,
Earthly knowledge fade away;
Tongues shall cease, and all things alter,
Charity will ne'er decay!

MARY C. WHEELER.
Rocky Hill, Conn., 1883.

BLEST IS THE MAN.

C. M.

1 Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain,
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain;

2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads His kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His sacred bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

5 Peace from the bosom of his God
The Saviour's grace shall give;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.

ANNA L. BARBAULD.

SYMPATHY.

1 Bear ye one another's burden,
So fulfill the law of Christ;
Loving sacrifice hath guerdon
Human language ne'er hath priced.

2 Weep o'er one another's sorrow;
Prove thy grief in loving deed;
Earth is fickle, thy to-morrow
May find thee in sorest need.

3 Sing o'er one another's gladness,
Praise with harp of sweetest tone;
Earth hath full enough of sadness,
Joy should never sing alone.

4 Pray with one another often;
God hath promised all to meet;
He will hardest trial soften
When we gather at His feet.

ISABELLA S. [illegible]
Chicago, 1883.

Caroline Fry. (Mrs. Wilson.)

Caroline Fry was born at Tunbridge Wells, Eng., December 31, 1787. Her father was a farmer in good circumstances. She was educated at home. While yet a child, she read much, and was acquainted with many works little known to the people of ordinary schools. Before she was fourteen years of age, her father had published her "History of Education in Verse." She afterwards edited and published "Serious Poetry," "The Assistant of Education," "The Listener," and other well-known religious works. Her autobiography is extremely interesting. In 1831 she married Mr. Wilson. She died at Tunbridge Wells, September 17, 1846.

GRACE OF GOD.

1 Grace does not steel the faithful heart,
That it should know no ill;
We learn to kiss the chastening rod,
And feel its sharpness still.

2 But how unlike the Christian's tears
To those the world must shed!
His sighs are tranquil and resigned
As the heart from which they sped

3 The saint may be compelled to meet
Misfortune's saddest blow,
His bosom is alive to feel
The keenest pang of woe.

4 But, ever as the wound is given,
There is a hand unseen
Hasting to wipe away the scar,
And hide where it has been.

5 The Christian would not have his lot
Be other than it is:
For, while his Father rules the world,
He knows that world is his.

6 He knows that He who gave the best,
Will give him all beside;
Assured that every good he asks
Is evil, if denied.

7 When clouds of sorrow gather round,
His bosom owns no fear:
He knows, whate'er his portion be,
His God will still be there.

8 And when the threatened storm has burst,
Whate'er the trial be,
Something yet whispers him within,
"Be still, for it is He!"

9 Poor nature, ever weak, will shrink
From the afflictive stroke;
But faith disclaims the hasty plaint
Impatient nature spoke.

10 He knows it is a Father's will,
And therefore it is good;
Nor would he venture, by a wish,
To change it if he could.

11 He comes to soothe my fears,
And draw my soul above—
Joyful now the strain should be,
When I sing of Calvary.

CAROLINE FRY WILSON.

CHARITY.

Corinthians iii.

1 Charity is meek and tender,
Seeking not herself to raise;
Pardoning the rash offender,
Praising God in heartfelt lays!

2 Charity no envy beareth
In her breast, nor fulsome pride;
Only for the truth she careth,
Casting pomp and sin aside.

3 Nobly bearing, all believing;
Hoping firmly to the end;
For her trust, best gifts receiving
From her only faithful Friend!

4 Cheerful in her frequent giving,
Sick and poor her presence bless,
Not alone for self her living,
In the world's tumultuous press.

5 All things she doth well endure,
Never failing in her love!
All her deeds are bright and pure,
While she waits for rest above.

6 Faith, and hope, and love abiding,
Are the three of heaven blest;
But, if in our Lord confiding,
We shall know that love is best!

ELLA A. HOTCHKISS.
Westville, New Haven, Conn., 1882.

PEARLS AND DIAMONDS.

"Pearls and diamonds may adorn royalty, regardless of personal worth; but jewels of thought render even poverty illustrious and sublime."

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."—Gal. v: 22.

1 Not material jewels rare,
Will my song their praises sing,—
Wondrous though they be and fair,
Sought by beauties who would wear,—
Priceless are these of our King;
Rarer, purer, choicer far,
Gems my song will sing of, are.

2 Not by those, alone, with gold
Are these precious jewels found;
Never one of them is sold,
Though such value each doth hold,
He who owns them is renowned;—
Sovereign of all the earth,
His are we, by royal birth.

3 Know you, now, the gems I mean?
Seen and unseen jewels bright;
You've beheld them oft, I ween,
In the glistening, pearly sheen;
Pendant e'en at morn or night
From each beauteous shrub and tree,
Yielding worship silently.

4 And the unseen gems, you know,
Are the ones of priceless worth;
Let us wear them well below,
Wear them when or where we go;
Spirit ornaments on earth
Fit the wearer for above,
There to have a crown of love.

HAZEL WYLDE, 1883.

JESUS IS GLORIFIED.

(Tune.—"*Satisfied By and By.*")

"The poor ye have always with you; Me ye have not always."

1 The man of sorrows died;
The Prince of glory lives;
Oh! the sweet joy to humble souls,
This blest assurance gives!
Jesus is glorified,
Jesus is glorified,
Now on the other side
He waits for thee.

2 No more with weary feet
He treads Judea's hills;
No more upon the mountain side
His voice the soft air thrills.
Jesus is glorified,
Jesus is glorified,
Now on the other side
He waits for thee.

3 Oh! many mansions there
He has for them prepared,
Who meekly in the narrow way
His lowly life hath shared.
Jesus is glorified,
Jesus is glorified,
Now on the other side
He waits for thee,

4 But still the Lord's own poor
Are here to test our love:
Our tenderness to them, he says,
For Him our love shall prove.
Jesus is glorified,
Jesus is glorified,
Now on the other side
He waits for thee.

EMILY P. WILLIAMS
Lawndale, Ill., 1882.

PREPARATION FOR HEAVEN.

1 Far from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land; could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore,
How would our spirits long to rise
And dwell on earth no more!

3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
Forever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray;
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

6 The glorious Monarch there displays
His beams of wondrous grace;
His happy subjects sing His praise,
And bow before His face.

7 Oh! may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above!

8 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise, and join
The chorus of the sky.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

ALL THE WAY MY SAVIOUR LEADS ME.

"The Lord alone did lead him."—Deut. xxxii: 12.

1 All the way my Saviour leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who through life has been my guide?
Heavenly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell;
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well.

2 All the way my Saviour leads me;
Cheers each winding path I tread;
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living bread;
Though my weary steps may falter,
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! a spring of joy I see.

3 All the way my Saviour leads me;
Oh! the fullness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above;
When my spirit, clothed immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day,
This my song through endless ages—
Jesus led me all the way.

FANNY J. CROSBY
From "Brightest and Best." Set to music by Ira D. Sankey
Copyright, 1875, and used by per. Biglow & Main

THE CHRISTIAN INQUIRER.

1 Ho! Christian Pilgrim, ho! and tell
Is this the way to Zion's Hill?
I long to find the shining road
That leads to glory and to God;
But fear my wildered feet doth stray
In sin's deceitful, devious way;
If I am lost what shall I do?
Oh! tell me, Pilgrim, tell me true.

2 I loved in Kedar's tents to dwell,
Loved all the courts of pleasure well,
But God's own fury drove me thence,
I started, but I knew not whence:—
'T was on a dark and dreadful track,
"The burden still upon my back,"
No stop, no stay, for death was there,
But onward, on, in dark despair.

3 No certain way was in my range,
But devious, wild, divergent, strange,
And wheresoe'er I did retreat
The thorns would pierce my bleeding feet,
Till weary, fainting, I did cry:
"Save me, O Lord! or else I die."
'T was then I heard One sweetly say:
"Come unto me," "I am the Way."

4 Methought it was my Saviour's voice
Bidding my every wandering cease.
A sweet repose, a holy calm
Came o'er me like delicious balm.
This is God's promised rest, I cried,
I'll pitch my tent and here abide,
On Pisgah's raptured Mount will stand,
And gaze into the Promised Land.

5 I fondly dreamed my conflicts done;
Not so, the race was to be run;
And as toward the goal I hied,
Eternal Good for me, I cried;
I thought I nevermore should stray
From out the straight and narrow way,
But ah! I blush with shame to tell
How oft I wandered,—oft I fell.

6 'T is true, I sometimes catch a view
Of Calvary's Hill and glory too,
But dubious clouds will intervene,
The vale still darkly hangs between;
A dread enwraps me like a pall,
Lest I know not the way at all,
Lest I but idly, vainly dream,
The victim of a fervent dream.

7 O Pilgrim, I am lone and chill,
Is this the way to Zion's Hill?
Wilt thou not hold thy lamp on high,
Till I the heavenly road descry?
I fear that I mistake the track,
But cannot, dare not, turn me back;
Is this the way thou dost pursue?
Say, Pilgrim, is it thus with you?

JENNY ELAND BEAUCHAMP.
Denton, Texas, 1883.

PERFECT PEACE.

1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here:
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasures,
And He will walk with me.

ANNA L. WARING, 1850.

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. xxxiii: 27.

1 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the jasper sea.

CHORUS.—Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears;
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears!

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Copyright, 1870, and set to music by W. H. Doane.
Used by per. Biglow & Main.

THE CROSS OF JESUS.

His children shall have a place of refuge." Prov. xiv. 26.

1 Beneath the Cross of Jesus
I fain would take my stand—
The shadow of a mighty Rock,
Within a weary land.
A home within the wilderness,
A rest upon the way,
From the burning of the noontide heat.
And the burden of the day.

2 O safe and happy shelter,
O refuge tried and sweet,
O trysting-place where Heaven's love
And Heaven's justice meet!
As to the Holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me,
A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,
But on the further side,
The darkness of an awful grave
That gapes both deep and wide;
And there between us stands the Cross,
Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way
From that eternal grave.

4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One,
Who suffered there for me;
And from my smitten heart with tears,
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of His glorious love,
And my own worthlessness.

5 I take, O Cross, Thy shadow,
For my abiding place;
I ask no other sunshine
Than the sunshine of His face:
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,—
My sinful self, my only shame,—
My glory, all the Cross.

MISS E. C. CLEPHANE.
Set to music by Ira D. Sankey.
From "Ira D. Sankey's Collection."

ALL THE WAY HOME.

1 All the way home, all the way home,
Broad roads to tempt them, and feet that would stray,
How shall earth's pilgrims, to wander so prone,
Walk in the heavenly way.

CHORUS.—God's love is over them,
His hand it leadeth them,
Gently and lovingly,
All the way home.

2 All the way home, all the way home,
Climbing life's mountains, all thorn-clad and steep;
Onward and upward, through sunlight and gloom,
Jesus His children will keep.

3 All the way home, all the way home,
Nearing the portals of glory and rest;
Cheerful and joyous; whatever may come,
Knowing that God's ways are best.

M. E. SERVOSS.
Set to music by [illegible]
From "Royal Gems," by per. [illegible]

CROWN OF LIFE.

"When he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life." James i. 12.

1 Oh! what are light afflictions here?
They only bring the promise near,
Of brighter things in heaven at last,
When all these changing scenes are past.

CHO.—Yes! a crown of life, that fadeth not away,
The Lord will give us on the golden shore;
Yes! a crown of life, that fadeth not away,
Shall be our treasure when our toil is o'er.

2 Be ours a faith serene and bright,
Whose eye can pierce the darkest night,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And lifts the soul to joys above.

3 By grace renewed, by faith refined,
The cheerful heart, to God resigned,
Can feel and say in joy or pain,
To live is Christ, to die is gain.

MRS. VAN ALSTYNE.
From "Pure Gold." Used by per. [illegible]
Copyrighted 1871.

OVER LIFE'S SEA.

1 Oh! wide sweep the waters of life's rolling sea,
And strong are the storm-winds, unbroken and free
'Mid gloom and 'mid peril, out rings our loud cry,
Save, Lord, or we perish! Oh! hear us on high!

CHO. O Lord of life's sea, we call unto Thee:
Arise in Thy mercy, dear Lord of life's sea.

2 When peace spreads her pinions abroad o'er the wave,
And hushed are the tempests, no longer to rave,
With grateful thanksgiving of soul and of voice,
To Him who hath saved us, we'll ever rejoice.

3 All fearless we ride o'er the billows' mad foam,
The Lord is our pilot, to guide us safe home:
Through sunlight and shadow He ruleth the gale:
Our hope is an anchor that never can fail.

[illegible]
Set to music by [illegible]

SINGING ON THE WAY.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs."
Isa. xxxv. 10

1 We will sweetly sing on the golden shore,
Where all is joy and gladness;
Forevermore with Christ we'll reign,
Released from care and sadness.

Cho.—Then along the way, the Lord's highway,
With voices clear and ringing,
We'll shout hosanna as we go,
And enter Zion singing.

2 We are sure our Father knows all our need,
Each heartache, pain, and sorrow;
So in His hands we'll leave it all,
And trust Him for the morrow.

3 We will sing of Jesus, our Saviour-King,
Whose wondrous love is o'er us;
Who guides our footsteps, lest they stray,
And makes all plain before us.

4 We will sing of heaven,—our home above,
With all its joy and glory;
And to the world, where'er we go,
We'll tell salvation's story.

M. E. SERVOSS.
From "Crowning Triumph," by per. F. A. North & Co.

INVOCATION.

1 Enter my door, belovéd Lord,
And sup with me;
Though so unworthy my poor board,
And I of thee.

2 With Thee in the most honored chair,
With me to eat,
The poorest, the most bitter fare,
Would be most sweet.

3 The oil, the water and the bread,
The corn and wine,
With Jesus at my table's head,
All, all were mine.

AUGUSTA MOORE.
Editor "Plymouth Notes," &c.
South Yarmouth, Mass., 1866.

REJOICE! REJOICE! BELIEVER

2 Cor. xi: 17, 18.
(Tune.—"*Webb.*")

1 Rejoice! rejoice! believer,
The conflict is not long;
To-day we fight the battle,
To-morrow sing the song.
To-day we strive in sorrow,
The promised land to gain,
We reach the goal to-morrow,
Forever free from pain.

2 Then cheer thee, Christian soldier,
Though hard the battle press,
Thy Saviour's ever near thee,
To aid, direct and bless.
To-day we toil in sadness,
Through paths as dark as night;
To-morrow rest in gladness,
In perfect peace and light.

3 To-day we part in sadness
From loved ones gone before,
To-morrow meet in gladness
To part, Oh! nevermore!
To-day we bear in silence
The buffetings and scorn:
To-morrow hail with triumph
The resurrection morn.

4 Be strong in heart, O Christian!
The conflict is not long;
To-day we fight the battle,
To-morrow sing the song.
To-day we toil in sadness,
Nor may the conflict cease;
To-morrow rest in gladness,
Where all is perfect peace.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.
Brooklyn, N. Y., 1882.

JOY, JOY! JOY!

1 Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in heav'n with the angels;
Joy! joy! joy! for the prodigal's return!
He has come, he has come to his Father's house at last;
He was lost, he is found, and the night of gloom is past.
Blesséd hour of joy and communion sweet,
For his heart is full and his love complete;
His Father sees him and hastes to meet,
And bid him welcome home.

Ref.—Joy! joy! joy! there is joy in heav'n with the angels;
Joy! joy! joy! for the prodigal's return.

2 Joy! joy! joy! in the courts of heaven resounding;
Joy! joy! joy! o'er the prodigal's return!
Hark! the song, hark! the song, 'tis a joyful, joyful strain,
Welcome home, welcome home to thy Father's house again.
While his eye is dim with the falling tears
Of repentant grief over wasted years,
The pard'ning voice of his Father cheers,
And bids him welcome home.

3 Joy! joy! joy! in the radiant fields of glory;
Joy! joy! joy! when a wand'ring soul returns,
Let us haste, let us haste, while the morning sun is bright;
Jesus calls, Jesus calls to a land of love and light.
We will journey on till our pilgrim feet
Shall be found at last in the golden street;
Our glorious Saviour will smile to greet,
And bid us welcome home.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
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JOY IN HEAVEN.

1 There is joy among the angels,
When a soul has been forgiven;
When a weary, wandering one
Starts on the road to heaven.

2 There is joy among the ransomed
Who have passed the waters o'er,
And reached the peaceful mansions
On that celestial shore.

3 For that soul is safe forever,
And the blissful work begun,
Which will end in final triumph,
When the crown of life is won.

4 Though the news is heard in heaven
Before 'tis known on earth,
Not there alone is holy joy,
At this new, wondrous birth;

5 For not a soul is found below,
That knows the love of God,
But longs to join them in that song
To our redeeming Lord.

ACHSA MILLS BROWN.

"LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE."

1 No one when a lamp has been lighted,
Will hide it away out of sight,
But place it where all may behold it,—
Where all may rejoice in its light.

2 So the Christian, illumed by God's Spirit,
And placed in a dark world of sin,
Is a lamp to enlighten the darkness,
And trophies for Jesus to win.

3 Ever found in the place God assigns him,
With a heart to fulfill all his will,
Chastisement to bear unrepining,
And bid angry passions be still;

4 To lend to God's suffering children
The succor they so often need,
From basket and store freely giving,
The poor and the hungry to feed;

5 To meet with a kind recognition,
With smiles and with words of good cheer,
Those walking in humbler stations
Thus gaining a listening ear;

6 He will shed o'er a world sin-benighted
A radiant and glorious light,
And the stars in his crown of rejoicing
Will excel all the gems of the night.

ACHSA MILLS BROWN
London Heights, N. H.

TO THEE.

"Lord, to whom shall we go?"—John vi: 68.

1 I bring my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In Thy once opened fount.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
The burden is too great for me.

2 My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

3 To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee,
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me!

4 I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee!

5 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.

6 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

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"I WILL RANSOM THEM."

Hosea viii: 14.

1 When the pale messenger, with silent footfall,
Enters the chamber where sad watchers wait,
Stops with a breath the crimson current's flowing,
Leaves the still form like marble, and in going
Opes for the soul a strange, mysterious gate;

2 When the fringed lids fall in a darkening shadow,
Over dim eyes, sealed in a dreamless sleep;
When waxen palms some tender hand is folding
Above fair flowers we fain would think them holding,
When 'reft ones, stricken dumb, nor wail, nor weep;

3 Say, shall the mourner sit in hopeless sorrow,
Looking on death as an unending sleep?
Saying, For me there is no bright to-morrow,
No touch to light this gloom, that I may borrow;
No voice to comfort in a gloom so deep?

4 Ah! listen! sounding clear amid the tumult,
The pains, the anguish-throbs we cannot brave,
There comes a voice, all power and yet all sweetness,
A voice of promise perfect in completeness,
"*I* will redeem from death and from the grave!"

5 The voice of Him who in this world of sorrow
Trod the red wine-press of God's wrath alone;
Dying himself, that we might rise victorious,
As He from death arose with triumph glorious,
To share with Him the honors of His throne.

JULIA P. BALLARD.

AUTHOR OF BEAUTY.

1 Author of Beauty, all Thy hand hath made
Is wondrous fair and bright;
But in yon glorious arch I see displayed
Clearest Thy power and might.

2 The earth is beautiful. Thou madest it so;
But sin hath marred its face,
And over all the fairest spots below
Still leaves its staining trace.

3 Therefore, O Father! to yon realm of light
I turn with awe and joy;
Man's finger cannot reach the radiant height,
Thine impress to destroy.

MRS. WHITCHER.

HIS PROMISES.

1 Be silent, restless heart, and feel
Thy loving Saviour—"peace, be still!"
Canst thou not bear the chastening rod?
Canst thou not tread the path He trod?

2 O fettered spirit, crushed and weak,
The bruised reed He will not break.
His pitying ear their murmuring hears;
He treasures up thy falling tears.

3 Yea, though thy feet with thorns be torn,
He leaves thee not alone to mourn;
He softens all thy discontent,
His burdens are in kindness sent.

4 Though oft invisible the hand
That leads thee toward the promised land,
Though dark thy way, of this be sure,—
His faithful promises endure.

M. LOUISE RUSSING.

From "Christian at Work."

DELIVERANCE IS AT HAND.

C. M.

1 My span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say,
As length'ning shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day.

2 Courage, my soul; thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.

3 The sighing ones, that humbly seek
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

4 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.

5 Courage, my soul; on God rely;
Deliv'rance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home.

MISS FRANCES M COWPER.

STAR OF MY ONLY HOPE.

"I am the bright and morning star." Rev. xxii: 16.

1 Rise in thy glory, O thou star of the morning,
If on the desert wild my pathway may be;
Break o'er my vision thro' the night clouds above me;
Star of my only hope, shine for me.

REFRAIN.

Millions thou hast lighted to the crimson fountain's side;
Millions thou hast guided o'er the deep and swelling tide;
Millions are rejoicing where the silver waters glide;
Hast thou no light for me?

2 Rise in thy glory, O thou star of the morning;
Come, for my weeping eyes are longing for thee;
Light from the summer land of ages eternal,
Star of my only hope, shine for me.

3 Where is the narrow way that leads to my Father?
Here must I linger till thy dawning I see;
Oh! that my tired heart could rest on his bosom!
Star of my only hope, shine for me.

4 Lo! from the pearly gates of Eden descending,
Star of the morning fair, thy beauty I see;
Now to my Father's house thy beams will direct me;
Jesus, my Guiding Star, praise to Thee.

"ELLA DALE."

Copyright, 1873. Set to music by W. H. Doane in "Royal Diadem." By per. Biglow & Main.

RECONCILED.

1 Till I learned to love Thy name,
Lord, Thy grace denying,
I was lost in sin and shame,
Dying, dying, dying!

2 Nothing could the world impart,
Darkness held no morrow;
In my soul and in my heart,
Sorrow, sorrow, sorrow!

3 When I learned to love Thy name
O Thou, meek and lowly,
Rapture kindled to a flame—
Holy, holy, holy!

4 Henceforth shall creation ring
With salvation's story,
Till I rise with Thee to sing,
Glory, glory, glory!

ALICE CARY.

DIVINE COMPASSION.

C. M.

1 Jesus, in Thy transporting name,
What blissful glories rise—
Jesus, the angels' sweetest theme,
The wonder of the skies!

2 Well might the skies with wonder view
A love so strange as Thine;
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

3 Jesus, and didst Thou leave the sky
To bear our sins and woes?
And didst Thou bleed and groan and die,
For vile, rebellious foes?

4 Oh! may our willing hearts confess
Thy sweet, Thy gentle sway;
Glad captives of Thy matchless grace,
Thy righteous rule obey.

ANNE STEELE.

HE CARETH FOR YOU.

Tune—"*Home, Sweet Home*," or "*Expostulation*."

1 O Christian! be sober and vigilant too;
Remember, remember God careth for you;
Let not life's bereavements or cares weigh you down,
And heed not reproach nor the angry world's frown.

2 The proud He resisteth, but grace ever gives
To him who in humble devotion still lives;
And though for a while He is hid from your view,
Remember, remember He careth for you.

3 In this blest assurance seek refuge from harm,
His love, of its sting will each sorrow disarm.
In seasons of darkness He never withdrew,
He careth for you, yes, He careth for you.

EMILY P. WILLIAMS.
Lawndale, Ill., 1882.

INDWELLING.

"Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him and he in God." 1 John iv: 15.

1 What meanest thou to ask me why I sing,
And seem all day as happy as a king?
Need I repine,
When God each moment proves to me His love,
And that bright home of happiness above
Is promised mine?

2 With joy and gratitude my eyes are dim;
I needs must make a joyful noise to Him
Who gives me voice;
He is my God; His care shall never cease,
And while He fills me with His perfect peace,
I must rejoice.

3 How full of joy are all King David's lays!
His very soul pours forth in notes of praise
His God to bless;
"Oh! bless the Lord, my soul, for all His care,
Ye lands with joyful noise His name declare,
Thy love express!"

4 Was it not God within that filled his soul
With happiness a king could not control?
And may not I
Draw in communion sweet as near my God,
Until in Him I find my safe abode.
My full supply?

5 When I behold His handiwork around,
What makes my heart leap forth with joyful bound,
My tongue sing praise?
I own His hand in all around me spread;
I have acknowledged Him my Light, my Head;
He guides my ways.

6 And God within me dwells, in all His grace,
And I in Him have my abiding place,
My refuge high;
His love perfected all my bosom fills,
Then ask ye why my heart with rapture thrills,
With Him so nigh?

ALICE M. ADKINS.
From "Gems of Poetry." J. Dougall & Co., New York.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HYMN.

1 From the world's disturbed concerns
Longingly my spirit turns
To the place of sweet repose
Which the Master's presence knows;
And I rest, content, subdued,
In that holy quietude.

2 Earthly joys are frail and few,
Cares, oft vanquish'd, still pursue;
Life soon gains its farthest height,
Rounds its noon and sinks in night;
Ere his thirst the pilgrim slakes,
At the fount the pitcher breaks.

3 Stormy clouds above me roll,
Yet in peace abides my soul;
Sorrow sits within my door,
God doth comfort still the more;
Death itself has lost its sting,
For to Christ, the Rock, I cling.

4 Though the sun forever set,
Though the earth her path forget,
Time be ended and there be
No more heaven and no more sea,
Faith, triumphant, sees afar
Where the eternal havens are.

5 When that morn divine shall wake,
And celestial chorus break,
When shall dawn upon my view
All the seer of Patmos knew,
Soul! what rapture then to sing
In the presence of thy King!

FRANCES E. POPE.
Cleveland, O., 1882.

FAR FROM MORTAL CARES.

8s and 7s. D.

1 Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes, and vain desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to heav'n aspires.
From the fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes,
Mercy from above proclaiming
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2 Blessings all around bestowing,
God withholds His care from none;
Grace and mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of His throne.
Lord, with favor still attend us;
Bless us with Thy wondrous love;
Thou, our Sun, our Shield, defend us;
All our hope is from above.

JANE TAYLOR.

FAINT, YET PURSUING.

Judges viii: 4.
(Tune—"*G. H.* 3–80.")

1 "Faint, yet pursuing," we press our way
Up to the glorious gates of day;
Following Him who has gone before,
Over the path to the brighter shore.

CHORUS.—"Faint, yet pursuing," from day to day,
Over the sure and the blood-marked way;
Strengthen and keep us, O Saviour, Friend,
Ever pursuing, unto life's end.

2 "Faint, yet pursuing," whate'er befall,
He who has died for us, died for all;
So should they come, as a mighty throng,
Bearing His banner aloft with song.

3 "Faint, yet pursuing," till eventide,
Under the cross of the Crucified;
Knowing when darkly are skies o'ercast,
Sorrow and sighing will end at last.

4 "Faint, yet pursuing," the eye afar
Sees through the darkness the Morning Star,
Shedding its ray for the weary feet,
Keeping the way to the golden street.

MRS. W. R. GRISWOLD.
Set to music by Geo. C. Stebbins.
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LIFT ME HIGHER.

"My soul thirsteth for God."—Psalm xlii: 2.

1 Lift me higher, blessèd Saviour
To the source of life,
Where the living fountain floweth,
Far from sin and strife.

CHORUS.—Higher, higher, lift me higher,
In the light above:
From the depths of sin and sorrow
To the heights of love.

2 Lift me higher, that triumphant
I may sing and soar;
In the calm of blest assurance,
Keep me evermore.

3 Lift me higher, for I languish
Far from home and Thee;
Draw me with the cords of mercy,
Nearer, nearer Thee.

4 Onward, onward I am pressing
To the mount of God,
Lead me up the shining pathway
That Thy feet have trod.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.
From "Songs of Free Grace," by per. D. B. Towner.

SINGING ALL THE WAY.

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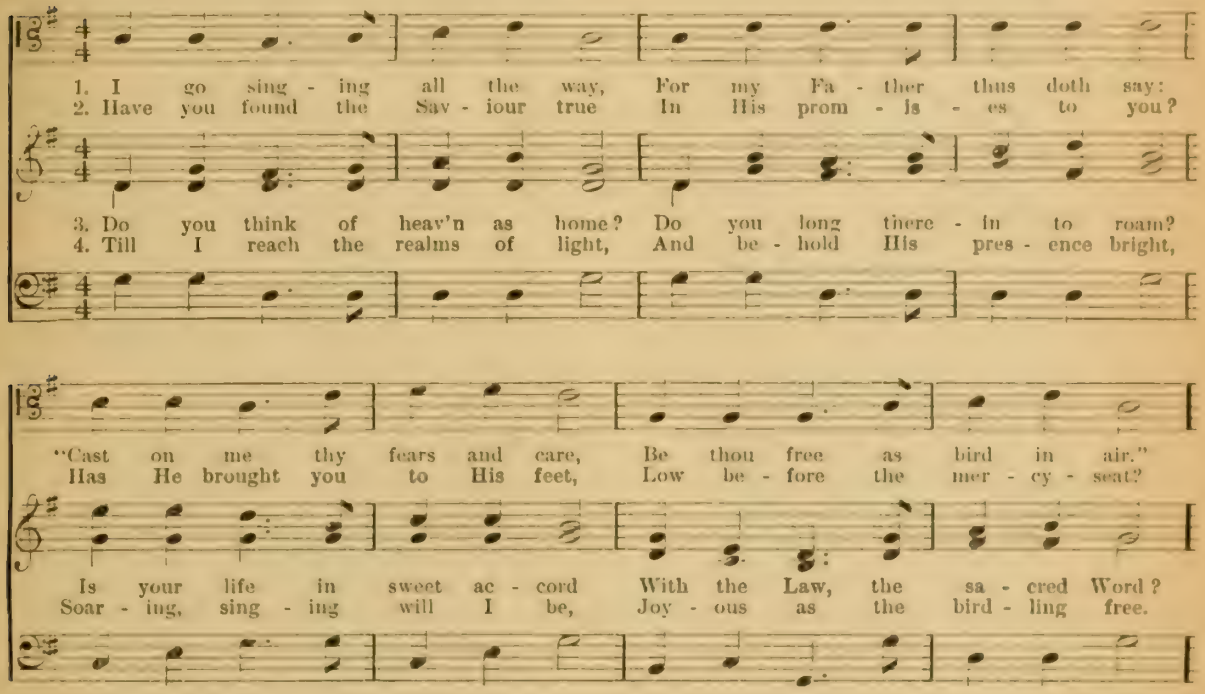
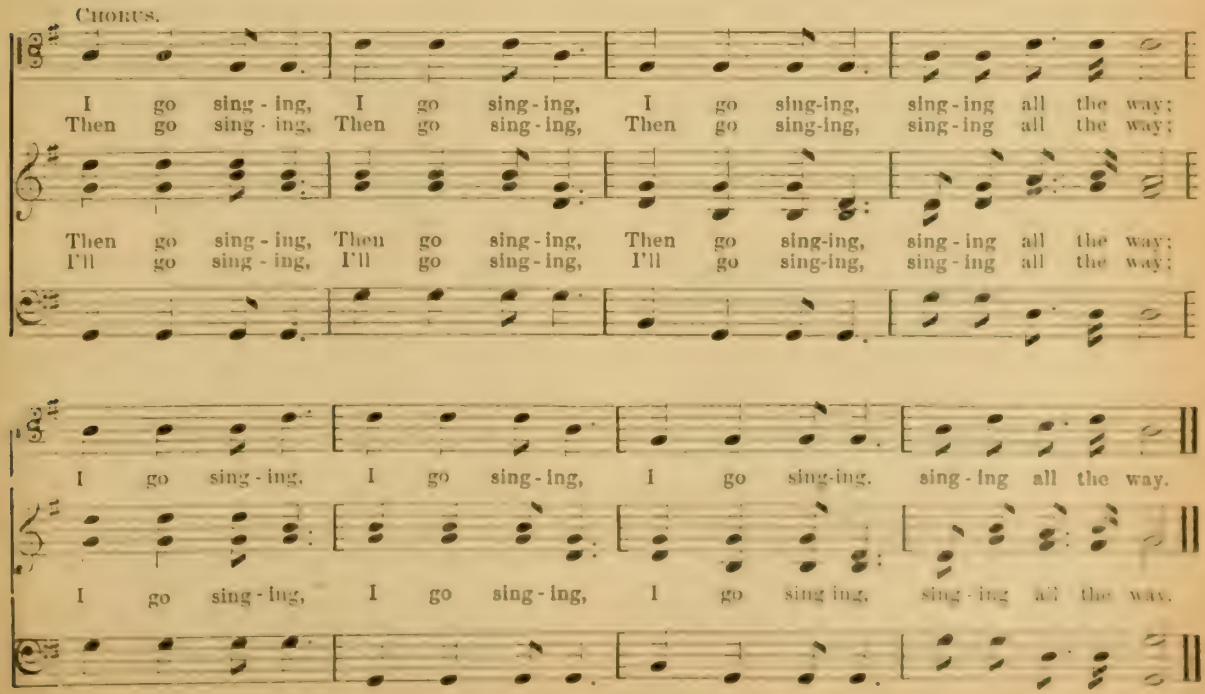
Words and Music by MRS. T. J. COOK.





I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

"Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

1 I will sing for Jesus,
With his blood He bought me;
And all along my pilgrim way
His loving hand has brought me.

CHORUS.—Oh! help me sing for Jesus,
Help me tell the story
Of Him who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.

2 Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My blesséd, blesséd Master?

3 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus!
Oh! how will I adore Him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before Him.

MRS. ELLEN M. GATES.

From "Singing Pilgrim." Set to music by Dr. Philip Phillips.

"THY FAITHFULNESS."

Psalm lxxxix: 2.

1 Mine eye upon Thy faithfulness would gaze,
And pierce the very heavens, where ever lives
Jesus, my faithful Priest: to Him I raise
In constant song, my praise for all He gives
In faithfulness.

2 Imprinted on His priestly girdle, shines
Royally, His faithfulness, unchanging still
'Mid changeful windings of my paths and times,
"Yet He abideth faithful," and His will
Is faithfulness.

3 Gently He called, and drew me to His side
In faithfulness, to know His voice and smile;
Then came affliction's dark and surging tide
And fiery trial, then I proved meanwhile
His faithfulness.

4 His still small voice, unto my lonely ear
Said, "Yea, I will betroth thee unto Me
In faithfulness." Hushed now is every fear,
For Christ is mine! in life, in death, I sing
Thy faithfulness.

MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.

Jeanne Marie Bouveir de la Mothe.

Jeanne Marie Bouveir de, la Mothe was born at Montargis, France, in 1648. At an early age she was married to M. Guyon, a man of wealth, who died, leaving her a widow at the age of 25 years. Through severe trials she had, previous to this, been brought into deep religious experiences, and the high degree of spirituality which characterized her conversation, attracted much notice.

On account of her Protestant tendencies, she was imprisoned in a convent for a period of eight months, in 1688.

She wrote and published prose and poetry to explain her religious views called "Quietism." As she could not refrain from expressing her sincere convictions, she was again imprisoned in 1698, first in castle at Vincennes, then in the Bastile, from which gloomy dungeon she was taken in 1702 and banished to Blois. While there she wrote the following, among many other hymns, expressing her content and resignation under all circumstances. She is also the author of the hymn beginning—

I love my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give;
I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine,
For by Thy life I live;
I am as nothing, and rejoice to be
Emptied and lost, and swallowed up in Thee.

She died in peaceful triumph at the age of nearly 70 years during her enforced retirement at Blois. No. 1, is as originally written; No. 2, is as it appears in our hymn books of to-day.

CONTENTMENT.

No. 1.

1 O Thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,
My Lord! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment!

2 All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred love!
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee:
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

3 To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay

5 Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot,
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all

6 My country, Lord, art Thou alone;
Nor other can I claim or own,
The point where all my wishes meet—
My law, my love, life's only sweet!

7 I hold by nothing here below;
Appoint my journey and I go,
Though pierced by scorn, oppress'd by pride,
I feel Thee good—feel nought beside.

8 No frowns of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heavenly love;
Though men and devils both condemn,
No gloomy days arise from them.

9 Ah, then! to His embrace repair,
My soul, thou art no stranger there;
There love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward

MADAME GUYON.

CONTENTMENT.

No. 2.

Phil. iv : 11.

1 O Lord, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time;
Our country is in every clime;
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

MADAME GUYON.

RESIGNATION.

Psalm xc: 12.

1 If life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it; I am well content;
And meekly wait my last remove,
Desiring only trustful love.

2 No bliss I'll seek, but to fulfill
In life, in death, thy perfect will;
No succor in my woes I want,
But what my Lord is pleased to grant.

3 Our days are numbered: let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care;
'Tis Thine to number out our days;
'Tis ours to give them to Thy praise.

4 Faith is our only business here—
Faith, simple, constant, and sincere;
Oh! blesséd days thy servants see!
Thus spent, O Lord! in pleasing Thee.

MADAME GUYON.

When Madame Guyon was imprisoned in the Castle of Vincennes, in 1698, she not only sang, but wrote songs of praise to her God. "It sometimes seemed to me," she said, "as if I were a little bird whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had nothing now to do but sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around me. The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies. I esteemed them more than all the gaudy brilliancies of a vain world. My heart was full of that joy which Thou givest to them that love Thee in the midst of their greatest crosses." This sentiment she embodied in the hymn below.

A PRISONER'S SONG.

1 A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

2 Nought have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And He whom well I love to please
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

3 Thou hast an ear to hear,
A heart to love and bless;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less;
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

4 My cage confines me round,
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty;
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

5 Oh! it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

MADAME GUYON.

TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW.

"The Christian should be like a little bird, which sits on its twig and sings, and lets God *think* for it.—LUTHER.

1 Like Luther's bird, I sit and sing,
Not knowing what the day may bring;
Nor have I any need to know,
My Father doth protect me so.

2 I do the work He gives to me,
Not heeding what or where it be;
And more my Father will not ask,
Than that I do my daily task.

3 He sees, He knows my every need,
Then why should I take careful heed?
He bids me cast on Him my care,
And every burden He will bear.

4 Each day will bring some new surprise,
Some token of His watchful eyes;
If trouble comes, to Him I fly,
Who doth my every want supply.

5 Who, then, so free and glad as I,
With such a Friend forever nigh?
Beneath His shadow I may hide,
And safely in His love abide.

6 And so I calmly sit and sing,
Content with what each day may bring;
My Father orders for the best,
And in His will I find my rest.

MARIA A. WEST.
Constantinople, Aug. 5, 1882.

MY PEACE.

1 O wondrous Peace! canst thou, dear heavenly guest,
Consent to stay within our hearts oppressed,
'Mid the harsh tumult of our worldly care,
Our empty hopes, our pleasures light as air,
Not long to seek thy native realm of rest?

2 Thou truest refuge of the soul and best,
Thou art the Master's sovereign, last bequest—
A greater gift than joy, more constant, fair,
O wondrous Peace!

3 God's angels have not such a boon possessed
As He hath granted to the human breast:
"My peace I give," O heritage most rare!—
The deep repose of Christ Himself to share.
All hail! Thou morning-star of day most blest,
O wondrous Peace!

JULIA H. THAYER.
Chicago, 1883.

WHEN.

1 If I were told that I must die to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all fear and sorrow
For any one,
All the fight fought, all the short journey through,
What should I do?

2 I do not think that I should shrink or falter,
But just go on
Doing my work, nor change, nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone;
But rise, and move, and love, and smile, and pray
For one more day.

3 And lying down at night for a last sleeping,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever: "Lord, within Thy keeping
How should I fear?
And when to-morrow brings Thee nearer still,
Do Thou Thy will."

4 I might not sleep for awe; but peaceful, tender,
My soul would lie
All the night long; and when the morning splendor
Flushed o'er the sky,
I think that—I could smile,—could calmly say,
"It is His day."

5 But if a wondrous hand from the blue yonder
Held out a scroll,
On which my life was writ, and I with wonder
Beheld unroll
To a long century's end its mystic clue—
What should I do?

6 What could I do, Oh! blessed Guide and Master,
Other than this;
Still to go on as now, not slower, faster,
Nor fear to miss
The road, although so very long it be,
While led by Thee?

7 Step after step, feeling Thee close beside me,
Although unseen,
Through thorns, through flowers, whether the tempest hide Thee
Or heavens serene,
Assured Thy faithfulness cannot betray,
Thy love decay.

8 I may not know; my God, no hand revealeth
Thy counsels wise!
Along the path a deepening shadow stealeth,
No voice replies
To all my questioning thought, the time to tell,
And it is well.

9 Let me keep on, abiding and unfearing,
Thy will always,
Through a long century's ripening fruition
Or a short day's,
Thou canst not come too soon; and I can wait—
If Thou come late.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.
1880.

RELIGION.

1 'T is religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'T is religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

MARY MASTERS.

WILDERNESS REST.

"Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her Beloved?"—Song of Solomon—viii: 5.

1 Only just to rest upon His bosom,
Only just to lean upon His arm!
Calm from all the fretting and impatience,
Safe and confident from fear of harm.

2 'Tis no effort I can make will bring me
To this place of sweet and blessèd rest;
But He holds me, keeps me there forever,
Folded closely down upon His breast.

3 Carries me o'er mountain, hill, and valley,
Through the wilderness so long and drear;
And although the path be steep and rugged,
Stayed upon Him what have I to fear?

4 What though round me all is scorched and thirsty!
He is the "shadow in a weary land;"
Why should I care for "windy storm and tempest,"
When in the "Hiding-place" secure I stand?

5 Then, O my heart, why bodest thou of sorrow?
The "everlasting arms" are round thee clasped;
Jesus shall keep thee till that glad to-morrow,
When thou shalt stand with Him "at home" at last.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR.

A MAN OF SORROWS, AND ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF

1 Jesus! I glory in the truth
That Thou art very God;
That Thee, the shining ones above
Acknowledge as their Lord.

2 That Thou, who wearest many crowns,
Invitest royally
Thine erring subjects to return
In loyalty to Thee.

3 But Saviour, when I cannot hear
The song of seraphim,
When Thy dear heav'n seems far away,
And all its glories dim;

4 The while temptations lure from Thee,
Or fill my soul with dread;
Or when I mourn in loneliness,
Some face evanished;

5 'Tis then Thy human sympathy
My spirit longs to know;
Oh! wept He once as mortals weep?
Oh! felt He pain, or woe?

6 Thus questioning, I search for Thee
In sorrow's gloomy night,
As plantlets buried in the earth
Reach upward to the light.

7 But Jesus, Thou in earthly ills
Hast borne a wondrous part;
And Thou with sympathetic glance
Canst read the human heart,

8 With all its doubts and weaknesses,
Its wishes and its fears,
Its joys and sorrows unexpressed,
Too deep for words or tears.

9 O Christ! 'Tis glorious to know
Thou art indeed divine;
But to Thy human heart I bring
This human heart of mine.

ANNIE L. SMITH.
From the "Congregationalist," July 13, 1871.

FOR JESUS' SAKE.

1 From out the distant centuries
Is wafted on the air,
In clear and solemn cadency,
His most pathetic prayer

2 Who, first, in child-like confidence,
This urgent plea did make,
And asking the desired good,
Asked all, for Jesus' sake!

3 O tender, loving plea, it drew
Near to the heart of God,
Sweet with the fragrance of His name
Like frankincense out-poured.

4 "For Jesus' sake"—"For Jesus' sake"—
How thrilled celestial air
When to the inner court of heaven
Passed the imploring prayer!

5 From exiled lips in lonely caves;
From martyr-fires it rose;
From dungeons deep, whose dire woe
No mortal tongues disclose;

6 From happy hearts in happy homes;
From haunts of toil and care;
From beds of pain and weariness,
Ascends the pleading prayer.

7 And passing out from Death to Life,
This plea shall be our own:
"A blissful immortality,
For Jesus' sake alone!"

ANNIE LENTHAL SMITH.
Stonington, Ct., 1877.

THE MORNING STAR.

1 There's a star that shines on the blest highway,
Where the ransom'd heav'n bound are,
As a fire by night and a cloud by day—
'T is the Bright and Morning Star.

2 The pilgrim weary and weak in faith,
Hath smiled in its beams afar;
One died to redeem him, 't is He who saith,—
"I'm the Bright and Morning Star."

3 Oh! narrow and rugged the blood-bought way,
That leads to the pearly bar,
But they who pass it shall walk for aye
By the light of the Morning Star.

4 Shall trial and sorrow, so sure to come,
The peace of the spirit mar?
Nay, brightest in gloom is the light of home,
Of the Bright and Morning Star.

MRS. S. T. GRISWOLD.

INTO THE LIGHT.

1 Long I sat in the gloaming sighing
Over a faith that was almost dying.

2 My trust was shaken—I could not pray,
And my heart cried out in a desolate way,

3 "Oh! strengthen my faith in Thee, my God,
I try to be patient beneath the rod."

4 It is hard to say "Thy will be done,"
When our treasures are taken, one by one.

5 If God be marking our path each day,
Could He not lead in an easier way?

6 Like one lost in a forest, who strains his ear,
I listen'd the voice of God to hear.

7 There came no sound save a desolate moan
Of the wind as it sigh'd, "Alone, still alone."

8 Then I hopelessly ask'd if this long, dark night
Would ever be followed by morning light.

9 A voice came back on the still night air,
"I am watching thee now in thy dark despair.
10 I remember thy vows in the days gone by,
When thy sun shone out of a clear blue sky.
11 "Now thy way is dark and thy faith seems lone,
But think of each step of the crucified One.
12 "Oh! falter not, child, but be brave and strong,
Thy wayfare's short and thy rest will be long."
13 My doubts were all gone. I brought my care
To the foot of the Cross, and left it there.
14 The gloaming had passed into darkest night,
But I heeded it not, I had found the light.

MARY FRANK BROWNE.

THE LIGHTENED BURDEN.

1 I used to come with a burden of care,
Many times a day,
Kneel low at the feet of Jesus, and there
Would tearfully pray.
But to come with a burden so often,
Is not the Lord's way,

2 So now I come with a heartfelt praise,
And a soulful song.
I have nothing else to bring, for the days
With mercies are strung.
A bright love-chain from my heart to Jesus'
Draws me to His throne.

3 What have I done with my wearisome load?
Why, one blessed day,
I learned I had just to roll it on God,
Ere I went to pray,
And to carry thanks, the heart's best jewels
To crown Him alway.

4 I give to sorrow a welcoming word,
'Tis His will for me;
And when it has done the work of my God,
I know I am free
To roll it on Him, but never uplift it,
My burden to be.

5 "He puts our tears in His bottle," for keeping.
What tears, you say?
I think they are tears of joyful weeping,
Too glad to stay.
The praise of saints in the golden vials,
God shall open one day.

MISS A. C. SCAMMELL.
Milford, Mass., 1882.

REST.

"And to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God." Eph. iii: 19.

1 I prayed to have this love of Christ,
For, Oh! I longed to know
The breadth and length and depth and height
Of Jesus' love below.
He came, and swept away all props
On which I leaned with pride;
For only into emptied hearts
Comes Christ, the crucified.

2 He humbled to the dust my pride,
And yet the bruised reed
He did not break—so tenderly
He heals the hearts that bleed.
The Saviour could not enter in
A heart so full of sin;
I wept when His clear light revealed
The vanity within.

3 The calm so sweet has come at last;
The poor tossed heart finds rest;
The tempest drove the wearied bird
Into the sheltering nest.
The storm without is just as fierce,
The blast is at its height,
But all within is calm and still—
At evening time 'tis light.

4 For this new life—so sweet—dear Lord,
What can I say to Thee?
I never dreamed that Thou couldst give
Such perfect rest to me.
For years I heard Thy pleading voice,
"Oh! cast your care on me,"
And yet I knew not how to trust
These weary cares to Thee.

5 More heavy grew the burdens then,
The weight I could not bear;
Helpless, I cast them at His feet,
The burdens and the care;
And Oh! the quiet, peace and joy,
The fulness of His love!
Who cast their every care on Him
Will taste the joys above.

L. M. LATIMER.
Mexico City, October, 1881.

COUNT THE MERCIES.

1 Count the mercies! Count the mercies!
Number all the gifts of love;
Keep a daily, faithful record
Of the comforts from above.
Look at all the lovely green spots
In life's weary desert way;
Think how many cooling fountains
Cheer our fainting hearts each day.
Count the mercies! count the mercies,
See them strewn along our way!

2 See! Oh! see the countless beauties
In the charming scenes of earth!
Think of all the untold blessings,
Clustering round our home and hearth,
Think of friends and precious kindred,
To our hearts so dear, so sweet,
Think of heaven's unnumbered blessings,
Can you all the list repeat?
Count the mercies! count the mercies
Making bright paths for your feet.

3 Count the mercies, though the trials
Seem to number more each day;
Count the trials too, as mercies,
Add them to the grand array;
Trials are God's richest blessings,
Sent to prompt our upward flight,
As the eagle's nest—all broken,
Makes them fly to loftier heights.
Count them mercies—count them mercies
That bring heaven within our sight.

4 Count them mercies which shall sever
Cords that bind our spirits down—
Causing them below to grovel,
And forget our heavenly crown.
Let all earthly ties be riven,
Nests be broken, hopes decay,
If to God our souls be driven,
If from earth we soar away.
Wondrous mercies! hallowed mercies!
Urging us the heavenly way.

5 Thus we find the purer comforts,
Richer far than those of earth—
Joys unfailing, hopes enduring,
Treasures of surpassing worth:
Beams of bright, celestial radiance,
From the Central Source of Light,
Spreading o'er each scene of sadness
Halos gladdening to our sight.
Count the mercies—count the mercies—
Filling us with joys so bright.

6 Let us number all our jewels,
Let us estimate their worth;
Let us thank the Gracious Giver,
Strewing blessings o'er the earth;
Let our hearts o'erflow with gladness,
Let us tell the wonders o'er;
Till our multiplying treasures
Seem a countless, boundless store.
Then let praises—grateful praises,
Be our language evermore.

MRS MARY D. JAMES.

THANKS FOR ALL

1 O Thou, whose bounty fills my cup
With every blessing meet!
I give Thee thanks for every drop—
The bitter and the sweet.

2 I praise Thee for the desert road,
And for the river-side;
For all Thy goodness hath bestowed,
And all Thy grace denied.

3 I thank Thee for both smile and frown,
And for the gain and loss;
I praise Thee for the future crown,
And for the present cross.

4 I thank Thee for the wing of love,
Which stirred my worldly nest;
And for the stormy clouds which drove
The flutterer to Thy breast.

5 I bless Thee for the glad increase,
And for the waning joy;
And for this strange, this settled peace,
Which nothing can destroy.

MRS. JANE F. CREWDSON.

A RETURN FROM SEA.

"Forth from the deep."

1 Preserved from peril, o'er the surging ocean,
Safely by fav'ring breezes homeward driven,
To Thee, O Father! be our heart's emotion
In grateful praises given!

2 For saving care, when evening skies were clouded,
And Arctic dangers compass'd us around,
When blinding mists our helpless barque enshrouded,
Amidst the dread profound!

3 For night's grand worshipping of solemn splendor,
Where vestal stars their watch unfailing keep,
And wave to answering wave responses render,
Deep calling unto deep!

4 For day's bright pageant, when the sun, uprising,
Poured floods of glory o'er the eastern main,
Upper and nether blue in light baptizing,
With his proud glance of flame:—

5 For calm and shine,—for stormy winds, careering
With marshall'd hosts across the sounding sea;
For all Thy wonders in the deep appearing,
Its awful mystery!

6 For these we thank Thee! as for every blessing;
For home regained, for loving friends restored;
Nor yet alone, by feeble lips expressing,
Be Thy dear name adored;—

7 But, be our lives a fervent, glad thanksgiving,
Each thought and deed rife with unceasing praise;
'Neath the pure influence of Thy Spirit living,
Thus, pass our earthly days!

MARY C. WEBSTER.
Rocky Hill, Conn., 1883.

Lester M. Poole

Was formerly a Miss Hunt, a native of Vermont. She married C. O. Poole, and is now a resident of New York City. She is a well known writer of prose and verse, and much interested in the advancement of women. In Harper's "Cyclopedia of British and American Poetry" the editor, Epes Sargent, finished the book with two of Mrs. Poole's poems. High encomiums have been passed upon her poetry, it having been pronounced equal to the productions of any American woman.

THE TEMPLE.

1 Come, let us build a stately temple here
Unto our God; a temple spacious, rare,
Friend of my soul! Together we will rear
Its roof, and carve its columns strong and fair.
In its long aisles, beneath its glorious dome,
Where peace shall surely dwell, our souls will find
their home.

2 It shall not stand beside the public way
Where Mammon, and unrest, and turmoil pass;
But in a cool and quiet glade, where play
The murmuring breezes, where the billowy grass
And hoar, old trees, and thickets of young pine,
With curious, fragrant vines, shall grow and intertwine.

3 There, in their serried pomp, the marshalled stars
Tread down with awful silentness the sky;
Between our heads and theirs no prison bars
Beat back the light, or screen from them each sigh;
Less cruel or less cold than human eyes,
They look in ours and soothe with heavenly sympathies.

4 Deep as our lives shall its foundations be;
Its walls no stronger, whiter than our souls;
Nor sard nor porphyry beyond the sea,
Can fashion rhythmic columns, where unfolds
Such aisles, whose graceful arches echo back
To still more grace, the eye on its delighted track.

5 And all its pillars, arches, walls and scrolls,
Cunning devices, hewn with jealous care,
Cut from our lives, quarried from living souls,
And turned to stone, shall stand forever there.
We rear a living Temple. God is Love,
To Him from off our altar, incense floats above.

HESTER M. POOLE.

WE'RE GOING HOME.

1 We're going home; the night is past,
Zion's fair morning breaks at last;
Wanderers on earth no more we roam,
A ransomed throng we're going home.

2 We're going home; glad notes we sing,
And shout hosannas to our King.
Across the dark and angry foam
From earth's long night we're going home.

3 We're going home; the morning fair
Is shining o'er the waters there;
The peace of God lights up the gloom,
And, in that light, we're going home.

4 We're going home; on that bright shore
The blight of sin comes never more.
No wasted lives, no shadowed tomb:
To joys supreme we're going home.

5 We're going home: adieu to tears;
Farewell, vain world, and all thy fears—
To me, no more, can evil come.
O soul, rejoice; we're going home.

MRS. F. A. F. WOOD-WHITE.
December 20, 1875.

PEACE.

1 Ere our dear Saviour spoke the parting word
To those who loved Him best when here below,
While deep emotion every bosom stirred,
He said: "My peace I give you ere I go!"

2 His Peace—sweet Peace! As falls the summer dew
On drooping flowers, so fell those words of cheer
Upon the earnest hearts that dimly knew
What they, like their dear Lord, must suffer here.

3 His Peace—Christ's Peace! O gift most rare and strange!
Never was aught so precious given before!
Vain trifler he who would that gift exchange
For all the riches of Golconda's shore!

4 His Peace—His blesséd Peace! Not Joy, the bright,
Bewildering sprite that charmed their early years,
When, with youth's roses crowned, and clad in light,
Her radiant eyes had ne'er been dimmed by tears—

5 But Peace that walks with Patience, side by side,
Bearing Heaven's seal upon her pale, calm face,
Child of Submission, whatso'er betide,
She wears the white robes of celestial grace.

6 O Christ! whose human heart remembers still
The pangs from which death only gave release,
Strange griefs, strange fears, our yearning souls must fill,
Withhold what else Thou wilt—but give us Peace!

JULIA C. R. DORR, 1884.

I THANK THEE, GOD! FOR WEAL AND WOE.

1 I thank Thee, God! for all I've known
Of kindly fortune, health, and joy;
And quite as gratefully I own
The bitter drops of life's alloy.

2 Oh! there was wisdom in the blow
That wrung the sad and scalding tear;
That laid my dearest idol low,
And left my bosom lone and drear.

3 I thank Thee, God! for all of smart
That Thou hast sent; for not in vain
Has been the heavy, aching heart,
The sigh of grief, the throb of pain.

4 What if my cheek had ever kept
Its healthful color, glad and bright?
What if my eyes had never wept
Throughout a long and sleepless night?

5 Then, then, perchance, my soul had not
Remember'd there were paths less fair;
And, selfish in my own blest lot,
Ne'er strove to soothe another's care.

6 But when the weight of sorrow found
My spirit prostrate and resign'd,
The anguish of the bleeding wound
Taught me to feel for all mankind.

7 Even as from the wounded tree
The goodly precious balm will pour;
So in the riven heart there'll be
Mercy that never flow'd before.

8 'Tis well to learn that sunny hours
May quickly change to mournful shade;
'Tis well to prize life's scatter'd flowers,
Yet be prepared to see them fade.

9 I thank Thee, God! for weal and woe,
And whatsoe'er the trial be;
'Twill serve to wean me from below,
And bring my spirit nigher Thee.

ELIZA COOK.

RIVER OF PEACE.

1 I look on a river whose beautiful stream
Unceasingly rolls to the sea;
Deep blue in the sunshine its calm waters flow,
Its course is triumphant and free.
CHORUS.—River of Peace! gentle thy flow,
Gladden our hearts wherever we go.

2 I see the long swell of its on-going waves,
I hear their soft wash on the shore;
And it seems, as I listen, as though unto me
Sweet teachings of Heaven they bore.

3 Thy bright billows catch the last gleam of the day,
The first trembling starlight at even,
For, tho' shadows of earth on thy borders may play,
Thy bosom still images heaven.

MISS L. V. N.
Set to music by T. C. O'Kane.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer.

Mrs. Wittenmeyer was born in Kentucky and educated in Ohio. She was Miss Willard's predecessor as President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and continues to be one of its most valued members. She is a woman of much force of character, yet withal gentle and suave in manner. Her hymns breathe forth much spirituality and sweetness. "I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet" is known and sung very extensively, as are many of her productions.

Mrs. Wittenmeyer is a gifted platform speaker, and her engagement to lecture under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, has been a most successful and satisfactory one. Her war reminiscences come into play with fine effect in this field of labor, and she never fails to interest and edify an audience.

THE MOUNT OF BLESSING.

1 We're climbing the mount of blessing,
We are seeking a city most fair,
That stands on its glorious summit,
For the temple of God is there.
CHO.—Come, Oh! come; we'll onward and upward keep pressing,
In the narrow road,
To the city of God,
That stands on the mount of blessing.

2 We've heard that this beautiful city,
Which is builded of jewels and gold,
Is the home of our loving Jesus,
And His face we may there behold.

3 He's gone up the mountain before us,
And our robes and our crowns will prepare,
And He will make ready His palace,
And will graciously welcome us there.

4 The way may be narrow and rugged,
With its dangers on every hand,
But still we will follow our Jesus,
And go up and possess the land.

5 We'll soon reach the gates of the city,
Where there'll be no more sorrow nor night,
And, crowned with His saints and angels,
We will walk with King Jesus in white.

ANNIE WITTENMYER.
Set to music by J. E. Gould, in "Songs of Gladness."

GLORY YET TO BE REVEALED.

1 "Eye hath not seen the things prepared of God."
No plants that spring from this terrestrial sod,
Nor trees that wave upon the summer air,
Nor azure skies, nor forms of beauty rare,
Can symbolize the treasures laid away
Within the regions of celestial day.

2 "Ear hath not heard." The voice of melody
Floating across the solemn midnight sea,
The tender tones of love, the organ peal
That fills the minster as the people kneel,
The carols of the birds, the sighing breeze—
God has prepared far better things than these.

3 "Neither has entered in the heart of man."
The faintest shadow of the wondrous plan,
The rainbow's tinted hopes that lure the soul,
Yet still, with baffled pinions, miss their goal—
All lovely dreams, all visions of delight,
Are to the things prepared as dark to light.

4 Of that fair city where the ransomed dwell
No pen can write, no mortal tongue can tell,
But those who find an entrance shall abide
Forevermore, completely satisfied.
No dread of loss shall cause disturbing fears,
And God's own hand shall wipe away all tears.

HELEN CHAUNCEY.
New Haven, Ct.

SWEET REST.

"Therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice." Psa. lxiii. 7.

1 There was rest, sweet rest, in my weary heart,
On that day when I made Thee my choice;
And a peace, sweet peace, that will ne'er depart.
In the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.

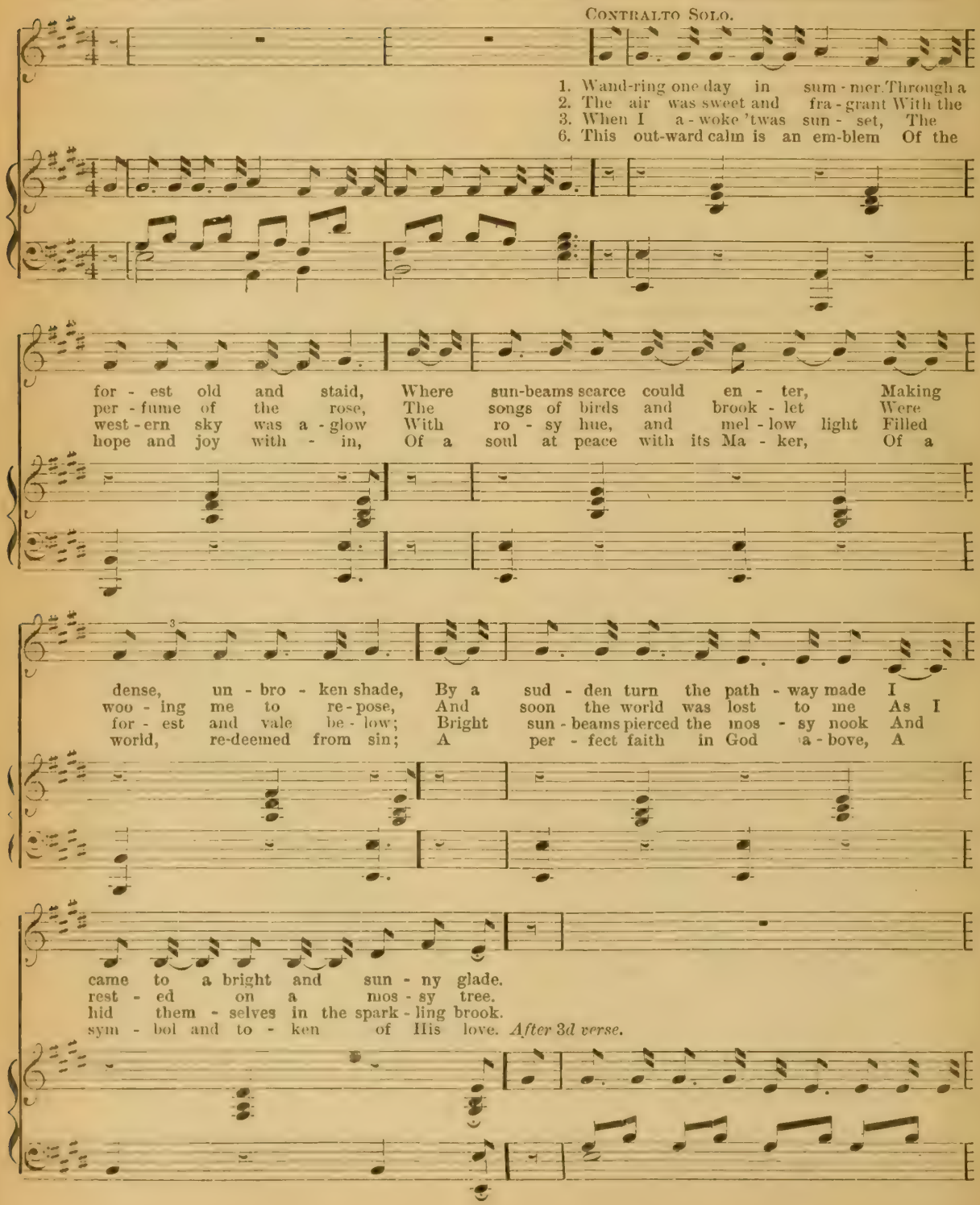
2 There is rest, sweet rest, tho' earth's trials wait
On my soul with their burden of care;
'Neath Thy guiding eye all my fears abate,
And Thy tender love doth shield me from each snare.

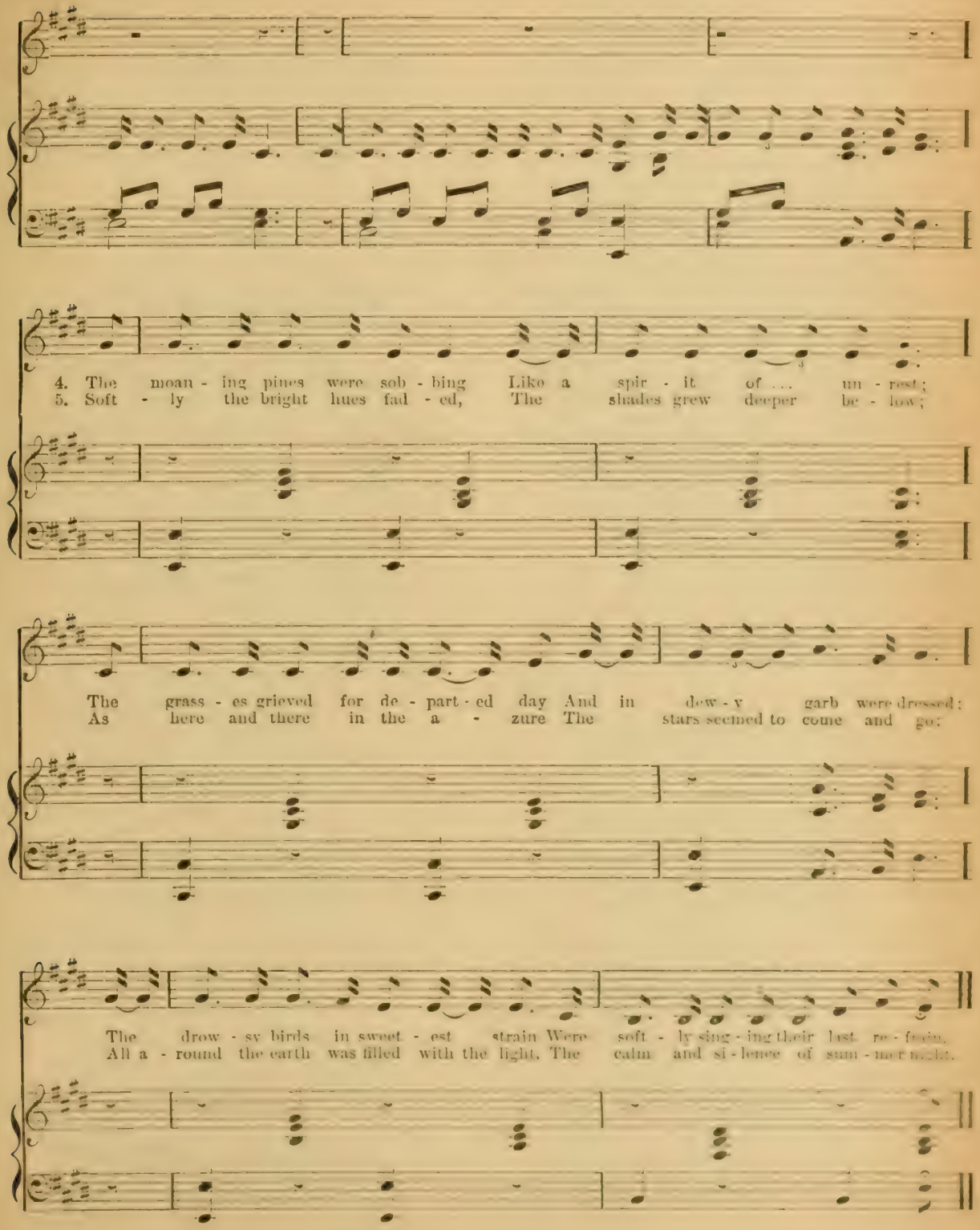
3 There is rest, sweet rest, and my soul grows strong,
When I feel that Thou always art near;
And my heart shall sing though the way be long,
For Thy presence casteth out my every fear.

M. E. SERVISS.
From "Holy Voices," by per. E. S. Lorenz.

PEACE.

ANNIS R. FOLSOM, 1884. Written for Woman in Sacred Song. MARY FRANCES ENGLISH, 1884.




4. The moan - ing pines were sob - bing Like a spir - it of ... un - rest;
5. Soft - ly the bright hues fad - ed, The shades grew deeper be - low;
The grass - es grieved for de - part - ed day And in dew - y garb were dressed:
As here and there in the a - zure The stars seemed to come and go;
The drow - sy birds in sweet - est strain Were soft - ly sing - ing their last re - frain,
All a - round the earth was filled with the light, The calm and si - lence of sum - mer night.

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS.

1 I weep, but not rebellious tears;
I mourn, but not in hopeless woe;
I droop, but not with doubtful fears;
For whom I've trusted, Him I know.
Lord, I believe, assuage my grief,
And help, Oh! help my unbelief.

2 My days of youth and health are o'er;
My early friends are dead and gone;
And there are times it tries me sore
To think I'm left on earth alone.
But yet Faith whispers, "'Tis not so—
He will not leave nor let thee go."

3 Blind eyes, fond heart, poor soul, that sought
For lasting bliss in things of earth;—
Remembering but with transient thought
Thy heavenly home, thy second birth;
Till God in mercy broke at last
The bonds that held thee down so fast.

4 As link by link was rent away,
My heart wept blood, so sharp the pain:
But I have learnt to count this day,
That temporal loss, eternal gain;
For all that once detained me here
Now draws me to a holier sphere:

5 A holier sphere, a happier place,
Where I shall know as I am known,
And see my Saviour face to face,
And meet rejoicing round His throne,
The faithful souls made perfect there,
From earthly stains and mortal care.

CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY.

WHEN I CAN TRUST.

Job i: xxi.

C. L. M.

1 When I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,—
Bow all resigned beneath His rod,
And bless His sparing power;
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet;
For He will hear my prayer;
Though sighs and tears its language be,
The Lord is nigh to answer me.

3 Then, blesséd be the hand that gave,
Still blesséd when it takes;
Blesséd be He who smites to save,
Who heals the heart He breaks:
Perfect and true are all His ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

ELIZABETH CODNER.

DE PROFUNDIS.

1 Out of the depths to Thee I cry,
Whose fainting footsteps trod
The paths of our humanity,
Incarnate Son of God!

2 Thou Man of grief, who once apart
Didst all our sorrows bear,
The trembling hand, the fainting heart,
The agony, and prayer!

3 Is this the consecrated dower,
Thy chosen ones obtain,
To know Thy resurrection power
Through fellowship of pain?

4 Then, O my soul, in silence wait;
Faint not, O faltering feet;
Press onward to that blest estate,
In righteousness complete.

5 Let faith transcend the passing hour,
The transient pain and strife,
Upraised by an immortal power,—
The power of endless life.

MRS. E. E. MARCY.

From "Methodist Hymnal." Edited by Nelson and Phillips.

WE'RE NEARER HOME.

1 We know not what's before us,
What trials are to come:
But each day passing o'er us,
Brings us nearer home.

REFRAIN.—We're nearer, nearer home,
Our blesséd, happy home,
Where grief and sin can never come,
We're nearer, nearer home.

2 Though dark our path, and lonely,
And clouds our sky o'ercast,
Let us remember only,
That it will soon be past.

3 Whate'er of gloom or anguish
Life to our hearts may bring,
In doubt we will not languish,
But cheerfully will sing.

KATE CAMERON.

Copyright, 1862, in "Golden Showers." By per. Biglow & Main.

GOD'S DISCIPLINE.

1 Our hearts are heavy, Lord, and faint
With weakness and with conq'ring sin,
Oh! lead us where Thy gates of rest
Invite Thy toil-worn children in!

2 The way ofttimes is sorrowful,
The sky and path is cold and drear;
Bright summer fails, and winter seems
To fill the weary, weary year.

3 Bruised, bleeding heart, and wand'ring feet,
Tired brain and wayward will and hands,
Thy strong desire is to fulfill
The measure of Thy Lord's commands.

4 Oft what Thou dost we know not now;
Thy dealings suffer dark eclipse.
Help us to trust, and trusting know
It is Thy cup pressed to our lips.

ISADORE G. JEFFERY,
Chicago.

HIS WAY.

L. M.

(Tune, "*Old Hundred.*")

1 God lets us go our way alone
Till we are homesick and distressed,
And humbly, then, come back to own
His way is best, His way is best.

2 He lets us thirst by Horeb's rock,
And hunger in the wilderness,
Yet at our feeblest, faintest knock
He waits to bless, He waits to bless.

3 He lets us faint in far-off lands,
And feed on husks and feel the smart,
Till we come home with empty hands
And swelling heart, and swelling heart.

4 But then for us the robe and ring,
The Father's welcome and the feast,
While over us the angels sing,—
Though last and least, tho' last and least.

ANNA F. BURNHAM,
Amherst, Mass.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

1 O God, Thy face I cannot see,
Thy form I cannot touch,
Thy "still, small voice" I cannot hear,
Although I listen much.

2 These mortal eyes are dull of sight,
These fingers are so numb;
To all Thy voices I am deaf,
To praise Thee, I am dumb.

3 Was it to quicken my dull sense,
Thy voice to make me hear,
That Thou didst send Thy providence
In thundering tones severe?

4 Had I but heard Thy whispered Word—
So soft and low and clear—
I ne'er had known Thy thunder tone,
Which now I know and fear.

5 The lesson's taught, but it was bought
By pain and bitter tear.
Alas! that I did not reply
To love instead of fear!

6 The birds in air, with plumage fair,
And voice so clear and sweet,
Thy blessings share, Thy love declare,
The story all repeat.

7 While through the leaves, and moss-grown caves,
The swallow builds her nest,
The singing birds in sweetest words,
Sing on—"God's love is blest."

8 The sighing breeze, amid the trees,
The hills and woodland dells,
The clover nooks, the running brooks,
The same sweet story tells.

9 The storm's dread might, the rainbow's light,
Proclaim the same glad word.
While thunder crash and lightning flash
To harmony are stirred.

10 The sweet flowers in the meadow,
The wild beasts in the wood,
The plants, streams, lakes, and ocean,
All whisper, "God is good."

11 Oh! that my song might now ascend
In music, soft and sweet,
With nature's melody to blend,
In harmony complete.

12 Jesus, attune my heart aright,
And teach my lips to praise;
That I may sing both day and night,
And serve Thee all my days.

LENA ARMSTRONG.
Pontiac, Nov., 1884.
From "Gems of Poetry"
John Dougall & Co., New York.

HIS JEWELS.

1 When the Lord makes up His jewels,
Choosing gems of every hue,
Pearls and diamonds, rubies, sapphires,
Showing flawless through and through,
Could I be the least among them,
Smallest gem that love could see,
And His eye detect the brightness,
That would be enough for me.

2 Precious stones are cut and polished
By the lapidary's skill,
Cruel knife and rasping friction
Work on each the master's will.
Not until the sparkling facets
With an equal luster glow,
Does the artist choose a setting
For the gem perfected so.

3 Thus I wait the royal pleasure,
And when trouble comes to me,
Smile to think He may be working
On the gem, though small it be.
All I ask is strength to bear it,
Faith and patience to be still;
Held by Him, no knife can slay me,
Loving Him, no anguish kill.

ELEANOR KIRK.

AT THE CROSS.

1 Before Thy cross, dear Lord, I fall;
Out of the depths to Thee I call,
O Friend and Helper, one and all!

2 O dearest Lord, Thy tender eye
Rebukes, yet pities my lone cry,
When staggering 'neath my cross I lie.

3 Poor human heart, with human needs,
How many are its broken reeds,
Grasped till the hand in torture bleeds.

4 How many gourds have felt the blight!
How many stars have lost their light!
How many suns gone down in night!

5 All, all are gone like barks at sea,
Lost in the dread immensity;
And now I stand alone with Thee.

6 All prostrate at Thy cross I kneel,
For Thou canst all our sorrows feel,
And Thy dear hand our wounds can heal.

7 No more I mark the dreary road
My bleeding feet so long have trod,—
Content to be alone with God.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

JOY IN SORROW.

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—John xvi: 20.

(Tune—*G. H.*, 2–18.)

1 I've found a joy in sorrow,
A secret balm for pain,
A beautiful to-morrow
Of sunshine after rain;
I've found a branch of healing
Near every bitter spring,
A whispered promise stealing
O'er every broken string.

2 I've found a glad hosanna
For every woe and wail;
A handful of sweet manna
When grapes of Eshcol fail;
I've found a Rock of Ages
When desert wells are dry;
And, after weary stages,
I've found an Elim nigh.

MRS. JANE CREWDSON.
Died 1863.

THOUGHTLESS LED AWAY.

"Wert thou thoughtless led away
By each folly of the day?
Cleaving to the things of earth,
Mindless of thy heavenly birth?
Bless the hours which broke their spell,
Made thee sick to make thee well."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

A FIRST SORROW.

1 Arise! this day shall shine
Forevermore,
To thee a star divine
On Time's dark shore.

2 Till now thy soul has been
All glad and gay;
Bid it awake, and look
At grief to-day!

3 No shade has come between
Thee and the sun;
Like some long childish dream
Thy life has run:

4 But now the stream has reached
A dark, deep sea,
And Sorrow, dim and crowned,
Is waiting thee.

5 Each of God's soldiers bears
A sword divine:
Stretch out thy trembling hands
To-day for thine!

6 To each anointed priest
God's summons came:
O Soul, He speaks to-day,
And calls thy name.

7 Then, with slow, reverent step,
And beating heart,
From out thy joyous days
Thou must depart,

8 And, leaving all behind,
Come forth alone,
To join the chosen band
Around the throne.

9 Raise up thine eyes—be strong,
Nor cast away
The crown that God has given
Thy soul to-day!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

FROM A POEM ENTITLED "INVOCATION."

1 O Thou! most kind and merciful! who never
Shut out a wanderer from the fold forever;
Look from the bastions of the shining city,
In tender pity.

2 Bereaved and weary, worn with heavy trials,
With keen reproaches and with sore denials;
Through tribulations, tempest, flood and fire,
Lead us up higher.

3 Since the dear idols whom we love and cherish
Fall to the earth and fade, and fail, and perish,
Grant in the awful anguish of affliction,
Thy benediction.

4 Teach us our duty, give us strength to do it;
Show us the way, and help us to pursue it;
Strengthen our purpose, aid our weak endeavor,
Keep us forever.

MARY F. TUCKER.

IT IS I: BE NOT AFRAID.

"Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid." Mark vi. 50.

1 Lonely pilgrim, art thou weary
With the burdens daily borne?
Does the way seem dark and dreary,
And thy lot in life forlorn?
Gird thy breastplate close around thee,
Hold it fast, the Spirit's blade,
Let the shield of faith adorn thee:
"It is I; be not afraid."

CHORUS.—Bear thy cross in sweet submission,
Look to me, be not dismayed,
By and by, a glad fruition:
"It is I; be not afraid."

2 Though thy feet are often bleeding
From the thorns along the way,
All the grace my child is needing,
I will give thee day by day;
Those I love I chasten sorely,
Thus to sweetly purify;
That each child be fitted wholly
For the perfect house on high.

3 Though beneath the clouds of sorrow,
Let thine armor brightly shine;
There shall dawn a glad to-morrow
For each trusting child of mine;
I will ever journey with thee,
Sooth thee when with sorrows weighed;
I, at last, a crown will give thee;
Journey on, "be not afraid."

MRS. HARRIET JONES.
From "Songs of Free Grace," by per. D. B. Towner.
Set to music by D. B. Towner.

Anna Shipton.

Anna Shipton is the author of "Precious Gems for the Saviour's Diadem," published in 1862, "The Brook in the Way," "Original Hymns and Poems," "The Cottage on the Rock," and other books.

THE VIGIL.

1 Father, my cup is full!
My trembling soul I raise;
Oh! save me in this solemn hour,
Thy might and love to praise.

2 Father, my cup is full!
But One hath drunk before,
And for our sins Thy face was hid,
When the bitter draught ran o'er.

3 Father, my cup is full!
But Thou dost bid me drink;
I know Thy love the chalice mixed,
And yet I faint—I shrink.

4 Alone He drank the cup,
The holy, sinless One,
That not one soul on earth again
Should drain the dregs alone.

5 Father, forsake me not!
O Christ, I look to Thee;
And by Thy midnight agony,
Do Thou remember me.

ANNA SHIPTON.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

1 What though we are late in the cold, starless night!
Still nearer we draw to our own Father's door;
And out from the tempest and into the light
We surely shall come when our journey is o'er.

2 The burdens that crush us well-nigh to the dust,
The anguish that tortures, the terrors and fears,
Are known to the Heart in whose love we may trust,
That watcheth our stumbling, that counteth our tears.

3 The way groweth lonely, the sky is more drear,
The helpers who loved us have passed through the tomb;
But He who is mightiest still is most near;
Let us reach forth our hand and meet His in the gloom.

4 The false fires are dancing to dazzle our sight;
There is danger around, there is darkness before,
But look! through the casement doth shine out the light,
As nearer we draw to our own Father's door!

UNA LOCKE BAILEY.

TOUCHED WITH A FEELING OF OUR INFIRMITIES.

1 When, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul, dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the spot.

4 'T is Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief;
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

RECONCILIATION.

1 Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be:
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
It is He;
Know His love, in full completeness,
Fills the measure of thy weakness;
If He wound thy spirit sore,
Trust Him more.

2 Fearest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot?
When the clouds around thee gather,
Doubt Him not!
Always hath the daylight broken,
Always hath He comfort spoken,
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

3 Therefore, whatsoe'er betideth,
Night or day,
Know His love for thee provideth
Good alway:
Crown of sorrow gladly take,
Grateful wear it for His sake,
Sweetly bending to His will,
Lie thou still.

4 To His own the Saviour giveth
Daily strength:
To each troubled soul that liveth
Peace at length;
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender Shepherd's care:
Ask not why, when, or how,
Only bow!

FANNIE STEWART.

THE POLAR STAR.

1 Weary wanderer o'er the main,
Seeking for thy home again,
Through the gathering mists that rise,
Veiling thy natal skies;
Look beyond, there's light for thee,
Streaming o'er the turbid sea.
REFRAIN.—Softly it smiles, though distant far,
The beautiful polar star.

2 Stranger, on a rocky strand,
Longing for thy father-land,
Through the gathering clouds that rise,
Veiling thy natal skies;
Look beyond, there's hope for thee,
Dawning o'er the tranquil sea.

3 Lonely watcher, pale with grief,
Thou shalt find a sweet relief,
Though thy tears unheeded fall,
Jesus will count them all;
Look beyond, there's joy for thee,
Breaking o'er a troubled sea.

FANNIE CROSBY.

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EVER NEAR ME.

Jesus, I am never weary
When upon this bed of pain,
If Thy presence only cheer me,
All my loss I count but gain.
Ever near me,
Ever near me, Lord, remain.

From a hymn by MRS. WEISS.
Daughter of Archbishop Whately.

COME TO ME.

L. M.

1 With tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die!
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; come to me."

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

BE NEAR ME.

1 Jesus, Saviour, hear my pleadings,
Turn me not away, I pray;
Grant to guard me and protect me,
Keep me in this trying day.
See, the storm is raging round me,
Sin's wild waves are swelling high;
Take me closer, blesséd Saviour,
Let me feel thy presence nigh.

2 Earth is lashed with winds of fury,
As they sweep from pole to pole;
Sparing not the sea nor ocean,
Gathering strength, they onward roll;
They are rising higher, higher,
Swelling for one dreadful blast;
But be near me, O my Saviour,
And I'll fear not to the last.

3 Strong men's hearts are quailing, failing,
As they faint and fearful grow;
For the omens thickly gather
Of that day of death and woe;
And they grow more wild and reckless,
Restless as the foaming sea,
Yet if Thou art near, dear Saviour,
All will joyful, peaceful be.

4 Hark the groanings of the nations,
As they totter to and fro,
On their reeling structures waiting
For their final overthrow,
Stirred as to their very center
'Mid the din and clash of arms;
Still if Thou art near, dear Saviour,
I'll not start at war's alarms.

5 Dark forebodings gather round them,
Deeds of violence, who can tell?
See them bathed in death and anguish,
Sinking, while their armies swell;
Watch them as their hopes grow fainter,
Hear that sad and mournful cry,
Then, O Saviour, be Thou near me
Till the tempest has passed by!

6 When the storms have all passed over,
When their ragings all are done,
May the ones I love so dearly
Gather in thy heavenly home;
There may we in sweet reunion
Join the songs of Heaven above,
And be near Thee, blessèd Saviour,
Oft to sing redeeming love.

SOPHIA PARKER.

FATHER, WE COME TO THEE.

1 Not as the little wandering child,
From fields where he had strayed,
Until the evening shade
Had made his heart afraid,
Comes to his mother's breast
For refuge and for rest—
Not thus we come to Thee.

2 Not as the happy and the pure,
With meekly-closing eyes,
Come at the eventide,
From cheerful toil aside,
Where love and peace abide,
And joys of Paradise.
Not as they come for rest
Unto the tender breast
Of sleep, serene and blest—
Father, we come to Thee.

3 But as the homesick wanderer comes,
Whose straying feet have prest
Full many a land unknown, to find
A country still more blest,
Till, with a whirling brain,
Weary with grief and pain,
Through chilling wind and rain,
Fainting, he turns again
To hearts that o'er him yearn,
Where through the windows burn
The lights of home, for rest.
Thus, as the weary come
To find a sheltering home,
Father, we come to Thee.

4 We come to Thee.
Although this earth of ours,
So beautiful with flowers,
With wreathing mists and showers,
With lips that smile, and eyes
That look through love's disguise,
Might seem a paradise;
Yet here we find no rest—
No rest from care and pain,
No rest for heart and brain;
And now, in agony,
We come, O Christ, to Thee!
And O, Thou pitiful,
Thou ever merciful!
We pray Thee, give us rest.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

GO AND TELL JESUS.

1 O aching heart! O restless brain!
Go and tell Jesus of thy pain;
He knows thee, loves thee, and His eye
Beams with divinest sympathy.

2 Go and tell Jesus; human ear
Thy mournful story may not hear;
Keep nothing back, for thee He cares,
His patient heart thy burden bears.

3 Go and tell Jesus—well He knows
The human heart, its pangs, its throes;
He will not fail thee; He will be
Friend, Comforter and peace to thee.

4 Go and tell Jesus—never yet
Did He a breaking heart forget;
Press closely to His bleeding side,
There, there thou shalt be satisfied.

KATIE L. KESLER.

LET ME LEAN HARD.

1 Let me lean hard upon the Eternal Breast,
In all earth's devious ways I sought for rest
And found it not.

2 I will be strong, said I—
And lean upon myself! I will not cry
And importune all heaven with my complaint—
But now my strength fails, and I fall, I faint.
Let me lean hard.

3 Let me lean hard upon the unfailing Arm.
I said I will walk on, I fear no harm—
The spark divine within my soul will show
The upward pathway where my feet should go.
But now the heights to which I must aspire
Are lost in clouds. I stumble, and I tire.
Let me lean hard.

4 Let me lean harder yet. That swerveless Force
That speeds the solar systems on their course
Can take, unfelt, the burden of my woe
Which bears me to the dust, and hurts me so.
I thought my strength enough for any fate,
But lo! I sink beneath my sorrow's weight.
Let me lean harder yet.

5 Let me lean hard, with that abandonment
Of self to God that means complete content.
I said, I do not fear the hosts of sin;
I will be true to the divine within.
But lo! I find I am not great enough
To make my way o'er places that are rough,
And through strange valleys, dark with shades of doubt,
Unless help comes from some high source without.
Let me lean hard.

ELLA WHEELER.
Milwaukee, 1882.

Eliza Follen.

Eliza Follen was born in Boston, but lived much of the time in Cambridge. In 1828 she was married to Prof. Charles Follen, who perished in the burning of the steamer Lexington, during the winter of 1839. She published a memoir of her husband, and five volumes: "The Well-Spent Hour," "The Warning," "Hymns, Songs and Fables for Children," also a book of "Nursery Songs," and a volume of Poems and Hymns, from which the following is selected.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GO?

1 When our purest delights are nipt in the blossom,
When those we love best are laid low,
When grief plants in secret her thorns in the bosom,
Deserted, "to whom shall we go?"

2 When error bewilders, and our path becomes dreary,
And tears of despondency flow;
When the whole head is sick and the whole heart is weary,
Despairing, "to whom shall we go?"

3 When the sad, thirsty spirit turns from the springs
Of enchantment this life can bestow,
And sighs for another, and flutters its wings,
Impatient, "to whom shall we go?"

4 Oh! blest be that light which has parted the clouds,
A path to the pilgrim to show,
That pierces the veil which the future enshrouds,
And shows us to whom we may go.

ELIZA FOLLEN.
Boston, 1839.

I'M WALKING IN THE SHADOW.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."

1 I'm walking in the shadow,
How lonely is my way;
The night has gathered o'er me,
Nor left one cheering ray.
No guiding star to light me
Along this dreary vale;
My steps are weak and trembling,
I feel my courage fail.
REFRAIN.—I'm walking in the shadow,
Of darkness, gloom, and woe;
Be with me, O my Saviour,
And show me where to go.

2 I'm walking in the shadow,
But whither does it lead?
My Father, deign to help me,
Thy gentle hand I need.
I dare not venture onward,
Nor would I turn aside;
Thou only canst direct me,
My Shepherd and my guide.

3 I'm walking in the shadow,
But hark! methinks I hear
The voice of one before me,
That tells a friend is near.
A pilgrim in the valley,
And yet he fears no ill,
For God the Lord is with him,
His staff a comfort still.

4 I'm walking in the shadow,
But lo! the morning breaks,
And with its glad returning,
My hope renewed awakes.
The Lord from every danger
Has cleared my tangled way;
Has brought deep things from darkness,
And turned my night to day.

MRS. F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.
From "Singing Pilgrim," by per. Philip Phillips.

AFFLICTION.

1 Jesus, my sorrow lies too deep
For human ministry;
It knows not how to tell itself
To any but to Thee.

2 Thou dost remember still amid
The glories of Thy throne,
The sorrows of mortality,
For they were once Thine own.

3 Yes: for, as if Thou wouldst be God
Even in Thy misery,
There's been no sorrow but Thine own
Untouched by sympathy.

4 Jesus, my fainting spirit brings
Its fearfulness to Thee;
Thine eye, at least, can penetrate
The clouded mystery.

5 It is enough, my precious Lord,
Thy tender sympathy!
My every sin and sorrow can
Devolve itself on Thee.

6 Thy risen life but fits Thee more
For kindly ministry;
Thy love unhindered rests upon
Each bruiséd branch in Thee.

7 Jesus! Thou hast availed to search
My deepest malady;
It freely flows—more freely finds
The gracious remedy.

LADY POWERSCOURT.

TRUST AND REST.

Written for "Woman in Sacred Song." TENOR SOLO. Words and Music by ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

1884

pp Slowly.

1. Fret not, poor heart, The sor - rows sore That crush thy life, thy
2. Tho' thy hot head, With trem - bling pain, Seek for a rest - ing -
3. Tho' torturing pain Thy spir - it fills, And every nerve in
4. Be still, my heart! These yearn - ings wild Are all in vain, be
5. No mor - tal ear Can hear thy cry, He's near who hears thy
6. Oh! could we trust and love Thee more, Who for our sake such

Sav - iour bore Once for thy sake, Yea, this and
place in vain, While blind - ing tears fall like the
an - guish thrills, Re - ceive in pa - tience what He
rec - on - ciled; 'Tis but in love thou art, His
faint - est sigh; He hears thee, loves thee ten - der -
an - guish bore, Our hearts would not be faint and

more. God's way is best; Then trust and rest.
rain, Peace, heart, Be still; Bow to God's will.
wills; He sends no pain But for thy gain.
child, Trust then God's will, Peace, heart, be still.
ly, In time of need A friend in - deed.
sore; Lord, send Thy peace, And pain shall cease.

pp slowly.

I BIDE MY TIME.

1 I bide my time. Whenever shadows darken
Along my path, I do but lift mine eyes
And Faith reveals fair shores beyond the skies,
And through earth's harsh, discordant sounds I hearken
And hear divinest music from afar,
Sweet sounds from lands where half my loved ones are.
I bide—I bide my time.

2 I bide my time. Whatever woes assail me,
I know the strife is only for a day,
A Friend waits for me farther on the way—
A Friend too faithful and too true to fail me,
Who will bid all life's jarring turmoil cease
And lead me on to realms of perfect peace.
I bide—I bide my time.

3 I bide my time. This conflict and resistance,
This drop of rapture in a cup of pain,
This wear and tear of body and of brain,
But fits my spirit for the new existence
Which waits me in the happy by-and-by.
So, come what may, I'll lift mine eyes and cry,
I bide—I bide my time.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
August, 1884.

FORSAKE ME NOT.

1 Forsake me not; though fast the night is falling,
And shadows gather in the darkened sky,
I cannot fear when Thou, O God, art calling,
I cannot fall when Thy kind arms are nigh.
Stay Thou with me! be Thou my refuge ever,
My strength, my all—whatever be my lot!
Oh! bless me with Thy gracious love forever,
And in the gloom of night, forsake me not!

2 Forsake me not, in time of tribulation,
Be Thou my rock and fortress in despair;
Oh! fill my burdened soul with thy salvation,
And pour Thy Spirit's balm on all my care.
Though sorrows break my heart, O gracious Father!
Thy rod and staff can comfort my distress,
Though grief oppress, and heavy tear-drops gather,
Thy pitying love can bring me sweet redress.

3 Forsake me not; breathe Thou into my being
The very breath of heaven, from above:
Unseal mine eyes, that I, Thy goodness seeing,
May know and feel Thy deep, Thy boundless love.
In storm or calm, be Thou, O God, beside me,
That I, Thy child, may never be forgot;
Thro' shade or sun, by day or night-time guide me
Thro' all my journey—Oh! forsake me not!

4 Forsake me not, dear God, though I forget Thee,
And trusting to myself go blindly on;
Oh! bring me back to Thee again! and let me
In meekness know my boasted strength is gone:
And if I falter, waiting for the morning,
Then let Thy grace my every need supply.
What matter, if I have its rich adorning,
Though neither gold nor precious gems have I?

5 Forsake me not; I need Thee every minute.
I trust Thee, want Thee, love Thee, God of All!
Thro' life, with all its destined changes in it,
Be near me, watch me, help me, lest I fall.
And when I reach death's dim, o'ershadowed river,
When life's poor gains and losses are forgot,
Divine Redeemer, gracious heavenly Giver,
Be Thou still near me! Oh! forsake me not!

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.
Jacksonville, Ill., 1884.

Augusta Scott.

Augusta Scott was a graduate from Rockland Seminary, Ill., in 1863, after which she spent some time in teaching among the freedmen in the South.

She is a writer of more than usual ability, strong in faith and diligent in all Christian works. She married Dr. Campbell some years after her graduation, studied medicine thoroughly and with care, and is now a resident of Chicago, and an accomplished and successful M. D.

BITTER WINE.

1 Though I shrink in human pain,
Clinging hands upon my breast,
Though my pallid lips refrain,
When the bitter cup is pressed;
Still I take it—drink it all,
Bow me to the will divine,
Quaff into my thirsty soul,
To the dregs—the bitter wine.

2 Though I shrink and murmur much,
Blind with tears and sobbing breath,
When I feel within my touch,
Draught more bitter far than death,
Still I sip the last drop up,
From this curdling draught of mine;
When the Father holds the cup
I can choose the bitter wine.

3 I am ready; fill it up,
Add any bitterness but sin,
Better bitter from without,
Than sweets polluted grown within.
It may yet in God's control,
Ordered by this power divine,
Turn to sweetness in my soul—
And I bless the bitter wine.

AUGUSTA SCOTT CAMPBELL.
Chicago, February, 1884.

IN TIME OF TRIAL.

1 Thou who knowest all our grief,
Help us bear Thy holy will;
If Thou canst not give relief,
Make us calm, serene and still.
O our Father and our God,
Bend our stubborn wills to Thine;
Let the thorny path be trod
Leaning on an arm divine!

"O STRENGTH OF GOD! I FAINT FOR THEE."

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2 All our dearest, fondest ties
Are but tokens of Thy love;
Draw us by them to the skies,
Help us raise our thoughts above.
Though earth's brightest links should break,
Thou unchanged wouldst yet remain;
Sorrows borne for Thy dear sake,
Stronger make love's perfect chain.

3 Death alone can ne'er divide
Those whose hearts are true and fond,
In Thy love we still abide,
We below and they beyond;
Though the form we cannot see,
Though the voice we cannot hear—
They still live by faith in Thee,
And they are forever near!

4 Soon these severed lives will meet,
Soon these broken ties unite;
Oh! that hour of rapture sweet,
In the land of love and light!
Can we not with pleasure wait
Through these fleeting mortal years,
Dear the joy that cometh late!
Pure the bliss that follows tears!

KATE B. W. BARNES.

ALONE.

"I have trodden the wine press alone."—Isa. lxiii: 3.
"The heart knoweth its own bitterness." Prov. xiv: 10.
"Surely He hath borne our sorrows." Isa. liii: 4.

1 O weary one! why art thou sad and lonely?
No heart can ever echo back thine own!
No human heart can fully share thy sorrows,
Thy heaviest crosses thou must bear alone.

2 Life's battles thou must fight all single handed,
No friend, however dear, can bear thy pain.
No other soul can ever bear thy burdens,
No other hand for thee the prize may gain.

3 Lonely we journey through this world of sorrow,
No heart, in full, respondeth to our own;
Each one alone must meet his own to-morrow,
Each one must tread the weary way alone.

4 Yet One there is who knows our every sorrow,
Who sympathizes with each secret pain,
Who "bore our griefs and carried all our sorrows,"
That we through His dear love a heaven might gain.

5 Ah! weary heart! why art thou sad and lonely?
Why this vain longing for an answering sigh?
Thy griefs, thy longings, trials and temptations,
Are known and felt by Him who reigns on high.

ANNA HELVOICE EDWARD.

THE SAVIOUR TO THE SORROWFUL SOUL.

1 Lean on My breast, beloved,
Be comforted in Me,
Within thy Father's palace
There is a place for thee.

2 Do I not feel thy sorrow?
Have I not suffered too?
My arm is strong to bear thee
The billowy waters through.

3 Lean on My arm, beloved,
And venture on the sea;
Fear not, for I have called thee;
I'll walk the waves with thee.

4 Poor soul, why dost thou tremble?
All worketh for thy good;
Do I not love thee better
Than father, mother could?

5 Look to the Face that beameth
Thy troubled soul above,
And call me Friend and Brother,
Thy Saviour and thy Love.

6 Trust Me, I will not leave thee;
As they who went before,
So thou shalt reach in safety
The green and sheltered shore.

7 Beside the peaceful river
Thy loved ones thou shalt see;
Among the "many mansions"
There is a place for thee.

URANIA LOCKE BAILEY.
Providence, R. I.

IN SHADOW.

"And where is now my hope?" Job xvii. 15.

1 The clouds hang low above my life,
And mingle in a murky gray,
That gives faint hope of that blue day
Of sun and calm, the end of strife;

2 While in the closing gloom I hear
Dread voices from the holy Book;
And from the years my sins do look
With eyes that smite me through with fear.

3 Into a land whose shadowing wings
Are doom and death, my soul is lead,
Bound like a prisoner to the dead—
The heavens are filled with thunderings!

4 O strength of God! I faint for thee,
For I my worthless girdle spun
In Egypt, singing in the sun,
And in my need it faileth me!

5 "Not to the mount that burns with fire,"
So sings an angel in the dark,
And all my soul springs up to mark
His voice with infinite desire.

6 "But unto Zion are ye come—
Fair city of the living God,
By holy men and angels trod,
And henceforth your eternal home."

[illegible]
From "Out of Darkness into Light." [illegible]

THE HOUR OF DARKNESS.

1 How long, O Lord! how long
Shall on my spirit rest
This weight of darkness and distress?
How long unto my burning lips be pressed
This overflowing cup of bitterness?
O God! my God! only Thine arm hath power
To bear me through the anguish of this hour.

2 How long, O Lord! how long!
Many to rest have gone;
The lovely and beloved are with Thee
In peace and glory—while I faint alone
Beneath this burden of mortality.
Yet not alone,—art Thou not near? I bend,
Praying for strength enduring to the end.

3 How long, O Lord! how long!
I bow me to Thy will,
Believing in tender love Thou dost chastise,—
Say to my heart's wild throbbings, Peace, be still!
Father, to Thee, to Thee I lift mine eyes!
Is not Thy smile to patient sufferance given,
Gilding earth's darkness with a gleam of heaven?

4 How long, O Lord! how long!
A soft, still voice I hear,
Speaking to my worn spirit words of life,—
"O thou of little faith, how canst thou fear?
I, even I, am with thee through the strife.
Weeping and grief endure but for a night;
The morning breaketh in celestial light."

SARAH E. MILES.

PATIENTLY ENDURING.

"After he had patiently endured he obtained the promise."—Heb. vi: 15.

1 Patiently enduring,
As the days go by,
Knowing He who loves me
Guides me with His eye;
Though the storm-clouds lower,
Though the tempests blow,
Still his hand upholds me,
From the depths of woe.

Cho.—Trusting in the love that can never, never fail,
Trusting in the name that forever must prevail,
Patiently enduring
Till the day of rest,
Sure that He who loves me
Doeth what is best.

2 Patiently enduring,
Though the night be long,
Cheering up the darkness
With a gladsome song;
Never shall I murmur
Though my heart be faint,
Though my steps may falter,
Make I no complaint.

3 Patiently enduring
Sorrow, pain and care,
Knowing He in mercy
Every grief will share;
Always will He guide me
By His tender love,
And though often weary
Rest remains above.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.

From "Holy Voices," by per. W. J. Shuey.

THE DARK VALLEY.

(Suggested during illness.)

1 Down in the shadowy land so lowly,
Slowly and gently I have seemed to come;
Soon the long journey of a lifetime ended,
I shall have reached my never-ending home.

2 Alone, O Saviour! leave me not, but lead me;
Clasp me still closer by Thy guiding hand,
As through the labyrinths and the darkness,
I tread the pathways of this unknown land.

3 Here where the genial sun of earthly comfort
Hides behind clouds obscure with grief and pain,
And from the warmest hand of love or friendship
'Tis but a scant relief that we can gain;

4 Where all the ties of earthly life are loosening,
As the worn cord its silver threads unwind,
And from each idol which the heart has cherished,
The hand of death its tendrils will unbind;

5 Here where the memories of the past are flitting
Like evening shadows from the sunset hill,
Length'ning a moment, but to blend with darkness
As the night gathers and the world grows still;

6 Here where I feel, though life's work is unfinished,
I can but lay it at the Master's feet:
Praying for His dear sake, Thou wilt, our Father,
Accept both it, and me, in Him complete.

7 Now, precious Saviour! I will trust Thy mercy
To fold me safe against Thy loving breast:
The everlasting arms beneath, around me,
Thus would I pass to everlasting rest.

EMILY P. WILLIAMS.
Feb. 10, 1880.

RESIGNATION.

C. M. (Tune—"*Marlow.*")

(Suggested during severe illness.)

1 Just as it comes from out Thy hand,
Life's mingled cup we drink;
Though in our weakness, oft, alas!
We fain would pause and shrink.

2 We shudder at the bitter draught,
Yet pray Thy hand to blend
Some mercy-drops to sweeten all,
And soothing grace to lend.

3 Just as Thy providence unfolds,
Life's path we'll meekly tread,
If we may only see the bow
Of promise overhead.

4 And all the rocky heights we'll climb,
And stormy waves outride,
If only 'neath Thy sheltering wing
We may by faith abide.

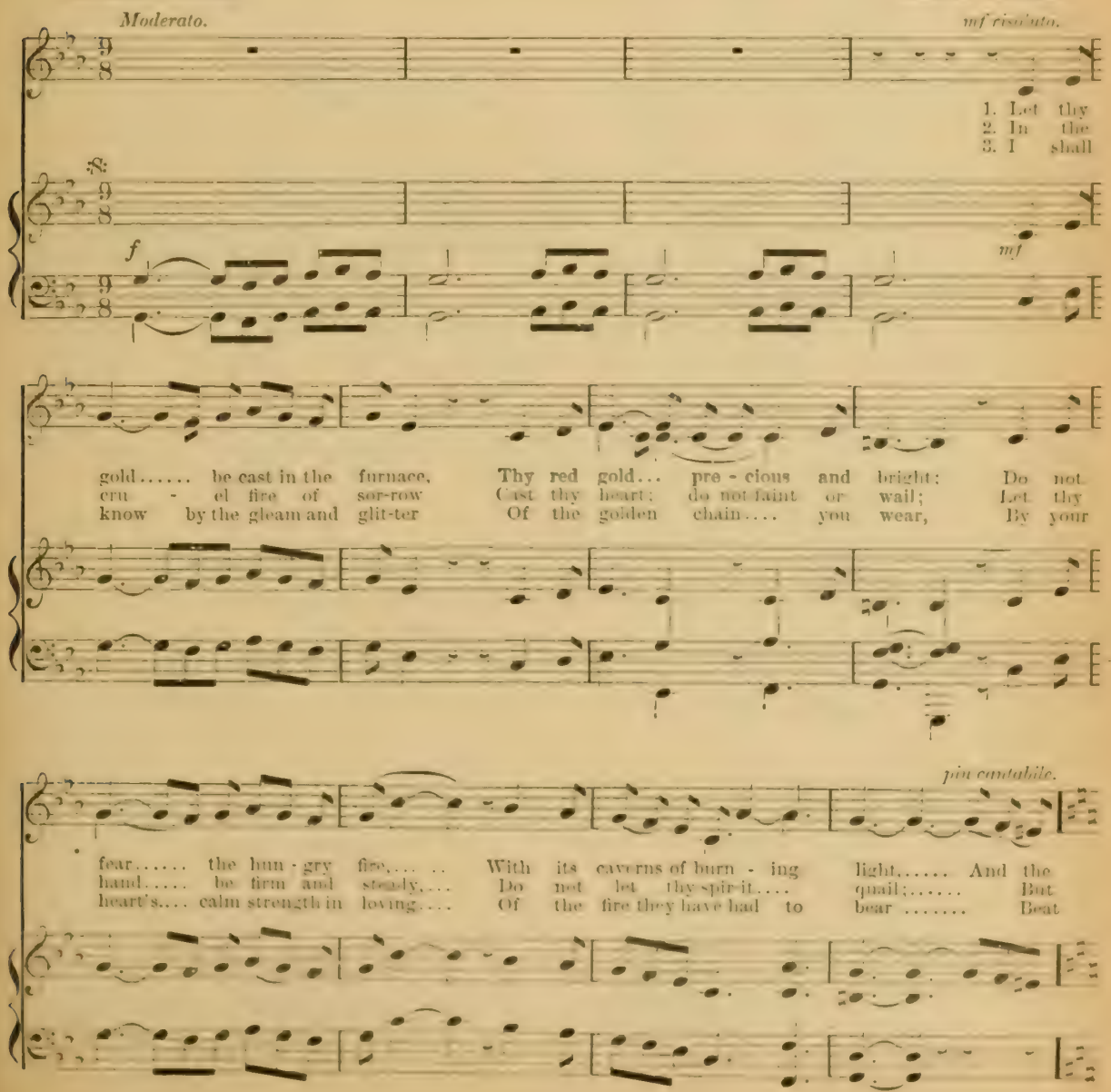
5 O Father! leave us not alone
Within the tangled wild,
But let Thy loving counsels cheer
Each weary, way-worn child.

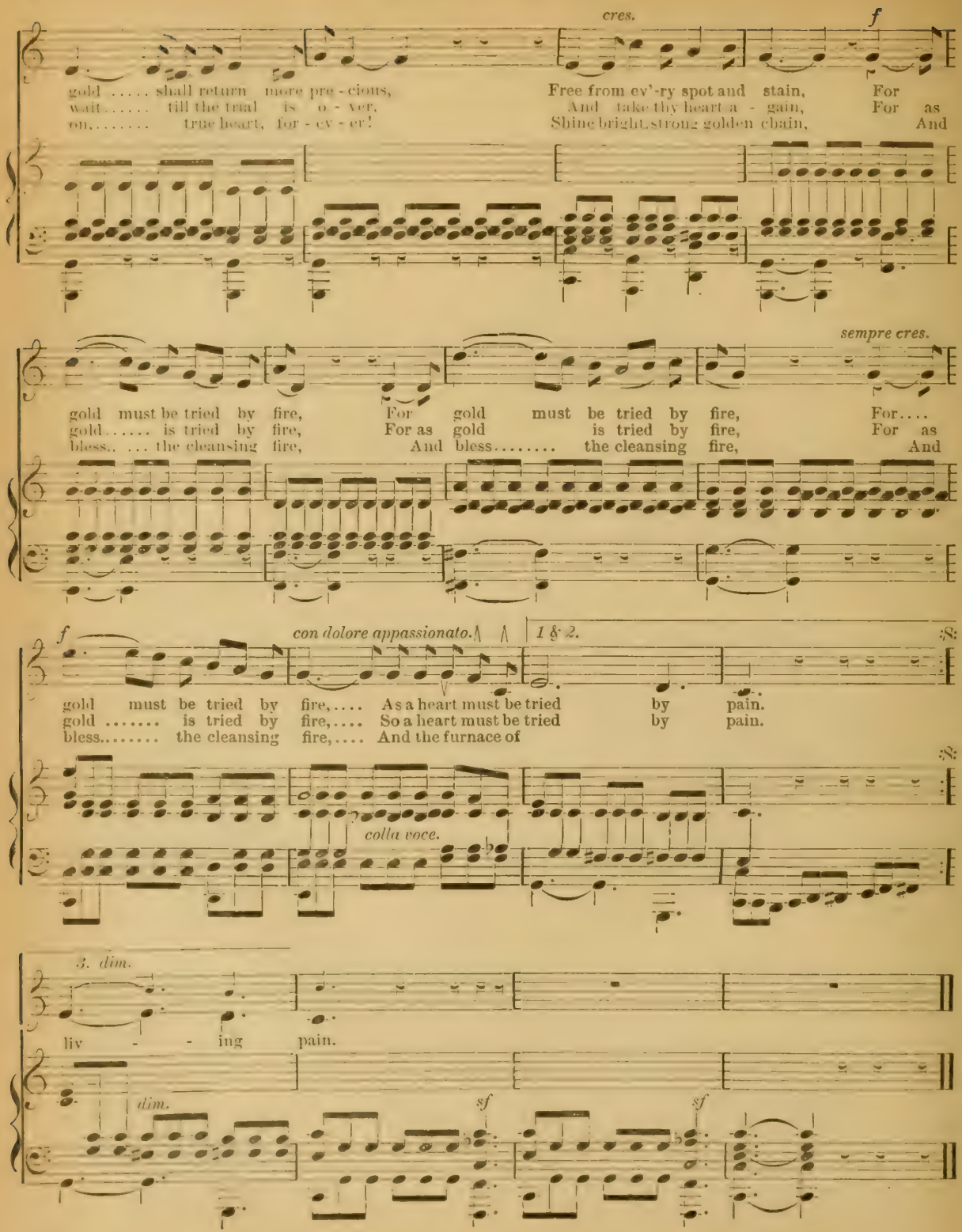
6 And let us reach Thy guiding hand,
And lean upon Thy breast,
Until at last we reach the fold
Of Thine eternal rest.

EMILY P. WILLIAMS.

CLEANSING FIRES.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR. VIRGINIA GABRIEL.




cres.
f
gold ..... shall return more pre - cious,
wait..... till the trial is o - ver,
on..... true heart, for - ev - er!
Free from ev'-ry spot and stain, For
And take thy heart a - gain, For as
Shine bright, strong golden chain, And
sempre cres.
gold must be tried by fire, For gold must be tried by fire, For....
gold..... is tried by fire, For as gold is tried by fire, For as
bless.. ... the cleansing fire, And bless..... the cleansing fire, And
f
con dolore appassionato.
1 & 2.
gold must be tried by fire,.... As a heart must be tried by pain.
gold ..... is tried by fire,.... So a heart must be tried by pain.
bless..... the cleansing fire,.... And the furnace of
colla voce.
3. dim.
liv - - ing pain.
dim.
sf
sf

JESUS COMES.

1 Watch, ye saints, with eyelids waking,
Lo! the powers of heav'n are shaking,
Keep your lamps all trimmed and burning,
Ready for the Lord's returning!

2 Lo! the promise of your Saviour,
Pardoned sin and purchased favor,
Blood-washed robes and crown of glory;
Haste to tell redemption's story.

3 Kingdoms at their base are crumbling.
Hark, his chariot wheels are rumbling!
Tell, Oh! tell of grace abounding
Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.

4 Nations wane, though proud and stately;
Christ His kingdom hasteneth greatly;
Earth her latest pangs is summing;
Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming!

5 Lamb of God, Thou meek and lowly,
Judah's Lion high and holy,
Lo! thy Bride comes forth to meet Thee,
All in blood-washed robes to greet Thee.

6 Sinners, come while Christ is pleading,
Now for you He 's interceding;
Haste ere grace and time diminished
Shall proclaim the mystery finished.

MRS. PHŒBE PALMER.
Set to music by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

READY.

"Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Matt. xxiv. 44.

1 Ready! Oh! are you ready
If the Lord should come to-day?
Are you sheltered under the sprinkled blood
That takes all sin away?
Or are you still fearing, doubting,
Lingering outside the door,
Which, when once He comes, will be closed to you,
If you enter not before?

2 Ready! Oh! are you ready?
Christian, this speaks to you;
For the Lord's own child, though safe, may be
Ashamed to meet Him too.
Will He find you watching, praying,
In the day when He comes again?
Or are you asleep while others weep
For the sorrows and sins of men?

3 Ready! Oh! are you ready?
For soon He may be here:
Will He find you loyal and true to Him,
Or cowardly and full of fear?
Will He find you enduring hardness,
As a faithful soldier must
Content to tread where the Lord has led,
In a life of simple trust?

4 Ready! Oh! are you ready
When the Lord shall call away?
No idol chaining you down to earth,
But ready to go to-day?
For it may be that He is coming
Before the evening fall;
But whether at noon or midnight,
Be ready when He shall call!

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR, 1880.

THE MESSENGER.

1 I may hear His voice at morning,
When the sky is softly bright,
And a flood of golden glory
Tinges every purple height;
Ere my hands begin the labor
Which belongeth to the day,
I may hear Him softly whisper,
"Fold thy work and come away."

2 I may hear Him in the noontide,
When the reapers take their rest,
And the golden sheaves are lying
Prostrate on the earth's warm breast;
In the overpowering brightness
Of the glorious midday sun,
He may come with shining sickle
And life's work for me be done.

3 I may hear Him in the midnight,
As His voice of solemn cheer
Pierces through the mystic silence,
Whispering: "Thy Guest is here;
Rise and climb the upper pathway
Where have walked the sons of God;
I, the Messenger, will lead thee
Safely where their feet have trod"

4 Since He may come in the morning,
At noon or eventide,
I must have my garments ready,
And my lamp with oil supplied;
I must listen for His knocking,
I must rise and ope the gate,
For He comes to guide me safely
Where the angels for me wait.

SUSIE V. ALLEGO.
Boston, 1884.

THOU ART COMING!

Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Titus ii. 13

(Tune, "*O H* 3 50.")

1 Thou art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King;
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
We'll may we rejoice and sing;
Thou art coming; rays of glory,
Through the veil Thy death has rent,
Gladden now our pilgrim pathway,
Glory from Thy presence sent.

CHORUS.—Thou art coming, Thou art coming,
We shall meet Thee on Thy way.
Thou art coming, we shall see Thee,
And be like Thee on that day.
Thou art coming, Thou art coming,
Jesus our beloved Lord.
Oh! the joy to see Thee reigning,
Worship'd, glorified, adored.

2 Thou art coming, not a shadow,
Not a mist and not a tear,
Not a sin, and not a sorrow,
On that sunrise grand and clear;
Thou art coming, Jesus, Saviour,
Nothing else seems worth a thought,
Oh! how marvelous the glory
And the bliss Thy pain hath bought.

3 Thou art coming, we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail,
Asking not the day or hour,
Anchored safe within the veil;
Thou art coming, at Thy table
We are witnesses for this,
As we meet Thee in communion,
Earnest of our coming bliss.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

(Tune.—"*G. H.* 3—38.")

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."

Matt. xxiv: 42.

1 When Jesus comes to reward His servants,
Whether it be noon or night,
Faithful to Him will He find us watching,
With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?

REF.—Oh! can we say we are ready, brother?
Ready for the soul's bright home?
Say, will He find you and me still watching,
Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

2 If at the dawn of the early morning,
He shall call us one by one,
When to the Lord we restore our talents,
Will He answer thee—Well done?

3 Have we been true to the trust He left us?
Do we seek to do our best?
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
We shall have a glorious rest.

4 Blesséd are those whom the Lord finds watching?
In His glory they shall share;
If He shall come at the dawn or midnight,
Will He find us watching there?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Set to music by W. H. Doane, and used by per. Biglow & Main.
Copyright, 1876, in "Gospel Music"

THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

1 Fill your lamps, O foolish virgins!
Oh! fill them, ere He draweth nigh,
With the oil of joy and gladness,
That when the world shall wake and cry,
"Behold, He cometh!" ye may rise,
And go to meet Him, with the wise,
When the Bridegroom cometh.

2 Fill your lamps, O foolish virgins!
That ye may rise and trim them, then,
When joyfully cry the watchers,
"He cometh to the earth again,
Go forth to Him, the feast is laid,
The bride in white is all arrayed,
And the Bridegroom cometh."

3 Fill your lamps, O foolish virgins!
Ere yet you fold your hands in sleep,
That your lights be brightly burning,
And ye be not of those who weep,
And to their fellows vainly turn,
To beg for oil to make them burn,
When the Bridegroom cometh.

MARIA L. EVE.
Augusta, Georgia, 1883.

WAITING FOR THY COMING.

1 I am waiting for Thy coming
To this swept and garnished heart,
Thou hast cast away its idols,
Thou art cleansing every part;
I am resting on Thy promise,
Fears and doubtings all are still;
But I'm longing for Thy coming,
All its emptiness to fill.

2 I am waiting for Thy coming,
Blesséd Presence from above,
For the fire from off Thine altar,
Thine abounding grace and love;
Faith's clasp is all too chilling,
Though sure its guerdon be,
For a conscious touch I'm longing,
O Saviour dear, of Thee.

3 I am waiting for Thy coming,
But I dare not cross Thy will,
In the twilight of Thine absence
I hold me calmly still;
As Thou willest in Thy wisdom,
When Thou willest in Thy might,
Thou wilt come and every shadow
Be altogether light.

4 I am waiting for Thy coming;
Not Thy choicest gifts, but Thee,
For the loving heart cares only
Its belovéd One to see.
I list not for their harp-strings,
Nor for angel chorals pine;
No voice can still my yearnings,
O blessed Lord, save Thine.

5 I have waited for Thy coming,
But my waiting was not long,
Lo! twilight turns to sunshine,
And my plaint becomes a song.
Thou hast filled Thy waiting temple,
Thy glorious face I see,
And earth is turned to heaven,
Since Thou art come to me.

MARGARET E. WINSLOW.
Saugerties, N. Y., 1883.

THE LORD WILL APPEAR.

"Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."
Matt. xxiv: 42.

1 As the lightning's bright flash in the eastern horizon
Sweeps over the sky when a storm draweth near;
So the people of earth shall awake to the coming
Of Him who will soon in His glory appear.
CHO.—Then be watching and waiting, the Lord will appear!
Then be watching and waiting, the time may be near!

2 Oh! who then shall go forward in triumph to meet Him;
And who shall be scattered like terrified flocks?
Who shall lift up glad voices with praises to greet Him,
And who for a shelter shall cry to the rocks?

3 Oh! the children of faith who await His appearing
Shall joy in His presence and bask in His love;
For their souls have been washed in the blood of His ransom,
And fitted through Him for the glory above.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.
From "Holy Voices," by per. E. S. Lorenz.

DEARER THAN HEAVEN.

"At an hour when ye think not." St. Luke xii: 40.

1 It may be He'll come in the morning,
When the sunbeams are greeting the flowers,
And the heart is o'erflowing with gladness,
That thrills through life's earlier hours.
REFRAIN.—And so I will strive to be ready
For His coming, whene'er it may be,
For His welcoming smile of approval
Will be dearer than heaven to me.

2 It may be He'll come in the noontime,
When the spirit is burdened with care;
And the souls that should always be waiting,
Forget for the Lord to prepare.

3 It may be He'll come in the evening,
When the sun has gone down in the west,
When the toiler has ceased from his labor,
And song-birds are seeking their rest.

4 It may be He'll come at life's midnight,
When the weary soul longs for its rest,
And the years, once so joyous and happy,
With seed-time and harvest have blessed.

M. E. SERVOSS.
Royal Gems," Brainard's Sons music by A. Geibel, the blind musician.
By per.

SEE THE KING DESIRED FOR AGES.

8s & 7s

1 See the King desired for ages,
By the just expected long;
Long implored, at length He hasteth,
Cometh with salvation strong.

2 Oh! how past all utterance happy,
Sweet and joyful it will be,
When they who, unseen have loved Him,
Jesus face to face shall see!

3 What will be the bliss and rapture,
None can dream and none can tell,
There to reign among the angels,
In that heavenly home to dwell.

4 To those realms, O Saviour, call me,
Deign to open that blest gate,
Thou whom, seeking, looking, longing,
I, with eager hope, await!

MRS. CHARLES CAMERON.

UNTIL HE COMES.

Acts i: 2.

1 Until He comes! like music tones
Are these most precious words,
'Mid all the noise and din of earth,
To those who are the Lord's.

2 They mark the time when life's dark sea,
Whose storms so fiercely roar,
Shall toss upon its troubled waves
The Christian bark no more.

MISS [illegible]

IN HIS COMING, WHAT MY PART?

In His coming, what *my* part?
Can I hold Him in my heart?
Can my inn, so rude and wild,
Make Him room, the undefiled?
Find its Master in this Child?

MARY L. DICKINSON.

BLESSED LORD; OUR SOULS ARE LONGING.

1 Thess. iv: 16

1 Blessèd Lord, our souls are longing
Thee, our risen Head, to see;
And the cloudless morn is dawning,
When Thy saints shall gathered be:
Grace and glory,
All our fresh springs are in Thee.

2 All the joy we now are tasting
Is but as the dream of night:
To the day of God we're hasting,
Looking for it with delight:
Thou art coming,
And will satisfy our sight.

3 True, the silent grave is keeping
Many a seed in weakness sown;
But the saints, in Thee now sleeping,
Raised in power, shall share Thy throne.
Resurrection!
Lord of Glory! 'tis Thine own.

4 As we sing our hearts grow lighter;
We are children of the day;
Sorrow makes our hope the brighter;
Faith regards not the delay:
Sure the promise,
We shall meet Thee on the way.

MRS. PETERS.
From "Spiritual Songs," edited by Dr. Chas. S. Robinson.

TIME, THOU SPEEDEST ON!

Isa. xxxiii: 17.

1 Time, thou speedest on but slowly,
Hours, how tardy is your pace!
Ere with Him, the high and holy,
I hold converse face to face.
Here is nought but care and mourning;
Come a joy, it will not stay;
Fairly shines the sun at dawning,
Night will soon o'ercloud the day.

2 Onward then! not long I wander
Ere my Saviour comes for me,
And with Him abiding yonder,
All His glory I shall see.
Oh! the music and the singing
Of the host redeemed by love!
Oh! the hallelujahs ringing
Through the halls of light above!

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

WHEN THOU, MY RIGHTEOUS JUDGE.

Matt. xxv: 46.

1 When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand?

2 I love to meet Thy people now,
Before Thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But, can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace,
Be Thou my only hiding-place,
In this the accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, Oh! let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among Thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

SELINA, COUNTESS OF HUNTINGTON.
Died 1791.

Mrs. Emma Toke.

Mrs. Toke is the wife of Rev. Nicholas Toke, rector of Godington, Ashford, Kent, England. Her hymns have been published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. She was born in 1812.

THOU ART GONE UP ON HIGH.

1 Thou art gone up on high
To mansions in the skies,
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise.
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care oppress'd;
Lord! send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to Thy rest!

2 Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter agony
To pass unto Thy crown:
And girt with griefs and fears
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us, at last, to Thee!

3 Thou art gone up on high:
But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in Thy train.
Oh! by Thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At Thy right hand on high!

EMMA TOKE.

COME; LORD JESUS.

S. M.

1 The weary night seems long,
Of ages dark with sin;
Lord Jesus, quickly, quickly come,
And take Thy wanderers in.

2 We watch the orient sky,
As for the morning star,
And list the welcome trumpet call,
Resounding near and far.

3 Oh! send the Comforter,
That we may patient wait,
And in Thy vineyard faithful work,
Nor loiter at the gate.

4 Yet no man, Lord, can tell,
Nor angel nearest Thee,
When our adored, returning Christ,
In glory we shall see.

5 But now, e'en now return,
Within our hearts to live,
That we may, Saviour, unto Thee
Our true devotion give.

6 So, if we see Thee first
Appearing in the sky—
Or if, on slowly dying beds,
Our heads shall lowly lie,

7 We'll pray, Lord Jesus, come!
And make our hearts Thy home,
Till every blood-bought, ransomed power,
Thy gracious rule shall own.

EMILY P. WILLIAMS.
Appleton City, Mo., 1884.

COMING.

"At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing in the morning."

1 It may be in the evening,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun,
While the long bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of Me;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of My feet.
Therefore I tell you: Watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

2 It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed:
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wake and watch
In the dark room,
For it may be that at midnight
I will come.

3 It may be at the cockcrow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn,
Of the golden sun
Which draweth nigh;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
The rivers chill.
And my morning star is fading, fading
Over the hill:
Behold I say unto you: Watch;
Let the door be on the latch,
In your home;
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
I may come.

4 It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little lawn;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun.
And the neighbors come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done,
But remember that I may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
Forevermore:
As you work you must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room,
And it may be in the morning
I will come.

5 So He passed down my cottage garden,
By the path that leads to the sea,
Till He came to the turn of the little road
Where the birch and laburnum tree
Lean over and arch the way.
There I saw Him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me,
As I wept at the cottage door,
And lift up His hands in blessing—
Then I saw His face no more.

6 And I stood still in the doorway,
Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair white roses,
Though I crushed them and let them fall;
Only looking down the pathway,
And looking toward the sea,
And wondering, and wondering
When He would come back for me;
Till I was aware of an Angel
Who going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
In the light of God Most High.

7 He passed the end of the cottage
Toward the garden gate—
I suppose He was come down,
At the setting of the sun,
To comfort some one in the village
Whose dwelling was desolate,—
And he paused before the door
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face:
"Weep not," he said, "for unto you is given
To watch for the coming of His feet
Who is the glory of our blesséd Heaven;
The work and watching will be very sweet,
Even in an earthly home;
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come.

9 So I am watching quietly
Every day,
Whenever the sun shines brightly,
I rise and say:
"Surely it is the shining of His face!"
And look unto the gates of His Ligh place
Beyond the sea:
For I know He is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask,
If He is come;
And the Angel answers sweetly, in my home:
"Only a few more shadows,
And He will come."

MRS. B. MACANDREW.

AND THEY ALSO WHICH PIERCED HIM.

Rev. i: 7.

1 Wrapped in fine linen, odorous with spices,
Take the loved form, so marred and pierced and bruiséd;
In the new sepulchre within the garden
It will rest sweetly.

2 Break not the silence by your fruitless weeping—
Wrong is triumphant, death has played the victor;
Roll up the stone and seal the tomb securely
For the pale sleeper!

3 Ask of the angel who from heaven descended,
Rolling the stone back for the risen Saviour,—
Snow-white His raiment, and His face as lightning,—
Was wrong triumphant?

4 Ask of the chosen who so soon beheld Him,
As in a cloud from out their gaze He vanished:—
Ask of the two in white, who spoke beside them
Words of great promise,

5 "Why stand ye gazing up into the heaven?
For this same Jesus who is parted from you
Shall in like manner come again, descending
In clouds of glory,"

6 Then shall God call to continent and island,
And from lone cavern, tomb and ocean recess,
Summon each sleeper quickly to His presence;
All eyes shall see Him.

7 Ah! and they also—what a world of meaning!
Trembling among them, shall be gathered also,
Calling for pity on the rocks and mountains,
"They who once pierced Him!"

JULIA P. BALLARD, 1882.

End of Devotional Department.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

ON THE SHOALS.

1 A cry comes over the deep,
Wailing of dying souls,
'T is echoed in every heart,
From those upon the shoals.
The breakers are dashing high,
And death is in every wave,
And wildly ringeth the cry,
"We perish, with none to save."

REFRAIN.—Ring out the tide of song,
While prayer its burden rolls,
That He who rules the storm
Will bring them off the shoals.

2 Sweet hope went out with the day,
Rudder and compass lost;
Despair more dark than the night,
Crowneth the tempest-tossed;
No help may come from the sea,
No succor from the land,
Say, must they perish, and we
Reach never to them a hand?

3 Quick! point to the saving Rock
Looming from out the deep,
Whose beacon the perilled souls
Ever will safely keep;
No matter how fierce the storm—
How madly the billow rolls,
The light of the Guiding Star
Will bring them off the shoals.

MARY B. REESE.

Set to music by T. C. O'Kane, in "Every Sabbath," pub. by Church & Co.

AS ONCE OF OLD.

"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—Acts ii: 4.

1 As once of old a chosen band
Together came "with one accord,"
Intent to learn how best to spread
The knowledge of their risen Lord;

2 As, suddenly, the Spirit came,
And touched each glowing heart and brow,
So, with a consecrating flame,
Anoint, O Lord, Thy servants now.

3 Give us that Spirit's power to feel,
Baptize each soul with holy fire;
And with devotion's burning zeal
Do Thou our every thought inspire.

4 Then can we move, a conquering host,
Jesus our Leader and our Lord;
With highest power to save the lost,
And lead them upward to our God.

MRS. R. W. CLARK.

SOUND THE PRAISE OF JESUS.

(Tune—"*Ring the Bells of Heaven.*")

1 Sound the praise of Jesus over land and sea,
Sing the love of Him who rescued me,
Saved me from destruction in the stormy hour,
Sound the praise of Jesus, sing His power.

REF.—Sound the praise of Jesus, sound it far and wide,
Tell the lands of Christ the Crucified.

2 Sound the praise of Jesus, sound it far and wide,
Tell the lands of Christ the Crucified;
Tell the weary sinner that Jesus came to save,
That His might has conquered e'en the grave.

3 Sound the praise of Jesus, fill the air with song,
Honor, glory unto Him belong;
Tell the careless sinner Jesus waits to hear,
Waits to help the weak and soothe their fear.

4 Sound the praise of Jesus in the early morn,
Tell the truth, ye must again be born;
Sound it in the noontide, in the evening hour,
Swell the song triumphant, sing His power.

EMMA PITT.

Set to music by H. W. Porter, in "Gospel Light."

BEHOLD THE NATIONS KNEELING.

(Sung at two Missionary Meetings in Cincinnati Presbytery.)

1 Behold the Nations kneeling
'Neath far-off Eastern skies!
They call to us, appealing,
Oh! hear their mournful cries!
"Our land," they say, "is shrouded
In darkness and in gloom;
Our eyes, with tears beclouded,
Look forth to hopeless doom."

2 Hark! hark! what strains of anguish
Seem mingling with that cry!
"Must we, unaided, languish?
All unforgiven die?
Our gods they do not answer,
In vain for help we sue,
Oh! tell us of *your* Saviour!
Will He not save us too?"

3 O Christians! do ye hear it—
That cry from o'er the sea?
The swift winds haste to bear it,
Yet slow to help are ye.
Arouse ye from your slumbers,
The time wears fast away;
And souls in countless numbers
Are perishing to-day!

LOUISE W. TILDEN.

"A CRY COMES OVER THE DEEP,
WAILING OF DYING SOULS."

Page 258.

JESUS, LORD OF LIGHT AND LIFE!

(Tune—"*Horton.*")

1 Jesus, Lord of Light and Life!
Elder brother, unseen guide!
Help us drop the great world-strife;
In Thy Word alone confide.

2 Help us heed Thy pleading "Come"
To the weary, burden'd heart;
Use each power of thought and tongue,
Consecrate, and set apart.

3 Easy, then, Thy mandate, "Go!
Teach My word o'er land and sea;"
So Thy Spirit will o'erflow
Fettered souls, that may be free.

4 When all mission work is done,
No more message from above,
Then will earth and heaven be one,
One eternity of love.

ALICE M'ELROY GRIFFITH.

Springfield, Ill., Oct., 1884.

See page 812.

WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS OF ZION.

(Tune—"*Autumn.*")

1 Watchman on the walls of Zion,
Tell, Oh! tell us of the night;
Dost thou see the star of promise,
Is it shining clear and bright?
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
O'er the mountains' towering height,
See it rising and ascending,
Millions hail its welcome light.

2 Watchman on the walls of Zion,
Will Messiah, they have slain,
Bring the banished sons of Judah
To their native hills again?
Hallelujah! God is ever
Mindful of His chosen race;
Though in exile, He'll restore them
To a Father's dear embrace.

3 Watchman on the walls of Zion,
Tell us of the future time;
When shall peace and holy union
Bind the soul of every clime?
Where the spark of love and glory,
Kindled to a living flame,
Makes the heart of every Christian
Feel and throb, and burn the same.

FANNY CROSBY.

From "Sunday School Banner," by per. Biglow & Main.

THE GOSPEL LIGHT.

(Tune—"*Webb, or Missionary Hymn.*")

1 Across the heathen darkness
The light of God has shone,
And through Heaven's ringing arches
Salvation's trump has blown;
While India's sombre shadows
And Siam's idol-domes
Are glowing with the gospel,
Sent out from Christian homes.

2 'Mong Persia's richest treasures,
And who can number them?
There shines with brightest lustre
The Star of Bethlehem;
Fair dawn of the hereafter,—
The sun of peace shall rise,
And o'er all heathen nations
Spread gladness in the skies!

3 Then wake, and tell the story;
Let all who love the Lord
Repeat the wondrous tidings,
And sing with one accord
The glorious heaven-born anthems.
Then shall the echo roll
Through every land and country,
And reach from pole to pole.

4 Then shall earth's sons and daughters,
Inspired with earnest zeal,
Rise up to pray and labor
With purpose true and real;
And in the whitened harvest
The reaper's sickle cast,
Shall winnow sheaves of glory
For God's own praise at last.

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

Jacksonville, Ill., 1884.

FROM OUR SISTERS.

"Come over into Macedonia, and help us."—Acts xvi. 9.

7s.

(Tune—"*Benevento, or Spanish Hymn.*")

1 From our sisters comes the wail,
"Give us light: our idols fail!
Help us bury in the dust,
Hoary fanes in which we trust!
Give us light!" thus, ceaselessly,
Call they o'er the Bengal sea;
Cry they, too, from Turkey's strand,
And from Afric's darkened land.

2 By the sufferings Christ hath borne,
By the Holy Father's frown
Cast on Him for thy sins' sake,
Christian sister, offerings make;
Speed the story of the cross;
For Christ's sake, count all things loss;
Be thou faithful, toil and pray,
Till earth's kingdom own his sway.

E. C. P.

TRUSTING JESUS.

"She hath done what she could." Mark xiv: 8.

7s.

(Tune—"*Pleyel's Hymn.*")

1 In the wondrous times of old,
God, His purpose grand and true,
Did to woman oft unfold,
Bidding her His will to do.

CHORUS.—Ringing through this Christian land
Comes to woman now the word,
"Teach the nations!"—great command
Of our glorious, risen Lord.

2 Though but weak our hands, and small,
Though but humble be our lot,
Still to each the clarion call
God is sounding, "Falter not!"

3 Trusting Him whose mighty power
Makes us strong to do and dare,
Seize we now the present hour,
In the work our part to bear.

ABBIE B. CHILD.

LIGHT FOR THE GENTILES!

"Upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit."—Joel ii: 29.

(Tune—"*America.*")

1 Light for the Gentiles! Light!
On those in deepest night,
Let light arise!
O Sun of Righteousness!
Send Thy bright beams to bless;
Pity their helplessness;
Open their eyes.

2 For the heathen women, light!
On whom sin's deadly blight
Hopelessly lies:
From dark Zenana halls,
In Afric's loathsome kraals,
'Mid Turkish harem walls,
Hear their sad cries.

3 Light for the nations! Light!
Rise in thy glorious might,
Saviour divine:
Unloose sin's icy bands;
Lift up the feeble hands;
Soon may the heathen lands
Be wholly thine!

4 Light for Thy handmaids! Light!
All weakness in Thy sight
We come to-day.
Gathered from far and near,
Give us the listening ear,
Thy guiding voice to hear—
Hear and obey.

ABBIE B. CHILD.

INVOCATION.

(Tune—"*Duke Street.*")

1 O Thou, the Everlasting One,
Hallowed Thy name, Thy will be done.
From earth below, and hosts above,
Be praise to Thy redeeming love.

2 'Tis to this love we make appeal,
'Tis Thine to pardon, Thine to heal.
Pour on our souls a fount of light,
And help to make conviction bright.

3 The spirit with unuttered groan
Wafts our faint cry to Thy great throne,
Bid sweet response our being fill—
"Fear not, for I am with you still."

4 Then let our faith its joy proclaim;
Glory to our Immanuel's name!
Glory to Christ of Calvary's fame!
Glory, for all, a Saviour came.

MRS. L. D. W. FERRIS.
Delmar, Iowa, 1883.

OUR FIELD IS THE WORLD.

"Sow beside all waters."—Is. xxxii: 20.

(Tune—"*How firm a foundation.*")

1 Our field is the world! let us forth to the sowing;
O'er valley and mountain, o'er desert and plain;
Beside the still waters thro' cool meadows flowing;
O'er regions unblest by the dew and the rain:

2 Let us scatter the seed, tho' in sorrow and weeping;
Tho' fields should be verdureless, wint'ry and bare;
The Lord of the harvest hath still in His keeping
Each seed as it falls, and will guard it with care.

3 Our field is the world! let us forth to the reaping;
The long day is waning, the eve draweth nigh;
Faint omens of storm up the heavens are creeping,
The sigh of the tempest is heard in the sky

4 The work-hour is brief, and the rest is forever;
Then stay not for weariness, languor nor pain,
But forth to the harvest with earnest endeavor,
And gather with gladness the sheaves that remain.

5 Our field is the world! let us forth to the gleaning;
The stores may be small that our labors reward;
But One from the height of His glory is beaming,
Attent to behold what we do for the Lord.

6 Where haply some reaper has passed on with singing,
O'erladen with sheaves for the garner above,
May yet be some handfuls that wait for our bringing,
To crown with completeness the stores of His love.

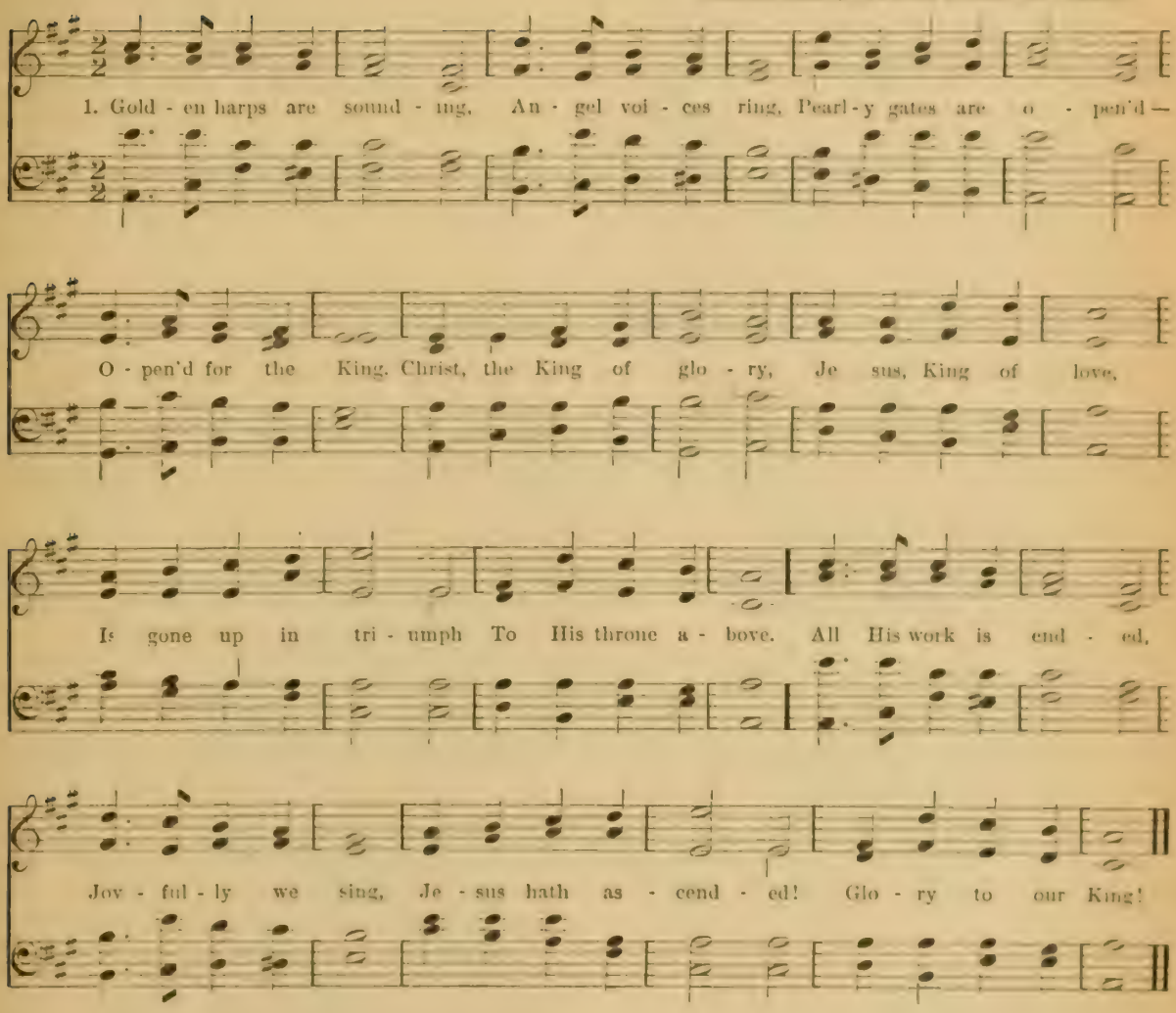
7 Our field is the world! whether sowing or reaping,
Or gleaning the handfuls that others have passed;
Or waiting the growth of the seed that with weeping
On rocky and desolate plains we have cast.

8 Then each for his reaping, and each for his mourning,
Shall sometime rejoice when the harvest is won,
And know, in the flush of eternity's morning,
The toil, the reward, and the glory are one!

MRS. J. C. YULE.
Set to music by J. E. Hall, in "Mission Songs."

ASCENSION HYMN.

Words and Music by FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

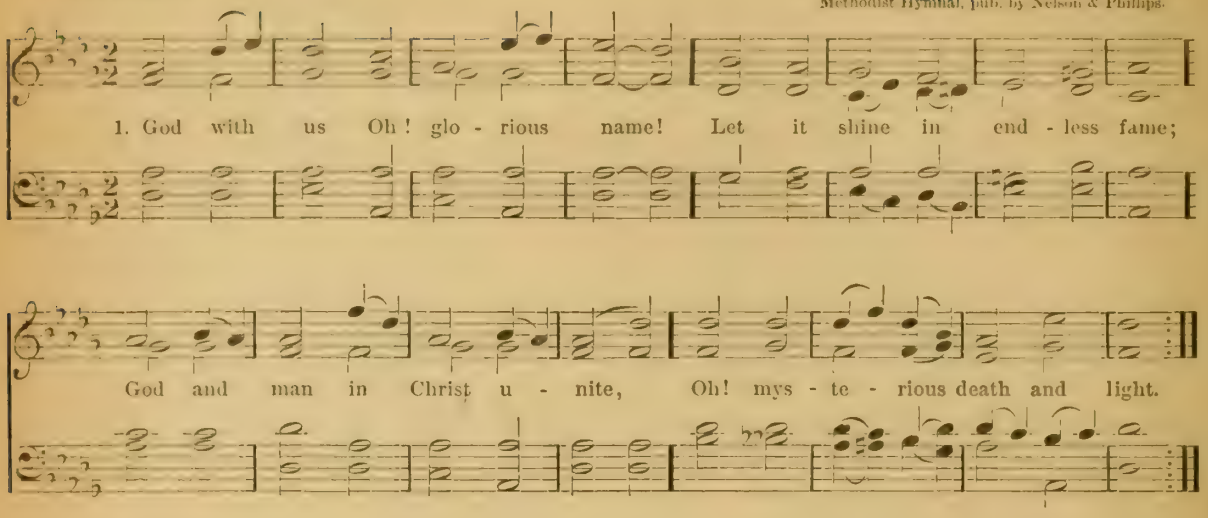


2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with gladness
At His Father's side.
Nevermore to suffer,
Nevermore to die:
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

3 Praying for His children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them His grace
His bright home preparing,
Christians, now for you
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.
All His work is ended,
Joyfully we sing,
Jesus hath ascended!
Glory to our King!

GOD WITH US.

SARAH SLINN. LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.
Methodist Hymnal, pub. by Nelson & Phillips.



2 God with us! the eternal Son
Took our soul, our flesh, our bone;
Now, ye saints, His grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.

3 God with us! but tainted not
With the first transgressor's blot;
Yet did He our sins sustain,
Bear the guilt, the curse, the pain.

4 God with us! Oh! wondrous grace!
Let us see Him face to face;
That we may Immanuel sing,
As we ought, our God and King!

SARAH SLINN. 1779.

OH! SING TO THE LORD.

(Tune—"*Lyons.*")

1 Oh! sing to the Lord! and give thanks to His name,
In songs of rejoicing His wonders proclaim;
His mercy and goodness exultingly sing;
His strength is our fortress, our covert His wing.

2 Oh! sing to the Lord! who hath guided our way;
The cloud of His presence by night and by day
Hath rested above us to guide and protect;
Its brightness to cheer, and its sign to direct.

3 Oh! sing to the Lord! for His mercies are sure;
His great loving-kindness shall ever endure:
The heavens may tremble, the earth may remove,
Yet firm and unshaken His mercies shall prove.

MRS. PHEBE PALMER.

INVOCATION!

(Tune—"*Varina.*")

1 Come, Holy Spirit, source of all
The good I think or do;
Take full possession of my heart,
And bless my soul anew;
For I would walk with perfect faith,
So formed in every grace,
That Christ shall show in every act,
And shine within my face.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, let me feel
Thy presence day by day;
I cannot do my Father's work,
Unless Thou always stay.
So fill my heart with humble love,
So frame my every word,
That I shall have no room for boast
Save in my precious Lord.

3 Come, Holy Spirit, when life's storms
Are darkly round me blown,
And fill my mind with perfect peace,
That comes from Thee alone;
And lest life's sunshine dazzle me,
And grieve Thee from my heart,
Stay Thou, and with Thy purer light,
Show me how fair Thou art.

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH.

PRAYER FOR MISSIONS.

(Tune—"*Howard.*")

1 Blest Lord, who hungry thousands fed,
Look with a pitying eye,
Where fainting for the living bread,
The heathen nations lie.

2 Light in our hearts that ardent flame
Which brought Thee from above,
That we may long to teach Thy name,
And glorify Thy love;

3 That we may take the food divine,
From Thy creating hands,
And, though unnumbered millions pine,
Feed all the starving lands.

4 Grant that before Thy judgment-seat
No soul may have to say,
When Thou didst bid, "Give them to eat,"
"I hungry went away."

MRS. GALUSHA ANDERSON.
Chicago, Ill.

HYMN FOR MISSIONARY WORKERS.

(Tune—"Sweet Home.")

1 We hear a low wailing from over the wave;
The breeze bears it onward, it calls us to save;
Our sisters forsaken we bring them to Thee,—
The poor lonely souls on Life's desolate sea.
Christ, Christ, only to Thee,
We bring these poor souls on life's desolate sea.

2 Let us hasten, my sisters, send forth the glad word
That women are free in the name of the Lord;
That the dear Father loves her, and opens the way
Where the weakest may enter from night to the day.
Haste, haste, bear the glad word
That woman is free in the name of the Lord.

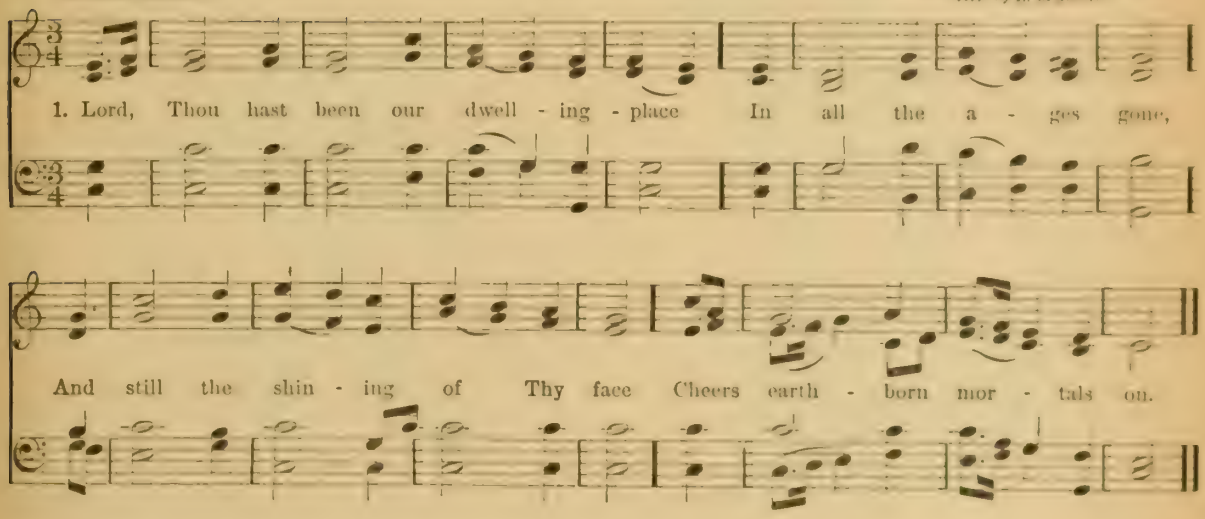
MRS. S. BRONSON HITTLEINGTON.

PROVIDENCE.

Psalm xc. Tune—"*Howard, C. M.*"

LUELLA CLARK.

Melody by MRS. CUTHBERT
Arr. by L. MASON



2 A thousand years, Lord, in Thy sight,
Are but as yesterday,
Or one brief watch of passing night
That hastes to flee away.

3 Before Thee generations pass
As with a swelling flood,
Like sleep, or flower of morning grass
That withers in its bud.

4 For by Thine anger we consume
And by Thy wrath we fear;
Thou dost our secret sins illume
And make transgressions clear.

5 Return, return; O Lord, how long?
And let Thy wrath repent;
Oh! turn our mourning into song
Ere all our days be spent.

6 For as a tale too quickly told,
We pass our fleeting years;
Like generations, Lord, of old,
In ceaseless toil and tears.

7 Oh! with Thy mercy satisfy
And let our hearts be glad,
In measure like to that whereby
Thy judgments made us sad.

8 And let the beauty of the Lord
Our God upon us be,
According to Thy gracious word—
That we may hope in Thee.

9 The work in which our hands engage,
Establish, make it sure,
O Thou whose works from age to age
Forevermore endure.

LUELLA CLARK.

BENEVOLENT EFFORTS.

(Tune—"*Refuge.*")

1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Thinking not 't is thrown away;
God Himself saith, thou shalt gather
It again some future day.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Wildly though the billows roll,
They but aid thee as thou toilest
Truth to spread from pole to pole.

3 As the seed, by billows floated,
To some distant island lone,
So to human souls benighted,
That thou flingest may be borne.

4 Cast thy bread upon the waters;
Why wilt thou still doubting stand?
Bounteous shall God send the harvest,
If thou sow'st with liberal hand.

MRS. J. H. HANAFORD, 1852.

CONVERSION OF THE WORLD.

1 Sovereign of worlds! display Thy power;
Be this Thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright Morning Star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,—
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On wilds and continents unknown,—
And make the nations all Thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear Thy voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

MRS. VOKE.

SOON MAY THE LAST GLAD SONG

1 Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee!
And, over land and stream and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign!

3 Oh! let the glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns!

MRS. VOKE.

THE WORLD'S CONVERSION.

1 Hasten, Lord! the glorious time
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel's call obey.
Mightiest kings His power shall own,
Heathen tribes His name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness and joy and peace
Undisturbed shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious name;
All His mighty acts record;
All His wondrous love proclaim.

HARRIET AUBER.
Died 1862.

REDEMPTION MORNING.

"And turneth the shadows of death into morning."—Amos v: 8.

(Tune—"*From Greenland's icy mountains.*")

1 Beyond the rolling billows, across the ocean broad,
The heathen are imploring, to know the Christian's God.
Shall heathen souls in darkness await the promised day,
While children of God's mercy His sacred trust betray?
Our hearts in glad thanksgiving, a willing tribute bring,
To bear afar the tidings, that all may know our King,
And may that morn's bright glory dispel sin's dark-'ning pall,
Till ev'ry soul shall worship the Lord who died for all.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS, 1882.
From "Gates of Praise."
Set to music with chorus, by E. S. Lorenz.

THY KINGDOM COME.

L. M.

1 Lord, when we pray, "Thy kingdom come,"
Then fold our hands, without a care
For souls whom Jesus died to save,
We do but mock Thee with our prayer.

2 Thou couldst have sent an angel-band
To call Thy straying children home,
And thus, through heavenly ministries,
On earth Thy kingdom might have come.

3 But since to human hands like ours,
Thou hast intrusted work divine,
Shall not our eager hearts make haste
To join their feeble powers with Thine?

4 To work and word, shalt not our hands
Rejoicing move, nor lips be dumb,
Lest, through our sinful love of ease,
Thy kingdom should delay to come?

5 To hold our every power and thought
Obedient to Thy least command,
Whether Thy blessed purposes
We can, or cannot, understand;

6 To sow the seed in every soil;
To bring the word of life to men;
To give, as Thou has given to us,
Hoping for no reward again—

7 To do all this, while in our thought
No pride or vain self-trust finds room,
This is to pray, with honest heart,
And purpose true—"Thy kingdom come."

HELEN. G. RICE.
Boston, Mass., 1884.

SALVATION MORNING.

"The glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Isa. lx: 1.

1 What means this glorious radiance
Across Judea's plain?
These white-winged angels singing
In such exultant strain.

CHORUS.—The King of Glory cometh,
Earth's broken hearts to bind,
And God's salvation morning
Hath dawned for all mankind.

2 What means this wondrous story
The holy angels tell?
Of one who reigned in heaven,
And now on earth would dwell.

3 Why bend these Eastern sages
To one of lowly birth?
What means this heavenly message
Of love and peace on earth?

4 Ye wand'rers in earth's darkness,
On ocean deep and land,
Hail, hail the joyful tidings,
The morning is at hand.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.
Set to music by E. S. Lorenz
In "Happy Voices."

SHALL WE.

C. M. Double.
(Tune—"Varina.")

I.

1 Shall we, surrounded by the blaze
Of intellectual light
With which God's word illumes the ways
Of Evil and of Right,—
Reveals His wondrous, matchless love,
His mercy, truth and grace,
His power, that nothing can disprove
In any age, or place;

2 Who know by faith the Christ who came
To save from sin's sad doom,
To rob death of its sting, and claim
Even from the grave its gloom;
To tell us of His Father's house
Of many mansions, where
We, as joint heirs with Him, may claim,
In everything a share;

3 Who have the precious bread of life,
The living waters sweet;
The truth that will outlive all strife;
The way to rest complete;
The Comforter with us alway,
Whatever may betide,
The magic key whene'er we pray
God's heart to open wide;

4 Who know, because our Father holds
The waters in His hand,
And every element controls
Of sky, or sea, or land,
We need not fear; all, all is well,
Above each cloud, each blast,
God's covenant in rainbow hues
Benignantly is cast.

II.

1 Shall we, Oh! dare we, thus so blest,
With light, and faith, and hope,
In selfish, careless pleasure rest,
While millions blindly grope
In heathen darkness, seeing nought
Where all to us is clear,
Having but vague, erroneous thought,
Of all we hold most dear?

2 No, no indeed! That were a sin
Not easily forgiven;
A heinous crime that well might bar
For us the gates of heaven.
Therefore unitedly we pray
And work for means and ways,
Our debt of gratitude to pay
And spread the Saviour's praise.

3 Father Almighty! kindly deign
To be our Guide, our Friend,
To bless our walk, and teach us how
Efficiently to send
Thy word to those who give to wood,
Birds, beasts, and lifeless stone,
The homage, faith, and trust that should
Be given to Thee alone.

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HASTEN, O LORD!

L. M.

"I, the Lord, will hasten it in His time."—Isa. lx: 22.

1 Hasten, O Lord! that happy time,
That dear, expected, blessed day,
When men of every race and clime
The Saviour's precepts shall obey.

2 In one sweet symphony of praise
Gentile and Jew shall then unite,
And all the wrongs which man has wrought
Sink in th' abyss of endless night.

3 Then Afric's long-enslavéd sons
Shall join with Europe's polished race,
To celebrate, in different tongues,
The glories of redeeming grace.

4 From east to west, from north to south,
Immanuel's kingdom shall extend;
And every man, in every face,
Shall meet a brother and a friend.

MRS. VOKE.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

1 From the snowy Alpine mountain,
With its summit upward pointing,
Whence the clear and sparkling fountain
Floweth thro' the smiling vale,
Hark! upon the breezes speeding,
Sounds the cry of nations pleading,
"Come, for we a guide are needing,
We will bid the truth all hail!"

2 From the tropic's green savanna,
Where the palm-tree waves its banner,
And the bread-fruit drops its manna,
With the joyous song of bird
And the gentle zephyr blending,
Hear the voice of prayer ascending,
While the Highest's ear is bending,
"Send, O Lord, to us Thy word!"

3 From the azure realms of ocean,
'Mid the winds' and waves' commotion,
Toilers with a true devotion,
Raise the earnest cry once more:
"Who, from earth's enchantments riven,
Will the seaman tell of Heaven,
That to him that port be given
When his wanderings are o'er?"

4 Shall we, all these cries unheeding,
O'er life's flowery paths be speeding,
While few Christian hands are leading
To the fold earth's scattered band?
Lord, we bow in deep contrition;
May we here fulfill Thy mission,
Till at length in Heaven's fruition,
We shall dwell at Thy right hand.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH. 1858.

HE COMETH.

(Tune—"*Home Sweet Home, or Portuguese Hymn.*")

"As the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west."

1 Rejoice and be glad, all ye isles of the sea,
Your Redeemer, your King, cometh forth, cometh forth;
Wide, wide as the wings of the wind moveth He,
And His goings encircle the ends of the earth.

2 Oh! wait for His law, and rejoice in His reign,
When trouble and strife and contention are o'er;
When gone are oppression and sorrow and pain,
And joy is o'er all on the sea and the shore.

3 Oh! lift up your heads, ye glad mountains, and sing,
In the light flowing down from the mansions above;
Oh! smile, all ye ends of the earth, for your King,
And rest, all ye lands, in the light of His love.

AURILLA FURBER.
Cottage Grove, Minn., 1883.

COME AND HELP US.

Tune—"*Sicily*" or "*Autumn.*"

1 From the Arctic's wintry circle,
Where the glitt'ring ice-king reigns,
And the sun but dimly shineth
On the cold and frozen plains,
Comes the cry of waiting spirits,
Starving for the living bread,—
Who will go to those dark regions,
Life and light and bliss to spread?

2 From the tropic isles of ocean,
Fair as Eden's garden bowers,
Where bright birds, with songs entrancing,
Sip the honey from sweet flowers,
Where the eye may feast on beauty
Of which man has scarcely dreamed,
"Come and teach us," hear them crying,"
"Faintly hath the day-star beamed."

3 Who those distant realms will visit?
Who the Saviour's cross will bear
To those long-benighted nations,
Shrinking not from toil or care?
Who will count their lives as nothing,
Thus the true and earnest love
Which is in their bosoms glowing,
To those darkened souls to prove?

4 O Thou dear and blesséd Saviour,
Shepherd of thine Israel,
Help some pure and noble spirits
To bid home and friends farewell,
And among those distant regions
Gladly tread their thorny way,
That those sin-enshrouded nations
May behold Thy gospel's ray.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH 1856.

THE GLADSOME TIDINGS.

(Tune -"*Harwell*," or "*Memories of Earth*")

1 Hear ye now the gladsome tidings,
Christ, the Prince of peace, draws near
Shout the news to every nation,
Till the world is full of cheer.

CHORUS.— Glory, glory, in the highest,
Hear the angels sing again,
Glory, glory, in the highest,
Peace on earth, good will to men.

2 Lo! the Morning Star has risen
O'er a dark and ruined earth,
And from out the heav'nly portals
Is proclaimed a Saviour's birth.

3 Lift your heads, ye heavy-hearted,
Shout for joy! ye captive souls;
Christ, the great Deliv'rer, cometh:
How the heav'nly music rolls.

4 Now the Lord of glory waiteth,
To redeem a world from sin;
Throw each heart's-door wide to greet him;
Bid the King Immanuel in.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.
Set to music by Adam Geibel.
Copyright, 1879, by F. A. North & Co., and used by per.

WHY SHOULD WE BE DISCOURAGED?

(Tune—"*Webb.*")

1 Why should we be discouraged?
Why let our hearts complain?
Why seek we for a harvest
Among the springing grain?
'Tis ours to do the sowing;
'Tis God's to give the yield;
Then wander not, complaining,
About the Master's field.

CHORUS.— So work with earnest patience,
Each power and talent wield;
'Tis ours to do the sowing;
'Tis God's to give the yield.

2 And if He to the harvest
Call others in our stead,
And if our ripened vintage
Another comes to tread;
The Father knows our talents;
Appoints to each his task;
And strength to do His pleasure
Is all that we should ask.

3 Then leave to God the planning;
Perhaps if we could stand
And see the ripened harvest
Throughout the Lord's broad land,
Then we might claim the honor,
The glory and the fame,
And, in our self-extolling,
Forget the Father's name.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS
From "Crowning Triumph," by per F. A. North & Co.

GO SPEAK IN TONGUES OF FLAME.

(Tune—"*Varina*")

1 Go tell the wondrous news abroad,
Go speak in tongues of flame!
For Saul, the great, the Christian's foe,
Now tells of Jesus' name;
What wondrous faith, what wondrous change,
His sinful works undo!
He talked with Jesus in the way,
And now he loves Him too.

2 And there are those with us to-day,
Like Saul, of glorious fame,
Because they know not Jesus' love,
Revile at Jesus' name:
O wondrous change, O wondrous faith!
If they our Saviour knew,
They'd talk with Jesus in the way,
They'd praise and love Him too.

3 O ye who know a Saviour's love,
Go speak in tongues of flame,
Till every faithless, doubting heart,
Shall learn of Jesus' name;
O wondrous faith, O wondrous love,
Our Father's work to do;
To talk with Jesus in the way,
To praise and love Him too.

ELLA M'AFFERTY, 1882.

SOWING AND REAPING.

C. M.

"He that goeth forth weeping, yet bearing precious seed, shall come again with joy bearing his sheaves with him."

1 O seed of truth, once faithful sown
With many prayers and tears,
In hope of bounteous harvests, grown
In future prosperous years,—

2 How fair to-day the ripened fields
Gleam on our widening view!
The seed abundant fruitage yields,
The laborers, how few!

3 More husbandmen, O Lord, wilt Thou
To field and vineyard send;
Where every stalk, and vine, and bough,
With clustering fruit doth bend.

4 Ye toilers in the Master's field,
Where others labored long;
The sturdy arm of effort wield,
Still steadfast be, and strong;

5 Thrust in the sickle, where the plain
Stands thick with golden ears,—
A billowy sea of ripened grain,
The fruit of toilsome years.

6 Lo! they, who went forth weeping then,
In early, darker days,
To bring their sheaves, are come again
With songs of joy and praise!

[illegible]
[illegible]

HAVE YOU NOT A WORD FOR JESUS?

1 Have you not a word for Jesus?
Will the world His praise proclaim?
Who will speak if ye are silent,
Ye who know the Saviour's name?
You, whom He hath called and chosen,
His own witnesses to be,
Will you tell your gracious Master,
"Lord, we cannot speak for Thee!"

2 "Cannot!" though He suffered for you,
Died because He loved you so!
"Cannot!" though He has forgiven,
Making scarlet white as snow!
"Cannot!" though His grace abounding
Is your freely promised aid!
"Cannot!" though He stands beside you,
Though He says, "Be not afraid."

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"ONE MORE DAY."

1 One more day's work for Jesus,
One less of life for me!
But heaven is nearer, and Christ is dearer,
Than yesterday, to me;
His love and light
Fill all my soul to-night.

2 One more day's work for Jesus!
How sweet the work has been,
To tell the story, to show the glory,
Where Christ's flock enter in!
How it did shine
In this poor heart of mine!

3 One more day's work for Jesus—
Oh! yes, a weary day;
But heaven shines clearer, and rest comes nearer,
At each step of the way;
And Christ in all—
Before His face I fall.

4 Oh! blesséd work for Jesus!
Oh! rest at Jesus' feet!
There toil seems pleasure, my wants are treasure,
And pain for Him is sweet.
Lord, if I may,
I'll serve another day!

ANNA B. WARNER.

GO BEAR THE JOYFUL TIDINGS.

"Go ye into all the world."—Mark xvi: 15.
(Tune—"*Stand up for Jesus.*")

1 Go bear the joyful tidings
That first, on Judah's plain,
Awoke the wondering shepherds
To praise Messiah's name;
Exalt the King of glory
Who left His throne on high,
And came on earth a ransom,
For guilty man to die.

Chorus.—Go sound the gospel trumpet
Beyond the rolling sea,
From chains of sin and darkness,
To set the captive free.

2 Go in your Master's vineyard,
And labor heart and hand;
The word of life eternal
Proclaim to every land,—
The sweet and precious promise
To all who will believe,
Free grace and full salvation,
For all who will receive.

3 Go tell the broken spirit
That vainly sighs for rest,
There is a home in glory,
A home forever blest;
Go bring the lost to Jesus,
His tender love to share;
Go forth to every nation,
Immortal souls are there.

4 Haste on your work of mercy,
The heavenly call obey;
Go in the strength of Jesus,
The true and living way;
Go like the old disciples,
And tread the path they trod;
Your duty lies before you,
Go—leave the rest to God.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Copyrighted in "New Golden Shower," 1866, and used by per. Biglow & Main.

JESUS SAVES.

1 We have heard of a joyful sound,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Spread the gladness all around,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Bear the news to every land,
Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Onward! 'tis our Lord's command;
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

2 Waft it on the rolling tide,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Tell to sinners, far and wide,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Sing, ye islands of the sea,
Echo back, ye ocean caves,
Earth shall keep her jubilee;
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

3 Sing above the battling strife,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
By His death and endless life,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Sing it softly through the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves,
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

4 Give the winds a mighty voice,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Let the nations now rejoice,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
Shout salvation full and free,
Highest hill and deepest caves,
This our song of victory,
Jesus saves, Jesus saves!

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.
From "Songs of Redeeming Love."
Published by John J. Hood. Edited by Prof. Sweeney, C. C. McCabe, T. C. O'Kane and W. J. Kirkpatrick.

DEAR SAVIOUR OF A DYING WORLD.

FOR EASTER.

C. M.

(Tune—"*Howard.*")

1 Dear Saviour of a dying world
Where grief and change must be,
In the new grave where Thou wast laid,
My heart lies down with Thee:
Oh! not in cold despair of joy,
Or weariness of pain,
But from a hope that shall not die,
To rise and live again.

2 I would arise in all Thy strength,
Thy place on earth to fill;
To work out all my time of war
With love's unflinching will;
Firm against every doubt of Thee
To all my future way—
To walk in Heaven's eternal light
Throughout the changing day.

3 Ah! such a day as Thou shalt own
When suns have ceased to shine,
A day of burdens borne by Thee,
And work that all was Thine.
Speed Thy bright rising in my heart,
Thy righteous kingdom speed—
Till my whole life in concord say,
"The Lord is risen indeed!"

4 Oh! for an impulse from Thy love,
With every coming breath,
To sing that sweet undying song
Amid the wrecks of death!
A "hail!" to every mortal pang
That bids me take my right
To glory in the blessèd life
Which Thou hast brought to light.

5 I long to see the hallowed earth
In new creation rise;
To find the gems of Eden hid
Where its fallen beauty lies;
To feel the spring-tide of the soul
By one deep love set free;
Made meet to lay aside her dust,
And be at home with Thee.

6 And then—there shall be yet an end—
An end how full to bless!
How dear to those who watch for Thee
With human tenderness;
Then shall the saying come to pass
That makes our homes complete,
And, rising from the conquered grave,
Thy parted ones shall meet.

7 Yes—they shall meet, and face to face,
By heart to heart, be known,
Clothed with Thy likeness, Lord of life,
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For this corruptible must rise
From its corruption free,
And this frail mortal must put on
Thine immortality.

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Upon our sorrows shine;
The fulness of Thy joys be ours,
As all our griefs were Thine.
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Our faded hopes restore,
Till in Thy triumph perfected
We taste of death no more.

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(Tune—"*Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.*")

1 Eager, listening to the words
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Lo! the waiting people stood,
Gath'ring close with one accord.
Then a silence o'er them fell,
As they gazed upon His face,
While a cloud ascending bright,
Hid from view its wondrous grace.

2 While they stood in sore distress,
Two arrayed in glist'ning white,
Suddenly the silence broke,
Turned their darkness into light;
"Jesus Christ shall come again,"
Such the words that thrilled the air,
"Jesus Christ shall come again,
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MARGARETTE W. [illegible]
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We would faithful witness bear,
Come to us, Oh! come to-day.

MARGARETTE W. [illegible] 1882
From D. C. Cook's "Sabbath School Teachers' Manual."

THE WORLD IS MY PARISH.

"Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

(Tune—*"How firm a foundation."*)

1 Disciples of Jesus, why stand ye here idle,
Go work in His vineyard, He calls you to-day;
The night is approaching, when no man can labor,
Our Master commands us, and shall we delay?

CHORUS.—The field is the world! The field is the world!
Look up, for the harvest, the harvest is near;
When the reapers from glory will shout as they come,
And the Lord, and the Lord of the harvest appear.

2 Our field is the world, and our work is before us,
To each is appointed a message to bear;
At home or abroad, in the cottage or palace,
Wherever directed, our mission is there.

3 Perhaps we are called from the highways and hedges,
To gather the lowly, despised and oppressed;
If this be our duty, then why should we falter?
We'll do it, and trust to our Saviour the rest.

4 O'er islands that sleep in the wave-crested ocean,
We'll scatter the truth, and its fruit it shall bear;
O'er ice-covered regions, and rock-girded mountains,
The Lord will protect as His children are there.

5 Instead of the thorn shall the myrtle be planted;
The desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose;
The palm tree rejoicing shall spread forth her branches;
The lamb and the lion together repose.

FANNY CROSBY.
From "Singing Pilgrim," by per. Philip Phillips.
Copyrighted 1866.

THE COMING CONQUEST.

"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall increase."
"If this work be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

(Tune—*"The morning light is breaking."*)

1 The golden beams of knowledge
Are spreading broad and clear,
Guided by wisdom, virtue,
The world to bless and cheer.
In vain the plotting wicked
May seek to stay, o'erthrow,
The right they only strengthen,
Their hatred only show.

2 Roll on in sacred conquest,
O glorious knowledge fair,
Uplift the weak and lowly,
Their burdens help them bear.
Run to and fro, with ardor,
Each day increased in skill;
The hardest work is easy,
When done with courage, will.

3 Strike deep! O tree of knowledge,
Spread broad thy branches green,
Till underneath their foliage
A ransomed world is seen.
Give of thy fruit to raise them
From ignorance and woe—
Till with a clearer vision,
Thy work, O God, they show,

MRS. S. M. S. WOODIN.
Detroit, Mich., 1878.

BOUNTEOUS CARE.

S. M.

1 Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hand and voice,
Who mighty, wondrous things hath done,
In whom the worlds rejoice;

2 Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless tokens of His love,
And still is ours to-day.

3 Oh! may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near,
With ever grateful, joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer;

4 To keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from perplexing ills
In this world and the next.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH, tr.
Born 1829.

BEHOLD THE EXPECTED TIME.

Isaiah li: 3.

L. M.

1 Behold the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear!
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom!

2 Events with prophecies conspire,
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to the sight.

3 The untaught heathen wait to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive, to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

MRS. VOKE.

FORGIVENESS.

C. M.

(Tune—"*Dundee.*")

1 Blest Master, how exceeding broad,
How deep Thy pure command,
That lays upon earth's fervid pulse
A calm, restraining hand.

2 It turns the tide of passion back,
It bids revenge be still;
For e'en the wrath of man restrained
Shall execute Thy will.

3 Though mocked and pierced Thou bidst us pray,
Forgive, and bless, and love,
As children of eternal day
Whose life is hid above.

3 Oh! piercéd hand! Oh! piercéd heart!
O Man of Sorrow deep!
Unto our wounded souls impart
Thy love, Thy spirit meek.

4 Then shall we calmly trust and wait,
And pray for friend and foe,
Until we stand at heaven's gate
In garments white as snow.

KATE R. ODEN.

CHILDREN OF LIGHT.

(Tune—"*Only Remembered.*")

1 Children of light, like the stars of the midnight,
Guiding earth's weary ones home to their rest
Shine for the heart that is burdened with anguish;
Cheer up the lonely, the sad, and oppressed.

Cho.—Let your light shine! for the world is in darkness;
Hide not one ray, lest some prodigal child,
Seeking the pathway to home and forgiveness,
Groping in darkness, returns to the wild.

2 Children of light, Oh! how great is your mission!
Shedding abroad the bright Gospel of truth!
Lighting the way to the glory eternal!
Guiding the aged: directing the youth!

3 Children of light, till the day-dawn appeareth,
God has commanded you ever to shine
All the long night till the brightness, God-given,
Loseth its light in the glory divine.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.

From "Crowning Triumph." F. A. North & Co., by per.

LOOK TO THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

1 A beacon bright the Christian stands
Upon the shore of time;
A light-house built on solid rock,
That rears its head sublime.

2 A tower high the Christian stands,
A clear and shining light,
To cast a gleam across the sea
Of earth's dark, gloomy night.

3 Grand sentinel upon life's coast,
Be faithful, true, and brave;
And ever keep your light ablaze,
Benighted souls to save.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

Set to music by J. H. Tenney in "Wreath of Pearls."
Edited and published by Asa Hull.

ART THOU WAITING?

(Tune—"*Guide me, O thou great Jehovah.*")

1 Art thou waiting on the watch-tower,
For the coming of thy Lord?
For His glorious appearing,
The fulfilling of His word?

Chorus.—For behold, the Bridegroom cometh,
Hear ye not the joyful cry,
"Watch and be ye also ready,
Your redemption draweth nigh"?

2 Watch and pray, the hour ye know not,
Which shall bring your absent Lord,
"For behold, I will come quickly,
And with me is my reward."

3 Art thou waiting on thy watch-tower,
Joyfully thy Lord to greet?
'Till He comes in all His glory,
And ye worship at His feet?

4 Wait, then, still upon thy watch-tower,
'Till thine absent Lord appear;
Hold thou fast to thy profession,
Thy redemption draweth near.

ELIZA SHELMAN.

From D. C. Cook's "Sabbath School Manual," by per.

FREE GRACE.

"Without money and without price."—Isa. lv. 1.

1 Herald the tidings to every soul,
Wave on wave let the echo roll;
Strong and gladly the chorus swell,
The story, grand, of Free Grace tell.

Chorus.—Free Grace, Free Grace,
Echo the cry to a ruined race;
Free Grace, Free Grace,
Shout, shout the story of grace, Free Grace.

2 Sing of the wonderful grace, Free Grace,
Given to all of our ruined race;
Shout the story afar and near,
That every burdened soul may hear.

3 Go, tell the story, so grandly true,
Praise the Lamb who was slain for you;
Shout aloud of the Free Grace given,
That you and I may dwell in heaven.

[illegible]

From "Songs of Free Grace," by per. D. B. Towner.

A NEW DAY.

1 While the weary world is sleeping,
Up the hills the mists are creeping,
Till the sun, all barriers, leaping
Floods the world with light.
O'er the hills the dawn is breaking,
And all nature seems awaking,
And her drowsy bed forsaking
To greet the morning light.
Hark! the joyous birds are singing,
Through the woods their notes are ringing,
Every breeze their carols bringing—
We have passed the night!

2 Lo! the world in sin is sleeping!
Ignorance and error creeping
O'er the soul to fill with weeping—
Let us watch and pray.
While our hearts in gloom and sorrow
Sadly strive from faith to borrow
Brighter light for the to-morrow;
Darkness turn to-day.
Oh! when breaks the glorious dawning
Of the resurrection morning,
Suddenly, and without warning,
Shadows flee away!

3 Christians waking—homeward winging—
Praises to the Lamb are singing,
Christ's own voice like trumpet ringing!
Satan's reign is o'er!
No more weariness nor sleeping,
No more mists of error creeping
O'er the soul to fill with weeping
Sad hearts sick and sore.
Jesus comes! by saints attended.
Songs of love and joy are blended,
Sin and pain forever ended!
Joy forevermore!

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.
Brooklyn, N Y., 1883.

THE SECOND TEMPLE.

1 Oh! glorious in beauty
The temple rose of old,
Its pillars hung with purple,
Its portals crowned with gold.

CHORUS.—Thou art Thyself that temple,
O Christ, our Saviour, King,
Whom earthly shrine and glory
Were but foreshadowing.

2 But to the second temple
Came Christ the temple's King,
Whom sacrifice and altar
Were but foreshadowing.

3 Thou art the golden altar
Whereon our gifts are laid;
Thyself the bleeding victim,
By whom our sins are paid;

4 The veil by which we enter
The holiest shrine within;
The Priest who stands to offer
A sacrifice for sin.

EDITH R. WILSON.
Set to music by T. Martin Towne.

I HAVE REDEEMED THEE, THOU ART MINE.

(Tune—"*Not half has ever been told.*" Gospel Hymns.)

1 "I, I have redeemed thee." Who saith it?
Our Jesus, our Master, our King;
He who upon Calvary suffered,
The perfect salvation to bring;
The perfect redemption to give thee,
O sister, bound down by life's load,
And clothe thee in garments immortal
To adorn His all-glorious abode.

2 "I, I have redeemed thee." Who saith it?
The King who sits yonder enthroned—
No longer the victim of Calvary,
No longer the captive entombed,
No longer the man of great sorrows,
No longer acquainted with grief—
But God's own triumphant Anointed,
And heaven's Crown-jewel and Chief.

3 Yes, with a great ransom He saves thee,
And as He ascended He cried,
"Go, teach thou the blessed evangel,
And tell it abroad far and wide.
Go, tell how I wait for my people,
Expectantly wait, until all,
Out of every kindred and nation,
Have heard of my life-bringing call."

MRS. L. L. NEWELL.
In "Woman's Work for Woman."
Rochester, Minn., 1882

AFTER THE TOIL.

1 From the fields white unto harvest,
Swift the laden reapers come,
Bringing treasures to the Master,
Hearing the glad word of welcome,
"Enter in, thou faithful one."

2 Last of all the long procession,
Master, at Thy feet I stand;
I had dreamed of bearing sheaves,
Flow'rs, or glory-tinted leaves,
Now I come with empty hand,

3 Neither flow'r, nor leaf, nor fruitage,
Lay I at Thy footstool down,
Weary days and nights of anguish,
When the spirit-fires languish,
What are these to win a crown?

4 "Welcome, child," the Master whispers,
"Empty-handed, worn, and late;
Some must watch and meekly bear,
Some must toil and bravely dare,
But I bade thee only wait."

CORA, 1880.
From "Every Sabbath," set to music by T. C. O'Kane.

DUTY.

Not duty's measured tithe alone
Love lays upon her Master's shrine;
Lord, grant this gift, that all we own,
And all we are be marked as Thine.

WORK IN THE ZENANA.

(Tune—"*Memories of Earth*," in "Gospel Hymns," or "*Autumn*.")

1 Do you see those dusky faces,
Gazing dumbly to the west;
Those dark eyes, so long despairing,
Now aglow with hope's unrest?
They are looking, waiting, longing
For deliverance and light;
Shall we not make haste to help them,
Our poor sisters of the night?

2 Long despised and wronged and slighted,
Oh! that, washed in Jesus' blood,
Every soul might be a pillar
In the temple of our God!
Is it time to build the temple?
Time to shape those living stones?
Time to turn to songs of praises
Bitter tears and hopeless groans?

3 It is time; the Master Builder
Bids us work with heart and hand,
Till His name and glorious gospel
Shall be known through every land.
It is time; then let us labor
That His Spirit be not grieved;
Let us give to others freely
What we freely have received.

J. L.

In "United Presbyterian Missionary Record."

WHILE IN TOIL AND IN WEARINESS.

(Tune—"*The Sweet By and By*.")

"All nations shall serve Him."—Ps. lxxii: 11.

1 While in toil and in weariness here
We are seeking our Lord to obey,
Let us think of the glad days to come,
When the nations shall own His mild sway.
Let us think of the glorious time
When the name of our God shall be known;
When the earth shall be filled with His praise,
And the whole world shall bow at His throne.

Chorus.—In the sweet by and by,
When our Saviour in glory shall reign;
In the sweet by and by,
When our Saviour in glory shall reign.

2 Then thro' Africa's night a bright dawn
Shall all sorrow and darkness dispel;
Then India shall break from her chains,
And be freed from her mythical spell;
Then the Crescent shall yield to the Cross,
Sharon's Rose shall the Lotus replace,
And the Isles of the Sea shall rejoice
In the blessings of pardoning grace.

3 Then, when hope to fruition is turned,
When the terrible battle is o'er,
When the swift-rolling years cease to move,
And we all reach that beautiful shore,
We'll sit down at the feast of the Lamb,
With the tribes from the East and the West,
While with saints and with angels we join
In the rapturous song of the blest.

4 Then all nations and kindreds and tongues,
Made clean by the blood of the Lamb,—
A great multitude, clad in white robes,—
Shall forever give praise to Christ's n
Crying, "Blessing and honor and power
Be unto the Saviour of men;
Thanksgiving and glory to God,
Forever and ever, Amen.

[illegible] B. CHILD

THE CLOUD OF GOD'S PRESENCE.

(For Mothers' Meeting.)

Numbers ix. 15.

1 Cloud of the Lord! ordained of old
As Israel's desert guide,
Thy radiant wings, with mystic fold,
Both light and shade supplied.

2 Symbol of Heavenly Providence,
Which deigns with us to dwell;
Our constant glory and defence,
As one of Israel,

3 Oh! may our children's opening eyes
Rest on thy guardian shade;
And see thy radiant lustre rise,
When nature's glories fade!

4 By day, by night, with us abide;
And onward, as we move,
Before us go, a faithful guide,
In God's unfailing love.

5 To that fair land revealed by faith,
Conduct us by His will;
And when the parents sleep in death,
Ah! guide their children, still.

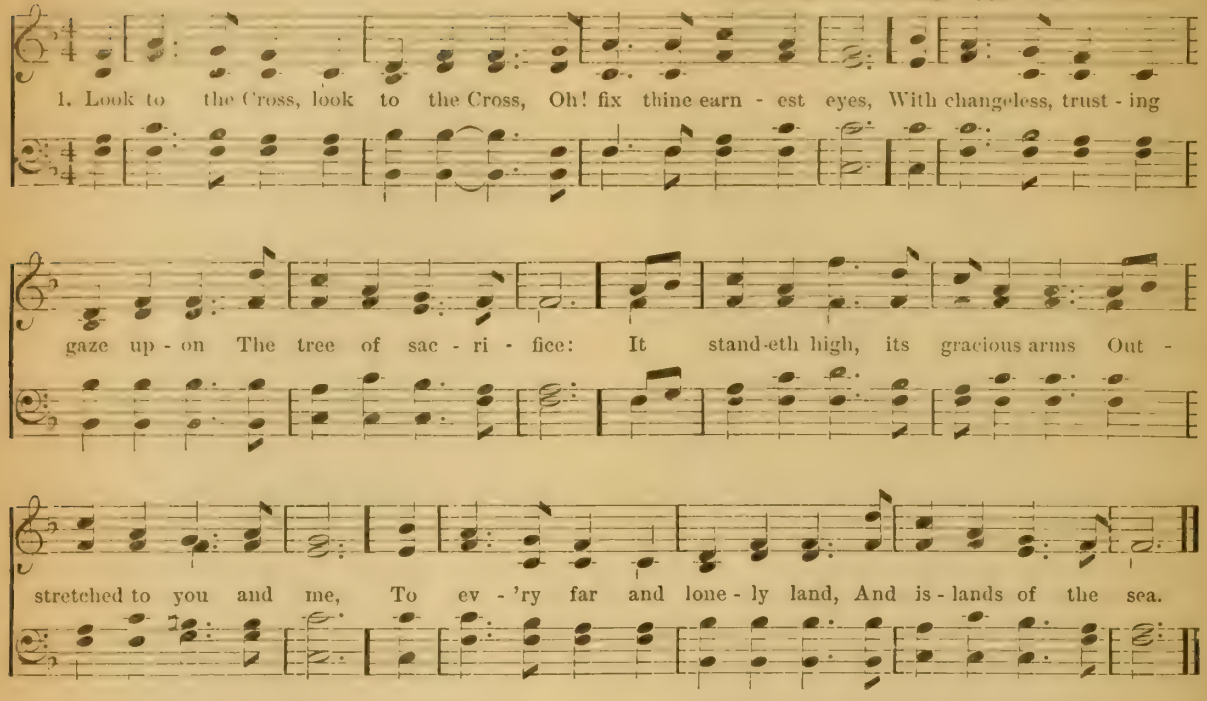
[illegible] N. B.

In [illegible]
[illegible] 1865.

LOOK TO THE CROSS.

Words by MRS. S. M. I. HENRY. EMMA L. MORTON.

Music from "Welcome Songs," by per. F. H. REVELL.



2 Look to the Cross—not to the woes
From which Christ came to save:
Remember ye the risen Lord,
And not the empty grave:
Look to the Cross—thy groans and tears
Cannot for sin atone:
Look to the Cross, the blood-stained Cross,
Thy hope is there alone.

3 Look to the Cross—not to the one
'T is given thee to bear:
Nor to thy brother's, which may seem
To thee more sin than care.
Behold no guilt but thine, and know
For this the Saviour died,
And cast thy sin, thy care, thy woe,
Upon the Crucified.

4 Look to the Cross, look to the Cross,
With such a steady eye
That all who look to thee shall turn
A thoughtful gaze on high.
Thus shall thy life be hid in Christ,
Thy death be life in Him,
While earthly crosses fall to dust,
When earthly crowns are dim.

Words from "Every Sabbath," Edited by J. C. O'Kane.
Pub. by J. Church & Co.

SOUND THE LOUD ANTHEM.

(Tune—"*Shout the glad tidings.*")

1 Praise to the grace which has triumphed so freely,
Where sin had abounded and darkness had reigned;
Praise to the word, which has spoken so fully
Of blessings in store, which are yet to be gained.
Sound the loud anthem o'er ocean and sea,
The hand of Jehovah is stretched out to thee.

2 For Zebulon's sons yet "shall call to the mountain,"
The people from far to the house of the Lord,
To partake of that altar, and wash in that fountain
Whose virtues their "going" shall herald abroad.
Sound the loud anthem o'er ocean and sea,
The hand of Jehovah is stretched out to thee.

3 The light of the promise already is dawning,
For Zion is nursed by the ships of the sea;
Her temples the sailor now gladly is thronging,
Rejoiced from the bondage of sin to be free.
Sound the loud anthem o'er ocean and sea,
The hand of Jehovah is stretched out to thee.

4 On the shore, where his footsteps too often were taken
In snares which the wicked had set for his feet,
The Bethel now spreads for his welcome her beacon,
And temples are rising his coming to greet.
Sound the loud anthem o'er ocean and sea,
The hand of Jehovah is stretched out to thee.

MRS. C. H. PUTNAM.

GROW NOT WEARY.

(Tune—"*Webb.*")

1 O toilers, grow not weary,
Weary by the way;
Though clouds and tempests dreary
May darken o'er thy way,
The sunshine's still above thee,
And soon thou'lt joyful hold
The flowers and fruits of harvest
With sheaves of burnished gold.

2 O toilers, grow not weary,
Weary by the way;
And Satan's hosts shall fear thee,
The powers of hell obey.
And on the shores of India,
And China by the sea,
The sowing and the reaping
Of Christ, your Lord, shall be.

3 O toilers, grow not weary,
Weary by the way;
The Master walketh near thee,
To comfort and to stay.
Thy hands He'll be upholding,
Amid the furrows deep,
And at life's quiet evening
He'll give thee rest and sleep.

ANNIE H. THOMSON.
Set to music by T. C. O'Kane,
In "Every Sabbath."

MISSIONARY HYMN.

(Tune—"*Memories of Earth.*" Gospel Hymns.)

1 Love that blest the bread and wine,
Love that spread the feast divine,
Love that makes Thy table mine,
Love of love, my song shall be,
Blesséd Giver, all of Thee.
Love that makes Thy table mine,
Love of love, my song shall be,
Blesséd Giver, all of Thee.

2 Lo! since Thou the table spread,
Since Thy lips such welcome said,
Lives one soul uncomforted?
Love of love, can any be
Hungry now for lack of Thee?
Lives one soul uncomforted?
Love of love, can any be
Hungry now for lack of Thee?

3 Hark! I hear a wail of pain
Coming swiftly o'er the main;
Voices plead and plead again,
"Unto us no feast is spread—
On our sight no light is shed."
Voices plead and plead again,
"Unto us no feast is spread—
On our sight no light is shed."

4 Master, can I sit at ease,
While there perish such as these,
Pleading for thy messages?
Love of love, my life shall be
Spent in guiding souls to Thee
Pleading for thy messages.
Love of love, my life shall be
Spent in guiding souls to Thee.

MARY EARLE HARDY.

"PRAY FOR US."

(Tune—"*Memories of Earth.*" Gospel Hymns.)

1 "Pray for us," the words are coming
From a far-off heathen land;
They are echoed in our nation,
Heard in every Christian land.
"Pray for us" in far-off China,
Let your prayers for this ascend,
That the Holy Spirit's blessing
Speedily on us descend.

2 "Pray for us" in California,
That a Father's love descend,
That the right arm of a Saviour
May our churches here defend.
Pray for Syria and Oroomiah,
For the far-off fair Japan;
Pray that all the heathen nations
Soon may know God's precious plan.

3 Pray for love our hearts to lighten,
Pray for light them to renew,
Pray for hope our way to brighten,
Pray for more expanded view.
Pray now that the Lord, descending,
May possess each Christian heart;
Pray for grace, our hearts defending,
Us from earthly love to part.

S. E. F.
Hopkinton, Iowa, Dec. 15, 1876.

O LORD, HOW BOUNTEOUS!

"On the Gentiles also was poured out the gift of the Holy Ghost." Acts. x. 45.
(Tunes—"[illegible]" (*E flat.*) "[illegible]" (*E flat.*))

1 O Lord, how bounteous Thy grace!
Thy wondrous love, nor rank, nor place,
Nor Jewish faith nor Gentiles bind,
Thy gospel is for all mankind.

2 The gracious truths Thy lips declare,
O Lord, let me, Thy servant, bear!
For all who seek the gospel light,
It shines with beams more purely bright.

3 What though the place be poor and mean,
Oh! what am I, to cry, "Unclean?"
The message I alone can give,
Some soul is waiting to receive.

[illegible]
From D. C. Cook's "[illegible]"

SOULS IN HEATHEN DARKNESS.

(Tune—"*Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us.*")

1 Souls in heathen darkness lying,
Where no light has broken through,
Souls that Jesus bought by dying,
Whom His soul in travail knew,—
Thousand voices
Call us o'er the waters blue.

2 Christians, hearken! none hath taught them
Of His love so deep and dear;
Of the precious price that bought them;
Of the nail, the thorn, the spear:
Ye who know Him,
Guide them from their darkness drear.

3 Haste, Oh! haste, and spread the tidings
Wide to earth's remotest strand;
Let no brother's bitter chidings
Rise against us—when we stand
In the judgment—
From some far, forgotten land.

4 Lo! the hills for harvest whiten,
All along each distant shore;
Seaward far the islands brighten,—
Light of nations, lead us o'er;
When we seek them,
Let thy spirit go before!

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

WHO WILL GO FOR US?

1 Listen, listen, English sisters,
Hear an Indian sister's plea,
Grievous wails, dark ills revealing,
Depths of human woe unsealing,
Borne across the deep blue sea.
"We are dying day by day,
With no bright, no cheering ray,
Naught to lighten up our gloom,
Cruel, cruel is our doom."

2 Listen, listen, Christian sisters,
Show ye have a Christ-like heart;
Hear us sadly, sadly moaning,
'Neath our load of sorrow groaning,
Writhing 'neath its bitter smart;
With no hope of rest above,
Knowing not a Father's love;
Your true sympathy we crave,
You can help us, you can save.

3 Listen, listen, Christian sisters,
Hark! they call, and call again;
Can ye pass them by, unheeding
All their eager, earnest pleading?
Hear ye not their plaintive strain?
Let your tender hearts be moved,
Let your love to Christ be proved,
Not by idle tears alone,
But by noble actions shown.

4 This is no romantic story,
Not an idle, empty tale;
Not a vain, far-fetched ideal,
No, your sisters' woes are real;
Let their pleading tones prevail,
As ye prize a Father's love,
As ye hope for rest above,
As your sins are all forgiven,
As ye have a home in heaven.

5 Rise, and take the gospel message,
Bear its tidings far away;
Far away to India's daughters,
Tell them of the living waters,
Flowing, flowing, day by day,
That they too may drink and live,
Freely have ye, freely give;
Go disperse the shades of night
With the glorious gospel light.

6 Many jewels, rare and precious,
If ye sought them, ye should find,
Deep in heathen darkness hidden,
Ye are by the Master bidden,
If ye know that Master's mind;
Bidden, did I say? Ah, no!
Without bidding ye will go
Forth to seek the lone and lost;
Rise and go, whate'er it cost.

7 Would ye miss His welcome greeting
When He comes in glory down?
Rather would ye hear Him saying,—
As before Him ye are laying
Your bright trophies for His crown,—
"I accept your gathered spoil,
I have seen your earnest toil;
Faithful ones, well done! well done!
Ye shall shine forth as the sun."

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH.
A young Brahmin Lady.
Written in English by herself.

HIGH UPON THE CROSS.

1 High upon the cross suspended,
Truth is hanging undefended,
Shelterless and scorned indeed.
Hate rejoices through the nation:
From the cross comes supplication,
"Pardon them, for whom I bleed."

2 Not in lightning or in thunder
Comes a truth of love or wonder:
In a manger it is born;
And the crowd, its light unheeding,
Nail it ever, torn and bleeding,
To the cross with laughing scorn.

3 But the light, by men rejected,
Glows with power unsuspected,
And the cross becomes a star;
Beckoning through the mists of ages,
Through the blood-stained martyr pages,
Witnesses from near and far.

4 Jesus! Saviour! Hail forever!
Throned on Calvary, dying never!
Crucified as Truth must be;
Each red drop of life-blood flowing
Shows new thought, forever growing,
Calling all mankind to Thee.

EMMA E. MAREAU.
Translated from K. Janson.
"Christian Register."

DOXOLOGY.

L. M.

1 Sing ye the honor of God's Name!
Spreading abroad His wondrous fame;
Sing! sing! ye people, in all lands,
While trusting all into His hands.

2 For, never will His power cease,
Though earth shall yield her last increase;
Oh! sing! ye nations, far and wide,
"The Lord, our Lord, be magnified!"

ELLA A. HOTCHKISS.
From a poem entitled "Love's Song."
Sept. 5. 1882.

THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD FOR JESUS.

(Written for the meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, held in Baltimore, May 9, 1872.)

(Tune, "Webb.")

1 The whole wide world for Jesus!
Once more before we part,
Ring out the joyful watchword
From every grateful heart.
The whole wide world for Jesus!
Be this our battle-cry,
The lifted cross our oriflamme,
A sign to conquer by!

2 The whole wide world for Jesus!
From out the Golden Gate,
Through all Pacific's sunny isles
To China's princely state;
From India's vales and mountains,
Through Persia's land of bloom,
To storied Palestina,
And Afric's desert gloom;

3 The whole wide world for Jesus
Through all its fragrant zones!
Ring out again the watchword
In loftiest, gladdest tones.
The whole wide world for Jesus!
We'll wing the song with prayer,
And link the prayer with labor,
Till Christ His crown shall wear.

MRS. I. R. HERRICK JOHNSON.

"OH! TO BE NOTHING!"

"Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth." 1 Cor. iii: 7.

1 Oh! to be nothing—nothing!
Only to lie at His feet,
A broken and emptied vessel,
For the Master's use made meet!
Emptied that He may fill me,
As forth to His service I go;
Broken, that so, unhindered,
Through me His life may flow.

2 Oh! to be nothing—nothing!
An arrow hid in His hand,
Or a messenger at His gateway,
Waiting for His command;
Only an instrument, ready
For Him to use at His will;
And willing, should He not require me
In patience to wait on Him still.

3 Oh! to be nothing—nothing!
Though painful the humbling
Though it lay me low in the sight of those
Who are now, perhaps, praising me:
I would rather be nothing, nothing,
That to Him might their voices be raised,
Who alone is the Fountain of blessing,
Who only is meet to be praised.

4 Yet e'en as my pleading rises,
A voice seems with mine to blend,
And whispers, in loving accents,
"I call thee not 'servant,' but 'friend;'
Fellow-worker with Me I call thee,
Sharing My sorrow and joy—
Fellow-heir to the glory I have,
The treasure without alloy."

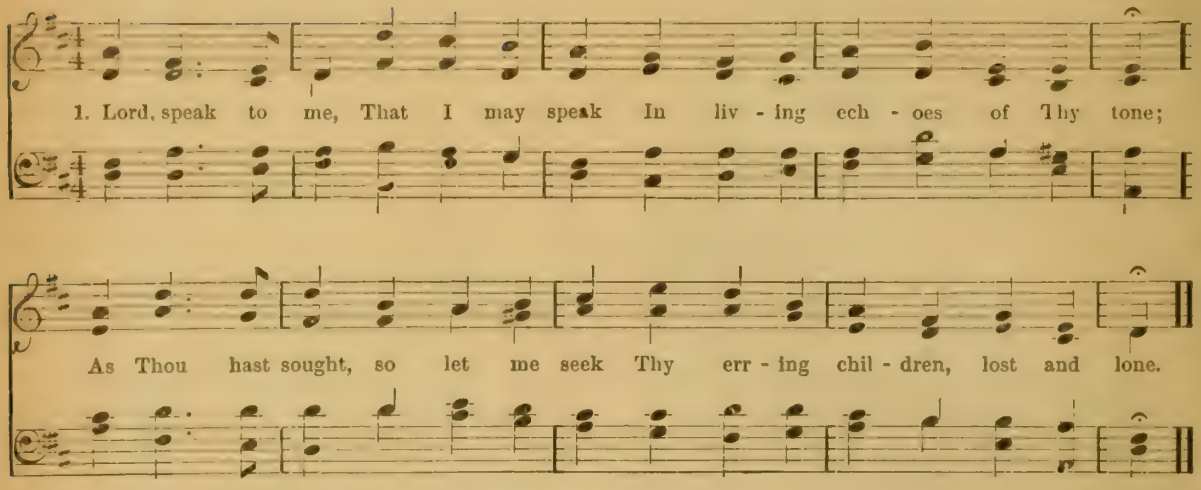
5 O love so free, so boundless!
Which, lifting me, lays me lower
At the footstool of Jesus, my risen Lord,
To worship and to adore—
Which fills me with deeper longing,
To have nothing dividing my heart,
My "all" given up to Jesus,
Not "keeping back a part."

6 Thine may I be, Thine only,
Till called by Thee to share
The glorious heavenly mansions
Thou art gone before to prepare;
My heart and soul are yearning
To see Thee face to face,
With unfettered tongue to praise Thee
For such heights and depths of grace.

ANNA M. TAYLOR.
Accrington, England. 1869.

A WORKER'S PRAYER.

Words and Music by FRANCES. R. HAVERGAL.



2 Oh! lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
Oh! feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

3 Oh! strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the Rock, and strong in Thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

4 Oh! teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.

5 Oh! give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

6 Oh! fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

7 Oh! use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where,
Until Thy blesséd face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Writing to a friend, Miss Havergal said: "Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn, 'Take My Life.' I went for a little visit of five days. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for, some converted but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, Lord, give me *all* in this house! Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart one after another till they finished with '*Ever only, all for Thee.*'"

CONSECRATION.

1 Take my life and let it be
Consecrated all to Thee;
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;

2 Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful to Thee,
Take my voice and let me sing
Only for my Lord and King;

3 Take my lips and let them be
Filled with images from Thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;

4 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou wilt choose;

5 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne;

6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasured store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever only, all for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

"BLESS THOU THE TRUTH, DEAR LORD,
TO ME—TO ME."

(Miss Lathbury.) *Page* 28.

LEAD US, O SHEPHERD TRUE.

1 Lead us, O Saviour dear!
Keep us Thy side so near,
We shall no danger fear,
Nor ever stray;
When quiet waters flow,
And fairest flowers grow,
Or when the storm-winds blow,
Lead us alway.

CHORUS.—Lead us, O Shepherd true!
Lead, lest we stray;
Till we bid earth adieu,
Lead us, we pray;
Thou who hast gone before,
Guide to that blessed shore,
Where we shall sin no more,
Lead us, we pray.

2 Lead us, O Christ divine!
Take our weak hands in Thine;
Let Thy love o'er us shine;
Call us Thine own;
Hearing Thy voice so sweet,
May we with ready feet
Follow Thee till we meet
Round Thy pure throne.

MISS M. A. BAKER.
From "Songs of Love." Set to music by Dr. H. R. Palmer.

BY GALILEE.

1 Break Thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord, to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea;
Beyond the sacred page
I seek Thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for Thee,
O living Word!

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me—to me—
As Thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee;
Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All!

MARY A. LATHBURY.
By per. Dr. J. H. Vincent.

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

1 Safe now beneath the shadow of the cross,
Shall I but idly sit me down at rest,
While round me still the cruel breakers toss
Wrecked souls, who vainly strive the waves to breast?

2 Shall I abide at His dear feet and learn
The heavenly wisdom He alone can teach,
And from the hands despairing lifted turn,
Which fain would after friendly succor reach?

3 I, who have known so well the treacherous deep,
May not in ease my Saviour's smile enjoy,
But like Him over helpless sinners weep,
And for their rescue all my powers employ.

4 Then, when He shall appear to crown His own,
Together, saved by grace, we'll Him adore;
Our labor o'er and His approval won,
Praise shall engage our tongues forevermore.

MRS. E. A. WILSON.
In "Labor of Love." Springfield, Ill., 1881.

A BENEDICTION.

A life made beautiful by kindly deeds,
A generous heart and hand to sorrow's needs;
A smile that chastened grief by its warm glow;
A tear not for its own but others' woe;
A presence making sunshine where she trod,
Glad with the happy, reverent toward God;
Such her we mourn, whose memory like a flower
Gathers new fragrance with each passing hour.

MRS. H. J. LEWIS.

MORE LIKE JESUS.

L. M. D.

1 And is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be—
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
Whene'er the angry passions rise
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

2 Oh! how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be His the temper of our mind,
And His the rules by which we live.
To do His heavenly Father's will
Was His employment and delight,
Humility, and love, and zeal,
Shone through His life divinely bright

3 Dispensing good where'er He came,
The labors of His life were love:
Oh! if we love the Saviour's name,
Let His divine example move!
Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by Thy transforming grace,
Lord Jesus, daily more like Thee.

ANNE STEELE.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

MRS. G. C. SMITH.

MRS. G. W. BAXTER.
Music used by per. of A. W. Perry & Son.

con affettuoso.

1. O Thou who
2. Oh! breathe Thy
3. Lord, we would

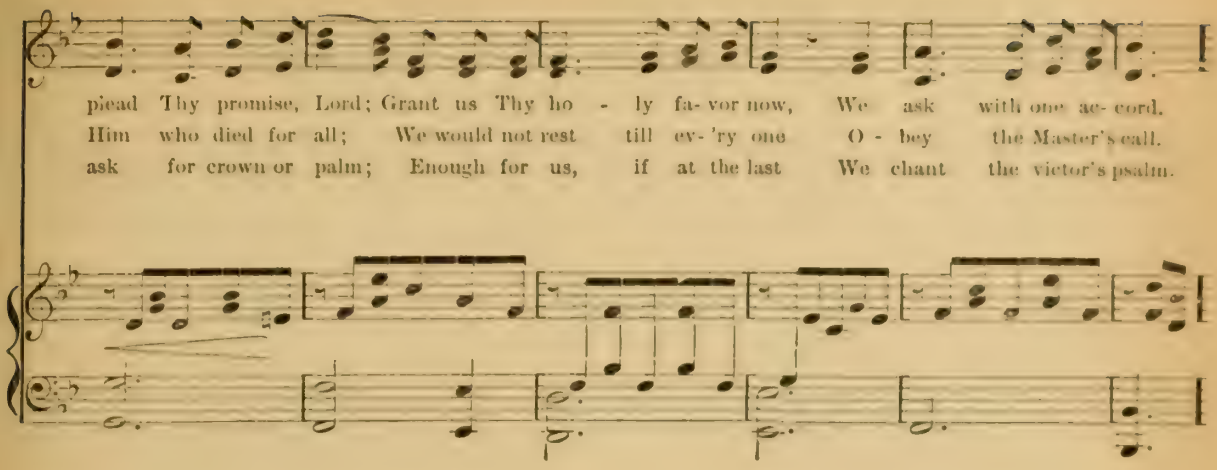
Semplice.

hear - est when we pray, Ac - cept our hum - ble cry; May Thy hand-maid - ens have a
spir - it from a - bove, Thine whol - ly would we be; And we would send to darkened
work while life shall last, Would toil while life is given; Nor let us faint when hardships

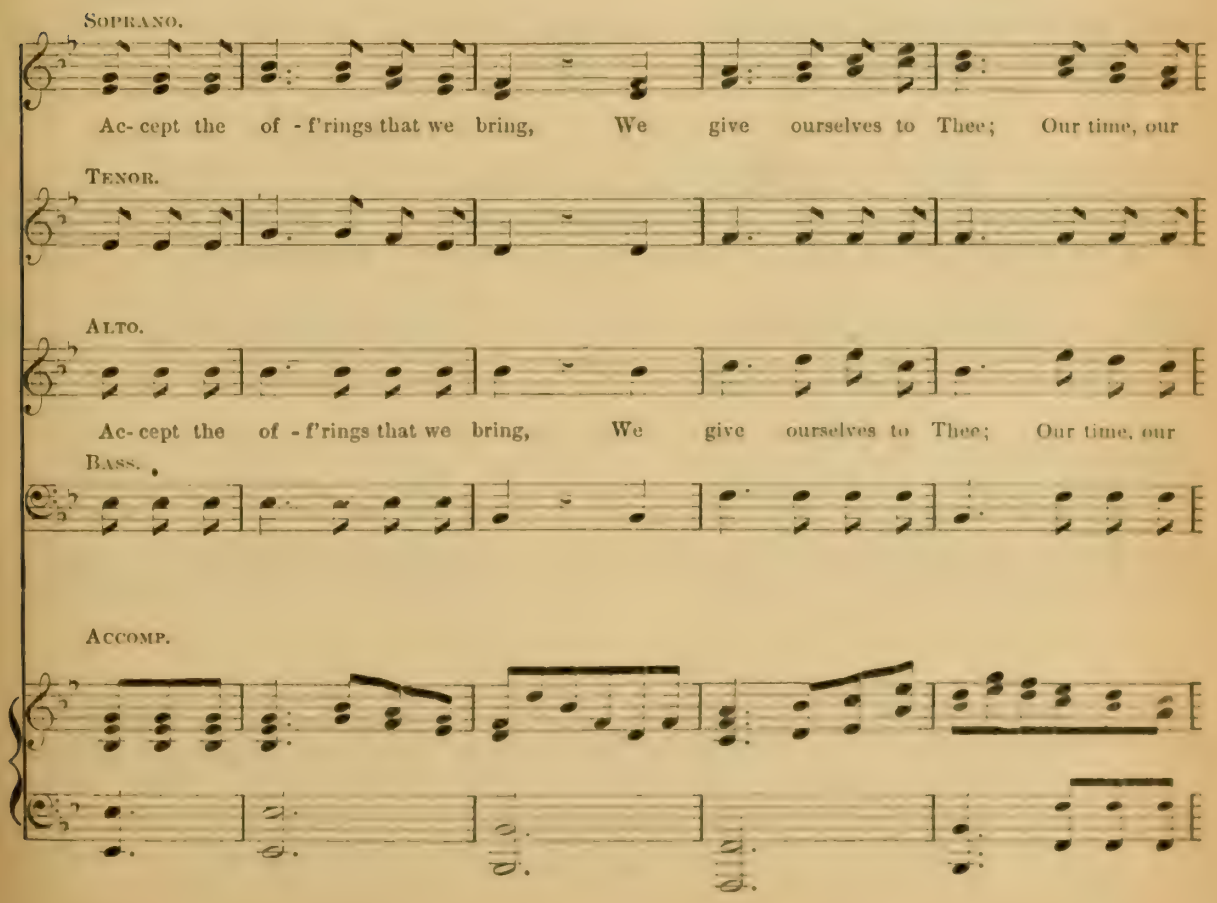
poco cres.

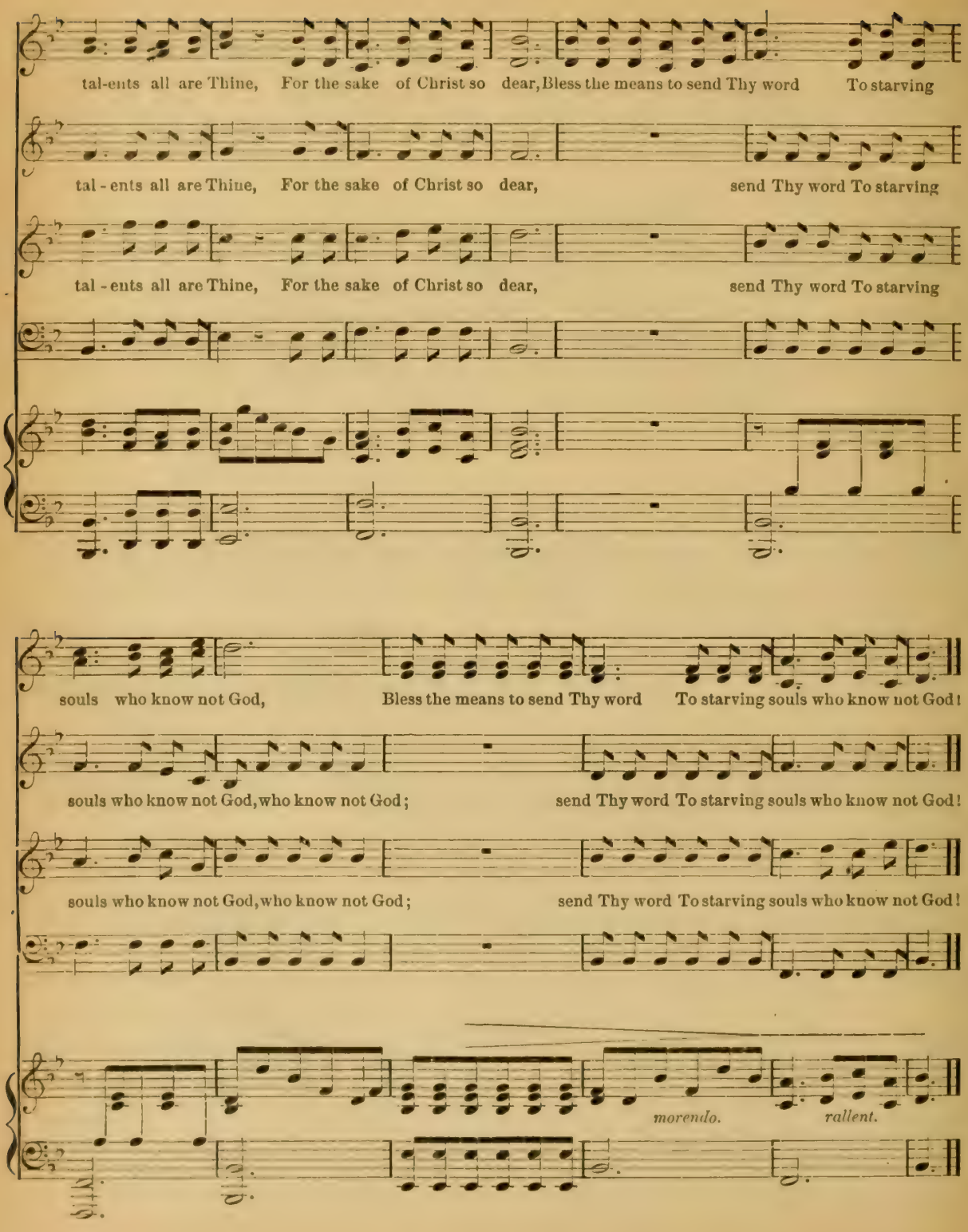
share Of bless - ings from on high. We con - se-crate to Thee our all, We
homes The news of Cal - va - ry, That hea - then lands may know the love Of
press, True ser - vice fits for Heaven. With ho - ly zeal we would go on, Nor

dim.


plead Thy promise, Lord; Grant us Thy ho - ly fa- vor now, We ask with one ac- cord.
Him who died for all; We would not rest till ev- 'ry one O - bey the Master's call.
ask for crown or palm; Enough for us, if at the last We chant the victor's psalm.

CHORUS.


Soprano.
Ac- cept the of - f'rings that we bring, We give ourselves to Thee; Our time, our
Tenor.
Alto.
Ac- cept the of - f'rings that we bring, We give ourselves to Thee; Our time, our
Bass.
Accomp.


tal-ents all are Thine, For the sake of Christ so dear, Bless the means to send Thy word To starving
tal - ents all are Thine, For the sake of Christ so dear, send Thy word To starving
tal - ents all are Thine, For the sake of Christ so dear, send Thy word To starving
souls who know not God, Bless the means to send Thy word To starving souls who know not God!
souls who know not God, who know not God; send Thy word To starving souls who know not God!
souls who know not God, who know not God; send Thy word To starving souls who know not God!
morendo.
rallent.

ONLY, YET ALL.

Tune—"*Strength.*" S. M.

1 Only a mortal's powers,
Weak at their fullest strength;
Only a few swift flashing hours,
Short at their fullest length.

2 Only one heart to give,
Only one voice to use,
Only one little life to live,
And only one to lose.

3 Poor is my best, and small;
How could I dare divide?
Surely my Lord shall have it all,
He shall not be denied!

4 All! for far more I owe
Than all I have to bring;
All! for my Saviour loves me so,
All! for I love my King.

5 All! for it is His own,
He gave the tiny store;
All! for it must be His alone;
All! for I have no more.

6 All! for the last and least
He stoopeth to uplift!
The altar of my great High Priest
Shall sanctify my gift.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
From "Song King," by per Dr H. R. Palmer.

ENOUGH.

1 I am so weak, dear Lord! I cannot stand
One moment without Thee,
But Oh! the tenderness of Thine enfolding
And Oh! the faithfulness of Thine upholding,
And Oh! the strength of Thy right hand!
That strength is enough for me.

2 I am so needy, Lord! But well I know
All fullness dwells in Thee;
And hour by hour that never-failing treasure
Supplies and fills in overflowing measure
My least, my greatest need. And so
Thy grace is enough for me.

3 It is so sweet to trust Thy word alone:
I do not ask to see
The unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining
Of future light on mysteries entwining;
Thy promise-roll is all my own,—
Thy word is enough for me.

4 The human heart asks love. But now I know
That my heart hath from Thee
All real and full and marvellous affection,
So near, so human! Yet Divine perfection
Thrills gloriously the mighty glow!
Thy love is enough for me.

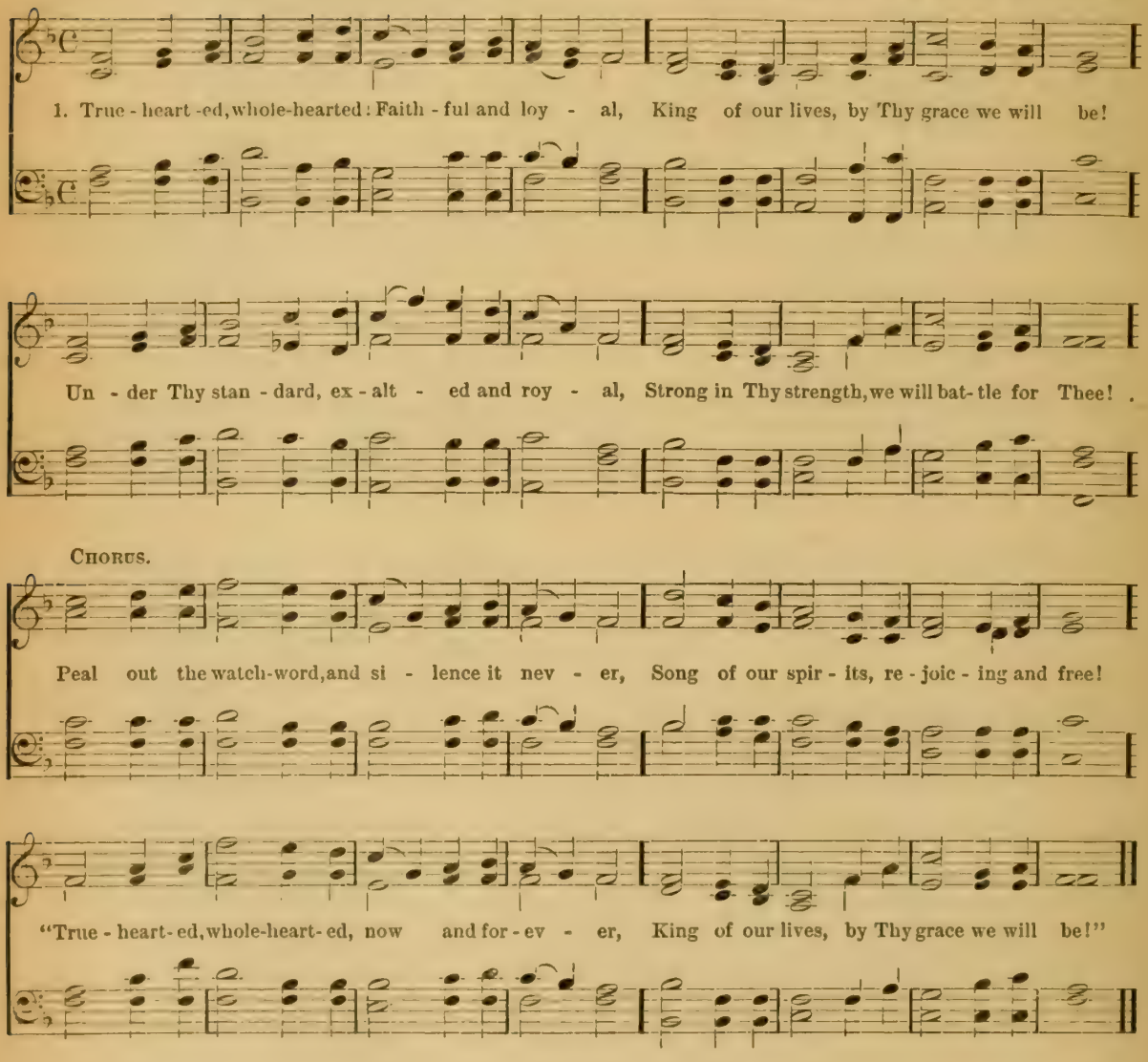
5 There were strange soul-depths, restless, vast and broad,
Unfathomed as the sea,—
An infinite craving for some infinite stilling;
But now Thy perfect peace is perfect filling!
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou, Thou art enough for me!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

TRUE-HEARTED, WHOLE-HEARTED.

"With a true heart."—Heb. x : 22.

Words and Music by FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



2 True-hearted, whole-hearted! fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King!
Valiant endeavor and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

3 Saviour of sinners, Thou knowest our story,
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
Sinful and treacherous! yet, for Thy glory,
Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.

4 Holy Redeemer! beloved and glorious,
Take Thy great power and reign Thou alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious—
Freely surrendered and wholly Thine own.

CONSECRATION HYMN.

1 Thou Teacher of our spirits—Thou
Who gavest these frames of ours,
We own Thy right to rule and reign
In all our mortal powers.

2 The potter moulds his plastic clay
According to his will;
And be the vessel great or small,
He claims its service still.

3 So we—the creatures of Thy hand,
The clay that Thou didst mould,—
Would consecrate to Thee each power
Of body and of soul.

JENNY BLAND BEAUCHAMP.
Denton, Texas, 1884.

MARY'S OFFERING.

C. M. Double.

1 When Mary, moved by grateful love,
The precious ointment poured
Upon the head and feet of Him
She owned as Christ and Lord,
The odor of the costly gift
Pervaded all the room;
How grateful to the sense it seemed,
How sweet the rich perfume.

2 Thus, dearest Lord! an offering meet
I fain would bring to Thee:
My heart's devoted love is all,
But Oh! accept of me
The gift, and may its fragrance rise
As incense to Thy throne,
Oh! seal me with thy gracious hand,
To work for Thee, thine own.

MRS. E. P. WILLIAMS.
Appleton City, Mo., 1884.

I GIVE MYSELF TO THEE.

1 Saviour, who died for me,
I give myself to Thee;
Thy love, so full, so free,
Claims all my powers.
Be this my purpose high,
To serve Thee till I die,
Whether my path shall lie
'Mid thorns or flowers.

2 But, Lord, the flesh is weak;
Thy gracious aid I seek,
For Thou the word must speak,
That makes me strong.
Then let me hear Thy voice,
Thou art my only choice;
Oh! bid my heart rejoice,
Be Thou my song.

3 May it be joy to me
To follow only Thee;
Thy faithful servant be,
Thine to the end.
For Thee, I'll do and dare,
For Thee, the cross I'll bear,
To Thee direct my prayer,
On Thee depend.

4 Saviour, with me abide;
Be ever near my side;
Support, defend and guide;
I look to Thee.
I lay my hand in Thine,
And fleeting joys resign,
If I may call Thee mine
Eternally.

MISS MARY J. MASON.
Copyright, 1872, by Biglow & Main. Used by per.

MY MORNING HYMN.

L. M.

"When I awake I am still with Thee."—Psalm cxxxix: 18.

1 O Jesus! for a touch divine
To rest upon this frame of mine;
As now I lie, an empty cup,
With vigorous life, Oh! fill me up!

2 Touch Thou mine eyes that I may see
What Thou would'st have me do and be;
Touch Thou my lips, my feet, my hands,
That they may follow Thy commands.

3 Touch Thou my heart, and flaming fire
Shall burst and blaze, and life inspire,
And circle round my home below
And e'en for heathen sisters glow;

4 A flame to lighten like the sun,
And warm and cheer me while I run;
To do Thy will through all the day,
In even, or in roughest way:

4 A flame to purge the dross of sin
That chokes the cankers all within;
Oh! let it burn, dear Lord, until
The gold shall Thy desire fulfill,

5 And on its molten surface all
Can see Thy image clearly fall,
Reflecting in their richest grace
All the sweet beauties of Thy face.

6 Jesus, this waking hour appear
In all Thy glory with me here;
And make this first glad morning ray
A benediction for the day.

. . . . . .

7 The hour with God was passing sweet,
And life looked bright before my feet;
And all the day, as on I moved,
The precious Christ-touch on me proved.

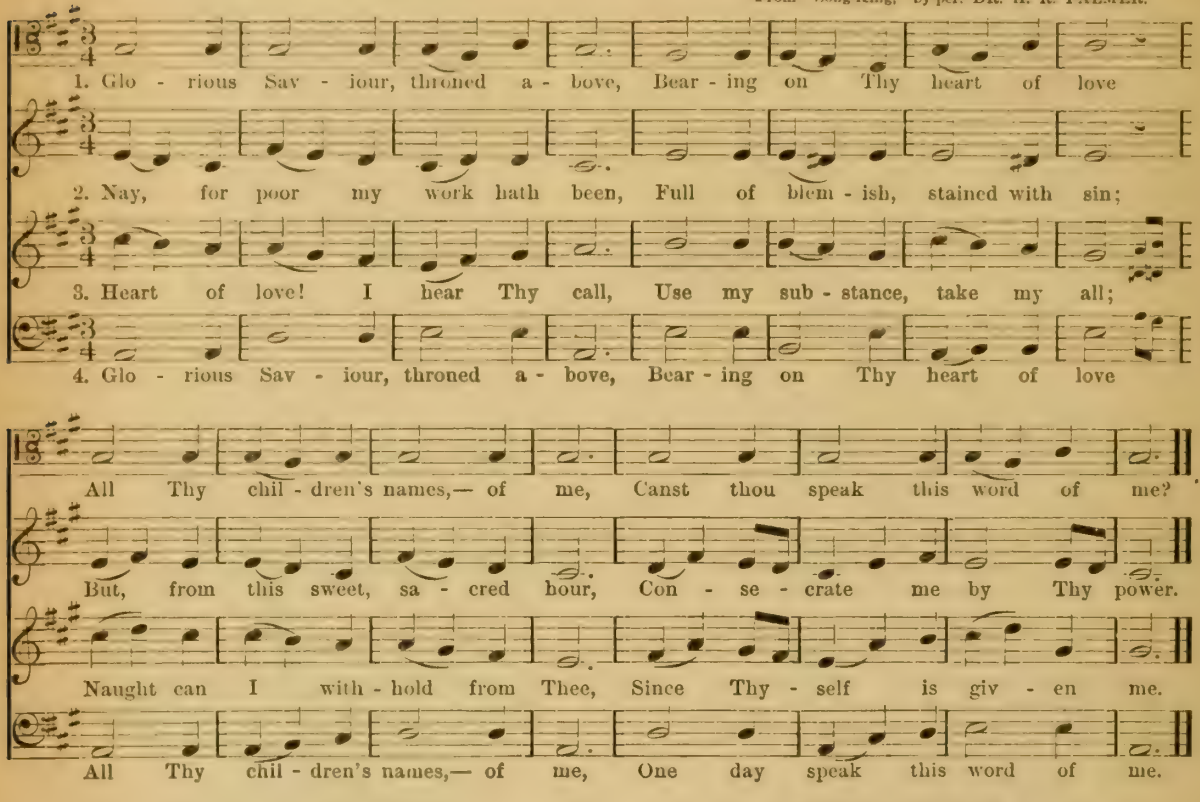
HELEN E. BROWN. 1884.

"SHE HATH WROUGHT A GOOD WORK, SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

(Tune — "*Vinton.*" 7s.)

MRS. L. L. NEWELL. Rochester, Minn., 1879.

BESSIE A. WHITLOCK.
From "Song King," by per. DR. H. R. PALMER.



I KNOW I LOVE THEE.

(Tune—"*Dundee.*")

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.1— Cor. ii : 9.

1 I know I love Thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy,
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng,
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.

3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
Then well may I be glad;
Without the secret of Thy love
I could not but be sad.

4 O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine!
What will Thy presence be
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.
Set to music by R. E. Hudson.
In "Gems of the Gospel."

WAITING FOR THE KING.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1: 7.

1 Waiting for His coming, toiling as I wait;
But a humble worker in His vast estate;
Yet my single talent must not idle lie,
He will ask the increase of me by and by.

CHORUS.—Waiting for the coming of the King of kings!
Be it soon or late, I'm working as I wait;
How my heart rejoices, of His glory sings,
Waiting for the King of kings.

2 Though my lot be weary—toiling since the spring,
Yet a time of resting cometh with my King;
Now the whitened harvest waits the willing hand,
And the call for reapers soundeth through the land.

3 Toiling in the morning, 'neath the sunbright ray;
Toiling still when evening draws its curtains gray,
Yet though often troubled—weary of earth's guile,
All will be forgotten, when I see His smile.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.
Set to music in "Holy Voices," by E. S. Lorenz.

"I LOVE MY MASTER."

By a singular coincidence. Ellen P. S. and her sister F. R. H. wrote on this subject the same day, E. in England, H. in Switzerland.

Ex. xxi. 5.

(Tune—"*Webb.*")

1 I love, I love my Master,
I will not go out free!
He loves me, Oh! so lovingly,
He is so good to me!
I love, I love my Master,
He shed His blood for me,
To ransom me from Satan's power,
From sin's hard slavery.

2 I love, I love my Master,
Oh! how He worked for me!
He worked out God's salvation,
So great, so full, so free.
My Master, O my Master,
If I may work for Thee,
And tell out Thy salvation,
How happy shall I be!

3 I know not, but my Master
Will teach me what to do;
Prepare the ground, point out the way,
And work within me, too.
"Take up the cross," He bids me,
And this for me He bare;
And while I wear His easy yoke,
He meekly takes a share.

4 I cannot leave my Master,
His love has pierced my heart;
He binds me to Himself with love,
He will not let me part.
I love, I love my Master,
To Him alone I cling,
For there is none like Jesus,
My Saviour, Friend, and King.

ELLEN P. SHAW. (*nee* Havergal.)

WAITING AT THE LORD'S COMMAND.

(Tune—"*Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.*")

1 Waiting at the Lord's command,
All were there with one accord;
Looking toward the heavenly land
For the "promise" of the Lord.

CHORUS.—Holy Spirit, gift divine,
Shine upon me from above!
Fill, Oh! fill this heart of mine
With Thy overflowing love!

2 Unto all, the power was given,
Upon all, the Spirit poured;
For they sought the gift from heaven,
Waiting always for the Lord.

3 Be amazed, ye wondering throng!
How could you the meaning tell?
Unto them who loved Him long,
From His lips the promise fell.

4 If you'd learn what precious words
From the lips of Jesus flow,
Sitting daily by His side,
You shall every promise know.

5 Oh! to breathe the Saviour's name!
Oh! to tread where Jesus trod;
And, baptized with tongues of flame,
Tell the wondrous works of God.

ELLA M'AFFERTY.

By per. David C. Cook. From "Sabbath School Manual."

NEW YEAR HYMN.

1 Sunlight of the heavenly day,
Mighty to revive and cheer,
Bless our yet untrodden way,
Lead us through the entered year.
Where the shades of death we see,
Let Thy living brightness be;
Let it speed our lingering feet,
Let it shine on all we meet.
While before our chastened gaze,
Earthly pleasures fade and fail,
Thou, the light of all our days—
Thou, our steadfast glory, hail!

2 Open Thou beneath our tread
Springs the distance could not show;
From the holy Fountain head.
Let them rise where'er we go.
Rather give us eyes to see,
Love awake to love in Thee,
Hearts that, trusting in Thy care,
Find its traces everywhere.
Teach us, as we pass along,
In the shining of Thy face,
Many a sweet thanksgiving song,
Even in a dreary place.

3 Lord of all, we cannot know
What our paths may yet unfold;
But the part that love should show—
Wise to save us—Thou hast told.
By our hearts' unmeasured price,
By Thy life-long sacrifice,
By Thy death to set us free,
Lead us on to joy in Thee.
On, to greet the perfect day,
Blessed end of time and strife,—
On, through all the shining way,
Brightness of our human life.

ANNA L. WARING.

Canada, 1860.

WAITING.

"For they shall not be ashamed that wait for me."

1 Yes, I am waiting, Lord, and it is sweet
To rest the while at Thy sacred feet,
Here with Thy wounded hand upon my head,
My weary soul is blest and comforted.

2 'T is joy to tarry at Thy bleeding side,
Whence flows the healing, purifying tide,
My only hope, my perfect righteousness;
Yes, I will wait in this dear hiding-place.

3 For prone am I, my Lord, from Thee to stray,
And lose Thy presence in earth's busy way;
Yea, sometimes out on errands Thine alone,
Self rises, and I count them all my own.

4 So eager am I to devise and do,
And in my frantic zeal the way pursue,
That I forget I should but follow Thee;
And hurry, till Thy face I cannot see.

5 And Thou in love dost check my foolish haste,
Take me apart into the desert waste,
And bid me pause till Thou shalt point the way,
And go before me lest again I stray.

6 So here beneath the shadow of Thy wing
I stay my steps, and as I wait I sing;
While peace divine through all my soul distills,
And love its blesséd, perfect work fulfills.

HELEN E. BROWN.

A NEW YEAR'S PROMISE.

"Certainly I will be with thee." Ex. iii: 12.
(Tune—"*Memories of Earth*," or "*Sicily*.")

1 "Certainly I will be with thee!" Father, I have found it true:
To Thy faithfulness and mercy I would set my seal anew.
All the year Thy grace has helped me; Thou my help indeed hast been;
Marvelous the loving-kindness every day and hour have seen.

2 "Certainly I will be with thee!" Let me feel it, Saviour dear;
Let me know that Thou art with me, very precious, very near.
On this day of solemn pausing with Thyself, all longing still,
Let Thy pardon, let Thy presence, let Thy peace my spirit fill.

3 "Certainly I will be with thee!" Blesséd Spirit, come to me,
Rest upon me, dwell within me, let my heart Thy temple be;
Through the trackless year before me, holy One, with me abide!
Teach me, comfort me, and calm me, be my ever-present Guide.

4 "Certainly I will be with thee!" Starry promise in the night!
All uncertainties, like shadows, flee away before its light.
"Certainly I will be with thee!" He hath spoken; I have heard!
True of old, and true this moment: I will trust Jehovah's word.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

ANOTHER YEAR IS DAWNING.

1 Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.
Another year in leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet, happy rest.

2 Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace;
Another year of gladness,
In the shining of Thy face.
Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."

3 Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love;
Another year of training
For holier works above.
Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee!

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

THE SINGER'S PRAYER.

"And He hath put a new song in my mouth."

L. M.

1 My Saviour! give me words for Thee—
Sweet words of power and purity,
Radiant with joy, and warm with love;
Words which may lift some heart above
The mists of earth, and bid it soar
Nearer its God forevermore.

2 Without a thought of earthly fame,
Without a wish for place and name,
To Thee I consecrate anew
The "song gift," which from childhood grew
Within my soul, a heaven-sent thing,
Touching my life with angel wing.
My Lord! let every thought be Thine,
And shape these thoughts to words divine.

3 What shall I bring Thee?—long ago,
As years are counted, at Thy feet
I laid repentance's precious myrrh,
And sang glad psalms o'er sin's defeat;
And the frankincense of my love
I pour in prayers, which rise above
The toil and burdens of the day;
O blessed boon, to love and pray,
And know Thou answerest alway!

4 But for the gold! dear Lord, I have
No store of that, but only faith,
The treasure which the good book saith
Only Thy chosen ones possess;
And for such wealth Thy name I bless;
For riches garnered in the skies,
Fruits of Thy glorious sacrifice.

5 So would I pray, and trust, and sing,
And work for Thee, my glorious King,
Till through death's gently opening door
I see the light on Canaan's shore;
And my last song shall sweetest be,
Forever saved, and saved by Thee!

MRS. LIZZIE FERMER BAKER.

FAITHFUL, O LORD.

(Tunes—"*Sweet hour of prayer*," or "*He leadeth me.*")

1 Faithful, O Lord! how can I prove
Faithful to Thee for all Thy love?
Can off'rings such as I may bring
Be fitting service for a King?

2 Faithful, O Lord! and is this all?
Faithful till Thou Thy servant call;
Shalt bid me lay my armor down;
Faithful till death—and then the crown!

3 Amazing thought! O faith sublime
That looks beyond the shores of time;
Till in transcendent glories bright
That crown appears to mortal sight.

4 Oh! for the love that ne'er shall fail
Till faith and hope shall lift the veil:
Like martyred Stephen would I be
A faithful witness, Lord, for Thee.

ELLA M'AFFERTY.
From D. C. Cook's "Sabbath School Manual," by per.

PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

1 'Tis the last night of the year,
And I sit with boding fear—
When another draweth near,
Shall I still be lingering here?
Or shall I have passed away,
Mouldering back to native clay,
Prisoned from the light of day,
In the darksome grave to stay?

2 God of mercy! God of love!
Do not Thou my soul remove,
Let me still Thy goodness prove,
Let me live, and breathe, and move,
Let me meekly, humbly dare,
Tenant of Thine upper air,
Object of Thy love and care,
Ask another year to spare.

3 Let me ever near Thy side,
Trustfully, in Thee abide;
And if grief-worn, sorrow-tried,
Let Thy grace not be denied.
So if granted my request,
This year shall be doubly blest—
Faith and Hope be, each, a guest
In my peaceful, happy breast.

4 Let temptation be withstood,
Let me do to others good,
So in gay or saddened mood,
Social hours, or solitude,
If the message comes to me,
Soul from body to set free—
Let me feel, if this must be,
I have lived one year for Thee.

ADELIA C. GRAVES.
Winchester, Tenn., 1883.

SERVICE.

1 When o'er the heart redeemed from sin,
The bliss of pardon rolls,
A love that takes the whole world in,
Goes out to erring souls.

CHORUS.—Wonderful, wonderful love,
Sent by the Father above,
That they whose hearts are free from sin,
More precious souls may win.

2 It is the Christian's joy to tell
What Christ for him has done;
The story that he loves so well,
May teach some careless one.

3 When saved by grace, no other toil
Can ever be so sweet
As gath'ring sheaves from earthly soil,
To lay at Jesus' feet.

4 Our lives are precious in His sight,
And while He gives us breath,
Our voice shall praise Him day and night,
Until 't is hushed in death.

FANNY WILSON SMITH.
By per. D. C. Cook in "Sabbath School Manual."

ARE WE FAITHFUL?

(Tune—"*Memories of Earth.*")

1 Are we faithful to our Master?
Are His interests our own?
Are we doing work for Jesus
In each way to us made known.

CHORUS.—O my soul, be ever faithful!
Heart and hand be true and just!
Squander not the Master's treasure,
Nor betray His precious trust.

2 Are we using well the talents,
Few or many, great or small,
Which the Master has committed
To His followers each and all?

3 Do we seek the Father's glory,
And the kingdom of His Son,
By our constant, pray'rful working,
That the world from sin be won?

MISS M. A. BAKER.
From "Songs of Love." Set to music by Dr. H R. Palmer, and used by per.

THE EMPTY HANDS.

L. M.

"The flower out of reach is dedicated to God.—Tamil Proverb."

1 "The flower that blooms beyond our reach
Is kept for God," the heathen say.
Ah! well for us if, each and all,
The lesson to our hearts we lay.

2 The lost ambition, vain desire,
The brilliant hopes to mourning turned—
Are but the blossoms out of reach,
That in life's morning we discerned.

3 Our thwarted aims, defeated strife,
Have their appointed mission each:
Better than conquest, far, may be
The lesson sacrifice may teach.

4 Poor, anxious soul, that waitest sad,
Trembling to hear the Master's call;
Thy piteous gift of empty hands
May seem the richest gift of all.

ALICE WILLIAMS BROTHERTON.

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE THINGS.

(Tune—"*Nearer, my God, to Thee.*")

1 Faithful in little things,
Lord, may we be,
Joyfully all the way
Working for Thee.
We our account must give,
Help us for Thee to live;
Knowing that everything
Thou, Lord, dost see.

2 What Thou hast given us
Gladly we use;
Oh! may we never, Lord,
Thy gift abuse.
Great though it be or small,
Thou rulest over all;
Wisdom to use it, Thou
Wilt not refuse.

3 Talents, if never used,
Surely will rust;
Hid from the light away,
Moulder to dust.
Slighting what Thou hast sent,
Losing what Thou hast lent,
Have we at length betrayed
Thy heavenly trust.

4 So, may we labor on,
Joyful alway,
Seeking to know Thy will,
Lest we may stray.
Much did Thy love bestow,
Deeply our hearts will glow,
Waiting Thy word, "Well done,"
That gladsome day.

MARGARETTE W. SNODGRASS.
Set to new music by E. A. Riddle.
Used by per. David C. Cook.

MY ALL FOR JESUS.

"I am thine, and all that I have."—1 Kings xx: 4.

1 All for Jesus, all for Jesus,
All my being's ransomed powers;
All my thoughts and words and doings,
All my days and all my hours.

CHORUS.—All for Jesus I resign;
All for Jesus; He is mine;
Blesséd Jesus, all for Thee!
Thou art all in all to me.

2 Let my hands perform His bidding;
Let my feet run in His ways;
Let my eyes see Jesus only;
Let my lips speak forth His praise.

3 Oh! what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings,
Deigns to call me His belovéd;
Let me rest beneath His wings.

MARY D. JAMES.

CLOSER TO THEE.

1 Closer, dear Lord, to Thee,
Closer to Thee,
In sweet communion drawn,
Oh! let me be!
Earth's joys forgotten quite,
Whilst dwelling in the light,
Closer, dear Lord, to Thee,
Closer to Thee.

2 Oh! let no cloud of sin,
'Twixt me and Thee,
Aught of Thy brightness hide,
But let me be
Now on the mount's blest height,
Gazing on glory bright,
Till faith be lost in sight,
Closer to Thee.

3 So shall my walk below
Glorify Thee,
Till that glad moment come
When I shall see,
Not, through a darkening glass,
Glimpses of glory pass,
But view Thee face to face,
Closer to Thee.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR.
England, 1883.

NEARER TO THEE.

(Tune—"*Varina.*")

Repeat last two lines.

1 I would not be a stranger guest,
To sit apart from Thee,
And only as a distant friend
Thy look of love to see;
But I would nestle close, O Lord,
To where Thy loved ones be.

2 I would not sternly quench the love
That rises in my soul,
Nor speak the vain and empty word
And thus the waves control;
But I would have Thine eyes to read
And understand the whole.

3 I would not face this dreary world,
Unnoticed and alone,
I would the music of my life
Might be my Father's tone;
And that at eventide His voice
Might speak me as His own.

4 I would not stay amid the snows
Of life's dark winter day,
Nor walk the paths where Thou art not,
Though bright and smooth the way;
But I would be Thy home-brought child,
Close at Thy feet to stay.

5 O Father, is the way not wild,
And is the path not long?
Do I not weary evermore
To sing the children's song?
When wilt Thou call me to come home,
To join the ransomed throng?

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

WHAT WILT THOU HAVE US TO DO?

"Lord, what wilt Thou have us to do?"—Acts ix. 6.

1 What wilt Thou have us to do, Jesus, our Lord?
This be our earnest petition;
Ready and willing to labor for Thee,
Choose Thou the field of our mission.

CHO.—Work, while the day lasteth, night is at hand;
Work, for the prospect is cheering;
Jesus will call to His mansion above
Those who now wait His appearing.

2 Lift up your eyes, 't is the Saviour's command;
See how the bright grain is bending!
Thrust in the sickle and gather the sheaves,
Quick, for the noontide is ending.

FANNY CROSBY.
Set to music by P. P. Van Arsdale in "Pure Gold."
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UNFURL THE BANNER.

"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountain."—Isa. xiii: 2.

1 Unfurl the banner of the cross we love;
Let us rally round it while we sing;
All praise and honor to the Lamb of God!
He shall reign, our Saviour-King.

CHO.—All hail! thou banner of the cross we love,
We will sing salvation pure and free;
And while we journey in the vale of time,
Still the Lord our song shall be.

2 Lift high the banner of the cross we love,
And proclaim its triumphs far and wide,
Till all the nations of the earth shall hear
Of a Saviour crucified.

3 When crowns and kingdoms in the dust are laid,
And their fame and glory are no more,
The blood-stained banner of the cross we love
Shall be sung from shore to shore.

FANNY CROSBY.
Set to music by W. H. Doane in "Pure Gold."
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FATHER, WHOSE LOVE DIVINE

(Tune—"*American*")

1 Father, whose love divine
Did o'er my pathway shine
Through wandering years,
Whose hand did take my own
When all but life had flown,
Whose soft and gentle tone
Did soothe my fears:

2 Saviour, whose precious blood
For me so freely flowed
On Calvary,
Whose brow with thorns was crowned,
Scourged, mocked, reviled, and bound,
Pierced through with many a wound,
All, all for me:

3 Spirit of gentle might,
That, like a beam of light
Holy and sweet,
Scattered the night away,
Brought in the perfect day,
Opened a better way
Unto my feet:

4 Bring I this day to Thee,
Humbly and gratefully,
My offering—
All years I have to live,
All blessings Thou shalt give,
Each grace I shall receive,
These, these I bring.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.
From "Victoria," by per. Walden & Stowe.

TRUE SERVICE.

(Tunes—"*Martyn*," "*Refuge*.")

1 Jesus, Master, whom I serve
Though so feebly and so ill,
Strengthen hand and heart and nerve
All Thy bidding to fulfill;
Open Thou mine eyes to me
All the work Thou hast for me.

2 Lord, Thou needest not, I know,
Service such as I can bring;
Yet I long to prove and show
Full allegiance to my King.
Thou an honor art to me;
Let me be a praise to Thee.

3 Jesus, Master, wilt thou use
One who owes Thee more than all?
As thou wilt! I would not choose;
Only let me hear Thy call;
Jesus, let me always be
In Thy service, glad and free.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

SUBMISSION AND CONSECRATION.

C. M.

(Tune—"*Warwick*.")

1 I leave my life with Thee, my Lord;
I dare not seek to know
What pattern Thou hast set for me
To work, as on I go.

2 It may be gay with tints of rose
And violet and pearl;
Perhaps a flag of victory from
Some height, I may unfurl;

3 It may be sombre, grave, or dark
With heavy lines of shade;
And tears may wash the roses out,
Or time their brightness fade.

4 Yet, though my trembling hands may fail
Thy plan to carry out,
And oft my heart within me sink
Beneath its load of doubt,

5 I still will leave my life with Thee,
O mighty Heart of Love,
And trust that when the reck'ning comes,
Thou wilt my work approve.

6 Because, though full of sad mistakes,
And soiled with earthly mire,
Thou seest running through it all,
My soul's sincere desire.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH.
Boston, 1882.

"TO DO THY WILL, O GOD"

1 I want to work for Thee, my Lord.
Oh! give me strength to do,
Show me the armor I must wear
To fight the battle through.

2 To work for Thee! O blesséd Lord,
And shall my spirit faint,
Or breathe, because the way is rough,
One sentence of complaint?

3 Nay! leaning closely on the arm
Which promises to be,
Through all the dangers of the road,
A sure support to me,

4 I'll watch with never-wearying eye
To know Thy holy will,
And though my earthly joys be few,
Thy love my soul shall fill.

5 Thus girt around with Heavenly peace,
My Master's work I'll do,
Nor backward look until the gate
Of Canaan I view.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH.
Boston, 1882.

WHOLLY THINE.

"The God of peace sanctify you wholly."—1 Thes. v: 23.

1 Thine, most gracious Lord,
Oh! make me wholly Thine—
Thine in thought, in word, and deed,
For Thou, O Christ, art mine.

REFRAIN.—Wholly Thine, wholly Thine;
Thou hast bought me, I am Thine;
Blesséd Saviour, Thou art mine;
Make me wholly Thine.

2 Wholly Thine, my Lord,
To go when Thou dost call;
Thine to yield my very self
In all things, great and small.

3 Wholly Thine, O Lord,
In every passing hour;
Thine in silence, Thine to speak,
As Thou dost grant the power.

4 Wholly Thine, O Lord,
To fashion as Thou wilt,—
Strengthen, bless, and keep the soul
Which Thou hast saved from guilt.

5 Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,
Forever one with Thee—
Rooted, grounded in Thy love,
Abiding, sure, and free.

MRS ANNIE S. HAWKS.

Set to music in "Brightest and Best," by Rev R. Lowry. 1875. Copyright by Biglow & Main and used by per.

CONSECRATION AND RESIGNATION.

C. M. Double

1 My heart is resting, O my God!
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill;
The waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here, all day, they rise;
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies;
And a new song is in my mouth,
To long-loved music set:
Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet;

3 Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known,
The fear that sends me to Thy breast,
For what is most my own.
I have a heritage of joy,
That yet I must not see;
The hand that bled to make it mine,
Is keeping it for me.

4 My heart is resting, O my God!
My heart is in Thy care;
I hear Thy voice of joy and health,
Resounding everywhere.
"Thou art my portion," saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
The music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

ANNE L. WARING.

I AM THE LORD'S, AND HE IS MINE.

"My beloved is mine, and I am His."—Sol. Song ii: 16.

1 I am the Lord's, and He is mine;
O sacred ground where strife doth cease!
He takes the heart that I resign,
And grants me pardon, light and peace.

REFRAIN.—O blesséd Lord! Thou art my joy;
In Thee forever I abide;
If I am Thine, and Thou art mine,
What can I ever want beside?

2 I am the Lord's; O blesséd thought!
All gain or loss He doth decree;
And every day, whate'er my lot,
He works His gracious will in me.

3 What though the flesh doth shrink and pine?
No pain or grief can harm my soul;
Since I am His, and He is mine,
The living Christ can make me whole.

4 Lord, I am Thine, forever Thine;
This precious truth Thou hast revealed;
O blessed portion, Thou art mine!
And by Thy blood the bond is sealed.

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

Set to music in "Brightest and Best," by R. Lowry. Copyright, 1875, by Biglow & Main, and used by per.

FAITH.

1 Jesus, I know Thy love
Is rich, unbounded, free,
And that no power can e'er remove
Thy blood-bought saints from Thee;
Bend, Saviour, from Thy throne above
And show that love to me!

2 Jesus, I know Thine arm
Is powerful to save,
That Thy redeemed should fear no harm
Though tempests round them rave;
O Saviour, haste to calm the storm,
Or lift me from the wave!

3 Jesus, I know Thy name
Shall sound from shore to shore,
Thy faithful ones with joy proclaim
The God whom they adore:
I have been faithless, blesséd Lamb,
Yet would I serve Thee more!

4 Jesus, I know, at last
All they who win the race
Low at Thy feet their crowns will cast,
Singing for aye Thy grace:
Oh! grant me, Lord, when life is past,
Thus to behold Thy face.

SUSAN HAYES WARD, 1883.

PERSISTENT PRAYER.

"I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."—Gen. xxxii: 26.

1 Pray, though the gate of mercy
Closed for a while may be;
Pray with a faith unshaken;
All shall be well with thee.

REF.—Oh! the promise, blesséd, blesséd promise!
He will meet us there;
Though He hides His face from thee a moment,
He will answer prayer.

2 Pray as the Syrian mother
Prayed at the Master's feet;
What though His voice be silent?
Still for His love entreat.

3 Pray, though thy heart is breaking;
Pray, through the night of tears;
Pray with increasing fervor;
Pray till the morn appears.

4 Pray when the hour seems darkest;
Jesus will say to thee,
Great is thy faith, believer;
So shall thy blessing be.

FANNY CROSBY.

Set to music in "Royal Diadem," by W. H. Doane. Copyright, 1873, by Biglow & Main, and used by per

FAITH AND GRACE.

"By grace ye are saved, through faith." Eph. ii: 5.

1 Saving faith in Jesus—
This is what we need;
Pardon through His merits—
This alone we plead;
If we ask, believing,
Freely He'll forgive—
Bid the wounded spirit
Look to Him and live.

REFRAIN.—Faith in Jesus—
This is what we need;
Grace to save us—
This alone we plead.

2 Jesus hath appointed
Work for every one;
All the day we labor,
Till the work be done;
Faith and grace will teach us
How the work to do—
Faith will help us onward,
Grace will bear us through.

3 In the time of trial,
When our star is dim,
Lean by faith on Jesus,
Leave it all to Him;
When at last He bids us
Lay our armor down,
Faith will lead us homeward,
Grace will give the crown.

F. J. CROSBY.

Set to music in "Brightest and Best," by Rev. R Lowry.
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FAITH IN CHRIST.

"By grace are ye saved, through faith."—Eph. ii: 8.

1 Let faith in Christ my heart inspire,
And tune my voice to praise;
Direct in every thought I breathe,
And every note I raise.
'Tis faith that binds me to the cross
And keeps me near my God;
'Tis faith that gives me joy and peace
Through Christ's atoning blood.

CHORUS.—I know that my Redeemer lives,
By faith His hand I see;
'Tis faith that saves me every hour,
And faith my song shall be.

2 'Tis faith that cheers my pilgrim way,
When shadows o'er me fall,
That bids me look above the storm,
And trust the Lord for all.
If faith be strong, though earthly ties
Were broken one by one,
My heart could rise above the wreck,
And say, "Thy will be done."

3 Faith is the rock on which I stand;
The anchor of my soul;
The magnet drawing me above
Where life's pure waters roll.
Come, trials, come; one beam of faith
Can pierce the darkest night;
'Twill guide me through the vale of death,
And there be lost in sight.

FANNY CROSBY.

Set to music by A. Van Alstyne, in "Songs of Salvation."
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MY FAITH.

L. M.

1 Jesus! the ladder of my faith
Rests on the jasper walls of heaven;
And through the veiling clouds I catch
Faint visions of the mystic Seven!

2 The glory of the rainbowed throne
Illumes those clouds like lambent flame;
As once, on earth, Thy love divine
Burned through the robes of human flame.

3 Thou art the same, O gracious Lord!
The same dear Christ that Thou wert then;
And all the praises angels sing
Delight Thee less than prayers of men.

4 We have no tears Thou wilt not dry;
We have no wounds Thou wilt not heal;
No sorrows pierce our human hearts
That Thou, dear Saviour! dost not feel.

5 Thy pity, like the dew, distills;
And Thy compassion, like the light,
Our every morning overfills
And crowns with stars our every night.

6 Let not the world's rude conflict drown
The charméd music of Thy voice,
That calls all weary ones to rest,
And bids all mourning souls rejoice.

HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

1 My daily round I tread
On heights serene,
And nightly lay my head
On angel-guarded bed,
By love o'er-canopied,
Felt, though unseen.

2 What matter how the task
Employ my hands?
God makes the work His mask,
So in His smile I bask,
And find that when I ask
The promise stands.

3 I entered in the shade
Shrinking, alone;
"Let this cup pass," I prayed;
When, lo! Christ stood arrayed;
I could not be afraid,
The darkness shone.

4 When in the fire of pain
I agonize,
If neither spot nor stain
Shall from its purge remain,
I'll covet it again
For sacrifice.

5 And when to watch and wait
Befits my soul,
Some sweeter word than "Fate"
Still keeps my heart elate;
Gladly I trust my state
To His control.

6 Poised and sustained I rest,
Whate'er betide,
By life's hard duties pressed,
My weakness all confessed,
Stayed on a Heavenly Guest,
And satisfied.

LOUISA P. HOPKINS.

I AM TRUSTING THEE.

1 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;
Trusting Thee for full salvation
Great and free.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing,
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy,
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me,
Thou alone shalt lead,
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power;
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fail;
I am trusting Thee forever,
And for all!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

8s & 7s. with Chorus.

1 Oh! the precious love of Jesus,
Growing sweeter day by day,
Tuning all my heart so joyous
To a heavenly melody.

CHORUS.— Christ is precious, Christ is precious,
In life's journey He will lead thee;
Christ is precious, Christ is precious,
He will lead thee all the way.

2 But we cannot know the fullness
Of the Saviour's wondrous love,
Till we see and know His glory,
In the heavenly home above.

3 Come and taste the love of Jesus,
At His feet thy burdens lay;
Trust Him with thy grief and sorrow,
Bear this joyful song away.

ELIZA SHERMAN.

Miss Georgiana M. Taylor.

Miss Taylor has recently issued a volume of choice hymns and poems entitled "Lays of Lowly Service," published in London. The following extract will show what the gifted and consecrated Frances R. Havergal thought of them.

Extract from a letter by the late Frances Ridley Havergal to Miss Taylor: "Your Hymns have a special ministry of their own. I would *decidedly* advise your letting them be published, and this is not what I say to many ..... Of the verses I have just been reading I can say the thought is sweet, the form is fresh, and the versification is good. As to 'For Jesus' Sake,' it is second only to 'Oh! to be Nothing!' I am delighted with it."

"FOR JESUS' SAKE."

II Cor. iv. 5, xii. 10, I Peter ii. 13, Luke vi. 22.

A MOTTO TEXT.

1 "For Jesus' sake," all sin forgiven!
"For Jesus' sake," sweet rest!
'T is this glad word has wooed and won
My heart to love Him best.
His praise I sing, my Lord! my King!
Who died my peace to make;
And all the day, and all the way,
An echo in my heart shall say,
"For Jesus' sake!"

2 "For Jesus' sake!" These precious words
Shall be like pinions swift,
To waft my prayers through heaven's gate,
And bear back many a gift.
Each answer true God sends to me,
Then joyfully I'll take,
And all the day, and all the way,
An echo in my heart shall say,
"For Jesus' sake!"

3 When often, like a wayward child,
I murmur at His will,
Then this sweet word, "For Jesus' sake,"
My restless heart can still.
I bow my head; and, gently led,
His easy yoke I take;
And all the day, and all the way,
An echo in my heart shall say,
"For Jesus' sake!"

4 In suffering sore, or toilsome task,
His burden light I 'll bear;
"For Jesus' sake" shall sweeten all,
Till His bright home I share;
And then this song, more sweet, more strong,
In heaven my harp shall wake;
Let all the earth glad sing the lay,
Eternally my heart shall say,
"For Jesus' sake!"

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR.

Mrs. E. Prentiss.

Of the following hymn is is said, that if Mrs. Prentiss had never written anything else, this, so nearly faultless in form, and melodious in utterance, would have given her a lasting place in the heart of Christendom.

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

"Continue ye in my love."—John xv: 9.

1 More love to Thee, O Christ!
More love to Thee;
Hear Thou the prayer I make
On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now Thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are Thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,—
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper Thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise;
This still its prayer shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee,
More love to Thee!
More love to Thee!

MRS. E. PRENTISS.
Set to music by W. H. Doane, 1856, and pub. by Biglow & Main.

Anne Steele. {Born 1716. / Died 1778.}

Anne Steele was the daughter of a Baptist clergyman, in Hampshire, England. The family were of good talents and means, which they devoted unreservedly to the cause of Christ. She was a sufferer from early life; was afflicted with the saddest bereavement, in early womanhood, and was confined to her home by sickness during her later years. She bore all with the resignation so beautifully expressed in this hymn, and her last triumphant words were, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." She permitted her hymns (one hundred and forty-four in number) to be published, with the understanding that the profits were to go to benevolent objects. Few women, if any, have ever written so many hymns that have been generally accepted by the churches of all denominations.

HUMBLE DEVOTION.

1 Father! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

ANNE STEELE.

ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

(Tune—"*Jesus, keep me near the Cross.*")

1 Lord, upon mine offering
Look with Thy compassion;
All my inmost soul's desires
Do Thou frame and fashion.

2 On my head, O dearest Lord,
Place the crown of blessing;
Sanctify the gift I bring
While my sins confessing.

3 Earnestly I come to Thee,
All Thy words believing;
Take the heart that oft has strayed,
Oft Thy pure heart grieving.

4 Take my hands, and all they hold,
Gold, and every pleasure;
Purify, and to Thy use
Take each earthly treasure.

"GIVE ME A CALM AND THANKFUL HEART
FROM EVERY MURMUR FREE."

Page 298.

5 Cleanse Thou me from all my sin,
Make me meek and lowly;
Ev'ry impulse of my heart
Make Thou pure and holy.

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

1 Just to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, this is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blesséd, calm and free.

2 Just to let Him speak to thee
Through His Word,
Watching, that His voice may be
Clearly heard.
Just to tell Him everything
As it rises,
And at once to Him to bring
All surprises.
Just to listen, and to stay
Where you cannot miss His voice,
This is all! and thus to-day
Communing, you shall rejoice.

3 Just to ask Him what to do
All the day,
And to make you quick and true
To obey;
Just to know the needed grace
He bestoweth,
Every bar of time and place
Overfloweth.
Just to take thy orders straight
From the Master's own command.
Blesséd day! when thus we wait
Always at our Sovereign's hand.

4 Just to recollect His love,
Always true;
Always shining from above,
Always new.
Just to recognize its light
All-enfolding;
Just to claim its present might,
All-upholding.
Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away,
Is not this enough alone
For the gladness of the day?

5 Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still;
Take the training or the task,
As He will;
Just to take the loss and gain,
As He sends it;
Just to take the joy or pain,
As He lends it;
He who formed thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

6 Just to leave in His dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way
Marked by Him who loves thee best:
Secret of a Happy Day,
Secret of His promised rest.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE

S. M.

1 Dear Saviour, does Thy love,
So wonderful and free,
Delight to own Thy weakest child,
Who upward looks to Thee?
CHORUS.—O love! O wondrous love!
O love that stoops to me!
A love that covers all my sins,
And makes me free in Thee.

2 Give us a deeper love,
That loves Thy love alone;
Resigns all hope of earthly gain,
This wondrous gift to own.

3 Thee only would we love;
Be this our constant aim,
To lose all thought of self in Thee,
And glorify Thy name.

4 Then, beautify us, Lord,
And make us meekly show
Our hearts to be Thy temple-home,
Where love shall ever flow.

ELIZA E. COFFIN.

Set to music by J. H. Rosecrans.

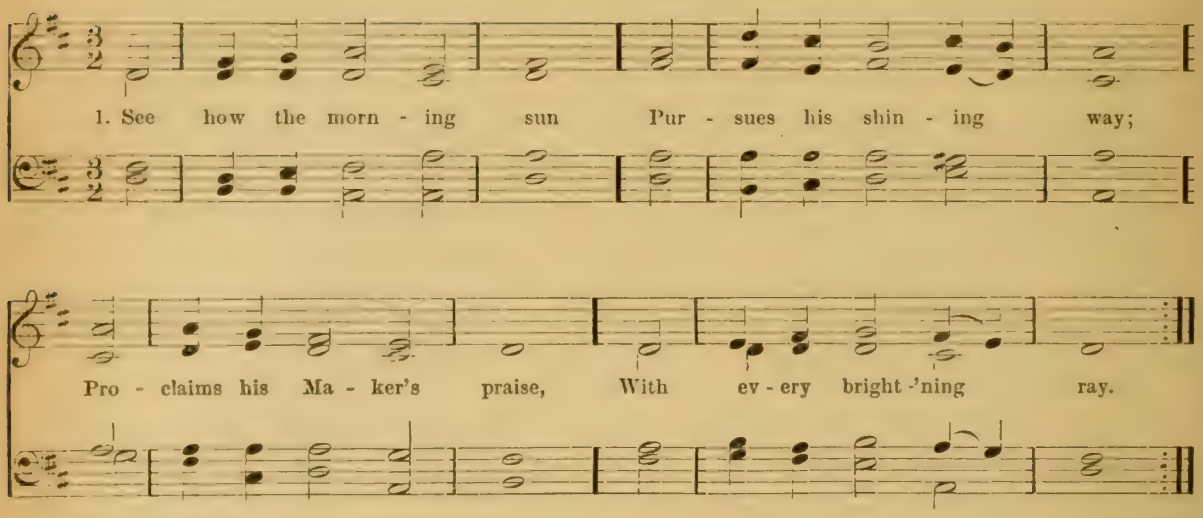
From "Wreath of Praise." Asa Hull. Copyright, 1879.

CONSECRATION.

ELIZABETH SCOTT. Arr.

MARIA TIDDEMAN.

In "Methodist Hymnal," by Nelson & Phillips.



2 Thus would my rising soul
Its heavenly Parent sing,
To its original,
The humble tribute bring.

3 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath His guardian care,
Refreshed, I woke and found
My kind Preserver near.

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord to Thee;
And in Thy service spend
A long eternity.

TRUST.

1 Build a little fence of Trust,
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.

2 Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow;
God will help thee bear what comes
Of joy or sorrow.

MRS. F. M. BUTTS.

PRAISE-NOTE FOR 1881.

"Call upon Me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me."—Ps. 1: 15.

1 I thank Thee, that I am Thy child,
Redeemed by Jesus' blood:
Brought back, beloved and reconciled,
Cleansed in that crimson flood.

2 I thank Thee, for the crucible
Of trial's dark-lined hour,
When in the depths of sore distress,
Thou, Father, wast my tow'r.

3 I thank Thee, for that beauteous grace,
Thy wondrous pardoning love;
Such untold mercy hast Thou pour'd
Upon me from above!

4 I thank Thee, for communion sweet,
Bright rainbow through my tears;
I thank Thee for deliv'rance real,
From all sin's slavish fears.

5 I thank Thee, for the present peace,
The mind just stay'd on Thee:
For future haven of sweet rest
Beyond life's sin-stained sea!

6 I thank Thee, for that blessèd hope,
That Christ will come again;
Let not my voice be missing then,
To swell the advent strain!

7 Lord, tune this tiny note of praise
To touch some stranger chord—
Let it vibrate, till each lone heart
Can sing, Thou art my Lord!

CECILIA HAVERGAL.

Written for the "Young Women's Christian Association" Praise Meeting, December 18, 1881, England.

The following hymn may be sung to St. Petersburg, or Palestine. If something more elaborate is desired, it will apply to the tune "When starry eyes look on the sea," by Henry Tucker, which appeared in the Boston Folio, for October, 1877.

FROM PERSIA'S PLAIN;

OR, LET EVERY CREATURE KNOW THE LORD.

1 From Persia's plain, from India's sea,
From Afric's sunny, sultry lea,
A cry comes to us pleadingly,
A wail of sadness, tenderly,—
Come o'er and help us show the way
To souls that deep in darkness lay.

2 O ye who dwell in Christian land,
Regard ye not the great command
Of Him who died our souls to save
From sinners' death and sinners' grave?
"To every clime the Gospel send!
Lo! I am with you to the end!"

3 To China's distant heathen shore,
Assistance lend those gone before.
"The field is white, the laborers few!"
Go, gather sheaves with courage true,
Till every soul, from high to low,
The Saviour's free salvation know.

4 Good Lord, forgive our doubts and fears,
Our selfish pride and foolish tears.
May souls be stirred and reach to Heaven;
Proclaim the Word with power and leaven,
'Till every soul shall know the Son;
And then receive the glad— "Well done!"

MRS. O. C. SMITH. In "The Field is the World."
Springfield, Ill., 1878.

SPEAK, LORD, FOR THY SERVANT HEARETH.

1 "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth!"
In wisdom, in power, in love,
Oh! speak, till this heart that feareth
Is lifted all fear above!
Before I go forth to serve Thee,
Whatever my work may be,
Let words from Thy presence nerve me
To do and to bear for Thee.

2 "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth!"
Thy will may the spirit show,
Till step upon step appeareth
The way Thou wouldst have me go!
And while in the path before me
Thy precepts shall safely guide,
Like the "bow for a token" o'er me
Thy promises shall abide.

3 "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth!"
Remind, as the hours roll on,
That the shore of eternity neareth,
When time will be over and gone.
Let me each opportunity cherish,
And tell me the words that will reach
Poor souls that are ready to perish,
Sad hearts that seem closed to all speech.

4 "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth!"
Through sorrow and toil and pain,
No voice like Thine own voice cheereth,
No tones have such sweet refrain;
But tender and calm and healing,
Like dew to the drooping flower,
Thy Word, o'er my spirit stealing,
Shall fill me with holy power.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR.

WITH HEALING IN HIS WINGS.

1 Health to the nations! Lord of life,
We thank Thee for the thought;
We bless Thee for the wondrous grace
Thy dying love hath wrought.

2 We joy to hail Thee Prince of Peace,
To crown Thee King of kings,
We drop our burdens at Thy feet,
We rest beneath Thy wings.

3 Yet, blesséd Jesus, there are homes
Where Thou art still unknown,
Homes where no loving hands have reared
Thine altar and Thy throne.

4 Sad hearts are there, who never felt
Thy tender, healing touch;
Dear Saviour, who hast pitied us,
We humbly pray for such.

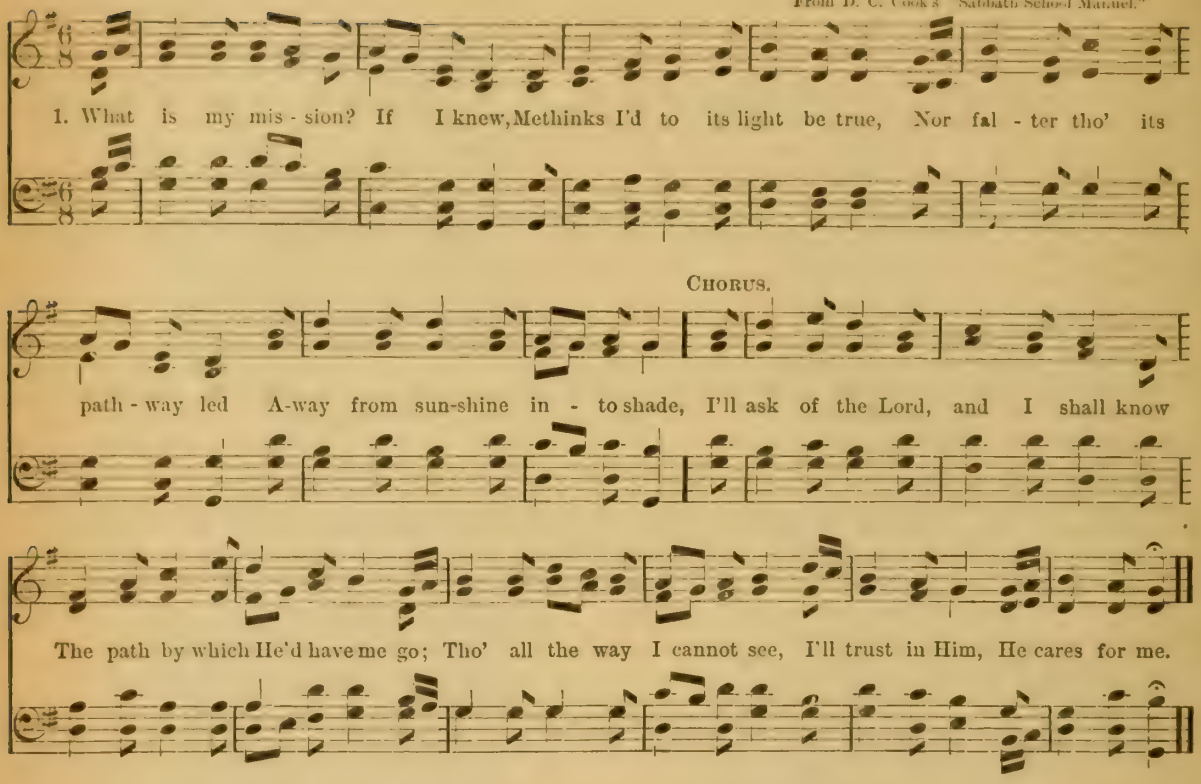
5 And as we pray, we fain would work;
The labor of our hands
May waft the tonic of Thy love
To error-stricken lands.

6 The ocean-isles rejoice to feel
Thy radiance from afar,
While Ethiop lifts her dusky arms
To greet the Morning Star.

MRS. D. LANSON
North Dennis, Conn. 1867

WHAT IS MY MISSION?

Words and Music by AMELIA CLEMENT.
From D. C. Cook's "Sabbath School Manuel."



2 Though but one step to me appear,
He gathers all; each day, each year,
He'll guide my erring feet aright,
And make each duty plain to sight.

3 And when my tired feet shall rest
Where earth's poor weary ones are blest,
The hidden goal will be attained,
The crown of life at last be gained.

KEEP ME THINE.

"I am Thine."—Psalm cxix: 94.

(Tune,—"*Nearer, my God, to Thee.*")

1 Make Thine abode with me,
Be Thou my guest;
Thou art my portion here,
Thou art my rest;
Though like a summer day,
Fond hopes may fade away,
Jesus, my heart can say,
Thou knowest best.

2 Why should I doubt and fear
When Thou art mine?
How can I faint or fall,
My hand in Thine?
Light of my pilgrim way,
My soul's eternal day,
Help me to watch and pray,
Lord, keep me Thine.

3 Though hedged on every side
My path may be,
Gladly I follow on,
Trusting in Thee;
Love, on celestial wings,
Peace to my spirit brings,
While faith looks up and sings,
Glory to Thee.

4 Thine, though my days be long,
Saviour divine,
Thine, when their light shall fade,
No more to shine;
O Thou unchanging Word,
Thou from all time adored—
Living or dying, Lord,
Still I am Thine.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Set to music in "Brightest and Best," by W. H. Doane.

Copyright, 1875, and used by per. Biglow & Main.

DRAW ME NEARER.

"Let us draw near with a true heart."—Heb. x. 22.

1 I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

REFRAIN.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessèd Lord,
To Thy precious bleeding side.

2 Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

3 Oh! the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend!

4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea,
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Set to music in "Brightest and Best,"
by W. H. Doane.
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ALL FOR JESUS.

1 Toiling on for Jesus! Oh! how passing sweet!
He has called to service; He has made us meet;
Meet to be co-workers with the God of might;
Meet to be partakers with the saints in light.

2 Toiling on for Jesus, not for power or fame:
Toiling on for Jesus, not for party name;
Love to Him, the motive which our ardor fires,
He Himself sole object of our hearts' desires.

3 Toiling on for Jesus, 'neath the noontide sun;
Toiling on for Jesus till the day is done;
Toiling on for Jesus through the shadows dim,
Till He call the laborers to their rest with Him.

4 Great indeed the harvest, and the fields are white;
Who will bring the sickle, strong in Jesus' might?
Who will gain the "penny," when the Lord shall come?
Who will share the gladness of the Harvest-home?

5 Who will follow Jesus, counting all but loss?
Who will win new triumphs for the Saviour's cross?
Who, for this, will welcome shame and toil and pain?
Who will suffer with Him, and hereafter reign?

6 For half-hearted service, let the past suffice;
We are His by purchase, His own blood the price.
We are His to follow whither He doth lead;
We are His—His servants—He "the Lord, indeed."

7 His by sweet and solemn "All for Jesus" vows;
His to serve Him better in His Father's house;
His to share His glory; His to share His throne—
Glory be to Jesus—We are not our own!

LUCY A. BENNETT.
New Zealand.

MY REFUGE.

(Tune: "Bartl's Hymn of the Republic.")

Repeat next to last line of tune.

1 In the secret of His presence, how my soul delights to hide!
Oh! how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side!
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the "secret place" I go;
A refuge dear to me.

2 When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring;
And my Saviour rests beside me as we hold communion sweet;
If I tried, I could not utter what He says when thus we meet;
His love is dear to me.

3 Only this I know; I tell Him all my doubts and griefs and fears;
Oh! how patiently He listens, and my drooping soul He cheers.
Do you think He ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He would be,
If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see;
Reproof is dear to me.

4 Do you think that I could love Him half so well, or as I ought,
If He did not tell me plainly of each sinful word and thought?
No! He is very faithful, and that makes me trust Him more,
For I know that He does love me, though He wounds me very sore,
Reproof is dear to me.

5 Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow; this shall then be your reward;
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting-place,
You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face;
His image will be there.

6 You will surely lose the blessing and the fullness of your joy,
If you let dark clouds distress you, and your inward peace destroy;
You may always be abiding, if you will, at Jesus' side;
In the secret of His presence you may every moment hide;
His love will comfort you.

ELLEN J. GOUGH.
A Brahmin of the highest caste, adopted daughter of Rev. W. T. Sleath,
Southport, England.

NEAR THE CROSS.

"Peace through the blood of His cross." Coll. i. 20.

1 Jesus, keep me near the Cross,
There a precious fountain,
Free to all — a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain.
CHORUS.—In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me;
There the bright and morning star
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Set to music by Rev. W. H. Doane.

Copyright, 1869, in "Bright Jewels," used by per. Biglow & Main.

Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee." This language is the heart utterance of Mrs. Sarah Flower Adams, who was born in Cambridge, England, February 22, 1805, and whose history has been but very slightly known to the great public, who have cherished her hymns as among its most sacred treasures for nearly half a century. Her father was the editor of a weekly Cambridge paper. Her mother was a woman of fine gifts and culture, and she herself was the youngest child. She was noted in early life for the taste she manifested in literature, and in maturer years for great zeal and earnestness in her religious life. She contributed prose and verse to the periodicals of the day, and her art criticisms were valued. Married at an early age, and of frail constitution, she still, amid many bodily sufferings, kept her pen busy, her thoughts and writings always tending upwards. At what time and amid what circumstances she caught the inspiration from which was evolved that wonderful hymn which has since echoed round and round the globe, is not known, but it was probably during some period of peculiar trial, when her spirit was uplifted through sorrow almost above its earthly body. She little dreamed that her hymn, like those of Toplady, Charlotte Elliott and Ray Palmer, would be heard through the ages.

It was first published in 1841, in a volume of sacred lyrics issued by Mr. Fox, of England, just eight years before the death of the gifted authoress, who only lived to the age of forty four, and thus never knew the fame which was to attach to her hymn and her name. She visited America just after the hymn was first published. Mrs. Adams was also a composer of music, which is pronounced good, in England. Very little of it is known in this country. "He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower," is also quite a celebrated hymn by Mrs. Adams.

Among prose writings, she prepared a catechism for children, entitled "The Flock at the Fountain."

Some of her works were collected and published under the title of "Aderations, Aspiration and Belief." In 1841 she published a dramatic poem in five acts, on the martyrdom of "Vivia Perpetua," and which she dedicated to her sister.

The religious faith of Mrs. Adams has been the subject of much discussion. She has at times been classed as a Trinitarian and a Unitarian. The burden of proof, however, is in favor of the latter. But before her connection with the latter, which seems to have been largely a family affair, she was for years a member of the Baptist Church at Harlow, and it is hard to read her hymns without the conviction that her faith in the Crucified One, at whose tomb "an angel sat," was never entirely eradicated from her heart.

Attentions to her beloved sister during protracted illness enfeebled her own health. Ere long she succumbed, as her sister had done, to pulmonary disease, in almost her last breath bursting into unconscious song. Her hymns touchingly reflect her states of mind. In 1849 she was buried by the side of her sister Eliza, in Essex, Eng., where, with their parents, their bodies await the resurrection.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Gen. xxviii: 10–22.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

6 Christ alone beareth me
Where Thou dost shine;
Joint-heir He maketh me,
Of the Divine!
In Christ my soul shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS. 1841.

CREATE IN ME A CLEAN HEART, O GOD.

(Ps. li.)

Slowly and with feeling. Words and Music by ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD, for this work.

AIR.

* 1. I am so wea - ry of con flict and sin, Wea - ry of warrings with - out and with - in.
2. Lord, I am wait - ing and long-ing for Thee, Shine in my heart, Lord, and bid dark-ness flee,

QUARTETTE OR ACCOMPANIMENT.

Oh! from this bo - dy of death to be free! Je - sus! my Sav - iour, draw nigh un - to me!
Scat - ter the shad-ows and make the way bright, Fill me with joy, with love and with light!

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it! Oh! come in Thy power, Cleanse me and make me Thine own from this hour;
Thine is the glo - ry and Thine is the power, Cleanse me and make me Thine own from this hour;

I am but weakness, on Je - sus I lean, Wash me, my Sav - iour, and I shall be clean.
Out of my - self in - to Thee I would go, Wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

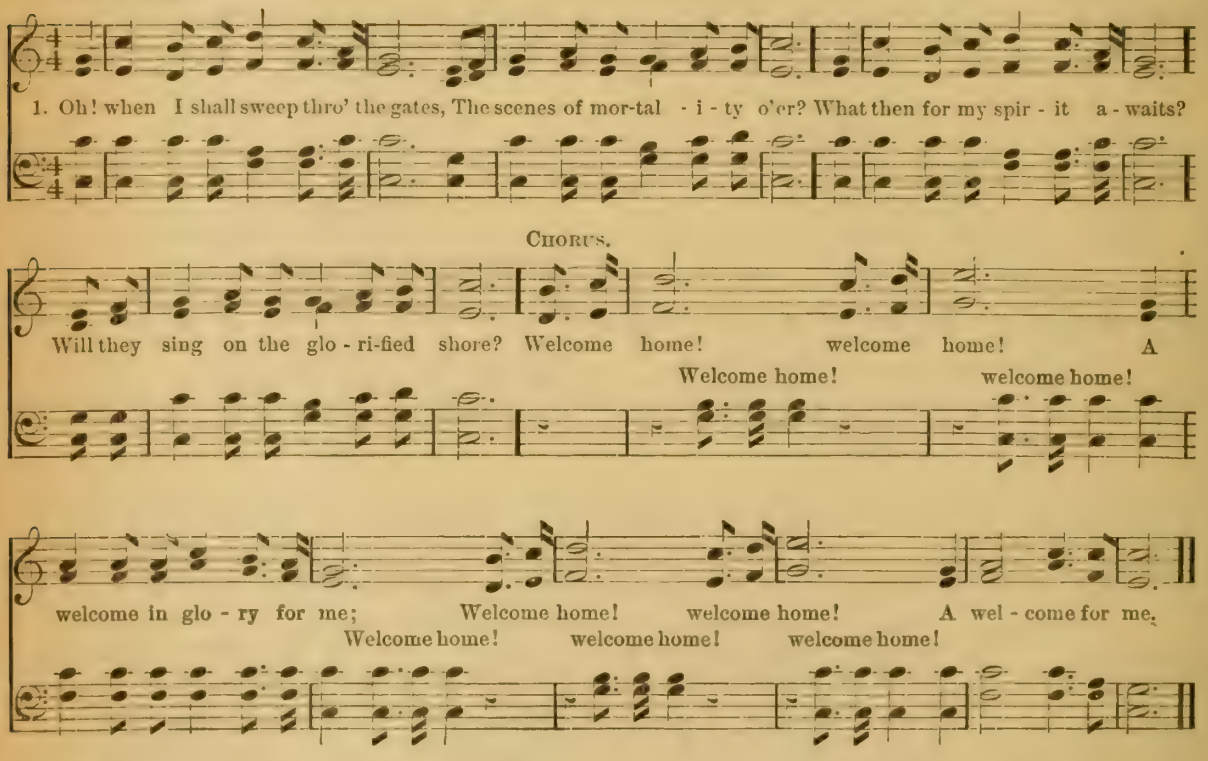
* These words can be sung to "Rock me to sleep, mother," or by changing the last line can be sung to "I am so glad that our Father in Heaven

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer.

Mrs Phœbe Palmer has left a rich legacy to those who come after her, in her many beautiful hymns, which will have a permanent place in Sacred Song. She was also quite a prolific prose writer Her books on "Holiness," "Faith and its effects," "Entire Devotion," &c , are well known to the majority of Christians, and highly valued Her daughter, Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp of Brooklyn, N. Y., is no less talented, and added to her numerous qualifications for usefulness in this life, is a rich, cultivated voice, consecrated to the service of the Master She is one of the best musical composers in America, and her music is in much demand. Her Cantata has had an immense sale for Christmas holiday entertainments and is pronounced one of the best ever written. To see the mother's and daughter's hymns and music wedded, as they often are, renders them doubly interesting. Through her kindness, several selections appear in this work.

WELCOME TO GLORY.

MRS. P. PALMER. MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.



2 When from Calv'ry's mount I arise,
And pass through the portals above,
Will shouts, Welcome home to the skies,
Resound through the regions of love?

3 Yes, loved ones who knew me below,
Who learned the new song with me here,
In chorus will hail me, I know,
And welcome me home with good cheer.

4 The beautiful gates will unfold,
The home of the blood-washed I'll see:
The city of saints I'll behold,
For, Oh! there's a welcome for me!

5 A sinner made whiter than snow,
I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
And shout through the gates as I go,
Salvation to God and the Lamb!

HUMBLE DUTY.

O Master dear! the smallest work for Thee
Finds recompense beyond our highest thought;
And feeble hands that worked out tremblingly
The richest colors in the fabric wrought.
We are content to take what Thou shalt give,
To work or suffer as Thy choice shall be;
Forsaking what Thy wisdom bids us leave,
Glad in the thought that we are pleasing Thee!

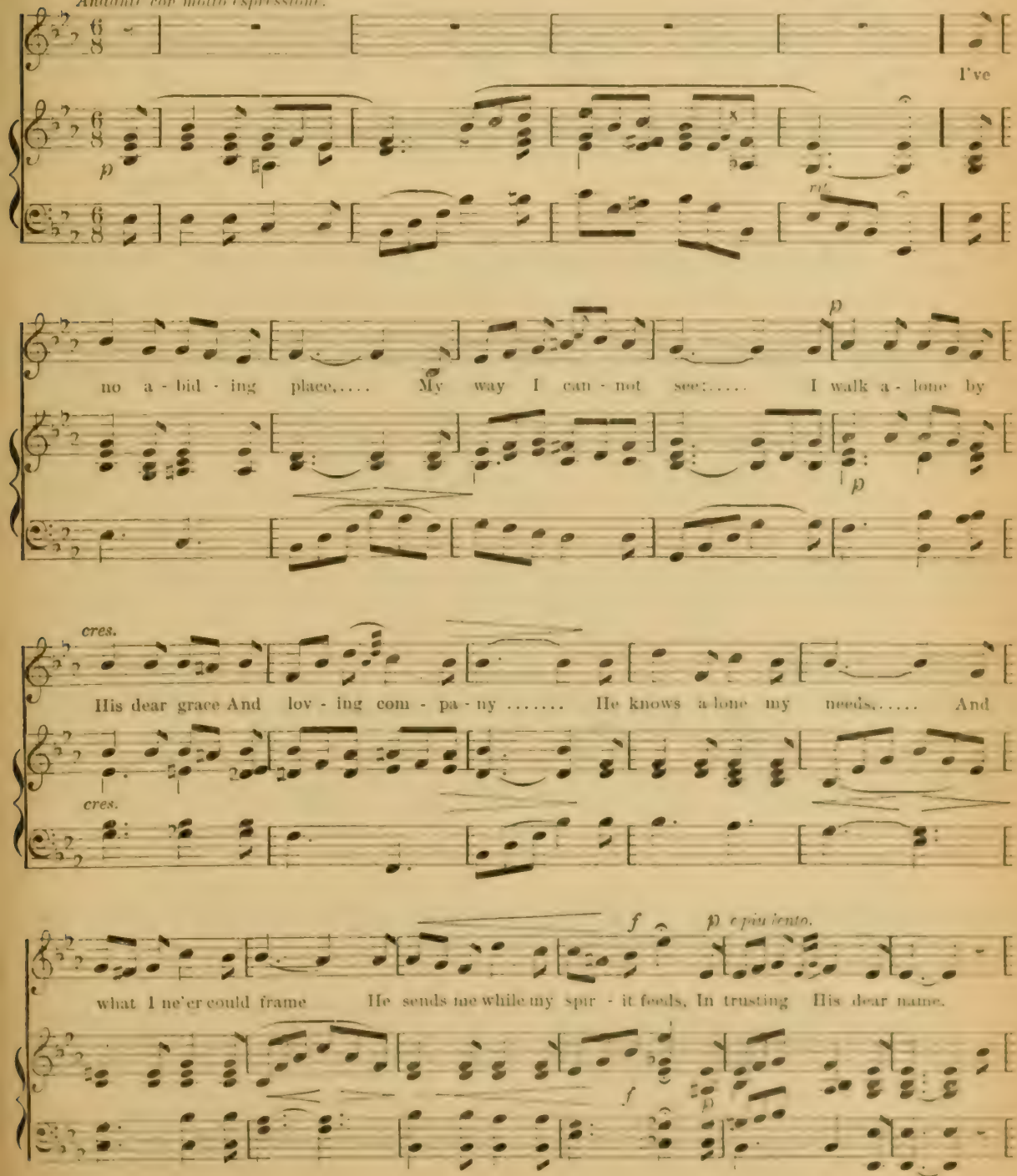
"London Christian."

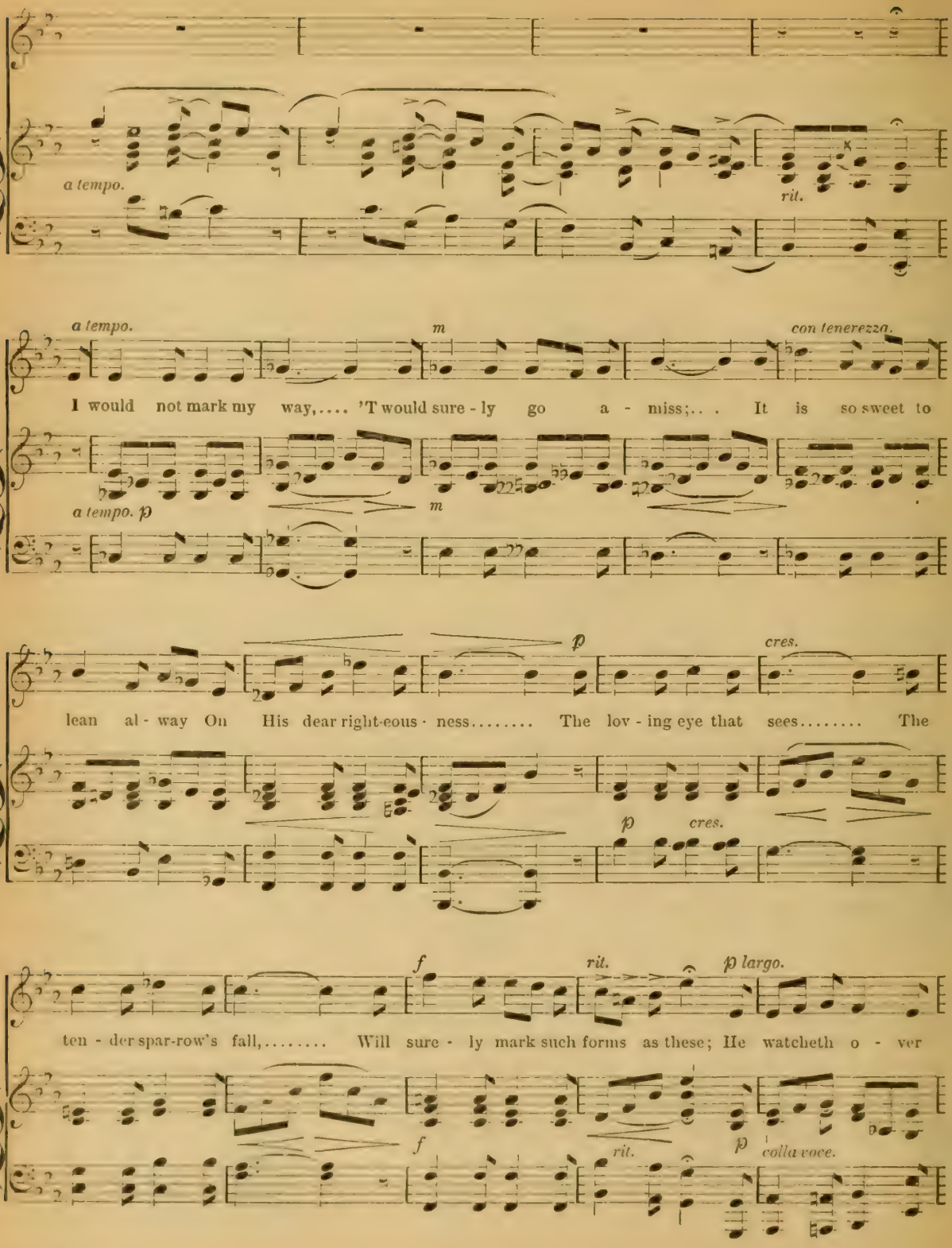
I'VE NO ABIDING PLACE.

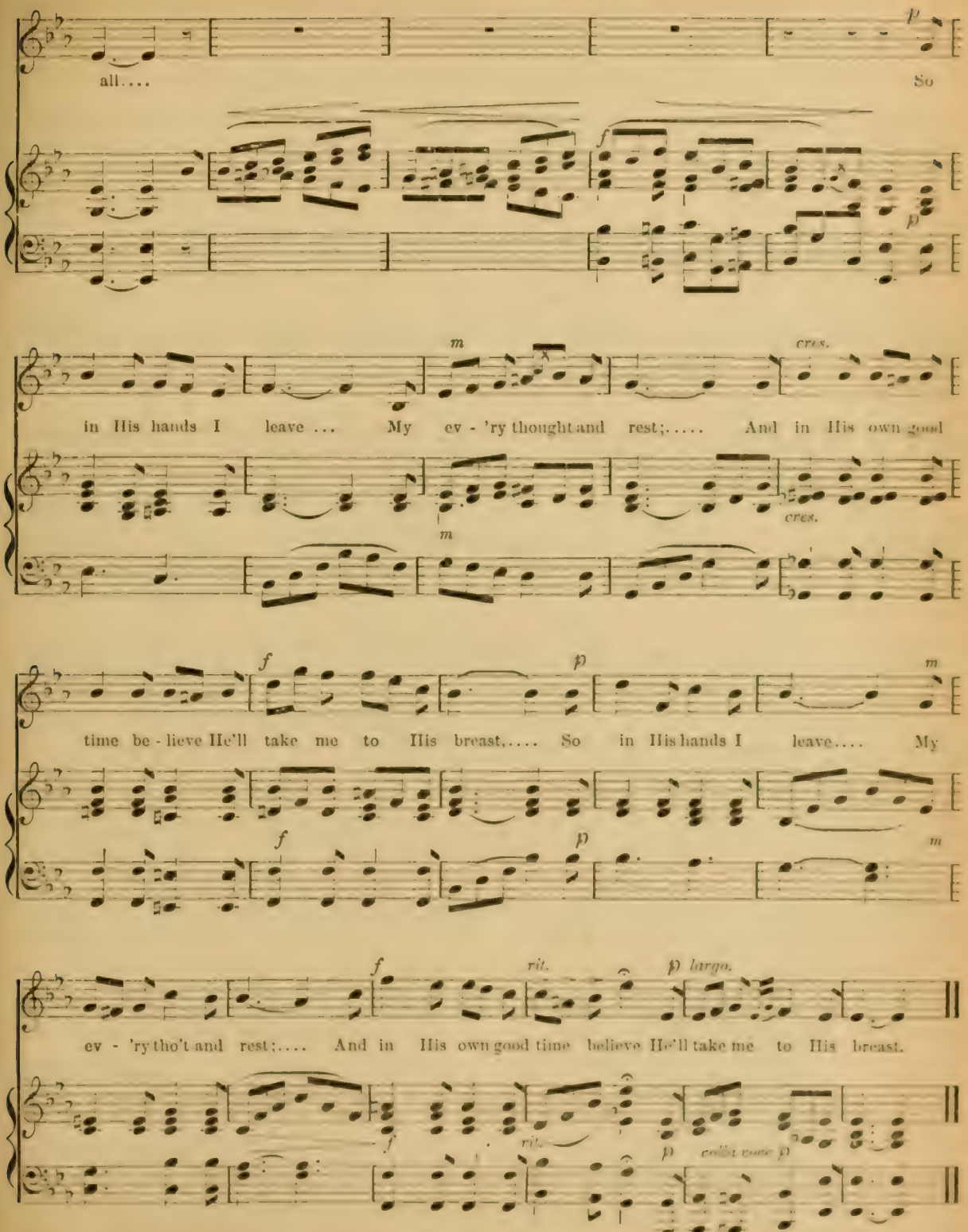
(Suitable for Praise-Meetings, or the Consecration hour at Annual Missionary Gatherings.)

Words by MRS. MARY O. PAGE. Music by MRS. CLARA H. SCOTT.
Used by per Messrs. J. Church & Co.

Andante con molto espressione.



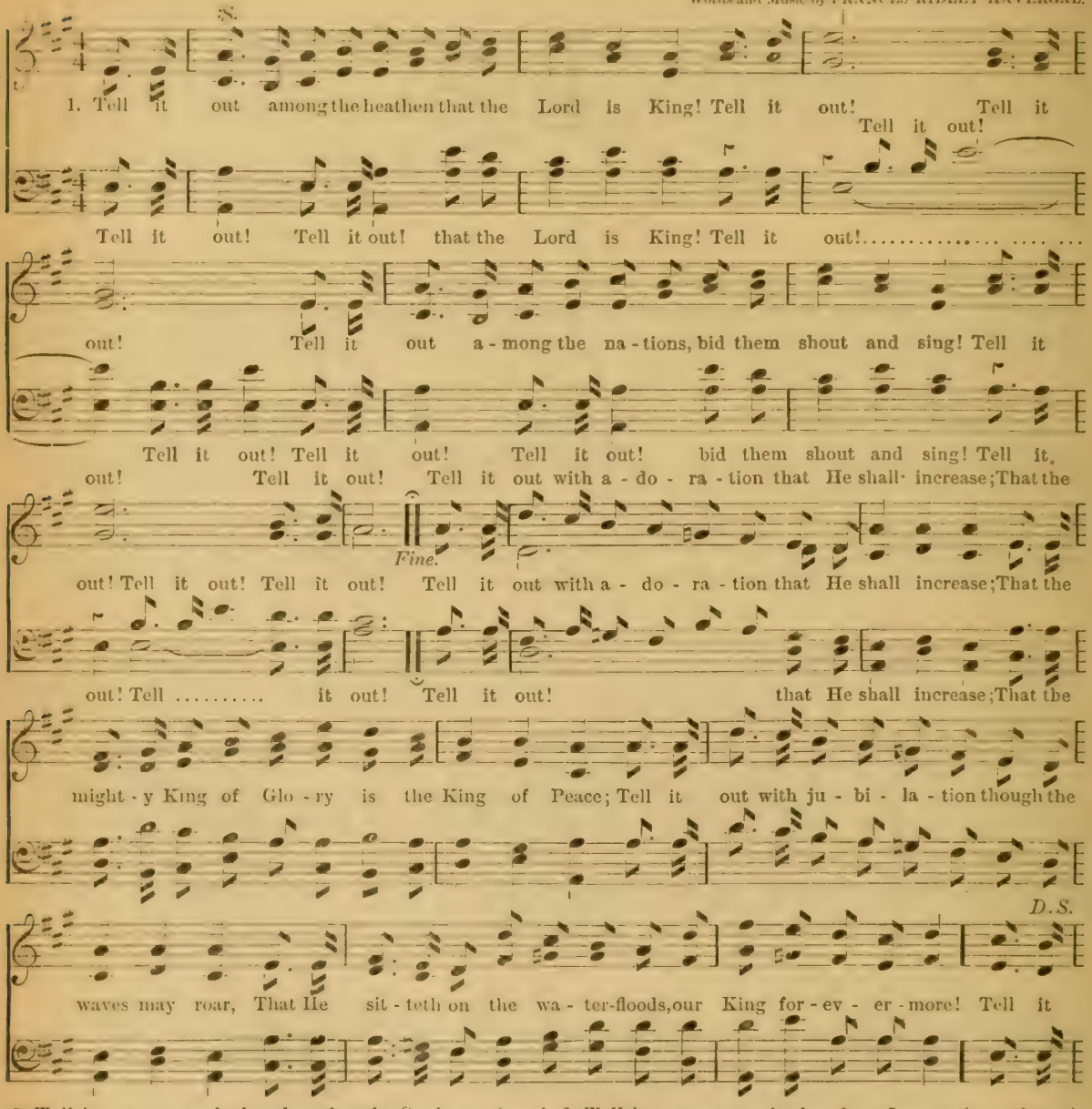

a tempo.
rit.
a tempo.
m
con tenerezza.
I would not mark my way,.... 'T would sure - ly go a - miss;... It is so sweet to
a tempo. p
m
p
cres.
lean al - way On His dear right-eous - ness..... The lov - ing eye that sees..... The
p
cres.
f
rit.
p largo.
ten - der spar-row's fall,..... Will sure - ly mark such forms as these; He watcheth o - ver
f
rit.
p
colla voce.


all....
So
in His hands I leave ... My ev - 'ry thought and rest;..... And in His own good
time be - lieve He'll take me to His breast,..... So in His hands I leave.... My
ev - 'ry tho't and rest;.... And in His own good time believe He'll take me to His breast.
rit.
largo.
cresc.
colla voce

Miss Havergal's sister, in writing her Memoir, says: "The words and music to this piece 'Tell it out,' flashed upon her while reading the Praise Book version. She arose from her bed and in an incredibly short time, both tune, parts and words were all written out with copperplate neatness, and she singing it away, as no one else can."

TELL IT OUT.

Words and Music by FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



2 Tell it out among the heathen that the Saviour reigns!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations, bid them burst their
Tell it out! Tell it out! [chains;
Tell it out among the weeping ones that Jesus lives;
Tell it out among the weary ones what rest He gives;
Tell it out among the sinners that He came to save;
Tell it out among the dying that He triumphed o'er
the grave.

3 Tell it out among the heathen Jesus reigns above!
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations that His reign is love,
Tell it out! Tell it out!
Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home;
Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam;
Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be,
Till it echo and re-echo from the islands of the sea.

GOD BE MERCIFUL UNTO US.

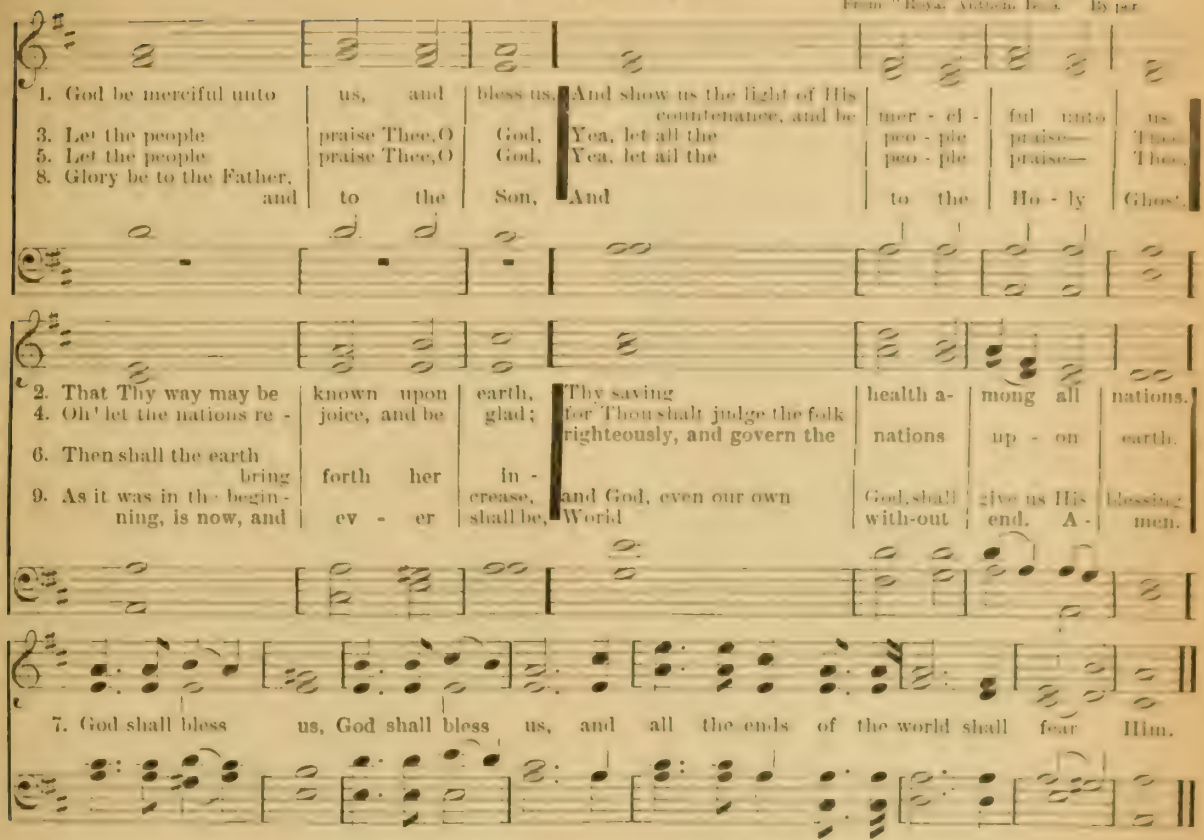
(DEUS MISERATUR.)

CLARA H. SCOTT
From "Royal Anthem Book." By per.

1. God be merciful unto us, and bless us, And show us the light of His countenance, and be mer - ci - ful unto us.
3. Let the people praise Thee, O God, Yea, let all the peo - ple praise— Thee.
5. Let the people praise Thee, O God, Yea, let all the peo - ple praise— Thee.
8. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost.

2. That Thy way may be known upon earth, Thy saving health a- mong all nations.
4. Oh! let the nations re - joice, and be glad; for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and govern the nations up - on earth.
6. Then shall the earth bring forth her in - crease, and God, even our own God, shall give us His blessing
9. As it was in the begin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, World with-out end. A - men.

7. God shall bless us, God shall bless us, and all the ends of the world shall fear Him.



THROUGH THE ROLLING YEARS.

(Tune—"*Seeking to Save.*")

1 Gladly now we gather,
Come from far and near,
Thanks to bring our Father
At His altar here;
All the way He's brought us
Joyous now appears;
Filled with countless blessings
All the rolling years.

CHORUS.—Through ten years of labor,
Seeking to save;
Lost ones in heathen lands,
Seeking to save.

2 Anxious days have met us,—
Days of care and thought,—
But the elder Brother
Ever came when sought;
Filled with sweet compassion,
Heard our feeble prayers,
Lifted all the burdens
Through the rolling years.

3 Tenderly we've lingered
In the border-lands,
Where we've seen our loved ones
Break their earthly bands;
Now, on high ascended,
Free from cares and fears,
Watch they now our progress
Through the rolling years.

4 Gladly we remember
Many pleasant ways,—
Many deeds accomplished,
Many joyful days;
Many sheaves vouchsafed us,
Many ripened ears,
Many gladsome harvests,
Through the rolling years.

5 Not to us the glory,
Not to us the praise!
But to God, our Father,
Who, in wondrous ways,
Hath His servants guided,
Stilling doubts and fears,
Granting strength and courage
Through the rolling years.

[illegible]
Written for the Royal Anthem Missionary [illegible] W. F. M.

FROM "GLORY TO GLORY."

(Tune—"*Webb*," or "*From Greenland's icy mountains.*

I. PRAISE.

1 "From glory unto glory!" Be this our joyous song,
As on the King's own highway we bravely march along.
"From glory unto glory!" O word of stirring cheer,
As dawns the solemn brightness, another glad New Year.

2 Our own beloved Master "hath many things to say,"
Look forward to His teaching, unfolding day by day;
To whispers of His Spirit, while resting at His feet,
To glowing revelation, to insight clear and sweet.

3 "From glory unto glory!" Our faith hath seen the King,
We own His matchless beauty, adoringly we sing;
But He hath more to show us! O thought of untold bliss!
And we press exulting on in certain hope to this:—

4 To marvellous outpourings of "treasures new and old,"
To largess of His bounty, paid in the King's own gold,
To glorious expansion of His mysteries of grace,
To radiant unveilings, the brightness of His face.

II. GRATITUDE.

1 "From glory unto glory!" What great things He hath done,
What wonders He hath shown us, what triumphs He hath won!
We marvel at the records, the blessings of the year!
But sweeter than the Christmas bells rings out His promise clear—

2 That "greater things," far greater, our longing eyes shall see!
We can but wait and wonder what "greater things" shall be!
But glorious fulfillments rejoicingly we claim,
While pleading in the power of All-Prevailing Name.

3 "From glory unto glory!" What mighty blessings crown
The lives for which our Lord hath laid His own so freely down!
Omnipotence to keep us, Omniscience to guide,
Jehovah's Triune Presence within us to abide!

4 The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way;
The fulness of His promises crowns every brightening day;
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we realize the fulness of His love.

5 "From glory unto glory!" Without a shade of care,
Because the Lord who loves us will every burden bear;
Because we trust Him fully, and know that He will guide,
And know that He will keep us at His beloved side.

III. TRUST.

1 "From glory unto glory!" though tribulation fall,
It cannot touch our treasure, when Christ is All in All!
Whatever lies before us, there can be naught to fear,
For what are pain and sorrow when Jesus Christ is near?

2 "From glory unto glory!" O marvels of the word!
"With open face beholding the glory of the Lord,"
We, even we (O wondrous grace!) "are changed into the same,"
The image of our Saviour, to glorify His Name.

3 Abiding in His presence, and walking in the light,
And seeking to do "always what is pleasing in His sight;"
We look to Him to keep us "all glorious within,"
Because "the blood of Jesus is cleansing from all sin."

4 The things behind forgetting, we only gaze before
"From glory unto glory," that "shineth more and more,"
Because our Lord hath said it, that such shall be our way,
(O splendor of the promise!) "unto the perfect day."

5 "From glory unto glory!" Our fellow-travellers still
Are gathering on the journey. The bright electric thrill
Of quick, instinctive union, more frequent and more sweet,
Shall swiftly pass from heart to heart in true and tender beat.

6 And closer yet and closer the golden bonds shall be,
Enlinking all who love our Lord in pure sincerity;
And wider yet, and wider, shall the circling glory glow,
As more and more are taught of God that mighty love to know.

IV. CONSECRATION.

1 O ye who seek the Saviour, look up in faith and love,
Come up into the sunshine, so bright and warm above!
No longer tread the valley, but, clinging to His hand,
Ascend the shining summits and view the glorious land.

2 Our harp-notes should be sweeter, our trumpet-tones more clear,
Our anthems ring so grandly that all the world must hear!
Oh! royal be our music, for who hath cause to sing
Like the chorus of redeemed ones, the children of the King?

3 Oh! let our adoration for all that He hath done,
Peal out beyond the stars of God, while voice and life are one;
And let our consecration be real, deep, and true;
Oh! even now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows renew:—

4 "In full and glad surrender we give ourselves to Thee,
Thine utterly, and only, and evermore to be!
O Son of God, who lovest us, we will be Thine alone,
And all we are, and all we have, shall henceforth be Thine own!"

5 Now onward, ever onward, "from strength to strength" we go,
While "grace for grace" abundantly shall from His fulness flow,
To glory's full fruition, from glory's foretaste here,
Until His very presence crown our happiest New Year!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE TRUTH MAKES FREE.

(Tune—"*The Shining Shore.*")

1 The days of summer brightness come,
And we, with songs of gladness,
Assemble in our place of prayer,
And banish thoughts of sadness.

CHORUS.—For Oh! we see that Truth makes free,
And God is loving ever;
When work is done, and victory won,
We shall be parted never.

2 Though here the clouds above our path
Sometimes in darkness lower,
The bow of promise shineth there
By Love's redeeming power.

3 And so we gather here in hope,
And praise the glorious Giver,
Who brightens earth with blossoms fair,
Of heaven a symbol ever.

4 Lord, let the chrism of Thy love,
Each faithful heart anointing,
Prepare us for the earthly paths
Of Thy divine appointing.

REV. PHŒBE A. HANAFORD.
Jersey City, 1878.

CHRISTIAN REUNION.

9th P. M.

"Let brotherly love continue."

(Tune—"*Morton*," or "*Memories of Earth.*")

1 Soldiers in the ranks of Jesus,
Workers in the field of grace,
Preachers of our blessèd Gospel,
Welcome to this sacred place.

CHORUS.—What an hour of holy transport,
God is in our midst to-day!
Praise the Lord this happy union,
How it cheers us on our way.

2 Some are here whose locks betoken
Years of watching, toil and care;
Others in the prime of living,
Just begin their Cross to bear.

3 Tell us, Christians, are you planting
Goodly seed on fertile ground?
Is the glorious work progressing,
Does the fruit of joy abound?

4 Do not think of earthly trials,
With your crown of life in view;
Though afflicted, bear it meekly,
Jesus bled and died for you.

5 Though you sometimes feel discouraged,
And your labor seems in vain,
Look to God, and seek His blessing,
He will bring the promised reign.

6 Patient, then, be persevering;
Soon your mission will be o'er;
Through the glass of hope, though darkly,
You can see the other shore.

MRS. J. C. VAN ALSTYNE.
By per. Biglow & Main.

UP, FRIENDS OF JESUS.

"Go therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Lord." Matt. xxviii. 19.

(Tune—"*Portuguese Hymn.*")

1 Up, friends of Jesus, the harvest now is white,
Work will soon be over, fast falls the shade of night;
Strong in His strength, let us bind the golden sheaves,
Could we meet the Master with naught but leaves?

2 Up, friends of Jesus, for time will soon be o'er,
Harvest days are passing to come again no more;
Wake from repose, hear the Master calling still,
Rise to earnest effort with right good will.

3 Sing! friends of Jesus, for when our work is done,
Joyful we will gather to greet the harvest home;
Then let us hasten the golden sheaves to bind,
Rest and life eternal we all shall find.

KATE SUMNER BURR.

HOW BLEST THE SACRED TIE.

L. M.

"Of one heart."

(Tune—"*Hamburg.*")

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one.

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous care, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming tears together flow,
For human guilt and human woe;
Their ardent prayers united rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
'Mid nature's drooping, sickening fire:
Soon shall they meet in realms above—
A heaven of joy, because of love.

ANNE L. BARBAULD.

INVOCATION.

(Tune—"*Antioch.*")

1 Great Jehovah, now inspire us,
While Thy sacred Word we read,
Fill us with Thy light and wisdom,
As upon its truths we feed.
Through the clouds the literal meaning,
Thou art making now Thy way,
Breaking down all skeptic's barriers,
Ushering in a glorious day.

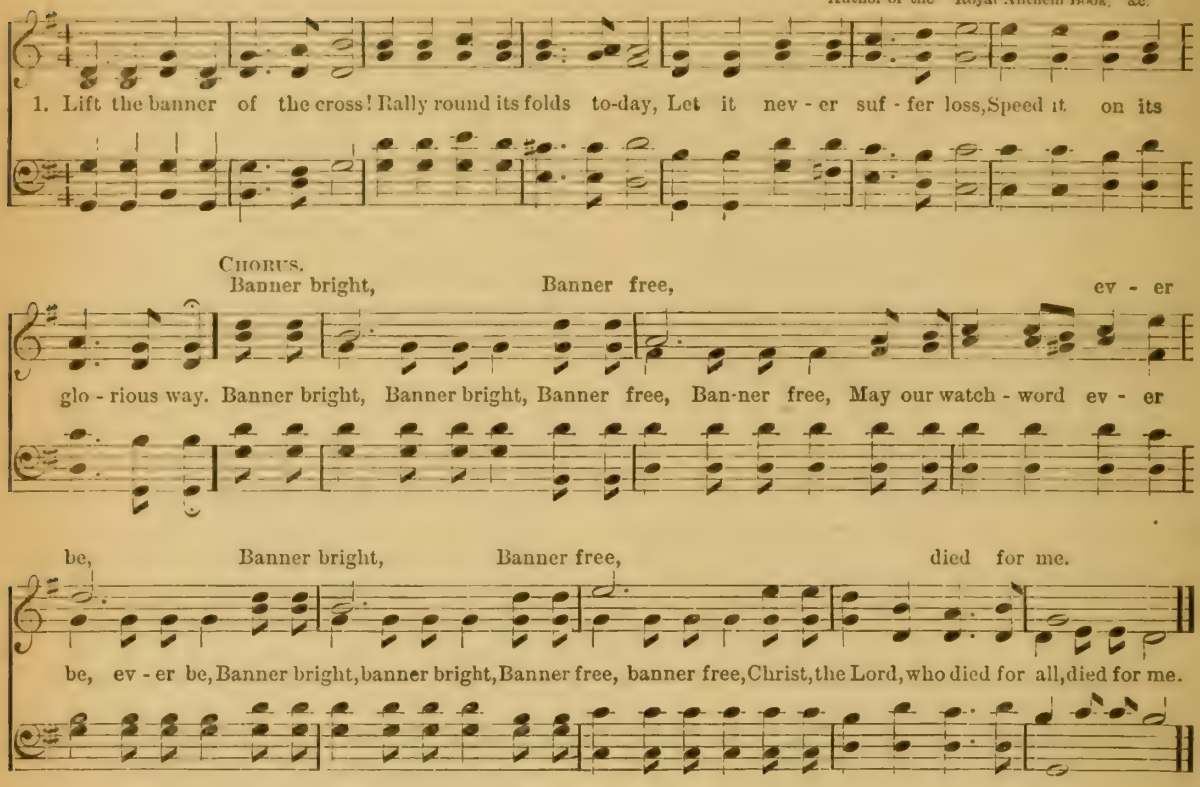
2 Come, my soul, arouse thy slumbering,
See, the Bridegroom draweth near:
Go attired with heavenly garments,
Shining raiment, white and clear.
Go adorned with pearls and rubies,
Precious truths of righteousness;
Go, proclaim the hidden mystery,
That Thou may'st the nations bless.

MRS. WINSLOW.

THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

MRS. M. O. PAGE.

MRS. C. H. SCOTT.
Author of the "Royal Anthem Book," &c.



2 Soldiers of a mighty cause,
Raise the royal banner high;
While we heed our Master's laws,
We may earthly pow'r defy.

3 They who bear it bravely on,
Soon their heart's desire shall see,
For the world, ere long, must own
This, the flag of victory.

From "Songs of Love," by per. Dr. H. R. Palmer.
Pub. by Messrs. Church & Co.

IN THE NAME OF OUR GOD WE WILL SET UP OUR BANNERS.

1 Lift up on the mountains, O host of the Lord,
With voice of the trumpet's acclaim,
Lift up on the mountains our banners of light,
And girded with strength, march on to the fight
In our Leader's victorious name.

2 Bear on to the front our banner of Praise,
In imperial purple arrayed;
For "glory to God in the highest" shall ring,
As the army's grand choral to Jesus our King,
Till all nations His own shall be made.

3 And Faith's banner, pure white, unfold to the breeze,
For she marches beside us at night;
She leads through the desert our faltering feet,
And sings in the darkness her litanies sweet,
Of deliverance, triumph and sight.

4 Then lift up the radiant banner of Hope,
In her symbolic color of blue;
For clasping Faith's hand, Hope smiles like the light,
And with beautiful prophecies follows the night,
Like sunrise after the dew.

5 And Love in its passionate crimson, the Love
That is greater than Hope or than Faith;
The glory and crown of the army below,
The holiest strain that all Heaven can know,
The grace that abideth in death.

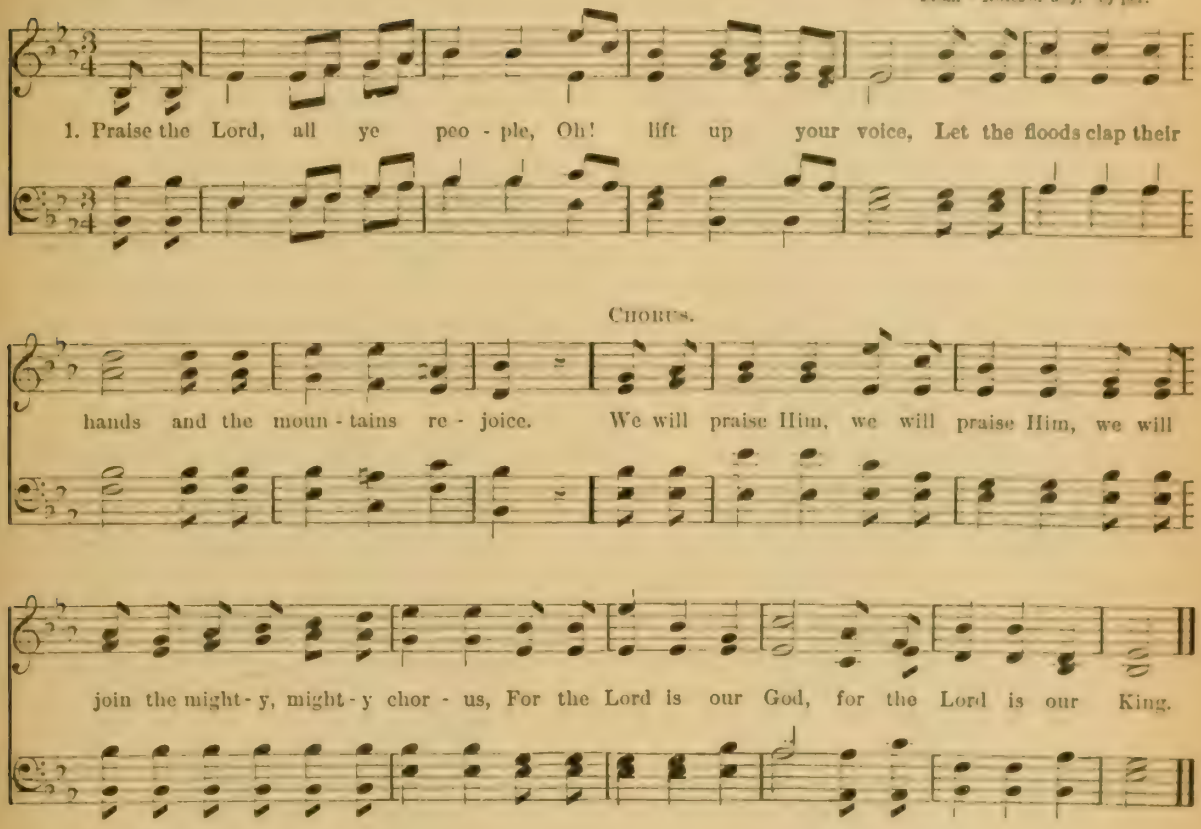
6 Then lift up the heart, move onward with song,
Our victory now draweth nigh;
Though the enemy's legions come in like a flood,
Our "munitions of rocks" for ages have stood,
And God's standards are floating on high.

MRS. DR. HERRICK JOHNSON.

THE LORD IS KING.

"Make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King."—Ps. xcviii. 6

FANNY CROSBY. Music by MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP
From "Notes of Joy," by per.



2 See the mansions of glory their portals unfold,
Our Redeemer ascending, the angels behold.

3 Though the kingdoms of earth and their splendor shall fall.
Yet the Lord is triumphant, He rules over all.

4 To the Lord, our Creator, salvation belongs,
Let His name be exalted with rapture and songs.

WORK

(Tune—"*Over the Ocean Waves.*")

1 Do thy work speedily, child of the earth,
Waste not a moment in sorrow or mirth;
Life is a mystery shaded with gloom,
Bearing us rapidly on to the tomb.
Life is a mystery shaded with gloom,
Bearing us rapidly on to the tomb.

2 Work hath been given thee, do not delay,
Carelessly trifling the moments away;
Dreamily floating on life's silvery tide,
Stealthily down to the ocean we glide.
Dreamily floating on life's silvery tide,
Stealthily down to the ocean we glide.

3 Life is receding, the hours as they pass
Bear in their bosoms the sands from its glass.
Why should we linger on time's crested wave,
Gathering baubles to garnish the grave?
Why should we linger on time's crested wave,
Gathering baubles to garnish the grave?

4 Think you the treasures that lie in the deep
Would soften earth's pillow, or sweeten our sleep?
Far sooner the thought that earth's glittering toys
Were lost in the struggle for holier joys.
Far sooner the thought that earth's glittering toys
Were lost in the struggle for holier joys.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

(Tune—"*Autumn.*")

1 God of nations! Thou All-seeing!
In whose sight the ages run
Swift, as to our mortal being
Daily threads of life are spun;
Thou whose tender care hath brought us
To this happy festal day,
And in all life's change hath taught us
Of Thy wise and kindly sway;

2 Thee we thank for all the beauty
To this joyful season brought,
For the past of work and duty
Which our fathers nobly wrought;
For the liberties they founded,
Set with many a bloody seal,
For the depths of woe they sounded
To secure our country's weal;

3 For the century's record ended
With its words and deeds sublime,
With its lights and shadows blended
On the moving scroll of time.
God of liberty, we praise Thee!
God of love, we Thee adore!
God of Grace, Oh! may we raise Thee
Grateful songs forevermore!

MRS. MARY C. WEBSTER.
Rocky Hill, Conn., July 4, 1876.

ARISE AND SHINE.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."—Isa. lx: 1.

1 Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing,
Dear land, with strength lift up thy voice!
The kingdoms of the earth are bringing
Their treasures to thy gates—rejoice!

CHORUS.—Arise and shine in youth immortal,
Thy light is come, thy King appears!
Beyond the century's swinging portal,
Breaks a new dawn—the thousand years!

2 And shall His flock with strife be riven?
Shall envious lines His church divide,
When He, the Lord of earth and heaven,
Stands at the door to claim His bride?

3 Lift up the gates! bring forth oblations!
One crowned with crowns a message brings,
His word, a sword to smite the nations;
His name—the Christ, the King of kings.

4 He comes! let all the earth adore Him;
The path His human nature trod
Spreads to a royal realm before Him,
The Light of Life, the Word of God!

MARY A. LATHBURY.
Set to music by P. P. Bliss
Orange, N. J., 1876.

Used by per. John Church & Co.

COME, SAINTS, LET US JOIN.

(Tune—"*How firm a foundation.*")

1 Come, saints, let us join in the praise of the Lamb,
The theme most sublime of the angels above;
They dwell with delight on the sound of His name,
And gaze on His glories with wonder and love.

2 They worship the Lamb who for sinners was slain;
But their loftiest songs never equal His love;
The claims of His mercy will ever remain,
Transcending the anthems in glory above.

3 Yet even our service He will not despise,
When we join in His worship and tell of His ways,
Then let us unite in the song of the skies,
And trusting His mercy sing Worthy the Lamb.

MARIE DE FLEURY.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

1 To the realms of midnight darkness,
Where our brothers dwell,
Who will go to tell the story
Of Emmanuel?
Who, with tender words and loving,
Will stretch forth the hand,
And along life's journey lead them
Toward the better land?

2 Who will plough the stony furrow,
Scattering precious seed?
Who will bear the heavenly manna,
Starving souls to feed?
Who will bid the arid desert
Bloom with Sharon's rose?
Who will plant the snowy lily
Where the Upas grows?

3 Hark! the cry from Macedonia
Sounds upon the air!
"Come and help us, Christian brothers,
Listen to our prayer.
Lo! the harvest in our valleys
Waits the Gospel's light;
Come, and by your God-like teachings
Hasten error's plight!"

4 Heed the call, O Christian people!
Be it not in vain
That our glorious Lord and Master
For these souls was slain;
Plant the Cross and tell His story
On each distant strand,
Till His banner wave victorious
Over every land.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH.
Boston, 1883.

UNPROFITABLE SERVANTS.

Suitable for Praise Meetings.

(Tune—"*Martyn*" or "*Refuge.*")

1 Vain we number every duty,
Number all our prayers and tears,
Still the Spirit lacketh beauty,
Still it droops with many fears.

2 Soul of Love, O boundless Giver,
Who didst all Thyself impart,
And Thy blood a flowing river,
Told how large the loving heart,

3 Now we see how poor the offering
We have on Thine altar cast,
And we bless Thee for the suffering
Which has taught us love at last.

4 We may feel an inward gladness
For the truth and goodness won,
But far deeper is the sadness
For the good we leave undone.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.
Portland, Maine, 1843.

CHURCH RALLYING SONG.

1 Awake! awake! the Master now is calling us;
Arise! arise! and trusting in His word,
Go forth! go forth! proclaim the year of Jubilee,
And take the Cross, the blessed Cross of Christ our Lord.

2 A cry for light from dying ones in heathen lands,
It comes, it comes across the ocean's foam;
Then haste, Oh! haste, to spread the words of truth abroad,
Forgetting not the starving poor at home, dear home.

3 O church of God, extend thy kind maternal arms,
To save the lost on mountains dark and cold;
Reach out thy hand with loving smile to rescue them,
And bring them to the shelter of the Saviour's fold.

4 Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near,
When all shall hail, shall hail the Saviour King;
When Peace and Joy shall fold their wings in every clime,
And glory, hallelujah! o'er earth shall sing.

FANNY CROSBY.
Used by per. J. J. Hood

SHOUT ALOUD! ALL YE LANDS.

"Shouted with a great shout so that the earth rang again." 1 Sam. iv. 5.

1 Across the blue waters the message of grace
O'er kingdom and empire is flying apace;
The day-beam is breaking, majestic and bright,
And millions are turning from darkness to light.

CHORUS.—Shout aloud! all ye lands, and be glad while ye sing;
Shout aloud! all ye lands, for the Saviour is King!

And the sound that went forth on the night of His birth,
Shall be heard to the uttermost bounds of the earth.

2 All creatures adoring shall bow at His word,
All tongues shall confess Him their Saviour and Lord;
His truth and His glory extended shall be,
And cover the earth as the waters the sea.

3 How gently and kindly there comes from above
His sceptre of mercy, His standard of love!
He ruleth in wisdom, the Monarch of peace,
His reign shall be glorious and never shall cease.

4 The day is approaching, the time draweth nigh,
When nation to nation "Hosanna!" shall cry;
The idols they worship in dust shall be laid,
And Jesus be honored, exalted, obeyed.

F. J. CROSBY.
From "[illegible]"
Set to music by Rev. Robert Lowry.
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CHURCH OF GOD, AWAKE!

(Tune—"*The morning light is breaking*")

1 Church of God, whose conquering banners
Float along the glorious years,
Gathering harvest rich and golden,
Sowed in poverty and tears;
Onward press, the Cross is bending
Far toward the morning skies,
Speedy dawn of light portending:
Church of God, awake! arise!

2 In your costly temples praying,
"Let Thy kingdom come," we pray,
Are but words of idle meaning,
If with these we turn away.
Boundless wealth to you is given,
From His hand who owns it all,
And His eye beholds in heaven
What ye render back for all.

3 Grace and glory He hath sent you,
Cast your line in places fair,
Scatter blessings *now*, He bids you,
O'er His green earth everywhere;
Till the millions in the twilight
Of the far-off Orient land,
In the gracious morning splendor
Of the Gospel light shall stand.

4 Shake the earth, and rend the heaven,
Wake Thy sleeping children, Lord,
Till the measure full and even
Has been rendered at Thy word.
Then from out her chrism of sorrow,
Shall the earth redeemed arise;
And the fair millennial morrow
Dawn with opal-tinted skies.

[illegible]
Set to music by T. C. O'Kane [illegible]
Pub. by Messrs. Church & Co.

ONE IN CHRIST.

7s.

"Ye are all one in Christ."—Gal. iii: 28.

(Tune "*Horton*," or "*Autumn*.")

1 Here in Christian love we meet,
One in Christ, one in Christ;
Precious bond of union sweet,
One in Christ, one in Christ;
Here before His throne we bend,
Heart and mind and spirit blend,
While our prayers of faith ascend;
One in Christ, one in Christ.

2 Filled with rapture, lost in praise,
One in Christ, one in Christ;
While our grateful song we raise,
One in Christ, one in Christ;
Blesséd name! our Saviour dear;
Oh! to feel Him now so near,
Making of His children here,
One in Christ, one in Christ.

3 May we still in love abide,
One in Christ, one in Christ;
Walking ever by His side,
One in Christ, one in Christ;
When our trials all are o'er,
May we reach the heavenly shore,
There to dwell forevermore,
One in Christ, one in Christ.

MRS. VAN ALSTYNE.

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WAKE!

P. M.

1 Pet. i: 10, 11.

1 Wake! the welcome day appeareth,
Every heart with joy it cheereth!
Wake! the Lord's great year behold;
That which holy men of old,
Those who throng the sacred pages,
Waited for through countless ages:
Hallelujah! hallelujah!

2 Patriarchs erst and priests aspiring,
Kings and prophets long desiring,
Saw not this before they died:
Lo! the light to them denied,
See its beams to earth directed!
Welcome, O Thou long-expected!
Hallelujah! hallelujah!

3 In our stead Himself He offers,
On the accurséd tree He suffers,
That His death's sweet savor may
Take our curse for aye away;
Cross and curse for us enduring,
Hope and heaven to us securing:
Hallelujah! hallelujah!

4 Rent the temple curtain's centre;
Come, ye nations, freely enter
Through the vail the holy place!
Freely stand before His face,
Here your grateful tributes bringing:
Come, thou Bride, for ever singing,
Hallelujah! hallelujah!

FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, tr.

JESUS FIRST.

"Who is over all, God blessed forever."—Rom. ix: 5.

1 Above the songs of heaven
One raptured strain must burst,
For souls redeemed, forgiven,
Must sing of Jesus first.
Beside life's crystal river,
Lips that were long athirst,
But now with gladness quiver,
Are singing "Jesus first."

2 His hand once pierced is holding
The sceptre of all might,
The universe unfolding
His smile of love and light.
First-born of Heaven, we name Thee,
Who broke death's tyrant thrall;
Our heart's first choice shall claim Thee,
Our God, high over all.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

Set to music by E. S. Lorenz, in "Holy Voices."

TELL OF JESUS

(Old Tune—"*Pass me not, O gentle Saviour.*")

1 When of old, the Lord's disciples
Taught in Jesus' name,
Peter, bidden by the Spirit,
To the Gentiles came.

REFRAIN.—Tell of Jesus!
Tell to all the earth,
Of the tender, loving Saviour,
And His priceless worth.

2 Speeding on His holy mission,
Welcome, true, received;
When He spake the wondrous message,
Many hearts believed.

3 With a faith that questions never,
Barren though the field,
We must work, and trust the Master
For unstinted yield.

4 Into all the world He sends us,
With His precious seed;
He will give us power to use it,
Starving souls to feed.

ELLEN OLIVER.

By per.

OUR GOSPEL.

L. M.

1 Rejoice, rejoice, with heart and powers;
The gospel of our Lord is ours.
Not yours, while I remain in doubt,
Not mine, still leaving you without.

2 But ours; and there is waiting still,
Good news for whosoever will
Repent, call humbly on the Lord,
Accept His grace and trust His word.

3 But heathen souls, in dark distress,
Grope for the light that we possess:
How can they call in word or thought,
On Him of whom they are not taught?

4 How learn they, saving teacher teach?
How hear, excepting preacher preach?
And who shall preach ere He be sent?
Who warn the nations to repent?

5 Who under God can send like we
To whom the gracious gift is free?
A gift we may not comprehend,
Cannot, till time with us shall end.

6 This much we feel, that every man
Doth need to know the gospel plan,
Ere steadfast hope and godly fear
Can fit for Christian service here,

7 Or saving faith and grateful love
Prepare for endless rest above.
Hence, duty calls us to explain
Why Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,

8 And bids us labor, watch and pray,
Trusting our precious gospel may
Soon earth o'erspread, nor be denied
To souls for whom the Saviour died.

LUCY B. ORROK.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

Second 7s, with Chorus.

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe:
It will joy and comfort give you;
Take it, then, where'er you go.

CHORUS.— Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven:
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.

3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of kings, in heaven we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

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CHRISTIAN UNION

(Tune, "*From Greenland's icy mountains*")

1 And is the time approaching,
By prophets long foretold,
When all shall dwell together,
One shepherd and one fold?
Shall every idol perish,
To moles and bats be thrown,
And every prayer be offered
To God in Christ alone?

2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer,
Shall strife and tumult cease,
All earth His blessèd kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace?

4 O long-expected dawning,
Come with thy cheering ray!
When shall the morning brighten,
The shadows flee away?
O sweet anticipation!
It cheers the watchers on,
To pray and hope and labor,
Till the dark night be gone.

JANE BORTHWICK.

WHAT WORSHIPPERS ARE THESE?

Judges ii. 11 – 16.

1 What worshippers are these
Before the Queen of Heaven?
Their reverence shown to Ashtaroth,
Their praise to Baalim given?

2 Those late from bondage led,
Whose gratitude had poured
In burning praise from glowing hearts
Unto the living God!

3 Thou ever-faithful Lord,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
Cast every tempting idol down
And fix our hearts on Thee.

JULIA E. LALLAKE.

WOMAN'S WORK.

1 Let her not lift a feeble voice and cry,
"What is my work?" and fret at bars and bands,
While all about her life's plain duties lie,
Waiting undone beneath her idle hands.

2 The noblest life oft hath, for warp and woof,
Small steady-running threads of daily care;
Where patient love beneath some lowly roof
Its poem sweet is weaving unaware.

3 And soft and rich and rare the web shall be,
O wife and mother, tender, brave and true;
Rejoice, be glad! and bend a thankful knee
To God, who giveth thee thy work to do.

ELLEN P. ALLERTON.

IS CHINA OUR NEIGHBOR?

"And Jesus said, Which was neighbor unto Him that fell among the thieves? And He said, He that showed mercy on Him. Then said Jesus unto Him, Go and do thou likewise." St Luke.

(Tune—"*Webb.*")

1 Can China be our neighbor,
And yet receive no care?
Shall Christians cease their labor,
And leave her to despair?
Her children, sunk in sorrow,
Are sick with many ills,
To-day is sad —tomorrow
A deeper shadow fills.

2 And bowed in tribulation,
No light athwart the gloom,
That old and haughty nation
Seems hastening to her doom;
The cup of woe is tasted,—
And must she, 'neath war's frown,
Like Babylon be wasted?
Like Egypt trodden down?

3 Oh! when those nations perished,
No Saviour's name was known,
No brother's love was cherished—
No Christian kindness shown;
Now where's the heart so frozen
But feels the Gospel ray?
And we, as Freedom's chosen,
Should lead in mercy's way.

4 As gentle dews, distilling,
Caused withered plants to live,
So love, her work fulfilling,
Her alms and prayers must give;
Till China's millions, breaking
From sin's dark bonds, arise,
Like death to life awaking,
When Christ descends the skies!

5 As early flowers, upspringing,
Proclaim the opening year,
So love and hope are bringing
The day of promise near.
Each tear by pity given,
Each mite in faith bestowed
Makes earth more like to heaven,
Where all is done for God.

SARAH J. HALE
Born in 1795 Died in 1879.

CHRISTMAS HALLELUJAH.

"Good tidings of great joy." Luke ii: 10.

1 Blow, ye golden trumpets, blow,
Let the sleeping nations know,
Christ the Lord is born.
Yonder see the Bethlehem star,
Guiding mortals from afar;
Peace shall reign forevermore,
Christ the Lord is born.

CHORUS.— Hallelujah, praise the Lord!
'Tis the blesséd Christmas morn;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Christ the Lord is born!

2 Ring, Oh! ring, ye silvery bells,
Far and near your cadence swells,
Christ the Lord is born.
Ring, and banish doubt and fear,
Ring, till all with joy shall hear,
Sin is vanquished, victory's near,
Christ the Lord is born.

3 Sing, Oh! sing, ye people free,
Shout, for 'tis your jubilee,
Christ the Lord is born.
Sing, while reign the three in one,
Rivers of salvation run,
Now the mighty work is done,
Christ the Lord is born.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.
Copyright, 1870. Set to music by T. E. Perkins.
From "Songs of Salvation," pub. by Biglow & Main.

BY AND BY.

(Tune—"Gospel Hymns." No. 1. Page 9.)

1 There will be no sin nor pain,
By and by;
All that's dark will be made plain,
By and by;
For the Lord will come again,
Oh! how glorious His reign!
Like the sunshine after rain,
By and by.

2 We shall see Him eye to eye,
By and by,
We shall meet Him in the sky,
By and by;
We shall hear His tender tone,
We shall be no more alone;
He is coming to His own,
By and by.

3 When Life's lessons we shall learn,
By and by,
Jesus' voice we shall discern,
By and by.
Let us lift our heads on high,
Our redemption draweth nigh;
He will banish every sigh,
By and by.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.
Brooklyn, 1883.

STRETCH FORTH THY HAND.

1 O faithless soul, with hand so weak,
Why turn from duty thou should'st seek?
Remember him to whom Christ said,
"Stretch out thy hand," though seeming dead.

2 O joy! the withered hand restored
Is reached obedient to the Lord,
And strength receives to bear the load
Along the happy homeward road.

3 Rouse, faith! lift up thy fainting eyes,
And view with joy the smiling skies;
And look for promised grace and strength
Which God will give to thee, at length.

EMILY P. WILLIAMS.

WHEN JESUS CAME TO EARTH OF OLD

1 When Jesus came to earth of old,
He came in weakness and in woe;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But took our nature, poor and low.

2 But when He cometh back once more,
There shall be set the great white throne,
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.

3 O Son of God! in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead!
O Son of man! so pitying found,
For all the tears Thy people shed!

4 Be with us in this darkened place,—
This weary, restless, dangerous night;
And teach, Oh! teach us, by Thy grace,
To struggle onward into light!

5 And since in God's recording book
Our sins are written, every one,—
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,
The good we knew and left undone,

6 Lord, ere the last dread trump be heard,
And ere before Thy face we stand,
Look Thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with Thy bleeding hand.

7 And by the love that brought Thee here,
And by the Cross, and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the day of judgment, save.

8 And lead us on while here we stray,
And make us love our heavenly home,
Till from our hearts we love to say,
"Even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come."

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

SING WITH GLEE.

(Tune—"*Sweet By and By.*")

1 Let the fragments and ends of the earth
Join with us in "New Songs" of Christ's birth;
Let the cliffs and the isles and the main,
Shout aloud o'er wide seas the refrain.
Sing with glee, sing with glee,
For His heralds He asks us to be.

2 As we climb toward yon heavenly hill,
Let us work with the heartiest will;
Gathering up all the fragments so clean,
That 'mid dust on the highways are seen.
They are bright, they are bright,
We must lift them from darkness to light.

3 Let our love for the lost clasp around
Every land where poor heathen are found;
Pluck the lamb from the wolf, and ne'er tire
Lifting wounded humanity higher.
Dark, but dear; dark, but dear;
And our neighbors they are, even here.

4 Let the wide world's poor daughter and son
Take Life's bread with Life's waters that run,
A free gift for each famishing child
That faints on the desert's drear wild.
Bid them taste, bid them taste,
Hasten quickly, O Christian, make haste.

5 From the Orient and Occident far,
Bid them gaze on our "Bright Morning Star;"
Say His feast and His mansions are fair,
While ye point them the path leading there.
Narrow path, narrow way,
Out of depths to the clearness of day.

CECIL F. POST.
Springfield, Ill.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO WORKERS.

(Tune—"*Horton,*" or "*Pleyel's Hymn.*")

1 Sleep not, soldier of the Cross!
Foes are lurking all around;
Look not here to find repose:
This is but thy battle-ground.

2 Up! and take thy shield and sword;
Up! it is the call of Heaven;
Shrink not faithless from the Lord;
Nobly strive, as strength is given.

3 Break through all the force of ill;
Pray the might of passion down,
Struggling onward, onward still,
To thy conq'ring Saviour's crown.

4 Through the midst of toil and pain,
Let this thought ne'er leave thy breast:
Every triumph thou dost gain
Makes more sweet thy coming rest.

MRS. E. C. ASKELL.

EVERY HOUR.

7s & 8s, with Refrain.

1 Saviour, more than life to me,
I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
Ever be a present friend,
Leave me never, never to the end.

REFRAIN.—Every day, every hour,
Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
May Thy tender love to me
Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

2 Through this changing world below
Lead me gently, gently as I go;
Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above.

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.

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THE CALL.

(Tune—"*How firm a foundation.*")

1 In the depths of the night then the clear message came,
Filling the solitudes, ever the same;
In the hush of the darkness the strong spirit said:
"Go, tell the glad message to souls that seem dead.

2 "Of the safe-leading light of the Bethlehem star,
Babe that was born in the manger afar,
Go, proclaim to the laborers heaping up dross;
Point them away to the gleam of the Cross.

3 "Where the hearts that have yielded their treasures to earth,
Ache in their emptiness, pine in their dearth,
Do thou draw near the deep chill of the gloom,
Breathe of the light that was born of the tomb.

4 "Tell to the simple, to low and to high,
'Jesus of Nazareth now passeth by;'
Teach them the whole heaven is bending above,
Sing the glad song of Salvation through Love."

AURILLA FURBER, 1883.

WE'RE GOING HOME.

4s & 7s, with Chorus.

1 We're going home,
No more to roam,
No more to sin and sorrow,
No more to wear
The brow of care —
We're going home to-morrow.

CHORUS.—We're going home,
We're going home to-morrow,
We're going home,
We're going home to-morrow.

2 For weary feet
There waits a street
Of wondrous pave and golden;
For hearts that ache,
The angels wake
The story sweet and olden.

3 For those who sleep,
And those who weep,
Above the portals narrow,
The mansions rise
Beyond the skies—
We're going home to-morrow.

4 O joyful song!
O ransomed throng,
Where sin no more shall sever!
Our King to see,
And Oh! to be
With Him at home forever.

PAULINA.

Arr. and set to music by P. P. Bliss.

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(See page 407.)

PRAYER FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

L. M.

1 Night wraps the realm where Jesus woke,
No guiding star the magi see;
And heavy hangs oppression's yoke
Where first the Gospel said, "Be free!"

2 And where the harps of angels bore
High message to the shepherd-throng,
"Good-will and peace" are heard no more
To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.

3 Swarth India, with her idol-train,
Bends low by Ganges' worshipped tide,
Or drowns the suttee's shriek of pain
With thundering gong and pagan pride.

4 On Persia's hills the Sophi grope;
Dark Burmah greets salvation's ray;
E'en jealous China's door of hope
Unbars, to give the Gospel way.

5 Old Ocean, with his isles, awakes,
Cold Greenland feels unwonted flame;
And humble Afric wondering takes
On her sad lips a Saviour's name.

6 Their steps the forest-children stay,
Bound to oblivion's voiceless shore;
And lift their red brows to the day,
Which from the opening skies doth pour.

7 Then aid with prayer that holy light
Which from eternal death can save:
And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight,
Ere millions find a hopeless grave.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

"Lift up thy voice like a trumpet." Isa. lviii. 1.

1 Sound the Gospel Trumpet, sound it loud and long;
Come before the King of kings, with a joyful song;
So the glorious morning star shines with radiant splendor bright,
Bids the nations from afar hail its welcome light.

REFRAIN.—Great is He, the mighty Lord, countless ages are His own;
Sing the triumphs of His word, He is God alone.

2 Sound the gospel trumpet forth; lift our standard high;
Let the story of the Cross like an arrow fly.
Blessèd story, wondrous love! we are ransomed from the fall;
He who left His throne above, gave His life for all.

3 Sound the gospel trumpet forth, shout salvation free,
Till the truth o'erspread the earth like a mighty sea;
All shall bow at Jesus' name, every tongue His power confess,
Him their sovereign Lord proclaim, Him their righteousness.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
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A MISSIONARY HYMN.

S. M.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi: 15.

(Tune—"*Boylston.*")

1 Jesus, Thy "last command"
We dare not disobey;
To preach Thy word in every land
Is our glad task to-day.

2 Does not "our brother's blood"
"Cry" to Thee "from the ground,"
And o'er the earth a mighty flood
Of sin and death abound?

3 O'er all earth's broad domain,
On every heathen shore,
We see Thy finger pointing plain,
To each wide open door.

4 From India's peopled plains,
From Afric's teeming shores,
From China's millions, come the strains
Of deepest, saddest woes.

5 And from Thy ancient land,
From Jews and Gentiles all,
Crushed 'neath the Moslem's iron hand,
We hear the same sad call.

6 Baptize with holy fire,
Each heart before Thee now;
Kindle fresh zeal and new desire;
With life our souls endow.

MYRA A. WEST.
In "The Word, the Work, and the World."

SHEAVES FOR CHRIST

1 Not for myself, my God, I ask the sheaves,
Though I have toiled beneath the burning sun,
For he who asks for self, the Spirit grieves,
Losing the goal for which the race is run.

2 But for the harvest's Lord I make my plaint,
He who for man His precious blood-drop shed,
He who was planted, that in every saint
There might be likeness to the living Head.

3 May He soon see the travail of His soul,
And usher in the glorious Harvest Home,
While every mountain, every grassy knoll,
In sweet acclaim re-echo, "Jesus, come!"

M. R. J.

PRAISE GOD

(Tune—"*How firm a foundation.*")

1 Praise God for His goodness,
Praise God for His love!
Praise God for the blessings
He sends from above!
Praise God! for the people that gather must praise!
A song of rejoicing God's children must raise!

2 Praise God with glad anthems,
Praise God with a shout!
Praise God, every ransomed one
He hath "sought out!"
Praise God! day and night we will mention His name;
Praise God! we will ever salvation proclaim.

3 Praise God for the sifting,
Praise God for the lift!
Praise God for not letting us
Float on adrift!
Praise God for the sadness! He will not destroy;
Praise God for the brightness! He giveth the joy!

4 Praise God for our struggles,
Praise God for our peace!
Praise God, He hath promised
That warfare shall cease!
Uplift now His standard, prepare now His ways;
Till walls speak salvation, and gates utter praise!

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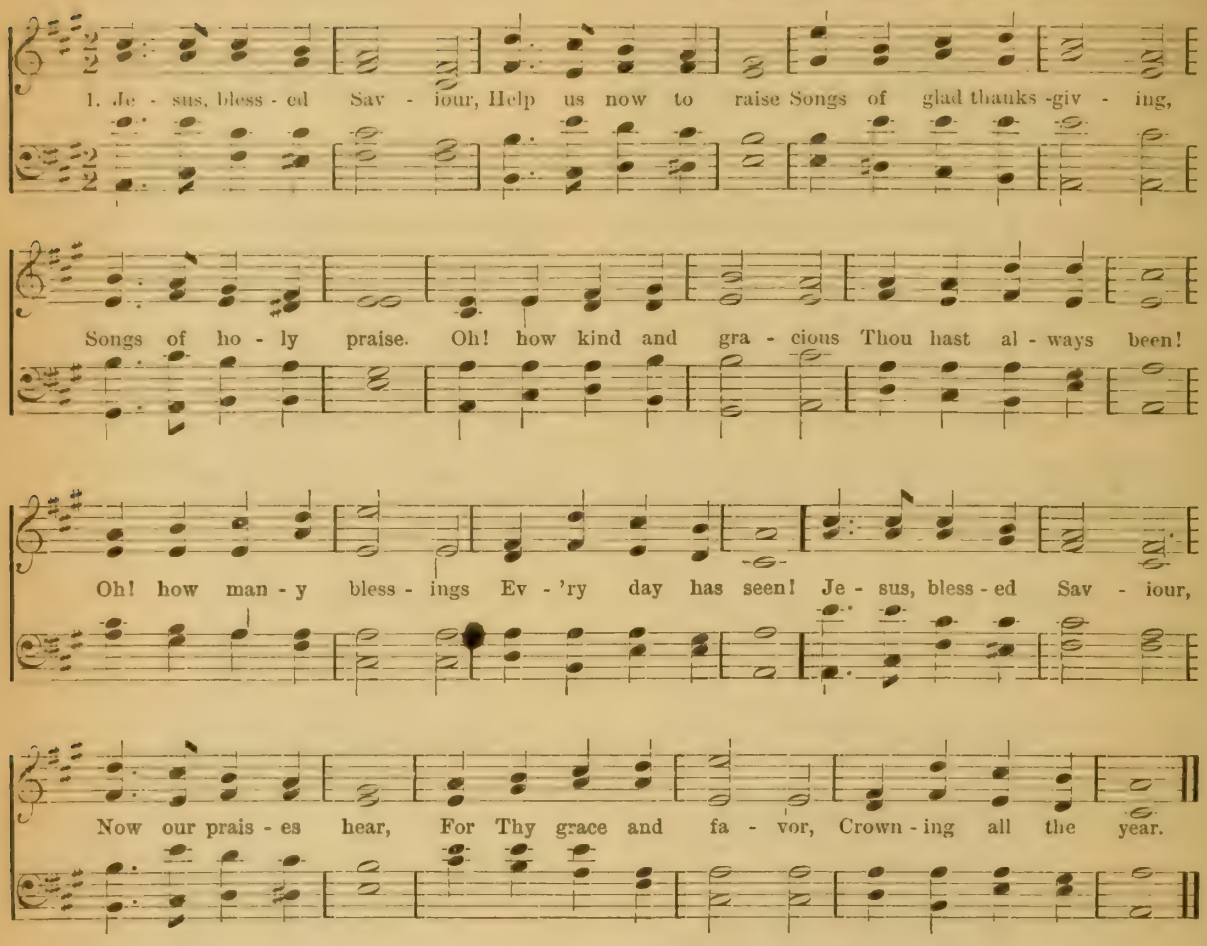
ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

Words and Music by FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.



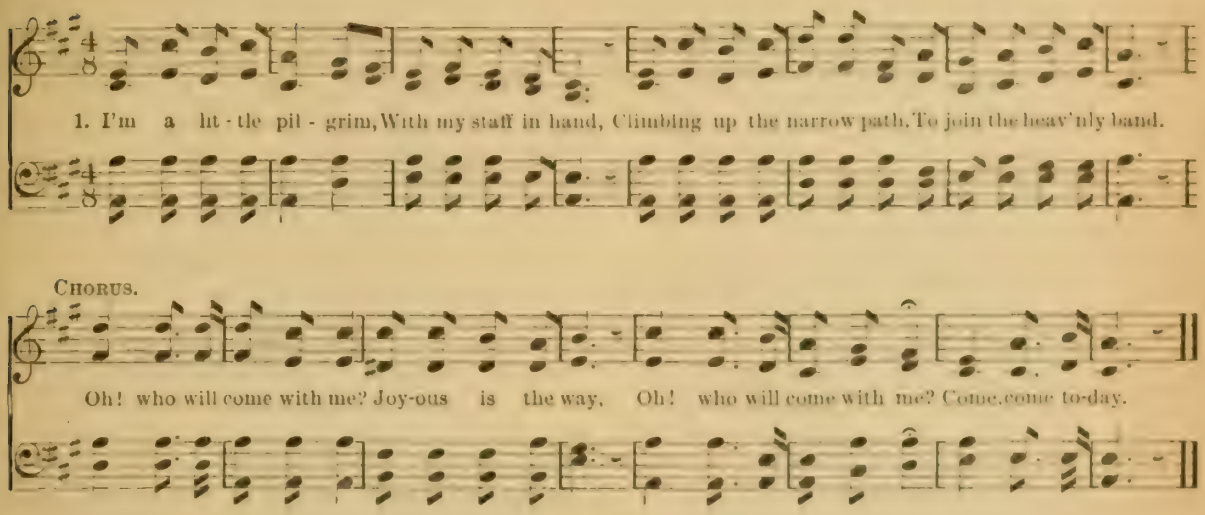
2 Jesus, holy Saviour,
Only Thou canst tell
How we often stumbled,
How we often fell.
All our sins, (so many!)
Saviour, Thou dost know;
In Thy blood most precious
Wash us white as snow.
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Keep us in Thy fear,
Let thy grace and favor
Pardon all the year.

3 Jesus, loving Saviour,
Only Thou dost know
All that may befall us,
As we onward go;
So, we humbly pray Thee,
Take us by the hand,
Lead us ever upward
To the Better Land.
Jesus, blessèd Saviour,
Keep us ever near,
Let Thy grace and favor
Shield us all the year.

4 Jesus, precious Saviour,
Make us all Thine own,
Make us Thine forever,
Make us Thine alone.
Let each day, each moment,
Of this glad new year,
Be for Jesus only,
Jesus, Saviour dear.
Help us send the Gospel
Far o'er land and sea,
And Thy grace and favor
Crown our bright new year.

LITTLE PILGRIM.

MRS. M. O. PAGE. MRS. C. H. SCOTT.



2 Many, many dangers,
All the way, I see,
But the Saviour's ever near,
And He my guide will be.

3 If the way grows weary,
In His arms I'll rest,
For "the lambs," He says, "He'll bear
Upon His loving breast."

4 I'm a little pilgrim,
I've not far to roam;
Heav'nly gates will open wide,
Oh! soon I shall be home.

From "Songs of Love," by per. Dr H. R. Palmer.

WORK AND PRAY.

"Go ye also into the vineyard."—Matt. xx. 4.

(Tune—"*Greenville.*")

1 We have come to Jesus praying,
Lord, redeem us from all sin;
And His precious voice is saying,
"Let the little ones come in."
Oh! there's work for all to do,
Will you pray and labor too?

2 Breathe a prayer for every nation,
Where the waves of darkness roll;
Send the message of salvation,
It may save some captive soul.
Oh! there's work for all to do,
Will you pray and labor too?

3 From the fold of Jesus, blindly,
Loving hearts are led astray;
Tell them, ever tell them kindly,
Jesus is the truth, the way.
Oh! there's work for all to do,
Will you pray and labor too?

MRS. LYDIA C. BAXTER.

Set to music by T. E. Perkins in "Songs of Salvation."
Pub. by Messrs. Biglow & Main.

GOOD NEWS FROM AFAR

"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."—Prov. xxv. 25

1 Good news o'er the prairies is speeding its way,
Happy voices of children are blending to-day;
They sing of their Saviour and Shepherd above,
Who gathers the young in the arms of His love.

Chorus.— Oh! see it sweeping before us!
The banner of glory is sweeping along;
Angels with music are cheering the way,
Harping, harping, harping to-day.

2 The watchmen of Zion are spreading the light,
Blessèd light of salvation, o'er regions of night;
From isles of the ocean glad tidings they bring:
"The nations are crowning Messiah their King."

3 Roll onward the time when the East and the West,
With the North and the South, shall in Jesus be blest:
When love all the kingdoms of earth shall unite,
And this be their watchword: The Truth and the Right.

ELLA DALE.

Copyright, 1879, by T. E. Perkins. From "Emblems and Songs."
Set to music by W. H. Doane, and used by per. Biglow & Main.

THE LITTLE BUILDERS

1 Little builders all are we,
Builders for eternity;
Children of the Mission Bands,
Working with our hearts and hands,
Building temples for our King,
By the offerings we bring;
Living temples He doth raise,
Filled with life and light and praise.

2 One by one the stones we lay,
Building slowly day by day;
Building by our love are we,
In the lands beyond the sea;
Building by each thought and prayer
For the souls that suffer there;
Building in the Hindu land,
Where the idols are as sand.

3 Building in vast China, too,
Living temples rise to view;
Building in Japan as well,
Ah! what stories we could tell!
Building on dark Afric's shore,
That there may be slaves no more;
Building in the Turk's doomed land,
For Armenia's scattered band.

4 On Mount Lebanon's fair heights,
By our many gathered mites;
Where the Nile's sweet waters pour,
Building all the wide world o'er;
And one day our eyes shall see,
In a glad eternity,
"Living stones" we helped to bring
For the palace of our King.

MARIA A. WEST. Constantinople.
In "The Missionary Helper."

CHEERFUL WORKERS.

Dedicated to the "Cheerful Workers" Mission Bands.

(Tune—"*Ring the bells of Heaven.*")

1 We are cheerful workers
In the fields of truth,
Glad to follow Jesus
In our early youth.
We can run God's errands
With our nimble feet;
We can take a message
From His love so sweet.

CHORUS.—Cheerful little workers,
Happy Christian band;
Seeking souls for Jesus
From each distant land.
Working for the Master,
Toiling soon and late:
Till we bring our off'ring
To the golden gate.

2 Cheerful eyes that glisten
With the light above;
Cheerful ears that listen
For God's voice of love;
Cheerful hands and steady,
Noble work to do;
Cheerful hearts made ready
For His service true.

3 We are cheerful workers
Toiling for the Lord;
We enjoy His service,
Hope for His reward.
May His daily blessing
Make our work complete;
May we rest from labor,
Only at His feet.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.
Set to music by E. S. Lorenz, in "Holy Voices."
Pub. by the United Brethren Pub. House, Dayton, O.

SEVEN.—MOTION SONG.

INFANT CLASS.

(Tune—"*A, B, C.*")

1, Strike the ends of the fingers upon the desk. 2, Point to the heavens with the right hand. 3, Move the hand, uplifted, from right to left. 4, Clasp hands.

1 One! two! three! four! five! six! seven![1]
Count the lovely arch of heaven;[2]
Seven bright colors make the bow,[3]
Brightest, fairest thing I know!
See the rainbow in the heaven;[2]
One! two! three! four! five! six! seven!

Rec. in con.—[4]And God said, I do set my bow in the cloud. When I bring a cloud over the sun the bow shall be seen.—[Gen. x: 13, 14.

2 One! two! three! four! five! six! seven![1]
Hear the promise God hath given;[4]
Many troubles I may see,
But the Lord will care for me.
Hear the promise He hath given;
One! two! three! four! five! six! seven![1]

Rec. in con.—He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea, in seven there shall no trouble touch thee.—[Job v· 19.

3 One! two! three! four! five! six! seven![1]
Nightly go across the heaven,[3]
Seven bright stars, the Pleiades,[2]
And the Lord created these.[4]
Nightly go across the heaven,[3]
One! two! three! four! five! six! seven![1]

Rec. in con.—Seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion; the Lord is His name.—[Amos v: 8.

4 One! two! three! four! five! six! seven![1]
Hear the rule of Jesus given;[4]
Law of kindness, teaching me
That I must forgiving be.
Hear the rule by Jesus given:
One! two! three! four! five! six! seven![1]

Rec. in con.—If thy brother trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee saying, I repent, thou shalt forgive him. [Luke xvii: 4.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE. In "Good Times."

CHILDREN'S MISSIONARY HYMN.

1 Happy are we, God's own little flock,
Sheltered so close in the cleft of the Rock,
Far above storm or danger or shock,
Happy are we in Jesus.

2 What shall we do for the Master so dear?
Oh! there are many in need of our cheer—
Souls that know nothing but darkness and fear,
Souls in the dark without Jesus.

3 Many He has who are not of this fold,
Out in the storm and the pitiless cold;
These we will win by our prayers and our gold,
Win them to love our Jesus.

4 Over the mountains and over the seas,
Lovingly, joyfully, speed we to these,
Seeking to save them by tenderest pleas,
Saved by the blood of Jesus.

5 Even a child, He has told us, may lead
Any to Him, from their sorrow and need,
Any who come He will shelter and feed,
Any who come to our Jesus.

6 Joyfully then let us spread the glad news,
Never this service for Jesus refuse,
Never a moment to work for Him lose;
Joyfully work for Jesus.

MRS. DR. HERRICK JOHNSON.
Chicago, 1881.

A GLAD OFFERING.

(Tune—"*To the Work.*")

1 We will bring, we will bring a glad offering to-day,
For the children who live in those lands far away,
Who are reaching out hands from across the blue sea,
And are pleading for light, here shining so free.
CHORUS.— We will give, gladly give,
Our pennies for the Master's cause.

2 Children's mites, children's mites will be pleasing to God,
Every small self-denial will bring its reward.
Though our offering be little, if given in love
It will bring down a blessing from Jesus above.

DOT.
In "Good Times."

DEAR CHILDREN FAR AWAY.

(Tune—"*How firm a foundation,*" or "*Home, sweet Home.*")

1 In lands full of darkness, across the blue wave,
Are many dear children the Lord died to save,
Who, reaching out hands from over the sea,
Are pleading for light, here shining so free.

2 No kind Christian parents to show them the way,
To tell them of Jesus, to teach them to pray;
To lead them in paths of wisdom and truth,
And teach them the love of God in their youth.

3 No Bible to lighten life's pathway of gloom,
No full hope of glory beyond the dark tomb,
No promise of God, the sad soul to sustain,
No knowledge that death to the Christian is gain.

4 No Jesus, no Bible, how sad is the sight!
While here o'er our pathway the gospel shines bright,
Let us open our hearts to the poor children there,
And give them the Bible, our help and our prayer.

ALL AROUND THE WORLD

"Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father." Phil. ii. 11.

1 See the flag of Jesus
O'er the earth unfurled!
Sabbath schools are singing
All around the world!
Sunday schools in China,
India and Japan;
Training souls for glory,
By the gospel plan.

CHORUS.— Lift the cross of Jesus,
Bear the Bible on;
Soon the world will echo,
With His vict'ry won.
See the flag of Jesus,
O'er the earth unfurled!
Sunday schools are singing,
All around the world.

2 Little Indian diamonds,
Precious island pearls;
Learning Bible lessons,
Happy boys and girls;
Afric's gold-dust scattered
'Neath the feet of wrong,
Rises up in brightness,
From the darkness long.

3 Sunday schools are singing,
France and Spain and Rome
Hear their joyous music,
Songs of heaven and home,
Where the martyrs suffered,
Holy seed is spread;
Gather up these rubies,
Dyed in life-blood red.

4 Sunday schools in Chili,
Reaching down the coast;
Mexico is leading,
Gallant little host;
Glad Brazilian children
Praise to God shall sing;
Far-off Patagonia
Answers Christ is King.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.
Set to music by E. S. Lorenz in "Hero Voices."

I WOULD NOT DIE EARLY.

(Tune—"*Home, Sweet Home.*")

1 I would not die early,
The harvest is white,
And fain would I labor
From morning till night;
I'd follow the reaper
And glean what he leaves,
And homeward at evening
Return with my sheaves.

CHORUS.— I would not die early,
I ask not to go,
Till I have done something
For Jesus below:
To those who are faithful,
The promise is sure,
And rest will be sweeter
To those who endure.

2 I would not die early,
I long to fulfill
The Saviour's commission,
If such be His will:
"Go spread the glad tidings,
Salvation is free,
And none are rejected
Who come unto me."

3 I would not die early,
But, if it be mine,
In youth's merry morning
This life to resign,
I know my Redeemer
Will meet me with joy,
And give me in heaven
Some blesséd employ.

MRS. E. S. KELLOGG.

From the "Pacific Glee Book," by Root & Cady.
Set to music by T. Martin Towne.
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THE BANNER OF THE CROSS.

(Tune—"*Old Oaken Bucket.*")

1 Though fondly we cherish the flag of our country,
That waves in its beauty, the pride of the free,
Yet dearer, far dearer, the standard of glory,
The beacon that guides us, our Father, to Thee;
We'll rally around it with ardent devotion,
Its praise to the world in our chorus we'll sing;
While nations far distant, with rapture unbounded,
Shall fly to the banner of Jesus our King.

CHORUS.— The dearly-loved Banner,
The bright-flowing Banner,
The time-hallowed Banner
Of Jesus our King.

2 'T was sealed by the martyrs, and blessed by the pilgrims,
Our fathers revered it, it strengthened their laws;
Young soldiers enlisted, like heroes we'll guard it,
We'll live to its honor and die in its cause:
The Captain we follow will arm us with courage,
If still to the Cross and the Bible we cling;
In peril or danger we'll never forsake them,
But fight for the banner of Jesus our King.

3 The hills of the north and the snow-covered mountains,
The islands that sleep on the foam-crested wave,
The east and the west shall rejoice and behold it,
The star of the hopeless and shield to the brave;
Like those in the temple who shouted hosanna,
Our loud hallelujahs transported we'll sing;
Float on in thy glory, O standard immortal,
Thou peace-speaking banner of Jesus our King.

FANNY CROSBY.

From 'Sunday School Banner," by per. Biglow & Main.

EASTER CONCERT EXERCISE FOR MISSION BAND.

To be spoken by four little girls.)

First voice.—In fair Japan a thousand flowers
Wear lovelier forms and hues than ours;
But saintly pale, and pure as snow,
Our Easter lilies bloom, to show
That One has risen to realms of light
Whose love can make our souls as white.

Second voice.—And in the Southern skies, afar
Beams many a strange and glorious star,
Planets to Northern heavens unknown;
But we, more blest, can call our own
The radiant Star of Bethlehem,
Brighter than Orient's richest gem.

Third voice.—On India's dusky children shine
Jewels from many a priceless mine;
But we can never envy them
Ruby or diamond diadem,
For through God's love we may behold
The gates of pearl, the streets of gold.

Fourth voice.—The bulbul sings, in Persian groves
Close hid, beside the rose he loves;
But sweeter music we can hear
As all around us, ringing clear,
The sacred chimes of Sabbath bells
Upon the air of Freedom swells.

Four voices in concert.
Thus, flower and star and gem and song,
Unto the Christian faith belong.
Send forth the Word to other climes,
That never heard our Sabbath chimes:
The banner of the Cross unfurled
Brings happiness to all the world.

MRS. L. G. M'VEAN
In "Good Times."

THE STONE IS ROLLED AWAY.

1 The stone is rolled away,
The gloom of death is past,
Now breaks the golden day
On all the earth at last.

CHORUS.— Now floats along
The starry floors,
Through crystal doors,
The angels' song;
Through crystal doors,
The angels' song.

2 He's risen from the dead,
By morning's early light;
For this the angel said—
The angel clothed in white.

CHORUS.— So keep we now
Our Easter day,
With joyful lay,
And holy light;
With joyful lay,
And holy light.

3 So bring we early blooms,
When morning gilds the past,
Bright flow'rs with sweet perfumes,
And garlands for the feast.

CHORUS.— The blossoms sweet,
On Easter day,
We humbly lay
Low at His feet;
We humbly lay
Low at His feet.

MISS C. L. JACKSON.
By per.

BEHOLD! I AM ALIVE FOREVERMORE.

EASTER MORNING.

1 Open the gates of the temple;
Spread branches of palm and of bay;
Let not the spirits of Nature
Alone deck the conqueror's way.
While Spring from her death-sleep arises,
And joyous His presence awaits,
While morning's smile lights up the heavens,
Open the beautiful gates.

2 He is here! The long watches are over;
The stone from the grave rolled away;
"We shall sleep," was the sigh of the midnight,
"We shall rise," is the song of to-day.
O Music, no longer lamenting
On pinions of tremulous flame,
Go soaring to meet the Beloved,
And swell the new song of His fame.

3 The altar is snowy with blossoms,
The front is a vase of perfume,
On pillar and chancel are twining
Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.

"*Christ is risen!*" with glad lips we utter,
And far up the infinite height
Archangels the pæan re-echo,
And crown Him with lilies of light!

FRANCIS I. MAGE.

NO INTEREST IN THE MISSION CAUSE.

1 "No interest in the mission cause!"— a Christian spoke the word;
She knew not how her listener's heart was startled, grieved and stirred,
Nor what responsibility the uttered thought incurred.

2 "No interest in the mission cause!" when He, who died to save,
For heathen nations, as for us, the priceless offering gave;
Yet unwarned, heedless multitudes are hastening to the grave!

3 Undying precious souls await the tidings we should bear,
For the command is, "Go, and spread the glad news everywhere!"
For the fulfillment of that word, do we not even *care*?

4 Some noble consecrated souls, with grace-enkindled zeal,
Have left their all and gone afar this gospel to reveal;
Have we in *them* no interest, for them no heart to feel?

5 They are our kindred; we, as they, are under God's command;
They are our representatives in many a darkened land;
We stay because they go; our prayers should nerve each fainting hand.

6 'Twas but a lightly-uttered word, let fall with little thought
Of all the sad significance with which the speech was fraught.
My friend forgot the far-off field, while nearer home she wrought.

7 But let us think — one moment *think* — of nations' pressing needs.
While the constraining love of Christ with heart and conscience pleads,
Our "interest" in the mission cause will grow to prayerful deeds.

JUNIATA.

SPEECH FOR A MEMBER OF THE INFANT CLASS.

1 Little feet can swiftly go,
Little lips let others know
That all can love to Jesus show,
By work and prayer.

2 Then hearts and hands together blend,
And never rest till we can send
The message of our Saviour Friend
To every shore.

ALL I KNOW.

[Recitation for member of infant class.]

1 I am a very little thing,
As you can plainly see;
But then, I know who came to bring
God's gift of love to me.

2 When I am well, I know who makes
My life so fair and bright;
When I am sick, I know who takes
Care of me, day and night.

3 And when I die, I know whose hand
Will lead my soul away,
Through death's dark valley, to the land
Where it is always day.

4 Just such dear little girls as I
Live o'er the ocean-wave:
They do not know who came to die
A sinful world to save.

5 Poor little heathen! Friends, I pray
That you will quickly go,
Or send somebody, right away,
To tell them — all I know!

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.
In "Good Times."

REWARDED.

1 I, happy little summer-cloud,
Lay dreaming in the sun,
Enjoying the warm, filtering rays,
Down-dropping, one by one.

2 A band of little summer-clouds
Came floating up to me:
"Arise!" they sang, "join us, we bring
A message unto thee."

3 "And why," I asked in harshest tone,—
Disturbed, and so displeased.—
"Are you with such a sudden freak
Of fellowship thus seized?"

4 "We need your help!" they all exclaimed;
"Whole fields of waving grain
Are dying in their yellow prime,
And just for want of rain.

5 "We go to send them sweet relief,—
A soft-descending shower
Will satisfy the thirsty land,
And brighten every flower."

6 "But it will take my life," I cried;
"I cannot give it all!"
They turned away in saddest grief,
Because I spurned the call.

7 A struggle rent my very heart;
At last I yielded. "Stay,
My friends! — I join your company;
I'll pour my life away."

8 They caught me in a tender clasp,
And whispered soft and low,—
"'T is for the Master that we love,
He wills it even so."

9 Together down to earth we went
In evening's dying light;
Upon a drooping, parched bud
I fell through all the night.

10 Next morn the Master came that way,
Perceived a rich perfume,
And culled the flower on which I lay,
A lily rare, in bloom!

DELL R. STROWAN.

COUNTING THE PENNIES

1 Ah! what shall I do with my pennies?
For see, I have such a store!
I never have sold my basket
Of walnuts so soon before.

2 How often I've trudged for hours,
And taken a secret cry,
Because I was tired and hungry,
And nobody cared to buy!

3 I dreaded to think how mother
Would look as I came and said,
That I hadn't enough of pennies
To bring her a loaf of bread;

4 How Nellie, my little sister,
Would watch at the door and say,
"I've thought and I've thought of the apple
You promised to bring, all day."

5 But now I can fill my basket,
For there's never a nut behind;
One loaf—two loaves—and a dozen
Of apples—the sweetest kind.

6 And a pat of that yellow butter;
It's dainty and fresh, I know;
How good it will taste to mother!
And Nellie will like it so!

7 Five pennies — ten — fifteen — twenty —
And thirty — and thirty-five;
Just think of it — here are fifty,
As certain as I'm alive!

8 It must have been God who helped me
To sell off my nuts so soon,
Or else I'd been trudging, trudging,
The whole of the afternoon.

9 And how I would like to thank Him,
So kind He has been — so true!
Let's see if I cannot spare Him
A few of my pennies too.

10 Why, surely I can!— Here's forty
For mother and Nellie — and then,
Dear Jesus, to help Thy heathen,
I give Thee the other ten!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

THE VOICE OF THE MONEY.

1 What do I see on this nickle cent
That I gaze at o'er and o'er?
I see his lips, and they seem to say,
"Send me to India right away;
Don't send me so far all alone, I pray,
But with me a great many more."

2 What on this silver dime do I see?
A statue, seated, of Liberty.
She seems now to utter, "Of all mankind
None are so bound as the morally blind.
Let me buy for the heathen moral sight;
Let me carry into their darkness, light."

3 What do I see on this bill I hold?
A promise to pay to the bearer gold.
But the gold of wisdom is better far
Than precious metals and jewels are.
And wisdom is needed by those who are in
The depths of ignorance and of sin.

4 So I drop my penny, a dime, or bill,
In the mission box, and they whisper still,
"To give to the poor is to lend to the Lord;"
And let knowledge of good done, be your reward.

REBEKAH WILLIS.
In "Good Times."

SONG OF THE "WILLING WORKERS."

"It is a little one."—Gen. xix: 20.

1 Only a little penny!
Yet with assurance sweet,
Fearing no scorn, we lay it
Down at the Saviour's feet;
Saving for Him a portion
Out of our slender store;
Gladly we give our pennies
If we can give no more.

2 Only ten little fingers!
But little things may grow,
And little hands, now helpless,
Will not be always so;
But if we train them early
Unto His work alone,
They will do greater service
When they are stronger grown.

3 Only a band of children,
Sitting at Jesus' feet,
Rejoicing now to enter
Into His service sweet;
Seeking His light to guide us
Where'er the way is dim;
Learning His precious lessons,
Longing to be like Him.

4 Take us, dear Saviour, take us
Into Thy heavenly fold;
Keep our young feet from straying
Out in the dark and cold;
Call us Thy "Little Helpers,"
Glad in Thy work to share;
Make us Thine own dear children,
Worthy Thy name to bear.

_____

PROBLEM: HOW TO REPLENISH.

One girl stands at the blackboard while another recites. She pauses at each item, while the one at the board puts down the price in large figures, stating the numbers.

First Girl.—	*Second G.*—
Let Annie buy one ribbon less:	$1.00
And Fanny give one ring:	5.00
Grace sacrifice one change of dress:	50.00
One sash and fancy string:	3.00
Let Julia, for her next new suit,	
One lace-trimmed ruffle spare:	8.00
The laundry-bill that same to flute	
Shall be another share:	1.00
Let Mrs. A, B, C and D,	
Their households keep with care	
And save from waste one ounce of tea,	
One needless luxury spare:	2.00
Let Mary once with Jane forego	
Their pleasant carriage drive,	5.00
And help her sister Abbie sew,	
Thus save another five:	5.00
Let Susie save her furs with care,	
To serve next winter's cold,	
And guard her dress from stain and tear	
That she may give her gold:	20.00
Let Mrs. Golden think again	
Ere she conclude to buy,—	
"This diamond's cost might save lost men!	
I'll give its price and try:"	500.00
The one at the board adds and reads:	$600.00

Then says:

Now in astonishment look here,
Ye arithmetic scholars!
One family saves thus per year
A clear six hundred dollars.
"*How to replenish*" is the word;
Each item, you can view it.
The problem's solved,—you all have heard
The way,—now,—*will you do it?*

_____

THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GI'E.

1 There's a funny tale of a stingy man,
Who was none too good, but might have been worse;
Who went to his church on a Sunday night,
And carried along his well-filled purse.

2 When the sexton came with his begging-plate,
The church was but dim with the candle's light;
The stingy man fumbled all through his purse,
And chose a coin by touch, and not sight.

3 It's an odd thing, now, that guineas should be
So like unto pennies in shape and size;
"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;
"The poor must not gifts of pennies despise."

4 The penny fell down with a clatter and ring,
And back in his seat leaned the stingy man.
"The world is full of the poor!" he thought;
"I can't help them all; I give what I can."

5 Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall in his plate;
Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was wrung,
Perceiving his blunder but just too late!

6 "No matter," he said, "in the Lord's account
That guinea of gold is set down to me.
They lend to Him who give to the poor;
It will not so bad an investment be."

7 "Na, na, mon!" the chuckling sexton cried out,
"The Lord is na cheated, he kens thee well;
He knew it was only by accident
That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell.

8 "He keeps an account, na doubt, for the puir;
But in that account He'll set down to thee
Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,
Than the one bare penny ye meant to gi'e."

9 There's a comfort, too, in the little tale,
A serious side as well as a joke;
A comfort for all the generous poor,
In the comical words the sexton spoke.

10 A comfort to think that the good Lord knows
How generous we really desire to be,
And will give us credit in His account
For all the pennies we long to "gi'e."

H. H., in "St. Nicholas."

POEM FOR MISSION READING.

"My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that I please."

1 I've been to the Mission-school, mother,
With little Kyalee,
And I saw a woman who has come
From her home beyond the sea.
She told us the sweetest story
Of a Saviour, and they say
He sees us all the time, mother,
In the night as well as the day.

2 He lives far up in the heavens,
Away from the sight of men;
But once He walked this very earth,
And they say He'll come again.
Sometimes He stops in His journey
To knock at the hearts of sin,
And will make us, Oh! so happy,
If we'll only let Him in!

3 He'll take away all the trouble
That has burdened us so long;
He will take from our lives the sorrow,
And teach us a glad, new song.
All the unrest and the longing,
The loneliness and the pain,
He will bear for those who love Him,
And they'll never be weary again.

4 And then I thought of you, mother,
Of the bitter tears you shed
When the baby was thrown in the Ganges,
And we knew she would soon be dead.
Oh! I fear the goddess Kali,
Outstretching her awful hand;
Dear mother, how can you give me
To die at her dread command?

5 For I heard you say, "When the morrow
Shall come again with its light,
Zeleda must die for this Moloch,"
And I trembled with wild affright.
But now the fear is all over,
And though this body they kill,
Though father and mother forsake me,
My Saviour will love me still.

6 When my form lies mangled and bleeding,
My soul shall be free from sin,
And the beautiful gates of heaven,
Will open to take me in.
The cruel waves of the Ganges,
With hungry, pitiless flow,
Or Kali's terrible fury,
I never again shall know.

7 Some day, if you think of this Saviour,
And the beautiful home up there,
While you are weary and lonely,
Oh! offer to Jesus this prayer:
"Dear Lord! let my sins be forgiven,
And bless those who brought us Thy word."
And then when we all meet in heaven,
I'll say, if I may, to the Lord:

8 "Behold, dear Saviour, the toilers
Who loved me on earth below;
For when I was sinful and weary,
And asking, 'To whom shall I go?'
They showed me the Cross, and the fountain
Of healing and power divine;
Then I knew that these were my sisters,
And their wonderful God was mine."

9 Then I think I shall hear Jesus saying:
"The heathen Zeleda shall be
A star in the crown of rejoicing
Of some one who labored for me."

10 The night-shadows gathered and deepened,
And wrapt in a sombre shroud
The forms of the child and the mother,
Like an angry, threatening cloud;
Fit type of the bitter anguish,
And the superstitions that roll
With their life-long chain of sorrow
O'er the heathen woman's soul.

11 The hours passed by all unheeded,
While, holding the child to her breast,
The mother's heart, bleeding within her,
Kept crying and crying for rest,
As she pondered the words of her daughter,
Sweet words that had come from afar,
Till they glowed in the sky of her sadness,
With the beauty of Bethlehem's star.

12 Peace tenderly folded its pinions
O'er her heart, where the young child lay;
A wondrous sweetness enthralled her;
She looked! and behold! it was day.
And thus Kali was robbed of her victim,
For Jesus had broken the spell,
And saved both the child and the mother,
By the story that Christians tell.

MRS C SERVISS.
In "Good Times."

THE LEOPARD CUBS;

1 Out in the offing lay the ship,
One tropic summer day,
That was to bear the teacher home —
Three thousand miles away;
And gathered for a last farewell,
Around him pressed a crowd
Of dusky followers on the beach,
Who wept and sobbed aloud.

2 Upon the surf the native boat,
Waiting to waft him o'er
The white-capped breakers, churned and chafed
Against the pebbly shore.
His soul was sad with toil and pain,
So lately had he won
From rites of fetich savagery
These children of the sun.

3 But soon the last good-bye was said,
For he must be afloat;
And with a prayer upon his lips
He stepped into the boat;
And stopping, heard a cry, and saw
Come rushing o'er the sand
A lad who held a leopard-cub
Aloft in either hand.

4 "Mas' Teacher, see! De mudder beast,
Me watch her go,—den up
Me creep into de den and fetch
De little spotted pup;
Dis ebery ting me hab to bring
For pay de captain fee;
Me want to learn big English so,
Wid you across de sea!

5 "Mas' Teacher! take de boy along!
De pups dey no shall bite;
Me keep him in me bosom close,
An' watch him day an night.
De 'Meriky man, he buy him glad;
Dollars an' dollars pay.
Me know big English,— me go teach
Big English den, some day."

6 Dim-eyed the teacher left the shore,
And o'er the breakers' swell
He still could see the Grebo lad,
As rose the boat and fell,
Lying in silent, hopeless grief,
Stretched out upon the sands,
While in his breast the leopard cubs
Nestled and licked his hands.

MARGARET J. PRESTON, Lexington, Va., 1882.

WHAT WILL YOU GIVE?

First Girl—
There's a call from the far-off heathen land,
Oh! what can you give for the great demand?

All—
We have not wealth like the rich man's store,
We will give — ourselves; we have nothing more.

Second Girl—
I will give — my feet, they shall go and go,
Till the heathen's story the world shall know.

Third Girl—
I will give — my hands, till their work shall turn
To the gold I have not,— but can earn.

Fourth Girl—
I will give — my eyes, the story to read
Of the heathen's sorrow, the heathen's need.

Fifth Girl—
I will give — my tongue, that story to tell,
Till Christian hearts shall with pity swell.

Sixth Girl—
We have little to give, but, by and by,
We may hear a call from the Voice on high:
"To bear My gospel o'er land and sea,
Into the world — go ye! go ye!"

All (very slowly and solemnly)—
Though of silver and gold we have none at all,
We will give ourselves, if we hear that call.

MRS M B C SLADE.
From "Gospel in all Lands."

THE FOUR RUPEES.

1 A gift has come to us over seas,
A gift of beautiful, bright rupees;
And who do you think has sent us these?

2 Was it one of the rajahs, rich and grand,
Who live in that wonderful, far-off land—
The land of simoom and sun and sand?

3 Or was it some Brahmin, who has thrown
Forever away his gods of stone,
And worships the Christian's God alone?

4 Or was it the Viceroy, who controls
The destiny of those million souls
From Kyber to where the Hoogley rolls?

5 Nay, none of them all;— nay, none of these
Has sent us this royalty of rupees
From that strange sun-land over seas.

6 Who was it then?— Listen, and I will tell;
For surely 'tis something to ponder well,
Till the truth of it makes our bosoms swell.

7 'T was an eight year-old, brown-faced Hindu lad
Made gift of the four rupees he had,
To help us at home: for he was so sad,

8 Because he had heard his teacher's fear,
That the work of the children, over here,
Might wane with the waning of the year.

9 And therefore he brought his four rupees,
And eagerly whispered,— "Sahib, please
Send this for the work beyond the seas!"

10 Sweet, innocent faith, that did not doubt
That his four rupees would help us out
Of the troubles that compass our work about!

11 Ah! think of it, Christian children!— Can
You let this heathen of Hindustan
Do more than you for his fellow-man?

12 Christ save this orphan, who of his store
Gave all to aid us; and may His four
Rupees increase to a thousand more!

MARGARET J. PRESTON, Lexington, Va.

A BIRD'S MINISTRY.

[Recitation for one of the older members.]

1 From his home in an eastern bungalow,
In sight of the everlasting snow
Of the grand Himalayas, row on row,

2 Thus wrote my friend:
"I had traveled far
From the Afghan towers of Candahar,
Through the sand-white plains of Sinde-Sagar;

3 "And once, when the daily march was o'er,
As, tired, I sat in my tented door,
Hope failed me as never it failed before.

4 "In swarming city, at wayside fane,
By the Indus' bank, on the scorching plain,
I had taught, and my teaching all seemed vain.

5 "No glimmer of light (I sighted) appears;
The Moslem's fate and the Buddhist's fears
Have gloomed their worship this thousand years.

6 "For Christ and His truth I stand alone
In the midst of millions,— a sand-grain blown
Against you temple of ancient stone

7 "As soon may level it! Faith forsook
My soul, as I turned on the pile to look;
Then, rising, my saddened way I took

8 "To its lofty roof, for the cooler air,
I gazed and marveled; how crumbled were
The walls I had deemed so firm and fair!

9 "For, wedged in a rift of the massive stone,
Mort plainly rent by its roots alone,
A beautiful peepul-tree had grown;

10 "Whose gradual stress would still expand
The crevice, and topple upon the sand
The temple, while o'er its wreck should stand

11 "The tree in its living verdure!— Who
Could compass the thought?— The bird that flew
Hitherward, dropping a seed that grew,

12 "Did more to shiver this ancient wall
Than earthquake,— war,— simoom,— or all
The centuries, in their lapse and fall!

13 "Then I knelt by the riven granite there,
And my soul shook off its weight of care,
As my voice rose clear on the tropic air.

14 "The living seeds I have dropped remain
In the cleft; Lord, quicken with dew and rain,
Then temple and mosque shall be rent in twain!"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

TWO AND ONE.

1 Two little feet have we,
Two little hands to work for God above,
Two little eyes to see,
Two little lips to speak of Jesus' love.

2 One little brain and heart
To think and feel how we may serve the Lord,
Oh! may we do our part,
And ever wait, dear Father, on Thy word.

——

SING OF HIS LOVE.

"Because Thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee."—Psalm lxiii: 3.

1 My soul would tell of the Saviour's love
To all the world around me;
For He left His glorious home above,
And He sought for me and found me.

CHORUS.—We'll sing of His love!
Exalt His holy name forever;
For His loving-kindness is still the same,
And His goodness faileth never.

2 His love shall gather each happy voice
In glad and grateful chorus;
And in grief and pain still our souls rejoice,
For we feel His shadow o'er us.

3 Oh! sing His love to the lands afar,
The news of grace abounding;
Let it float in gladness from star to star,
O'er the waves of life resounding.

4 Then sing once more of that wondrous theme,
His love exceeding measure;
Let it fill our hearts, let it reign supreme,
As our best, our brightest treasure.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.
Set to music by E. S. Lorenz, in "Holy Voices."

OH! SEND THE BIBLE.

C. M.

"Lift up a standard for the people."

1 Oh! send the Bible out to all;
Its blessing to each heart,
To hush the stormy passions here,
And peace, sweet peace impart.

CHORUS.—Oh! send it out! Oh! send it out!
Across the distant sea;
Till hungry millions shall receive
Its truth, so full and free.

2 Oh! send the Bible out to all;
'Tis Christ's divine command,
To preach the Gospel everywhere;
Then give with generous hand.

3 Oh! send the Bible out to all—
The weary captive one,
Who suffers 'neath the tyrant's power,
May know the pardoning Son.

MRS. D. E. KNOWLES.
Set to music by C. E. Pollock.
Copyright, 1883, by Emma Pitt,
In "Gospel Light."

JESUS IS KING.

1 Love's blessèd evangel sang angels to men,
'Tis ours to repeat the sweet story again,
Till city and hamlet, and mountain and glen,
Shall know that our Jesus is King.

2 To lead on the host is the mission of few,
The ranks must be filled by the willing and true;
Oh! see! at your door there is something to do
For Jesus your Saviour and King.

3 We can pray while we sing, for the dark heathen land
Where sisters we cherish unshrinkingly stand,
And lift up the Cross with unfaltering hand,
With praises to Jesus our King

4 We can give of our money, our talents, our time,
To speed on the work in some dark heathen clime,
Till the "uttermost isles" swell the anthem sublime
To Jesus, all-conquering King.

NETTIE A. ELGAN.
Minneapolis, Minn.

ANGELS ARE WAITING.

(Tune—"*We are watching, we are waiting*" or "*Memories of Earth.*")

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation."

1 They are waiting for the coming;
Angels on the other shore;
Waiting to receive the ransomed,
When the storms of life are o'er.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Watching at the shining portals,
Of our Father's mansion fair;
They will strike their harps of glory,
They will bid us welcome there.

FULL CHORUS.

They are waiting, waiting, waiting,
Angels on the other shore;
Waiting to receive the ransomed,
When the storms of life are o'er.

2 They are waiting for the aged,
Those who long the way have trod:
Waiting for the poor in spirit,
Rich in faith and love to God.

SEMI-CHORUS.

For the young and valiant soldiers,
Who have nobly borne their part;
For the self-denying Christian,
For the meek, the pure in heart.

3 They are waiting for the heralds,
Who in distant lands proclaim
Life eternal, free salvation,
Through a dying Saviour's name;
Waiting for the silent mourner,
For the weary and oppressed,
Who have borne their Cross with patience,
And are going home to rest.

4 In the sunny vales of Eden,
By the river, clear and bright,
Where the tree of life is planted,
And our faith is lost to sight;
We shall join the "Church Triumphant,"
Free from sorrow, toil, and care:
Every tie again united,
There will be no parting there.

MRS. VAN ALSTYNE.
From "Singing Pilgrim."
Per. Philip Phillips.

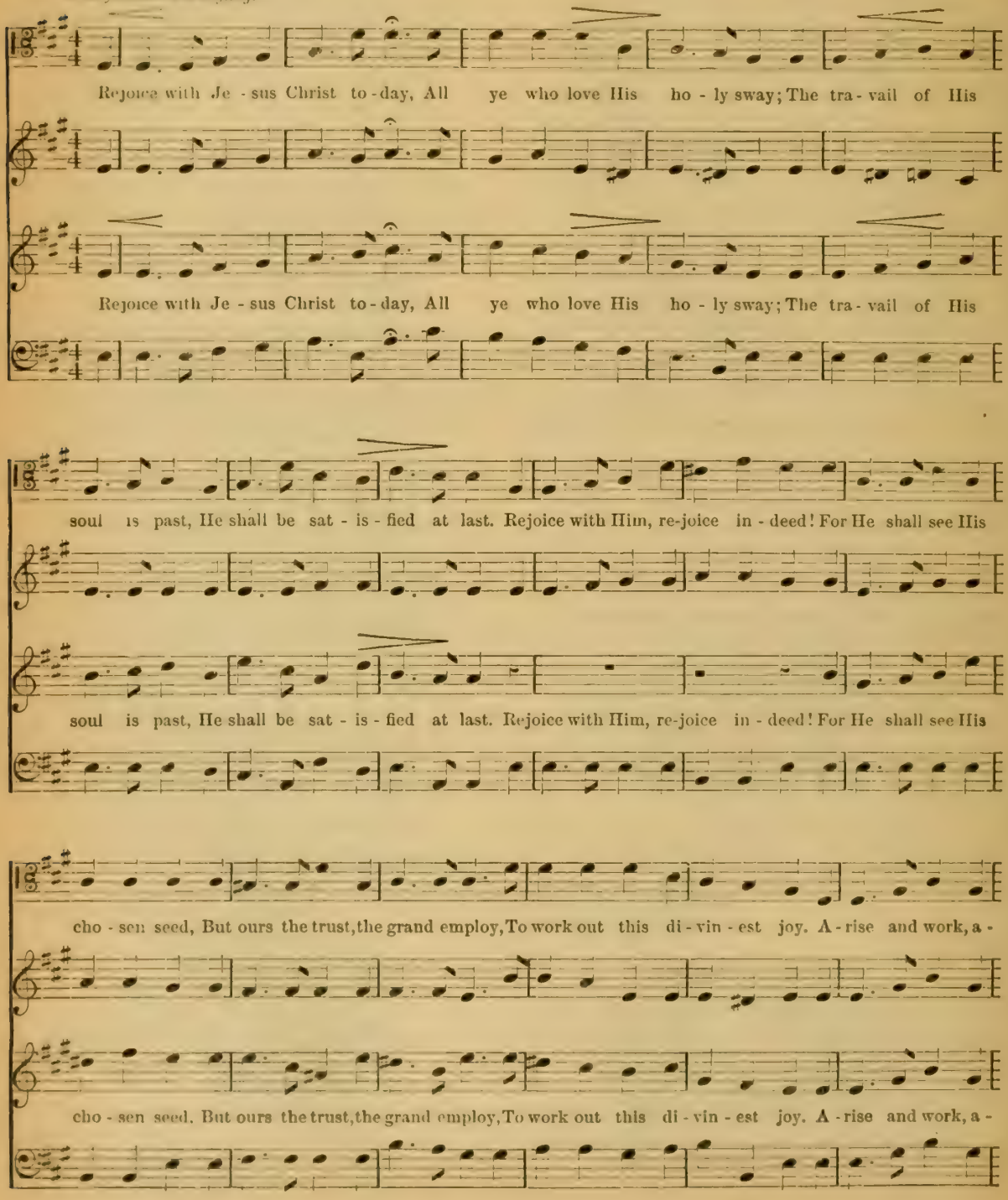
REJOICE WITH JESUS CHRIST TO-DAY.

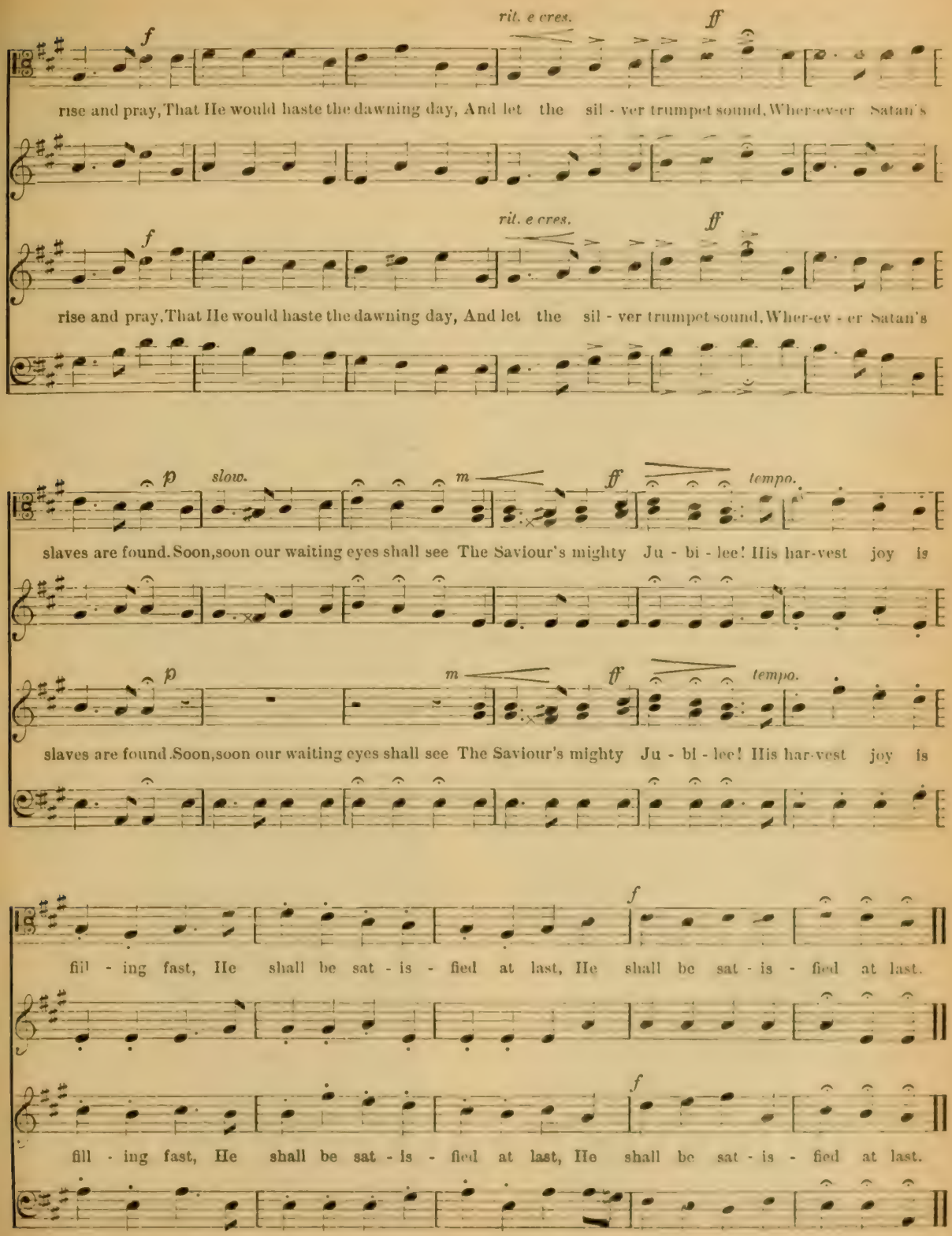
(MISSIONARY JUBILEE HYMN. Isa liii: 11.)

MISS FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

With firmness and dignity.

From "Royal Anthem Book," by per.
MRS. C. H. SCOTT.




rit. e cres.
ff
f
rise and pray, That He would haste the dawning day, And let the sil - ver trumpet sound, Wher-ev-er Satan's
rit. e cres.
ff
f
rise and pray, That He would haste the dawning day, And let the sil - ver trumpet sound, Wher-ev - er Satan's
p
slow.
m
ff
tempo.
slaves are found. Soon, soon our waiting eyes shall see The Saviour's mighty Ju - bi - lee! His har-vest joy is
p
m
ff
tempo.
slaves are found. Soon, soon our waiting eyes shall see The Saviour's mighty Ju - bi - lee! His har-vest joy is
f
fill - ing fast, He shall be sat - is - fied at last, He shall be sat - is - fied at last.
f
fill - ing fast, He shall be sat - is - fied at last, He shall be sat - is - fied at last.

JESUS SAID, "YE ARE THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

"For ye were sometime darkness, but now are ye light in the world. Walk as children of light."

1 Light! light! the heart-cry of a darkened world;
For o'er its millions Satan has unfurled
His flag of foulest blackness, that no ray
From the great sun may bring one glance of day.

2 Yet light has come, the light has grandly beamed,
And rent that flag of death, where'er it gleamed;
Flooded with life and beauty former wastes,
And onward toward the thickest darkness hastes.

3 *Hastes*, yet whole nations cower underneath
The heavy death-folds of that flag, nor breathe
One breath of freedom's air, but writhe and sigh
"More light!" O Source divine, heed Thou our cry.

4 Make *us* reflections of Thyself, sweet Light,
That we may send into those realms of night
True day-beams, which shall rend the flag in twain,
Beneath whose folds our kindred long have lain.

MRS. L. L. NEWELL.
Rochester, Minn, 1880.

A SONG OF EXULTATION.

1 A Saviour, a Saviour! Proclaim the glad tidings,
Resound it afar through earth's spacious domain,
Till each echo that now is in silence abiding,
Has caught and re-echoed the wonderful strain,
Till every soul wending earth's ways, sadly bending
Beneath heavy crosses of suffering and sin,
Hears, and in humble, implicit confiding,
Hastens its part of the theme to begin.

2 A Saviour, a Saviour! No longer in anguish
We sadly must languish, o'er burdened with guilt,
A ransom was offered, a sacrifice proffered,
The blood of the sinless for sinners was spilt;
The mountains have rended, the victims ascended,
The sword sharp for vengeance in its scabbard is laid,
We, freely forgiven, accepted of Heaven,
No longer by fear or by doubt are dismayed.

3 A Saviour, a Saviour! now graciously pleading,
For us interceding, with tenderest love,
Urging humanity for moral frailty,
Sharing our sorrows, His pity to prove;
With us abiding and tenderly chiding,
Wherever we wander away from the way;
Guarding and guiding, and never deriding,
Though from His love we rebelliously stray.

4 A Saviour, a Saviour! with awe we adore Him,
And bow at His name with exultant accord,
Our homage we offer, our services proffer,
And gratefully claim Him our Master, our Lord;
His kind mediation secures our salvation,
And we of the laws are no longer afraid;
No grace He denies us, but freely supplies us,
So long as on Him our affections are stayed.

5 A Saviour, a Saviour! O mortals, receive Him,
Own Him your Messiah, Redeemer and King,
With cherubs and seraphs and highest archangels,
Unite in glad concert, His praises to sing,
His cross high upholding, His glory unfolding,
Inspired by His wonderful mercy and love,
In meek adoration, with devout exultation,
Press on till ye view Him in glory above.

ANGELINA FULLER.

THE LAST COMMAND.

1 Soft floating on the Syrian breeze, a voice
Serene is heard. As earnest tones oft greet
The ear, in cadence low, so fall in rhythmic
Measure, words that burn into the very
Souls of those who listen.

2 In that upper
Chamber where the eleven are gathered, comes the
Sacred message from the risen Master's
Loving heart. Love for a sinful world! Love
For a ruined race! Sad are the deep, dark
Eyes, and pale the visage of the holy,
The anointed Son of God; for Israel,
His people, race chosen of the Father,
Had the Son rejected. Saddest of all
Sad days for them, but joy supreme for us,
O gentile world!

3 Listen! the Master speaks.
"Go ye thro' all the world and preach the
Gospel to all men! Baptize them in
The name of Father, Son and Holy Ghost;
And lo! with you, forever, I abide."
Seraphs and angels viewed the scene, methink's
Well pleased, and bore aloft to Heaven the
Tidings glad, that pardon full and free was
Offered to all dwellers here below. Then
Must again the morning stars have sang rich
Strains of melody, and shouts of joy
Resounded erstwhile thro' the dome of Heaven.
But not without keen thorns and rugged ways
Were beset the lives of those who cheerfully
Obeyed the Saviour's mandate. Still on they
Toiled, sowing the precious seed in love,
Leaving results with Him who waters and
Gives increase. They bore in patience and
Submission meek, contempt and taunting jest,
Imprisonment and cruel stocks, for sake
Of Christ. Well knew they Him on whom their trust
Was stayed. Ne'er could the chosen few forget
The sight, as He ascended to the waiting
Father. Many who heard the preached
Word, believed, and gave themselves with all they
Had, to aid the Master's cause. Others with
Scoffings and derisions rude, were stumbling-
Blocks of dire offence to those who might have
Come unto the waters, and drank freely
Of unbounded love and mercy. Stands thus

The holy cause to-day.
Some offer self and all they have to
Spread abroad the news of joy and peace. Some
Will not see, but blindly grope, and heed not
Christ's injunction to His followers all. Others
Sit down in ease and apathy, content
To let the work progress, so no disturbing
Element, or call for aid, distracts the
Quiet tenure of their lives.
"At ease in
Zion! What are souls to them? Rest they on
Roses while the world is dying." Nations
In profoundest darkness lie, pleading
For help, across the dark expanse of
Sea. At ease in Zion! How can souls redeemed
Thus sit on idle couch of luxury,
While perish millions for the bread of life!
At ease in Zion! No love for Him who
Braved life's sorrows and man's hate, to lift up
To the gates of bliss, all who accept
Salvation's offers full and free. No care
To heed the last command,—
No love for all the
Earth, but selfishly regarding just this
Little sphere in which we daily dwell.
No zeal to spread His word and truth to heathen
Tell. "Enough to do at home!" Up! Up! and
Do it, then! Why linger ye in all the
Plain? Haste! be about the Master's work, that
Ocean depths will have to be o'ercrossed, ere
One be found who is not Christ's, redeemed and
Saved by precious blood alone.

4 "But how
Believe?" say some. How comes the faith that
leaves
All else behind and works for God and souls?
How reason ye the matter? As a
Faculty, reason far below faith falls.
Tho' we cannot view the stars in daylight
Fair, the stars we know are in yon heaven's
Expanse, just as at night, and "we can call
Them thus and thus, by light of science;" So
By faith, the light of those who walk in
Christian fellowship and love, we know God
Sent His only Son, beloved above all
Else, to suffer ignominious agony
Upon the cross that we might be
Redeemed. By faith we know He rose, and
Reigneth with the Father infinite,
Compassionate, and full of tender love
To fallen man. In faith we take the bread
And wine, blest emblems of His broken body
And shed blood, nor doubt the duty bounden
On us, nor the wondrous good derived from
Thus partaking. Yet of these same ones,
Devout and full of love, some seem to doubt
Our duty and high privilege to obey the last
command
Of Christ, which, once obeyed by followers
Of Him, brought unto us the story of
The cross; the story of redemption, which
Purchased e'en for us salvation.
At ease
In Zion! Pardon, dear Lord! the ease in
Which we dwell. Arouse, by Thine almighty
Pow'r, the slumb'ring ones. Make us to know and
Heed Thy last command. Use us
To haste the time when all shall know Thee and
Thy risen Son who reigneth with Thee in
The courts of radiant glory. Help us to
Comprehend the joyous fact that if souls
Be led, thro' us, from sin's dark doom into
The light of that abode "whose bright foundations
Are the heights of Heaven," 'twill be of more
avail
To us when done with earth, than to have gained
the
Plaudits of the world, won fairest fame, or
Called our own, the bounteous wealth of land and
sea.

MRS. GEO. CLINTON SMITH.
Springfield, Ill., 1884.

NOW AND AFTERWARD.

"Nevertheless, afterward." Heb. xii: 11.

(Tune "*Martyn*," or "*Refuge*.")

1 Now, the sowing and the weeping,
Working hard and waiting long;
Afterward the golden reaping,
Harvest home and grateful song.

2 Now, the pruning, sharp, unsparing;
Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot!
Afterward, the plenteous bearing
Of the Master's pleasant fruit.

3 Now, the plunge, the briny burden,
Blind, faint gropings in the sea;
Afterward, the pearly guerdon
That shall make the diver free.

4 Now, the long and toilsome duty
Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Afterward, the perfect beauty
Of the palace of the King.

5 Now, the tuning and the tension,
Wailing minors, discord strong;
Afterward, the grand ascension
Of the Alleluia song.

6 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, unequal strife;
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

7 Now, the training, strange and lowly,
Unexplained and tedious now;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's "Enter thou!"

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.

[For older pupils.]

All.— Let us look through sacred story,
Song and psalm, until we see,
In their beauty and their glory,
Forms of many a fair, green tree:
Trees that shaded saints and sages,
Trees that waved where prophets trod,
Trees that lived through all the ages,
In the ancient Word of God.

First.— When the captives wept for Zion,
For her power and glory gone,
What fair tree, with drooping branches,
Hung they, sad, their harps upon?

Answer.— "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the WILLOWS."—[Ps. cxxxvii: 1.

Second.— When the prophet sang the story,
Zion's grandeur yet to be,
Sang her beauty and her glory,
Spake he then of any tree?

Answer.— "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the FIR-TREE, the PINE-TREE and the BOX together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary."— [Isa. lx: 13.

Third.— When he gives the invitation,
Come, ye thirsting, thirst no more,
How, in joyful proclamation,
Tells he of the good in store?

Answer.— "Instead of the THORN shall come up the FIR-TREE, and instead of the BRIER shall come up the MYRTLE-TREE, and it shall be to the Lord for a name."— [Isa. lv: 13.

Fourth.— What says he, when men, forsaking
God most high, the living Lord,
Out of wood their gods are making
That can never speak a word.

Answer.— "He heweth him down CEDARS, and taketh the CYPRESS and the OAK, which he strengtheneth for himself among the trees of the forest; he planteth an ASH, and the rain doth nourish it. . . . He maketh a god and worshippeth it."— [Isa. xliv: 14, 15.

Fifth.— On the hills and mountains, burning
Incense unto gods thus made,
Israel, far from Zion turning,
Sought what trees' most pleasant shade?

Answer.— "They sacrifice upon the tops of the mountains, and burn incense upon the hills, under OAKS and POPLARS and ELMS, because the shadow thereof is good."— [Hos. iv: 13.

Sixth.— When another prophet telleth
Of God's judgments, falling fast,
While his heart with sorrow swelleth,
How speaks he of glories past?

Answer.— "The VINE is dried up, and the FIG-TREE languisheth; the POMEGRANATE-TREE, the PALM-TREE also, and the APPLE-TREE, even all the trees of the field are withered: because joy is withered away from the sons of men."— [Joel i: 12.

Seventh.— After words of solemn warning
To the people in their sin,
Then what hope, like gleams of dawning,
Through the prophet's voice flows in?

Answer.— "But yet in it shall be a tenth, and it shall return. As a TELL-TREE and as an OAK, whose substance is in them when they cast their leaves, so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof."— [Isa. vi: 13.

Eighth.— Unto Israel returning,
Hear the promise of his Lord;
God to His dear children turning,
Speaks to them what precious word?

Answer.— "I will be as the dew unto Israel, he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon; his branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the OLIVE-TREE."— [Joel xiv. 5, 6.

Ninth.— When God called the "weeping prophet,"
When He said, "What dost thou see?"
Lifting up his eyes, what saw he?
Spring's first brightly-blooming tree.

Answer.— "The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Jeremiah, what seest thou? And I said, I see a rod of an ALMOND-TREE."— [Jer. i: 11.

Tenth.— When Elijah's spirit failed him,
And he asked that he might die,
When the angel touched and hailed him,
'Neath what did Elijah lie?

Answer.— But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a JUNIPER-TREE; and he requested for himself that he might die. —[1. Kings xix: 4.

Eleventh.— When the Lord directed David
Out to battle how to go,
O'er against what trees, then said He,
They should come upon the foe?

Answer.— "Come upon them over against the MULBERRY-TREES. And it shall be when thou shalt hear a sound of going in the top of the MULBERRY-TREES, that then thou shalt go out to battle."— [1 Chron. xiv: 14, 15.

Twelfth.— What tree, that now on Lebanon
In solemn beauty reigns,
In the grand days of Solomon
Grew, like, upon the plains,
Another tree, whose branches bore
In a far later day,
Zaccheus, who ran on before,
When Jesus passed that way.

Answer.— "And the CEDAR-TREES made he as the SYCAMORE-TREES that are in the low plains in abundance." . . . . . "And Zaccheus ran before and climbed up into a SYCAMORE-TREE to see Jesus."— [2. Chron. ix: 27; Luke xix: 4.

Thirteenth.— What trees that Hiram sent, with gold
From far across the seas,
Made terraces, as we are told,
And harps and psalteries?

Answer.— And the king made of the ALGUM-TREES terraces to the house of the Lord."

Fourteenth.—Of what trees did Ezekiel write,
Strong, beautiful and fair,
When the Assyria's strength and might
And beauty would declare?

Answer.— "The CEDARS in the garden of God could not hide him; the FIR-TREES were not like his boughs; and the CHESTNUT-TREES* were not like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty."—[Ezek. xxxi: 8.

Fifteenth— And now what tree more fair than all
May priest and prophet see,
And yet its wondrous leaves may fall
To bless both you and me?

Answer.— "In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the TREE OF LIFE, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."—[Rev. xxii: 1, 2.

* The Chestnut tree of the Scriptures is the Plane tree, such as—
"The Persian adorned with mantels and jewels."

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

BRODERY-WORK.

1 Beneath the desert's rim went down the sun,
And from the tent-doors, all their service done,
Came forth the Hebrew women, one by one.

2 For Bezaleel, the master, who had rare
And curious skill, and gifts beyond compare—
Greater than old Misraim's greatest were—

3 Had bidden that they approach at his command,
As on a goat-skin spread upon the sand
He sate, and saw them grouped on every hand.

4 And soon, as came to pass, a silence fell,
He spake and said:—"Daughters of Israel,
I bring a word: I pray ye hearken well.

5 "God's tabernacle, by His pattern made,
Shall fail of finish, though in order laid,
Unless ye women lift your hands to aid!"

6 A murmur ran the crouched assembly through,
As each her veil around her closer drew—
"We are but women!—what can women do?"

7 And Bezaleel made answer: "Not a man
Of all our tribes, from Judah unto Dan,
Can do the thing that just ye women can!

8 "The gold and broidered work about the hem
Of the priests' robes—pomegranate, knob and stem—
Man's clumsy fingers cannot compass them.

9 "The sanctuary curtains that must wreathen be
And bossed with cherubim—in colors three,
Blue, purple, scarlet—who can twine but ye?

10 "Yours is the very skill for which I call;
So bring your cunning needlework, though small
Your gifts may seem: the Lord hath need of all!"

. . . . . .

11 O Christian women! For the temples set
Throughout earth's desert lands—do you forget
The sanctuary curtains need your broidery yet?

MARGARET J. PRESTON.
S. S. Times.

THE DISCIPLE'S PRIVILEGE

Acts i: 6–8.

1 When, Lord, they asked, wilt Thou restore
Thy kingdom to Thy flock once more?
When wilt Thou forth a conqueror ride,
And who will sit on either side?
Fresh from a conquest greater far
Than all this world's poor triumphs are,
Why should not He who rent the grave
Messiah's lesser glories have—
A crown, a throne, a victory,
That all the mocking world may see?

2 O Love divine! Thy sweet reply
Could brighten hope in every eye—
Could lead each dreaming spirit forth
To tread with Thee a conquered earth;
Yet fold a deeper meaning there
Than any human heart could bear,
Till God's own hand should light His word,
The latest promise of our Lord.

3 The same old throng is climbing yet
The sacred steeps of Olivet;
And still Christ's little flock would share
His counsels as they do His care;
And patiently He answers still
Those who thus seek to know His will:
"Behold, with power I send you forth
To bear my gospel o'er the earth.
Jerusalem shall hear your song,
And Judah's hills the strain prolong,
While dark Samaria's crown of pride
Shall bow before the Crucified,
As, wandering forth 'neath every star,
My people bear my standard far;
Till all the world brings tribute meet
To lay before my piercéd feet,
In every land, o'er every sea,
'Ye shall be witnesses for me.'"

4 Come, Holy Spirit! touch with fire
These words, which kindle new desire;
Open to blinded eyes once more
This promise, as Thou didst of yore;
Light up the way our feet must go,
Our faith to prove, our love to show,
And lead us on, whate'er betide;
Break Thou each dream of human pride,
And, if some sorrow waits to prove
How strong our trust, how deep our love,
If heavenly gain bring earthly loss,
If Thou wilt lead us by the cross,
Still, still, our truest joy must be
That we may witness, Lord, for Thee!

HANNAH MORE JOHNSON.
In "Woman's Work for Woman."

THE MAIDEN'S OFFERING.

1 "What shall I lay on the altar-shrine,
For the land where darkness reigneth?
Across the billows are those who pine
For Bread of Life, for the Word divine,
And the love of Christ constraineth.

2 "What shall I give that my Lord will own,
And will bless to their salvation?
What precious thing that is mine alone?"
A prayer went up to the great white throne,
Or a thought of imploration.

3 Only a moment her heart rebelled,
As its inner depth uncloses;
For yearnings fond in her bosom swelled
For shores that a father's ashes held,
For the shadowed Land of Roses.

4 "Thine, Thine, dear Lord," was the murmur low,
And the spirit-strife was ended.
The pale cheek flushed with a stranger glow,
The smile illuming the brow of snow,
Was a beam from heav'n descended.

5 Her locks were shorn, and the price in gold
Of that wondrous crown of glory,
Bore precious tidings of love untold,
Of mansions blest of the upper fold,
And the sweet and olden story.

"PAULINA."

LOST NAMES.

"Those women which labored with me in the Gospel, and other my fellow laborers whose names are also in the Book of Life."

1 They lived and they were useful; this we know,
And naught beside;
No record of their names is left to show
How soon they died;
They did their work and then they passed away,
An unknown band,
And took their places with the greater host
In the higher land.

2 And were they young, or were they growing old,
Or ill, or well,
Or lived in poverty, or had much gold,
No one can tell.
The only thing is known of them: they were
Faithful and true
Disciples of the Lord, and strong through prayer
To save and do.

3 But what avails the gift of empty fame?
They lived to God.
They loved the sweetness of another Name,
And gladly trod
The rugged ways of earth, that they might be
Helper or friend,
And in the joy of this their ministry,
Be spent and spend.

4 No glory clusters round their names on earth,
But in God's Heaven
Is kept a book of names of greatest worth,
And there is given
A place for all who did the Master please,
Although unknown,
And their lost names shine forth in brightest rays
Before the throne.

5 Oh! take who will the boon of fading fame!
But give to me
A place among the workers, though my name
Forgotten be;
And if within the Book of Life is found
My lowly place,
Honor and glory unto God redound
For all His grace!

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.
London Christian World.

FAR OR NEAR.

1 When Monica lay on her dying bed,
Beyond the walls of Rome,
And saw the blue Campagna widths that spread
Between her and her home;

2 And missed the yearning eye and reverent hand
Of friends that would have striven,
Who, with love's privilege, should nearest stand
To one so close to Heaven;

3 She heard Augustine sigh, 'twixt tear and tear:
"Ah, blinded that we are!
Had I but known,— I had not borne her here,
To find a grave, so far,

4 "So far from home!" She turned her luminous eyes
On her beloved one,
With something of rebuke and strange surprise:
"*So far from home*,— my son?

5 "Why, here I'll lie and sleep in very bliss;
Because this Ostian* sod
Is just as close as home, to Heaven: There is
No far nor near, with God!"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

* At Ostia, Monica, the mother of St Augustine, was buried.

FROM "SOUTHERN GLEANINGS."

1 "Some find work where some find rest,
And so the weary world goes on;
I sometimes wonder why it is,
The answer comes when life is gone.
Some hands fold where other hands
Are lifted bravely in the strife;
And so through ages and through lands
Move on the two extremes of life."

MRS. GEORGIA BULLE M'LEOD.

DOUBLING THE MISSION DOLLAR.

1 'Twas a thoughtful child that was seen one day
To turn from her toys and her careless play,
With a questioning glance of sad surprise
And a far-away look in her dark brown eyes;
For something so strange she had heard them say,
Those older ones, talking that summer day;
They thought she had come for a fond caress,
Nor dreamed they their meaning the child could guess.

2 She listened while shadows came down apace,
Then crept to her treasures with earnest face,
And there in the twilight she told it all
To one little hearer—her patient doll:
"Why, Fanny, my dolly, across the sea
Are millions who never will Christians be
Till somebody tells them of Jesus' love,
And how they may go to the home above.

3 "And I heard them say that to lands afar
A packet is going—the 'Morning Star'—
To carry the gospel! I believe they said,
'If the people to giving are only led.'
Now I have a dime that I meant for you,
To buy you, my dolly, a ribbon blue,
But perhaps it will help them sail the ship;
We'll give it!" she said, with quivering lip.

4 The mother bent low at the evening prayer
O'er the form of her darling kneeling there,
And lovingly stroking the curly head,
She noted the words that were softly said:
"Dear Jesus, my dolly and I are glad
To keep the poor heathen from being bad,
And sometime we'll help them, perhaps, again;
I hope you will bless them, O Lord, amen."

5 And then in the starlight a silence deep
Betokened the coming of quiet sleep,
But the head on the pillow turned once more,
A puzzled expression the child-face wore:
"I want to know, mamma, what 'twas I heard,
The meaning of sacrifice—that's the word."
She answered, "My child, I'll explain to you:
Your sacrifice, dear, is the ribbon blue."

6 She had given to send to those afar
The wonderful light of the "Morning Star,"
And into her soul shall His presence shine,
To beckon her on to the life divine;
And so in her girlhood's sunniest hour
She yielded her heart to the Spirit's power,
And she kept her desire of greatest worth
To "carry the gospel" to all the earth.

7 And out into maidenhood's hopes and fears,
Far out in the whirl of the rushing years,
She remembered the lesson learned that day
In the magical hour of childish play.
The dime to a dollar had now increased,
The blessing of giving had never ceased,
Her sacrifice often took shape anew,
In the same old guise of the ribbon blue.

8 For Europe and Asia her pleadings rise,
For Africa, too, with her burning skies,
For sin-enslaved souls in isles of the sea,
That Jesus' atonement might make them free.
'Twas very surprising and sad indeed
That she had forgotten her country's need,
That over its Southland and prairies vast
Her eye in its searchings had blindly passed;

9 And then into retrospect, one by one,
Came duties neglected and work undone;
The voice of conscience seemed close by her side,
"Your dollar for missions you must divide,"
And many another, by impulse stirred,
Sprang up at the sound of this whispered word,
And dollars divided went o'er the sea
And out through our country so broad and free.

10 But what of their mission? 'twas half complete,
Though harvests were gathered both rich and sweet,
Yet came not their fullness, and white fields wait
The work of the reapers so grand and great.
And back o'er the ocean this message came:
Send more, "for your love of the Saviour's name;"
And up from the Southland and prairies vast,
"Send more, lest the day of our hope be past."

11 And she who remembered the days of yore—
The mother's fond counsel she knows no more—
Again in the starlight and silence deep
Forgetteth her care in a quiet sleep.
A presence whose coming the child had blest,
Brings now in her dreaming a peaceful rest;
The problem whose study seemed all in vain,
Grows simple and clear in the resting brain.

12 "You asked me, my darling, one summer day,
When you had grown weary with childish play,
What sacrifice meant, and now by your side
I come to make plainer the word divide.
The promptings of conscience were right and good,
'T would all have been well, had you understood,
She bade you go forth on a mission wide,
And double your dollar—'t was not divide."

13 The story is simple, and still I see
The lesson which surely is meant for me,
And I am so thankful that I may hear
The calls for assistance that reach my ear;
I ask of my conscience to guide me right.
This answer makes duty a pathway bright,
While sinners afar from their Saviour roam,
Not less for the foreign—as much for home.

14 For millions of strangers have reached our shores,
For them in their darkness the heart implores;
The dusky-faced tribes on our western slopes
Are compassed in faith by our Christian hopes;
Those ransomed from bondage are clearly heard,
"Send us in your pity the saving word."
And so by this precept we must abide,
'T is double your dollars, and not divide.

MRS. ANNA SARGENT HUNT.
Augusta, Me., 1883.

HOME IN HEAVEN.

[For Eight Voices.]

First Voice.—

Ye speak of heaven,—a home of bliss,
Secure from the crosses and woes of this;
Ye say, that its joys are beyond the ken,—
Far beyond the vision of mortal men
Can you tell me what, and where, is heaven?
Or aught of its joys to mortals given?

Second Voice.—(John xiv: 2.) "In my father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you: I go to prepare a place for you."

Would you know of heaven, of the Christian's rest?
Jesus here has given answer to thy quest.

Mansions pure and holy, decked by His own hand,
Wait His poor and lowly in that better land.

Of this realm of glory list ye once again:
Hear the wondrous story of His love to men.

Third Voice.—(Rev. xxii: 1, 2.) "And He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

Gently flowing river, soft thy waters glide;
Leaves of healing ever murmuring by thy side.

Fields forever vernal, pure and balmy air;
Light and joy supernal,— Oh! what beauty there!

Fourth Voice.—(Rev. xiv: 2.) "And I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps."

(Rev. v: 9.) "And they sang a new song, saying: 'Thou art worthy to take the book, and open the seals thereof; for Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God, by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.'"

'T is a land of bright beauty, and Oh! to be there!
To join in the music that rings through the air,
As the grand choral anthem peals up from the throng,
That with myriad voices join in the song;
'T is a strain so melodious that echo again
From the hills everlasting, sends back the refrain;
Till with "Glory and honor to heaven's high King,
Our Maker and Saviour," heaven's high arches ring,
While the crowd of bright worshippers bow at His feet,
And with glad acclamations the chorus repeat.
'T would be rapture indeed, might I know that at last
I too, at His feet might my "Crown of Life" cast,
And with harp and with palm join the song of the blest,
In the home of the righteous, the Christian's long rest.

Fifth Voice.—(Rev. xiv: 13.) "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, 'Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'"

A resting home! Oh! yes, 't is sweet
To know there is a sure retreat,
A goal toward which all weary feet
May struggle on;—
To know the toiler may at last
His heavy burden from him cast:
Rejoicing that the day is past
And work is done.

'T is sweet to know the aching brain
That long has toiled, perchance in vain,
May cease its work; may break its chain
And find release;—
To know this sinning, sorrowing heart,
So worn and harassed with the smart
Of life's sore conflict, may depart
And rest in peace.

Sixth Voice.—(Rev. xxi: 4.) "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

There, Christian friends shall meet;
Behold! on yonder shore
What crowds throng forth to greet
The passers o'er.

They never part again:
Tears never dim the eye:
For sorrow, sin and pain
Dwell not on high.

Seventh Voice.—(Is. xxxiii: 24.) "And the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick."

No sickness there! Poor suffering one,
Still patient bear; 't will soon be done.

A little while 't will pass away,
And on thee smile eternal day.

Eighth Voice.—(Is. xxxiii: 17.) "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."

Though the land seem far off, and we scarce can descry
Its pure pearly gates, and its battlements high,
Yet we're nearing it ever, perchance ere the night
We shall find in our journey its towers in sight.

Across the dark waters the breath of the flowers
Is borne even now from the evergreen bowers;
'T is the earnest of welcome; no more let us faint,
Nor lift up to heaven a bitter complaint.

As the heavenly portals to us shall unfold,
The King in His beauty our eyes shall behold,
And with joy and rejoicing, we too, with the band
Of the loved gone before, in His presence shall stand.

We oft here must part, and with tear-dimming eye
For the loved absent ones, we in loneliness sigh;
But they're gathering home: we shall soon all be there,
In that heavenly land so radiant and fair.

GRACE M. GAYLORD.

From "Good Times," published at Fall River, Mass. 1881

BRIDGE BUILDING.

[To the Young Ladies' Societies of the Interior who are building a *Missionary Bridge* from Mexico to Turkey.]

1 Once there stood two mighty cities
On either side a bay,
Ready to be united,
But the sea stood in the way
A bridge was all they needed—
A bridge that should span the sea,
Joining the cities together
Till the two as one should be.
So hundreds of men together
Piled stone upon stone for piers,
And hundreds more wove the wires
Which should last a thousand years.
Slowly it grew in beauty,
As the workmen planned and toiled,
Stone upon stone cemented,
Wire upon wire they coiled.

2 At length the bridge was builded
And swung from land to land,
Fair to the eye as a cobweb,
But strong as the sea it spanned.
And all men marvelled and wondered
That hand of man could trace
A thing of such strength and beauty,
Such wonderful size and grace.
But a mightier bridge is building,
And the handmaids of God are they
Who are chosen to weave the wires
And build the piers to-day.
'T is a work that the Lord hath need of,
It will strengthen His kingdom's power,
A highway built for His coming,
Which is hastening every hour.

3 In a quaint old Spanish city,
On a Mexican mountain crest,
Where a faithful woman will watch it,
One pier of the bridge shall rest.
Across the broad Pacific
One giant span shall reach,
To the dwellers in scattered islands,
And join them each to each.
For these faithful workers for Jesus
A new "Morning Star" shall rise,
And a promise of light from darkness
Shall gladden the waiting eyes.

4 The next span stretches northward
And westward o'er sea and land,
Till it reaches the land of China,
Where the "Western Gateway" lies.
This gate must be held for Jesus,
That the seed of His word be sown
'Mong the thousands who enter its portals
From lands where He is not known.
The last span reaches southward
To the land where Christ's chosen few
Preached a slain and risen Saviour,
While the message was strange and new.
But the message has been forgotten,
It must all be told again,
And this bridge-way will help to spread it,
Over mountain and hill and plain.

5 Where each of these piers is stationed,
Are patient workers for God,
Toiling for souls in Christ's vineyard,
Treading the path He trod—
Lifting the heathen woman
From darkness into the light,
Teaching the little children,
Guiding their feet aright.
They are willing and faithful workers,
But they must not toil alone,
There is need of your gifts and prayers,
You can help, though you stay at home.
If all are ready and willing
Who are called to take a part
In this glorious work for Jesus,
His blessing shall fill each heart;
Then the work shall be accomplished,
Ere any have time for fears,
And the *Mission Bridge* you are building
Shall last through eternal years!

MYRA.

Arkon, Ohio, Oct., 1883.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT "THE BRIDGE."

FROM ONE OF THE PIERS.

"A five thousand dollar bridge," you say? Methinks, dear friends, that the cost cannot be given in dollars and cents. The eye that seeth in secret, alone can tell the cost thereof.

How staunch and strong it stands, prepared for the shocks of storm and wave! But beauty is in it as well as strength, and I see it, a lovely mosaic, perfect and finished in every part, lit up with shining deeds of faith and hope, with loving self-denials and beautiful sacrifices, that gleam like rare jewels and precious stones among the polished marbles of its arches and parapets.

And will it endure and stand firm amid the tempests? Yes, for 'tis wrought in prayer, and its many-stranded and strong cables are strongly fastened to the great anchor in the bed-rock of faith.

And best of all, is the *use* of "The bridge," for by it the feet of many who sit in darkness will pass from the hopeless gloom of Paganism and idolatry, and from the superstitious depths of heathenism and Papacy, to the solid foundation of the gospel of light and truth. We can well "count it all joy" that ours is the happy privilege to share in the blessedness of such a work.

BELLE M. HASKINS.

Guadalajara, Mexico.

THE FIRST MISSIONARY.

1 Know'st thou the Leader of that train, who toil
The everlasting Gospel's light to shed
On earth's benighted climes?
Canst tell the name
Of the first teacher, in whose steps went forth
O'er sultry India, and the sea-green isles,
And to the forest children of the West,
A self-denying band,— who counted not
Life dear unto them, so they might fulfill
Their ministry, and save the heathen soul?

2 Judea's mountains from their breezy heights
Reply,— "We heard Him, when He lifted up
His voice, and taught the people patiently,
Line upon line, for they were slow of heart."
From its dark depths, the Galilean lake
Told hoarsely to the storm-cloud how He dealt
Bread to the famish'd throng, with tender care;
Forgetting not the body, while He fed
The immortal spirit;— how He stood and healed,
Day after day, till evening shadows fell
Around the pale and paralytic train,
Lame, halt and blind, and lunatic, who sought
His pitying touch.

3 Mount Olivet, in sighs,
Spake mournfully—"His midnight prayer was mine,
I heard it, I alone,— as all night long
Upward it rose, with tears, for those who paid
His love with hatred."

4 Kedron's slender rill,
That bathed His feet, as to His lowly work
Of mercy He went forth, still kept His name
Securely hoarded in its secret fount,
A precious pearl-drop!

5 Sad Gethsemane
Had memories that it faltered to repeat,
Such as the strengthening angel marked, appalled;
Finding no dialect in which to bear
Their woe to Heaven.

6 Even Calvary, who best
Might, if it would, our earnest question solve,
Pressed close its flinty lip, and shuddering bowed
In silent dread, remembering how the sun
Grew dark at noon-day, and the sheeted dead
Came from their cleaving sepulchres, to walk
Among the living.

7 But the bold, bad host,
Spirits of evil, from the lake of pain,
Who held brief triumph 'round the mystic Cross,
Bare truthful witness, as they shrieking fled,—
"We know Thee who Thou art, the Christ of God:"
While Heaven, uplifting its eternal gates,
With chant of cherubim and seraphim,
Welcomed the Lord of glory entering in,
His mission done.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, 1850.

THE WICK OF STRAW.

1 Day with its heated toil was o'er,
And of the dusky crowds, a few
Crept curious through the low-browed door,
Beneath the rafters of bamboo,
And sat them on the earthen floor.

2 Half-stifled in the murky room
A single slender taper gleamed,
That strove the darkness to illume,
Yet showed it denser, as it seemed,
So faint it flickered through the gloom.

3 A palm-oil drop within a shell,—
An inch of braided barley-straw,
With point of flame scarce visible,
Was all the crouching listeners saw
Of light athwart the dusk that fell.

4 And stooping by that taper dim,
Sat one of alien name and face,
Who for the loving sake of Him
Whose Cross lights earth's dark dwelling-place,
Came round the world that lamp to trim.

5 No wonder that disheartening fears
Betray themselves in look and tone;
No wonder, gazing down the years
Through which these myriads troop alone,
This "Jesus-man" is blind with tears!

6 "Oh! if from out the blaze of light
That floods so many a Christian dome,—
Oh! if across the billows white
That break betwixt me and my home,
They would but spare one lamp to-night!

7 "If they believed what Christ still saith,—
If they once saw what I have seen,—
They could not draw such tranquil breath—
They could not watch with soul serene
These stumblers staggering down to death!

8 "By Him whose feet for us have trod
The wine-press of the wrath, I pray,
Ye churches, hold the torch abroad,—
Ye people, point the upward way,
And light these heathen home to God!"

9 *Dare* we deny Him? Shall He draw
No help from hearts unmoved and shut?
Can we, renouncing love's sweet law,
Watch calmly in the bamboo hut
The quenching of that inch of straw?

1880.

MARGARET J. PRESTON

OTHER SHEEP I HAVE.

"And Jesus went thence, and departed into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon."

1 That goodly Syrian mountain, fair Lebanon the blest,
With all its snow-crowned summits, looks off toward the west,
Where Sidon, nestling at its feet, sits gazing on the waves
That chant their mournful requiem o'er proud Phœnicia's graves.

2 But not of earthly glory, thou city by the sea,
Not of thy vanquished splendor, I sing this song to thee:
A holier beauty lights thee, O Sidon thronéd there,
The tender memory of a day no after-day may share.

3 Hither from hills of Galilee the loving Saviour came,
Bending His steps this way to reach one heart that knew His name;
A door of hope to open as each poor Gentile comes,
As did a Syrian mother, then, asking His children's crumbs.

4 "Send her away," they murmured, "this stranger; what hath she
To claim of Israel's Shepherd? for us His ministry."
But though unchecked the harsh reproof, though love so long seemed cold,
How strong and glad the words at last that called her to His fold!

5 Ah, well for us the lesson! well for these later days
We find our Saviour's footprints along these Syrian ways!
Mark how He left the folded flock, the ninety and the nine,
Seeking along this alien shore one wandering sheep to find.

6 So, on these ancient highways and by the shining sea,
Where Jesus' feet have travelled in humblest ministry,
Behold His loving children yet walk like those of yore,
So close beside the Master they catch the smile He wore.

7 Were there no souls around us here, fainting for lack of bread,
That these have gone on weary quest, Christ's table there to spread?
Ah! yes, but following on to know they learned that lesson sweet,
To tread unquestioning each path marked by their Master's feet.

8 For yet through all the ages the same sad mourners come,
One of life's dreary shadows that fall on every home;
There earth hath had its triumphs, there souls grew wise and strong,
But an undertone of sorrow has thrilled through every song.

9 O maimed and sick and heart-sore, would that ye might have been
Among the throngs that followed the lowly Nazarene!
Think of the humble cabins that knew His presence then;
Oh! that the gracious Healer might walk this earth again!

10 I see Him on those hill-sides and by the shining sea,
Stand 'mid thy listening thousands, O happy Galilee!
And each with some heart-burden, from hovel and from hall
They come, a stricken army, to Him who heals them all.

11 Still, still amid the suffering, O Friend of sinners, stand;
Lift o'er the sin-sick multitude Thy tender, piercéd hand!
Oh! multiply the loaves we bring, as in our Master's stead
We give Thy starving Syrian flock their heavenly Father's bread!

12 They come from Tyre and Sidon, from Hamath's border far,
The dewy slope of Lebanon where goodly cedars are;
From over Jordan's rocky bed where Hermon's shadows lower,
And loneliest vale may know His name, the dreariest home His power.

13 O happy souls who know this love, so boundless and so free!
But happier they whom love hath brought to share its ministry,
Whose sweet obedience to their Lord their faith in Him hath proved,
And blessed us with His presence, this suffering world He loved!

HANNAH MORE JOHNSON.

HARVEST HOME.

[Read before the Humphrey Memorial Band, by Miss Howe.]

1 As tiny streamlets, adding to the river,
Mingle their waters wending to the sea,
So the small things of time fill up the measure
That swells the chorus of eternity;
And oft we find the path of common duty
The royal road that leads to God and heaven,
And, as we cherish and improve the littles,
We find the greater things are to us given.

2 How oft we've stopped to lift the simple burden,
And sighed in sorrow at the common toil,
But found that as our feet trod duty's pathway,
The flowers of peace and joy bedecked the soil;
For duty is a bright and glorious sunbeam,
That gilds the humblest lot with light divine,
For Jesus walked amid its narrow windings,
And made the lowliest aspects most sublime.

3 We come and drink, and, wandering up the mountain,
Trace back the cooling stream without one thought
But that it quenches thirst, until the fountain
From which it rose lies open all unsought,
And we stand awe-struck as the light unfoldeth
The love and care that wrap our very life,
The hidden hand which every chord-string holdeth,
Controlling still, 'mid joy, or pain, or strife.

4 So came Samaria's woman to the wellside,
To fill her earthen pot with water clear,
Nor dreamed that in the weary Jewish stranger
The "Gift of God" was waiting for her there.
O truth sublime! O wondrous, wondrous Saviour!
In all Thy weariness to stop and tell
That erring, wretched, sinful, wandering woman
The story of Thy love, beside the well.

5 The first great mission sermon heard by mortal—
The first glad gospel-call the Gentiles knew—
The only list'ner was a humble woman;
And He who preacher stood, was Saviour too!
She heard, believed, and, in Messiah trusting,
Returned in haste to spread the story round
Of One who, every secret sin unveiling,
Yet in His heart for sinners mercy found.

6 The brave, sweet gospel truth—how good it sounded!
How new, and Oh! how pleasant, unto all!
No wonder multitudes of hearts responded,
And flocked to meet Him at her earnest call.
She was a woman, yet He did not stay her:
Who says, then, woman has no right to speak?
Had she been wrong, the Saviour had rebuked her,
As she proclaimed Him through the open street.

7 Nay, sisters, 'tis for us to tell the story,
For us to bid salvation's waters roll;
To us the heathen woman looks expectant,
And dumbly lifts to us her shackled soul.
Her ignorance has claims upon our knowledge,
And shall she cry and we refuse to give?
Our very privileges make us debtors;
To let her die forbids our right to live.

8 Then, fear not sacrifice, or toil, or danger;
Give of the heart's best love—of children, wealth;
And, if He ask it, dream not of refusing,
But on His altars lay thy very self.
The fields are white; who pants to join the laborers?
The Lord says "Go!"—Oh! does He speak to thee?
And does thy willing heart, upspringing, answer,
"Lo, here I am, dear Lord; send me, send me"?

9 Dear Saviour, bless the workers heavy-laden,
Who moisten with their tears the distant soil,
And give them seed to drop along the furrows;
And add Thy showers and sun to crown their toil,
And send more laborers, sowers, reapers, gleaners—
For dusky thousands praying, bid them come.
Oh! give us right to join at last the singing,
As Thou shalt gather in the "Harvest Home."

MRS. S. C. CLARKE.
Lowell, Mass.

THE PICTURE.

1 Once I looked upon a picture
That was marvellously fair;
Bright its tints, its shading mellowed—
Beautiful beyond compare.

2 While I gazed, entranced, before it,
Thus I heard the whisper pass:
"This was formed of worthless fragments,
Bits of broken stone and glass."

3 Could it be, that grand Mosaic,
Meet to hang in temple high,
Grew to beauty from the pieces
Crushed by careless passers-by?

4 Do you wonder that the lesson
Sunk into my inmost heart—
How the weakest, humblest creature,
Has its own important part?

5 How, the lowliest, feeblest Christian,
Poor in talents and in purse,
Fills the niche made by the Master
Artist of the Universe!

6 Let us deem it glorious honor
That the Saviour stooped to raise
Us from out the dust and rubbish
Of the world's thick-travelled ways.

7 Let us shine our very brightest,
Be our corner high or low;
Only wondering we were counted
Worthy of the chisel's blow.

8 When life's great Mosaic's finished,
Every fragment in its place,
Christ, the Artist, will present it,
Fair, before His Father's face.

9 On that scene shall troops of angels
Look in wonder and amaze!
A world redeemed from sin and anguish,
Saved through everlasting days!

MRS. R. M. WYLIE.

Sarah J. Hale.

Sarah J. Hale, *née* Buell, was about the most talented and brilliant writer of her time. It is rare that anything finer than her poem "Iron" is found in literature. Her mother was a woman of high cultivation and intelligent conversation, and to her Mrs. Hale traced her own delight for acquiring knowledge, and desire for intellectual advancement. Her husband was a lawyer, and his tastes were in every way congenial with her own. It was not until his death in 1822, that straitened circumstances necessitated her becoming an author, in order to procure for her children the advantages of a good education. She first published a volume of poems, then a story entitled Northwood. In 1828 she edited the "American Ladies' Magazine," Boston. She published "Sketches of American Character," "Flora's Interpreter," "The Ladies' Wreath," &c., &c., with several valuable books for children. She afterwards resided in Philadelphia and edited the popular "Lady's Book," and a religious annual "The Opal." Another volume of poems was published in 1848, larger than the preceding. While "Iron" and some other of her works display a vigor of expression, many are marked by a chasteness and simplicity. All her writings inculcate a healthy religious sentiment and soundness of heart. Among her latest and best was "Harry Guy," a story of the sea, written to benefit the then much-neglected sailor, making his condition better understood and appreciated. This is another proof that the chief object of her industrious mind was a view to usefulness, and the desire to help others.

IRON.

"Truth shall spring out of the earth." Psalms, lxxxv : 2.

1 As, in lonely thought, I pondered
On the marvellous things of earth,
And, in fancy's dreaming, wondered
At their beauty, power and worth,
Came like words of prayer, the feeling—
Oh! that God would make me know,
Through the spirit's clear revealing,
What, of all His works below,
Is to man a boon the greatest,
Brightening on from age to age,
Serving truest, earliest, latest,
Through the world's long pilgrimage.

2 Soon vast mountains rose before me,
Shaggy, desolate and lone,
Their scarred heads were threatening o'er me,
Their dark shadows round me thrown;
Then a voice, from out the mountains,
As an earthquake shook the ground,
And like frightened fawns, the fountains,
Leaping, fled before the sound;
And the Anak oaks bowed lowly,
Quivering, aspenlike, with fear,
While the deep response came slowly,
Or it must have crushed mine ear!

3 "Iron! Iron! Iron!"— crashing,
Like the battle-axe and shield;
Or the sword on helmet clashing,
Through a bloody battle-field!
"Iron! Iron! Iron!"— rolling,
Like the far-off cannon's boom;
Or the death-knell, slowly tolling,
Through a dungeon's charnel gloom.
"Iron! Iron! Iron!"— swinging,
Like the summer winds at play;
Or as bells of Time were ringing
In the blest Millenial Day!

4 Then the clouds of ancient fable
Cleared away before mine eyes;
Truth could tread a footing stable,
O'er the gulf of mysteries!
Words, the prophet bards had uttered,
Signs, the oracle foretold,
Spells, the wierd-like sybil muttered
Through the twilight days of old,
Rightly read, beneath the splendor,
Shining now on history's page;
All their faithful witness render,
All portend a better age.

5 Sisyphus, forever toiling,
Was the type of toiling men,
While the stone of power, recoiling,
Crushed them back to earth again!
Stern Prometheus, bound and bleeding,
Imaged man, in mental chain,
While the vultures, on him feeding,
Were the passions' vengeful reign;
Still a ray of mercy tarried
On the cloud, a white-winged dove,
For this mystic faith had married
Vulcan to the Queen of Love!

6 Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were one in nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man!
Darkly was this doctrine taught us
By the gods of heathendom;
But the living light was brought us,
When the gospel morn had come!
How the glorious change expected,
Could be wrought, was then made free;
Of the earthly, when perfected,
Rugged Iron forms the key.

7 "Truth from out the earth shall flourish,"
This the word that God makes known,—
Thence are harvests men to nourish—
There let Iron's power be shown.
Of the swords, from slaughter gory,
Ploughshares forge to break the soil;
Then will mind attain its glory,
Then will labor reap the spoil;
Error cease the soul to 'wilder,
Crime be checked by simple good,
As the little coral builder
Forces back the furious flood.

8 While our faith in good grows stronger;
Means of greater good increase;
Iron, slave of war no longer,
Heads the onward march of peace;
Still new modes of service finding,
Ocean, earth and air it moves,
And the distant nations binding,—
Like the kindred tie it proves;
With its Atlas-shoulder sharing
Loads of human toil and care;
On its wing of lightning bearing
Thought's swift mission through the air!

9 As the rivers, farthest flowing,
In the highest hills have birth;
As the banyan, broadest growing,
Oftenest bows its head to earth,
So the noblest minds press onward,
Channels far of good to trace;
So the largest hearts bend downward,
Circling all the human race;
Thus by Iron's aid, pursuing
Through the earth their plans of love,
Men our Father's will are doing
Here, as angels do above.

SARAH JOSEPHA HALE.
Born 1795. Died 1879.

THE DAY BREAKETH.

"We see no new temples anywhere. The vast faith of India is dying out." — Letter from India.

1 O'er temple and column and cornice,
The moss of the ages has grown;
Through the halls of great Brahma, the Golden,
The stranger may wander alone.

2 No longer shall Vishnu, Preserver
Of Manu the Just, avenge men;
Or Siva, the dreaded Destroyer,
Revisit his temple again.

3 From the summit of lofty Olympus,
The gods of the Ancients have flown;
The shrines of old Greece are deserted,
And Venus lies sleeping in stone.

4 In the aisles of the forest no dryad
Shall dance in their shadows again;
No naiad shall bathe in their fountains,
Or sport on Arcadia's plain.

5 Nevermore shall the wandering Isis
Stray, weeping, through Egypt's dark land
While seeking the long-lost Osiris;
They are dead in her desert of sand.

6 Still the sun gilds the cold lips of Memnon:
But Memnon is voiceless and dumb;
And the stony-eyed Sphynx shall gaze outward
O'er the desert for ages to come.

7 From the far icy hills of the Northland
The strong giant Ymir has fled;
And Veli, and Ve, and Great Odin,
In the halls of Vathalla lie dead.

8 And Thor, with his ponderous hammer,
Mighty son of a mightier sire;
His thunder is hushed on the mountains
In the land of the "frost and the fire."

9 No more on the high Druid altar
Shall victim or sacrifice moan;
Fallen on the hill-tops in ruins,
Lie the cromlech and circle of stone.

10 The funeral pyre of the widows
No hand shall re-kindle again;
The fires of the Aztec and Persian
Are quenched in the blood of the slain.

11 For a light has arisen to lighten
The isles of the Gentiles afar;
And nations shall flock to its risings
And worship the bright "Morning Star."

12 'Tis the herald of glorious dawning,
The "Day Star" of life from on high:
In the blaze of its light the proud Crescent
Wanes apace in the Orient sky

13 On the slopes of the myth-haunted Ida,
O'er the Ægean isles of the sea,
In the ruin-strewn, seven-hilled city,
Has dawned the glad life of the free.

14 In the courts of the guarded Zenana,
Where the voice of the world is unheard,
Brave woman has ventured to carry
The news of the Life-giving Word.

15 O'er the islands that gem the Pacific,
O'er the snow-crested hills of the North,
O'er Ceylon, with its garden-like beauty,
The gospel of light has gone forth.

16 To the heathenish millions of Afric
Is dawning a glorious day;
It has pierced the dark Indian jungle,
And the idol-sown coast of Malay.

17 And the angels that crowded the heavens,
To bear the glad news of His birth,
Shall rejoice with the Lord, "when He cometh"
To gather the ransomed of earth.

18 O reapers, arise to the harvest!
And gather in sheaves while you may,
Cry aloud in the ear of the sleeper,
For brief are the hours of his day.

19 And dark is the fate that awaits you,
O reapers of life or of death!
If you have no share in the harvest,
When "His glory shall fill the whole earth."

MRS. WALTER I. MAYO.
Leavenworth, Kansas. 1884.

THE TREASURES OF DARKNESS

"I will give thee the secret of darkness and hidden riches of secret places." — Is. xlv: 3.

1 What shall I give to thee,
Daughter, low kneeling,
Kneeling and seeking for blessings divine?
Ask what thou wilt of Me —
Mercy and healing?
Peace and the joy I have promised to Mine?

2 Nay, as the sun and air
Freely *they're* flowing
Unto each soul bought by sacrifice free;
Richer the gifts, more rare,
Passing all knowing,
Child of my inner heart, give I to thee.

3 Treasures of darkness, lo!
Now do I offer,
Gems at whose lustre all crown jewels pale,
Rubies with fire aglow,
Gold from my coffer,
Spices and odors that lade every gale.

4 Ask of Me, ask of Me
Strength for their holding,
Hands that can bravely such riches enfold,
Eyes that undazzled see
Wonders unfolding,
Ears to hear music that cannot be told.

5 Only pure feet may tread
Steady and fearless
Down the steep steppings that lead to that mine;
Only faith conquers dread,
Pure-eyed and peerless,
Seeing through cloud-veils the perfect sunshine.

6 Down in the darkness lie
Rubies whose lustre
Mirrors that blood which can cleanse every stain;
Diamonds their brilliancy
Flash from each cluster —
Tears that have rainbowed the sunshine again.

7 Sapphires of truth there be
Blue as the morning,
Milky white pearls and the fair opal's dyes,
Types of true purity,
False meanness scorning,
Red gold of holiness dropped from the skies.

8 Burning by night and day
Down in the darkness,
Fiercely the furnace flames lick up the gold;
Fair are the forms that lay
Polished and chiselled,
Carven work, beaten work, work from the mould.

9 Patience and peace are there;
Sorrow and doubting,
Pain's sharpest weapons have fashioned their form;
Hope, love and trusting prayer,
Gladness and shouting,
Grow best in darkness, wax strongest in storm.

10 So will I give to thee,
Daughter, low kneeling,
All My choice treasures hid safe in the mine;
So every bell shall be
Joyfully pealing,
Turned to the glory and bliss that is thine.

MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

GOD'S ROSES.

I. THE FAMINE.

1 The land was rung by famine;
Its pitiless grip of pain
Crushed out the strength of manhood,
The life of heart and pain.

2 So long the fiend of hunger
By each bleak hearth-stone stood,
With wild eyes fierce and longing,
With gaunt hands asking food,

3 That wild from their home the people
Rushed forth in the hungry air;
The pitiless blue of Heaven
But mocked at their despair.

4 They went to castle and convent,
Where dwelt the great and good,
And begged, for love of Mary,
A single morsel of food.

5 So, shrieking still for mercy
Through days of dreary length,
They came to where the Wartburg
Looked down in massive strength.

6 With deep eyes dim with pity,
With white hands strong with love,
With hair like a saintly glory,
The countess looked from above.

7 She sold her broad possessions,
And when these would not suffice,
She sold her robes and jewels,
And gave the poor the price.

8 Then came to the count his mother,
And his sister, proud and cold:
"My son, thy thoughtless countess
Her lands and gems hath sold.

9 "Of her ancient line forgetful,
With recreant hand she flings
Among those worthless beggars
A wealth to ransom kings."

10 Then the count rose up in anger,
To his trembling wife he spake:
"No more of this, my Lisbeth,
I charge thee, for my sake."

11 But too strong in her was pity
To heed her lord's command,
And daily her stinted largess
She gave with eager hand.

II. THE MIRACLE.

1 The sweetest saint, Elizabeth,
Down from the castle stept;
Like clouds around the glorious moon
Her mantle round her swept:
And like a halo round her brows
Shimmered her golden hair;
And like an angel in God's light,
Her face was saintly fair.

2 And underneath her mantle's fold
She hid with trembling care
A basket stored with scraps of food,
For the beggars starving there;
Her blue eyes wide with terror,
Her heart with fear oppress,
She trembles like a timid bird,
The spoiler near its nest.

3 And the people watched her coming down,
Like a light seen through the storm,
And all the brightness in the air
Gathered round her form,
And unseen angels at her side
Moved noiseless down the path,
When sudden from concealing trees
Count Louis burst in wrath.

4 In courtly terms he greeted her,
But his brow was stern with gloom:
"What hid'st thou 'neath thy mantle fold?
Roses in crimson bloom?"
Then the sweet wife Elizabeth
All trembling bent her head,
To hide her terrors and her tears,
"God's roses, count," she said.

5 Then darker grew Count Louis' frown;
"Nay, by my troth," he spoke,
"'T is scraps for thy filthy beggars!"
And tare away the cloak;
And lo! beneath the round, white arm
Where the crusts had lain concealed,
The royal roses incense breathed
In dewy bloom revealed.

6 Then grave and kind grew Louis' face;
"Nay, 'Lisbeth, go thy ways;
Ill shall it fare henceforth with him
Who speaks in thy dispraise."
And down the ages, while the fames
Of king and kaiser faint,
Still lives her name in grateful hearts,
Elizabeth, the saint.

III. GOD'S ROSES NOW.

1 The while our sisters' hopeless hearts
Drag on 'mid pain and strife,
Shall we not freely send them
The blessèd bread of Life?
Yea, some as fair, as saintly
As sweet Elizabeth,
Have given home and loved ones,
Have faced a lonely death;

2 Have suffered loss of all things,
To bear their glorious Lord
To souls that sit in darkness,
And wait His kindling word;
And we who keep our pleasant homes,
Our lives with comfort stored,
Who give but scraps and fragments
From our abundant board,

3 Even these, if freely given,
With fervent prayers and true,
Our glorious Lord shall bless them,
His mighty work to do;
Transferred by His sweet miracle,
Each gift in beauty grows,
Till the wilderness shall brighten,
And blossom as the rose.

MRS SHOUP.

* Read before the Woman's Presbyterian Board Foreign Missions of the Northwest, at the eleventh annual meeting, 1882.

*THE BRIDE'S OUTFIT.

Dr. Coan gives the following incident, as having occurred among the Nestorian Christians of Persia, during the great financial panic in America in 1857: "All our great missionary societies were crippled, and the cry of retrenchment was borne passionately across to the foreign fields; workers were discharged and missions closed. Report of the trouble came to the Nestorians, and they instantly summoned an assembly to consider how they might act so as to bestow help most quickly and effectively. The meeting was called to order by an aged believer, who began the conference by a distinct allusion to the costliness of their wedding ceremonies in those Oriental lands. He insisted that young people might be married in plainer costumes.

What followed at their meeting, and their plans for help, as stated briefly by Dr. C., have been thrown into the simple verses here given:

1 The clouds hung low in the Persian sky,
Where gathered a little band,
In sorrow and fear, this word to hear
From the far, free Western land.

2 "We've no more to give and no more to pledge;
Distress and misfortune reign;
Men's hearts are failing them for fear,
And the land reels with the strain.

3 "Withdraw the workers from every field,
Their books from the children take;
Retrench — cut down — remove — disband —
The outposts backward stake."

4 Tears fell like rain 'mid the little band,
When outspoke the leader old:
"'T is the Master's work, and it must not fail —
We may have both silver and gold.

5 "But we have it only if loving hearts
Are ready for crosses and pain;
Behold before us the blessèd way,
If but pride and self are slain.

6 "Our brides go decked for the marriage-rite,
In costly and brave array,
In beauty of silver and gold and pearl
They shine for the joyous day.

7 "But behold the Church, the Bride of our King,
As she goes to His palace of light;
She goes in the storm with her poor, bare feet,
In rags and scorn and despite.

8 "Did ever a bride in such meanest array,
To so royal a husband repair?
Let us robe her anew, as befitteth the King;
His Bride for His palace prepare."

9 Then the loving little Nestorian band
Caught the glowing Orient speech,
And promise and pledge in beautiful word
Went quickly from each to each.

10 "A ring she must have, a shining pearl,
It shall be my gift," said one;
Said another, then, "For her journey long,
To shield her from storm and sun,

11 She will need a veil — I will cover the face
Of this fair, sweet Bride of a King."
Still another spoke — "But she must not walk;
A sure, swift steed *I* will bring."

12 "O Prince's daughter," rang soft and clear,
"How beautiful are thy feet!
If she ride, she must have the richer shoes;
They shall be for her station meet."

13 In a grave, sweet way, still another voice
Took the circling symbol up:
"The wine of the Kingdom, so rich and pure,
She shall drink from a golden cup."

14 "And what shall she eat on the wearisome way?"
Said the leader, questioning still.
"The sweetest fruit of my vineyard," said one,
"From the sunniest spot on the hill."

15 "Can a maiden her ornaments e'er forget?"
'T was the voice of a fair young girl —
"I will give my own for this queenly bride,
Silver and agate and pearl."

16 "I have nothing to give but a poor worn mat,"
From his poverty then spake one,
"But perhaps the Queen would step upon that,
When her long day's ride is done."

17 Now, Mar Yohannan, their ruler, sat
In silence, amid them there;
No word had escaped him, unless, perhaps,
He were saying an inward prayer.

18 Then the leader cried, with a piercing glance
On the royal guest cast down:
"Who gives for this daughter of a King,
And this bride of a Prince, a crown?"

19 Then Mar Yohannan, where he sat,
Upraised his princely hand:
"Right royally with a crown," said he,
"Shall the Bride go through my land."

20 So the clouds were cleared from the Persian sky,
And the earnest Nestorian band
With their precious offerings thrilled the heart
Of the far, free Western land,

21 Where silver and gold, and wealth untold,
Are heaped, or scattered, or stored,
So much poured out for self and the world,
So little for Christ, the Lord.

22 Ah! surely, the Prince's beautiful Bride
Goes crownless through many a land,
Nor ring, nor veil, nor a golden cup,
Is offered from many a hand.

23 Ah! *empty* hands, with never a gift,
With sacrifice never the least,
Will the King reach down *full* hands to you,
When He calls to the marriage feast?

MRS. E. H. JOHNSON.

PARAPHRASE.

Isaiah vi: 1, 8. Rev. iv.

1 Behold an open door! behold a throne
Was set in Heaven, and One
Like to a jasper and a sardine stone,
Who sat thereon!

2 I saw the twenty elders and the four;
The seven fires never dim;
I saw the six wings, full of eyes, which bore
The Seraphim.

3 They cry, with covered feet and veiléd face;
Nor seest they night nor day—
"Holy, thrice holy, He which is, and was,
And is alway!"

4 Then said I, "Woe is me, a man unclean,
Biding in evil coasts,
For lo! my sinful eyes the King have seen,
The Lord of hosts."

5 Whereat, a Seraph from the midmost light
Flew with a living coal,
Which touched my lips. "Now," said he, "thou art white,
Sinless and whole."

6 Also, I heard the Voice say, "Who will go,
Or who my angel be?"
Still burning from the touch, I answer "Lo!
Thy child, send me!"

SUSAN HAYES WARD.

Mrs. Walter L. Mayo,

THE RESURRECTION FLOWER.*

1 Centuries old is this flower of the desert,
Born 'neath the blaze of a tropical sky;
Tossed by the breath of the burning sirocco,
Left on the sand-drifts, to wither and die.

2 Bought with a price from the wandering Arab;
Chief of my treasures, I give thee a place;
Touched by the scent of the life-giving water,
Unfold thy dark petals in beauty and grace.

3 It seemed as a trick of the wily magician,
Or a glimpse from the "gates" that are always
"ajar;"
And I fancy it rich in the lore of the pilgrim,
Away in the land of the "Book" and the "Star."

4 Now do I know thee, mysterious stranger,
Symbol of life in the ages gone by;
Spanning the tomb of the weary Crusader:
Guarding the dust where the brave heroes lie.

5 Slumbering ages are wrapped in thy bosom;
Mute are the secrets locked close in thy cell;
Our past is a wilderness, peopled with shadows,
Dark flower of the Desert, thy silence is well.

* It has lately been discovered that the flower carved on the tomb of the Crusader is the "Resurrection Flower."

MRS. WALTER L. MAYO.
Leavenworth, Kansas, 1884.

THE TAPESTRY WORKERS.

1 "Carry me out, my brethren;
For I can work no more,
Carry me out to meet Him —
My Master at the door!
The sun is slowly setting,
And the old man's eyes are dim,
And the task He gave is finished;
Carry me out to Him!

2 "The task He gave is finished:
I mind when it began,
How joyously and swiftly
The busy moments ran:
In ardor for His service,
Methought I wrought so well
That e'en His own appointings
I should at last excel.

3 "But through my vain ambition
There fell the hand divine,
That quietly effaced it—
My dearly-loved design.
And whilst I sore lamented
For beauty swept away,
'More beauty hath obedience,'
I heard the Master say.

4 "Then I was still, my brethren,
And turned to toil anew,
Leaving to Him the guidance,
Whose plans are sure and true;
And though to trace His pattern
At times I vainly tried,
My heart found rest remembering
He sees the other side.

5 "I sat behind the canvas,
I saw no beauty grow,
I held His own directions—
Enough for me to know;
Many had wider portions
Of clearer, brighter hue,
But the old man in the corner
The Master needed too.

6 "And if nor gain nor glory
Shine out from this my weft,
Still He will not be angry—
I did the task He left.
And now that I am helpless,
And weary is my frame,
My brethren, in the distance
I hear Him call my name."

7 They bore the old man gently
Forth from the working-room,
Forth from the ended labor,
Forth from the silent loom;
And down a voice came floating,
A voice serene and blest;
"Oh! good and faithful servant!
Enter thou into rest.

8 "Long, long in patient duty
Thy yearning soul was tried;
Open thine eyes to beauty
Upon the other side!
Behind the canvas toiling,
Thou did'st not dream of this,
That every shadow-tangle
Wrought out eternal bliss.

9 "And every thread mysterious
Into the pattern given,
Was waving rich perfection
Of love and life in heaven.
Now rise thou to the glory
By lowly hearts possessed,
Who but fulfill my bidding,
And leave to me the rest!"

MARGARET SCOTT MACRITCHIE.
"Sunday Magazine."

"HE SHALL NOT FAIL NOR BE DISCOURAGED."

Isaiah xlii 4.

1 Faint-hearted and weak are the children of men,
O'ercome and discouraged again and again;
Over and over we falter and fail,
Crying out, "What doth our labor avail?"
Verily, then, did the triumph depend
Only on this, that we "hope to the end,"
Dark were the prospect of joy and salvation,
Pledged and foretold for each sin-ruined nation.

2 Nay, upon One that is mightier than we,
Wait all the lands and the isles of the sea.
Hark to this word for the weak and the tried,
Hearken, then hasten to work at His side: —
"He shall not be discouraged and He shall not fail;
Till judgment and truth in all kingdoms prevail."
In faithful endeavor, in patient endurance,
Let us "lean hard" on this gracious assurance.

JUNIATA.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

[Addressed to an audience of heathen women in a zenana.]

Silent and still they waited, pressing close
Round the "white lady," those poor Indian wives
Who have no joy in life, no hope in death;
Waited with languid eagerness to hear
That which might pass the time — the promised tale
Of the great God of England, who, 't was said,
Loved them, loved *them*, the poor zenana slaves.
Scarce seemed it possible, but "Silence now,
Hush! and the lady will begin her tale!"
Deep silence fell, and thus the lady spoke: —

God the Father, who hath loved us, from His home of central light, — 2 Thess. ii: 16.
Saw that all the world was lying in the gloom of sin's dark night,

And it grieved His loving spirit, that when man in Adam fell, — Gen. iii: 6, and
He had doomed himself thenceforward to the "living death" of hell. — 1 Cor. xv: 22.

God, the holy, gracious Spirit, in His wisdom made a plan
By which justice might be answered, and yet life be given to man.

"Life and peace might yet be given unto Adam's fallen race, — Rom. v: 12.
If" said He, "some sinless saviour would but suffer in man's place."

All the earth was searched, but vainly; vainly 'mid the angels too,
Till the dear Lord Jesus offered the redemptive work to do.

So He came, our blesséd Saviour, as a little Child to earth, — Matt. i: 21.
And a manger was His cradle, in a stable, at His birth. — Luke ii: 7.

Not round Him were courtiers thronging, not for Him were satins spread,
Only cattle mute, adoring, waited round His manger-bed.

Day by day in stature growing, meek, obedient, good and mild, — Luke ii: 40 and 52.
Evermore our "childhood's pattern" grew the holy, pure Christ-Child.

Nazareth's unnoticed cottage was a happy, holy place, — Matt. ii: 23.
For all sunbeams seemed to linger round that sweetly thoughtful face.

Then as years and months swift passing, all His childhood's days were o'er,
As a carpenter He labored, seated by the workshop door. — Mark vi: 3.

Thus He toiled for many summers, Joseph's son despised and poor, — John vi: 42.
Doing little deeds of kindness, noticed not till done no more.

Till when thirty years He numbered, He His public life began, — Luke iii: 23.
When He proved at Cana's marriage He was more than only man. — John ii: 11.

By that miracle He shadowed, how He can by power divine
Change the waters of life's duties into joy's delicious wine.

Then He left His home to carry sunshine to each dreary spot,
Came unto His own, who, faithless, scorned Him and received Him not. — John i: 11.

Never weary, ever patient, aye, He preached the Father's love, — Luke viii: 1.
Ever strove to guide their footsteps to the Paradise above.

So He trod the land of Canaan, leaving many a trace behind, — Mark x: 16.
Healed the sick and blessed the children, raised the dead and cured the blind. — Matt. xi: 5.

But though all His deeds were kindly, travelling thus and doing good, — Acts x: 38.
There were those who hated Jesus, tried to harm Him all they could.

So at last they took our Saviour as a prisoner to be tried, — Matt. xxvii: 2.
And the governor, to please them, said He should be crucified. — Mark xv: 15.

Then the soldiers scourged and mocked Him, clothed in purple robe of scorn, — Mark xv: 15, 17.
Gave the "King" a reed for sceptre, for a crown — a crown of thorn. — Matt. xxvii: 29.

To His death-place then they led Him, up on Calvary's green hill,
Drove the nails, ah, rough and ruthless! through his quivering flesh and chill. — Luke xxiii: 32, 33.

Through the burning noon He hung there, nailed to the "accurséd tree,"
Agonized in soul and body, that from such we might be free. — Isaiah li: 9.

Round the soldiers jeered and mocked Him, "King of Judah, now arise!" Luke xxiii: 36, 37.
"Father, pardon them!" He murmured, looking up with pleading eyes. Luke xxiii: 34.
Self-forgetful, ready ever to assuage another's grief,
Peace and pardon He accorded to the blest, repentant thief. Luke xxiii: 43.
When His work was all completed, "It is finished!" loud He cried, John xix: 30.
With a last look upward, heavenward, down He bowed His head and died.
There were those who truly loved Him, in whose hearts He *had* found room; Luke ii: 7.
Who with tender, reverend fingers laid Him in a new-made tomb. John xix: 41, 42.
There He rested, sleeping calmly, after the long toil of life;
Till He rose on Easter morning, Victor over death and strife. Mark xvi: 6.
With His friends awhile He tarried, gracious, loving as before,
Then, 'mid angel hosts, cloud-veiled, He returned to heaven once more. Acts i: 9.
Now He lives and reigns in glory, and for sinful man He pleads; 1. Peter iii: 21, 22.
He who died from hell to save us, there forever intercedes. Hebrews vii: 25.
Think how great the love and pity, superhuman grand and high,
That could lead the Lord of Glory for the sake of man to die.
For it was for foes and rebels that He left His throne above,
And instead of awful judgments He would conquer us by love.
He will gather in His kingdom, in the blessèd land of light,
All who truly love and please Him, all whose hearts are clean and white.
Though our hearts are vile by nature, deeply stained with sin and woe,
He will cleanse us if we ask Him, and will make them white as snow.
Hark! He speaks to you, my sisters, says to each one "Come to Me,
Give to Me thy heart and love Me, in My love I died for thee."
He, the Ruler, the Almighty, Lord of angel hosts above,
Stoops to call you to His presence, deigns to ask you for your love.
By His life of ministration, by His death at noonday dim,
By His agony and sufferings, heed His call and come to Him.

Silence still reigned unbroken till she stopped;
Then from the furthest corner of the room
Came a low voice, feeble and choked with sobs—
"Lord Jesus, Saviour! Thou the only one
Who ever lovedst me, receive." She paused;
Quickly they went to her. "She wanders oft
She has been ill so long," they said—then stopped,
Whispering, "Hush! she's dead!" Yes, young in years,
But old in woe, a widow—she had left
Earth's life unloving for heaven's loving life.
Jesus the Saviour, the all-pitiful,
Had heard her prayer, and had received her soul.

A Prize Poem by
EDITH A. MAYO, (aged 18) of England. About 1880.

MARTHA

1 Mount Olivet was crowned with gold,
Rose petals opened, fold on fold;
Flashing with drops of dew;
But of their honeyed heart's delight,
Of glowing day and dewy night,
Poor Martha little knew.

2 The dull, hard tasks that must be done
Before the day's swift course was run,
To make home bright and fair,
The service no one thinks to praise,
Yet all blame if it fail — always
Was anxious Martha's share.

3 Cumbered with service! Troubled heart!
Oh! not for her "the better part,"
Of folded hands and calm.
Mayhap the fret of toil had cost
Her spirit's peace, her lips had lost
The power to chant a psalm.

4 To make the loved ones warm for bliss,
Yet all the sweetest joy to miss
Of love's supreme accord;
Never a tale hath poet told
More sad than this plain story old
Of Martha and our Lord.

ELIZABETH CUMMINGS,
Evanston, Ill.

PRISCILLA AQUILA AND PAUL.

1 Methought on Corinth's citadel,
I gazed far down the strand,
Where twice a thousand feet below,
The fair fleets sail and land;
Where half across the Isthmian plain,
The mountain's shadows chase,
And clasp a thousand domes and towers
Within their close embrace.
I looked, and lo! three other forms
Beside me on the wall;
Priscilla one, Aquila one,
And one the saintly Paul.

2 They stood and viewed the stately ships
Come back from Tyre and Rome,
The black-prowed argosies from Ind,
Bear gold and spices home;
I saw them scan the western shores,
Where high Parnassus shines,
Above the Delphian oracles,
Above the Delphian shrines.
"O Christ, be pitiful to these!"
They said, both one and all—
Priscilla one, Aquila one,
And one the saintly Paul.

3 Unto the East I saw them turn,
And gaze with wondering eyes,
Where, gleaming on the Athenian heights,
Minerva's altars rise.
There on the bay fair Athens lifts
Her temples to the sun—
And, thither pointing, Paul relates
The mighty works there done;
How, on the summit of Mars' Hill,
Beneath Minerva's throne,
He mocked the wrath of all the gods
Proclaiming ONE UNKNOWN.
They bowed their heads and blessed His name,
Who loves both great and small;
Priscilla one, Aquila one,
And one the saintly Paul.

4 Below us the Saronic gulf
Lays dimpling in the sun,
For fertile islands reaching down
Unto the fair Colonne;
At right of us Lepanto laughs,
Beside thy Sycion shore,
And all between the olive yards,
And vineyards purpling o'er,
And lemon groves and citron,
And orange rows and corn,
And cyprus for the Isthmian crowns
For heroes newly born.
"It is a plenteous land and fair,"
They spake both one and all—
Priscilla one, Aquila one,
And one the saintly Paul.

5 There, Neptune's mighty colonnades
Above the Stadium rise,
Where Greece sends down her knightliest youths
To struggle for the prize;
And there, upreaching step by step,
The theatre of stone—
And hugging close the Isthmic wall
The tower of Palaemon,
It is a goodly sight I ween,
This city of two seas—
A queen between two lovers set—
The citadel of Greece.
"May Christ pour out His Spirit here,"
They prayed both one and all—
Priscilla one, Aquila one,
And one the saintly Paul.

6 Then spake the great Apostle:
"Across yon liquid blue
There rise as glorious cities
As any now we view;
As precious to that Saviour
Who said, 'Go, tell of me
Unto the lands and kingdoms
In the lands beyond the sea.'
Now ye, most wise Priscilla,
And Aquila, go with me,
Then even there at Ephesus,
As here at Corinth, we
May name the name of Jesus,
Where great Diana's shrined,
Till the ashes of her temples
Shall be scattered with the wind."
I heard the twain take up their vows,
Unto the solemn call;
Priscilla one, Aquila one,
And one the saintly Paul.

7 And now from busy Cenchrea,
Fair Corinth's strong right arm,
Where Phœbe and the brethren give
A God-speed, sad but warm;
Across the Ægean waters blue,
Among her thousand isles,
They sail and sail, until beyond
The Ephesian harbor smiles
Diana's glittering colonnades,
Reflecting back the sun,
From capitols, and cornices,
And friezes, one by one.
And there from house to house they taught
The people, one and all;
Priscilla one, Aquila one,
And one the saintly Paul.

8 O Paul, beneath thy rods and stripes,
In perils on the deep,
In perils from an hundred ills,
That slumber not nor sleep,
In weariness and watchings,
In hungerings oft and thirst,

In nakedness, in agony
From unbelief accurst,
How blessed in such love to share,
Such home thy home to call—
Priscilla one, Aquila one,
And one the saintly Paul.

9 God only knoweth all they wrought,
In that Ephesian town;
Priscilla and Aquila,
Beloved in renown.
Now toiling on with busy hands,
Now jeopardizing all,
Instructors of Apollos,
Co-laborers with Paul.
God only knoweth how at Rome
They cheered the martyr's heart,
Now ready to be offered
In that clamorous Roman mart.
Methinks the three together walked
Beyond that city's wall—
Priscilla one, Aquila one,
And one the sentenced Paul.

10 At Rome, upon the Ostian way,
Caius Cestius' tomb
Still lifts its lofty cenotaph,
Amidst the surrounding gloom;
And thence, down all the centuries,
Has come the martyr's plea,
"Priscilla greet, Aquila greet,
Ye churches yet to be!"
They bore his body hence, with tears,
When he had suffered all—
Priscilla one, Aquila one,
And one the martyred Paul.

11 Again on Corinth's mount I stand,
And view the land below,
The idol temples in the dust
Are crumbled long ago;
And where the three together stood,
A thousand thousand stand,
And sail, and sail to golden shores,
Beyond the Ephesian strand.
But still we hear the voice of Paul
Unto all people call:
"Priscilla greet, Aquila greet,
That Christ be all in all."

KATE B. SHERWOOD.
Toledo, Ohio. 1882.

TYRE.

Ezekiel xxvii.

1 Thou art high in thy glory, thou Queen of the sea!
And nations are bringing their tribute to thee;
Not a region of earth but has heard of thy fame,
Thou merchant of nations, thou mart of the main!

2 Of fir-trees from Senir thy ship-boards are made;
Lebanus for thee is despoiled of her shade;
And Bashan hath lent thee invincible oaks,
And ivory is purchased from Citium's coast.

3 Fine linen from Egypt to thee has been brought,
Blue and purple from Elisha's isles thou hast sought;
Her mariners, Zidon was proud to lend thee;
Thy own wise men have guided thy ships o'er the sea.

4 The riches of ocean are seen in thy fairs,
Thou hast traded with Damus in multiplied wares;
Rare spices and jewels by Ramah are lent,
And gold from the plenty of Sheba is sent.

5 Thou shalt fall from thy glory, thou Queen of the sea!
The Lord by His prophet proclaims it of thee;
And nought shall avail thee, thy pomp and thy wealth,
When the wrath of Jehovah pursues thee to death.

6 Now, come ye and mourn for the ruin of Tyre!
The Chaldean comes in the strength of his ire;
A dark pile of ruins alone doth remain
Where once stood that city, the pride of the main!

But see! from a wreck it hath risen again!

7 As the sun which was veiled by the vapors of heaven,
Bursts forth with new light, when those vapors are riven,
Lo, the mists which obscured thee, no sooner removed,
Than thou shinest again but with splendor renewed.

8 All nations are bringing to thee of their store,
Thy glory is greater than ever before;
Even Judah, despised, has heard of thy power,
And the land thou has scorned, forwards gifts to thy shore.

9 Though honors surround thee, and wealth seems thy stay,
And again o'er the ocean thou holdest thy sway,
Alas! for thy pride hath returned with thy might,
'T will immerge thee ere long in oblivion's dark night.

10 Now, hear from the prophet the mandate of God.—
Yes, listen, O monarch, awhile to his word.
Thou hast gotten the riches of silver and gold,
Thou hast numbered thy treasures till they are untold.

11 Yes perfect in wisdom and beauty thou art,
And this has exalted the pride of thy heart;
Thy palace is lined with bright gems of the sea,
They reflect, as thou walkest, their radiance on thee.

12 But heed, O vain monarch, this warning, and fear,
For soon shall be finished thy sinful career:
The Lord is against thee, O king! for thy hurt.—
Thou canst not the sword of His vengeance avert.

13 Now quickly, Gammadim, bring hither your shield;
Oh! come from your high towers, your war weapons wield.
And hasten, Oh! hasten, each brave Arvadite,
For Macedon's lion hath come in his might.

11 Since Tyre thou art guilty, and guilty thy king,
The Almighty hath sent him to punish thy sin;
His earthly abode thou hast dared to profane,
And can He the hand of His vengeance restrain?

15 She has gathered around her her own warlike host,
Like the sands of the ocean they compass her coast,
And Persia has lent her brave men of might,
They haste to the combat; they rush in the fight;
Now swiftly their grapple they hurl from the wall,
And widely around their catapultas fall.

16 Now, deep as the purple for which she was famed,
In her desolate streets flows the blood of her slain;
She is fallen, alas! and the victor may ride
Triumphant o'er wrecks of the splendor and pride.

17 The waves now are troubled the lone bark to meet,
Which once were obscured by thy numberless fleets;
Where proud ships have anchored beneath thy tall cliffs,
Nought is seen to approach but the fishermen's skiffs.

18 No more shall the nations bring thee of their store,
They shall speak of thy riches and glory no more;
That night hath no morning which settles on thee,
Thou merchant of nations! thou Queen of the sea!

CHARLOTTE AUGUSTA SMITH. Born 1820.
Written at the age of 17 years. Died at 19.
Stonington, Conn.

THE HEAVENLY SECRET.

1 I ponder oft the wondrous things
On Patmos' isle in vision shown:
The trumpet voice, the seven stars,
The lamps of fire before the throne;
The book which Judah's Lion loosed,
With awful secrets, seal by seal,
The golden vials, full of wrath,
The seven thunders' fearful peal;

2 With here and there a triumph note,—
The song of Moses and the Lamb,
The multitude before the throne,
With blood-washed robe and crown and palm;
And ending all, the City fair,
Spread out like sunlight far and wide,
With "Whosoever will, may come,"
For last sweet words sent down the tide.

3 But ever, 'mid these mysteries,
Sublime, prophetic, tender, grand,
One precious promise fills my heart,
And binds the book with golden band:
"To him that overcometh"— this
The sweep the benediction takes —
If Sardis, Smyrna, Pergamos,
Your church, or mine, no difference makes.

4 One sole condition binds the gift,
Though struggle sore behind it lie;
A faith, a life that overcomes,—
A warfare unto victory.
And then, reward! A pure white stone,
And in the stone, a secret name,—
A strange new name, and no two stones
Shall bear inscription quite the same.

5 For surely,— thus my musing runs —
Since 't is no name already known,
It cannot be some name of Christ,
Both loved and worn by all His own;
For thus the sacred record reads:
"No man may know it saving he
Who shall receive it,"— his alone
This new and blessèd name shall be.

6 This is the thought that thrills me through:
We have a secret — God and I!
He keeps it now, but unto me
He will reveal it by and by.
And while I wait, my heart still holds
Some fancy, beautiful and fair,
Of what that glad surprise will be,
When He His thought with me shall share.

7 Perhaps some precious name by which
He knows me in His heart of love,
Because of special service given,
Or special grace I've learned to prove;
As wrestling Jacob, after prayer,
Had seal of victory on him set,
In that new name which crowned his seed,
And clings to all God's people yet;

8 And Mary with her broken box
Of fragrance for the burial-day,—
I wonder in what heavenly name
Christ keeps that memory hid away?
Or that poor, lowly child of His
Who of her want gave all she had,—
I wonder what sweet word up there
Translates that deed, to make her glad?

9 Or it may be the precious stone,
Like rich intaglio, given to each,
Of Christ shall some impression hold,
Expressing more than any speech;
How in some great emergent hour,
When heart and flesh were failing fast,
He showed us such or such a face,
Till all the fear was overpast;

10 Or once, in some communion hour,
We went with Him up Tabor's steep,
And that transfigured Face, for us
Forevermore the stone will keep.
And thus I muse! I know not what
The secret is — yet still the same,
His thought of me, or mine of Him,
Will sweeter be in that new name.

MRS. DR. HERRICK JOHNSON.

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A CALL TO WORK.

1 Was it a marvel the maiden dead
Straightway should open her wondering eyes,
Soon as she heard what Jesus said —
* "Darling, I say unto thee, arise"?

2 Something like this the tender tone
Hid in the Hebrew's ancient guise,
As in His hand He took her own:
"Darling, I say unto thee, arise."

3 Can she obey or understand,
Wrapt in her grave clothes, as she lies?
Has she the strength to lift a hand?
"Darling, I say unto thee, arise."

4 Does she with tremulous doubtings stir,
Turn with a look of lost surprise,
Waiting to know who spake to her:
"Darling, I say unto thee, arise"?

5 Calls she upon her dearest first,
Father and mother, from whose eyes
Tears, as they in gladness, burst,
"Darling, I say unto thee, arise"?

6 "Nay, I am weak — I cannot" — Was
That what she said in humble wise,
After the words of Christ had pause?
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7 Read what the gospel saith: "Straightway:"
Never a breath of vague surmise, —
Never a moment of delay;
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Nor, as He spake, unclosed her eyes,
Think you the maiden had ever heard,
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Shrouded in death that is deeper lies;
Yet you may hear the same sweet call:
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10 Jesus is speaking to you to-day;
Can you such tender words despise?
Will you not hearken and heed "straightway?"
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* In the original the word embodies a term of endearment.

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Muttered charms in accents wild;
Plied her wizard arts of healing,
Fought the fiends with pagan spell,
While her fervid incantations
With her sobbing rose and fell.

2 Then the gentle missionary
Knelt beside the stricken one,
Shared the mother's bitter weeping,
Soothed the little sufferer's moan;
"Jesus loves you, little baby,"
Murmured o'er and o'er again,
Till the woful heart beside her,
Caught the old and sweet refrain.

3 Seized it with a frenzied grasping,
Thought it some new potent art;
Crushed her sobs to test its magic,
On the baby at her heart.
"Jesus loves my little baby,"
Crooned the wavering, tearful voice,
Oh! sweet miracle of healing!
Poor dark soul, rejoice! rejoice!

4 Dews of sleep are softly dropping
On the little anguished form;
Gleams a rift adown the darkness,
Shines God's rainbow on the storm!
So the door was gently opened,
As of old at Christ's command;
Grateful hearts His gospel welcome,
Life and light come hand in hand.

5 Still as wrought the blest evangel,
Turning darkness into day,
"Jesus loves my little baby!"
Sang the mother's lips alway;
These her words of raptured greeting,
Song of praise and cry of prayer,
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MARY H. FIELD.
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DAY AND NIGHT.

1 Wrapped in glory of noonday sun,
Floats a world of pleasure and mirth:
But few are the robes of sunlight spun
For wear when the beautiful day is done
And night creeps over the earth.

2 Under the blackness of midnight sky,
Hangs a world of grief and lament;
And "Oh! for a garment of light!" they cry,
"We never dreamed that the day could die,
Till the sunshine all was spent!"

3 The days will come and the days will go,
And the nights will ever steal on apace;
And the world will dance in the sun's warm glow,
And weep when the evening shadows grow,
And gone is the sunlight's grace.

4 Oh! haste ye, worldlings, haste to spin
Your garments of shining, immortal gold,
Ready to wear when the shades begin,
And the long, long night of grief shuts in,
Till the splendors of morn unfold.

EMMA [illegible] BOWEN.
Meriden, Ct. 1885

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Ready to wear when the shades begi[n]
And the long, long night of grief s[hall]
Till the splendors of morn unfo[ld]

UNUSED SPICES.

"Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, bringing the spices which they had prepared." Luke xxiv.

1 What said those women as they bore
Their fragrant gifts away—
The spices that they needed not
That resurrection day?

2 Did Mary say within her heart,
Our work has been in vain?
Or counting o'er the spices brought,
Of so much waste complain?

3 Not so, for though the risen Lord
Their spices did not need,
Not unrewarded was the love
That planned the reverent deed.

4 For though unused their fragrant stor ,
Yet well might they rejoice,
Since they the first who saw the Lord,
The first who heard His voice.

5 Sweet story, hast thou not some truth
For my impatient heart—
Some lesson that shall stay with me
Its comfort to impart?

6 Have I not gathered in the past,
In days that are no more,
Of spices sweet and ointment rare,
What seemed a precious store?

7 A little knowledge I had gained,
A little strength and skill—
I thought to use them for the Lord
If such should be His will.

8 Alas! my store unused has been,
The strength I prized hath gone;
My weary hands have lost their skill,
And yet my life goes on.

9 In all the busy work of life
I have but scanty share,
And scanty is the service done
For Him whose name I ear.

10 So many hopes and plans have died
In weariness and pain,
My heart cries out in sore distress,
"Was all my work in vain?"

11 Be still, sad heart, thy hopes and plans
Are known to One divine;
He knoweth all thou wouldst have done,
Had greater strength been thine.

12 My unused spices! Dearest Lord,
They were prepared for Thee,
Yet if for them Thou hast no need,
Let love my offering be.

"Christian Observer."

GOLDEN-ROD.

"Surely there is a place for gold."

1 In the tent of the Lord there was gold;
The lamps with their branches and flowers;
And the wings of the cherubim — sweet
As doves in a garden of bowers —
Spreading over the mercy-seat,
The altar of incense, bright
As stars in some tropical night,
In the tent of the Lord were of gold.

2 There is gold on the shadowy hills;
The powdery petals that cling
In the dust of a thousand sprays,
Fine as a cherub's beaten wing
In the temple's light ablaze,
Gleam like the altar of our God
In the bloom of the golden-rod;
There is gold on the shadowy hills.

3 There is surely a place for the gold:
In the desolate depths of mines,
In each spray of the golden-rod
With its fair and feathery lines,—
In the tabernacle of God,
The temple of every heart,
Where an angel dwells apart,
There is surely a place for the gold.

ELLA BEARDSLEY.
Chelsea, Mass., October 6, 1883.

MENTONE.

"And there was given unto them a short time before they went forward."

1 Upon this sunny shore
A little space for rest. The care and sorrow,
Sad memory's haunting pain that would not cease,
Are left behind. It is not yet to-morrow.
To-day there falls the dear surprise of peace;
The sky and sea, their broad wings round us sweeping,
Close out the world, and hold us in their keeping.
A little space for rest. Ah! though soon o'er,
How precious it is on the sunny shore.

2 Upon this sunny shore
A little space for love, while those, our dearest,
Yet linger with us ere they take their flight
To that far world which now doth seem the nearest,
So deep and pure this sky's down-bending light.
Slow, one by one, the golden hours are given
A respite ere the earthly ties are riven,
When left alone, how, 'mid our tears, we store
Each breath of their last days upon this shore.

3 Upon this sunny shore
A little space to wait: the life-bowl broken,
The silver cord unloosed, the mortal name
We bore upon this earth by God's voice spoken,
While at the sound all earthly praise or blame,
Our joys and griefs, alike with gentle sweetness
Fade in the dawn of the next world's completeness,
The hour is Thine, dear Lord; we ask no more,
But wait Thy summons on the sunny shore.

MARGARET SEVERINE.
"Harper's Magazine."

MISSIONARY HYMNS.

BY MRS. SARAH J. RHEA.

RETIRED MISSIONARY FROM PERSIA.

It is a matter of sincere rejoicing, that our Lord's providence has led to the compilation of Missionary Hymns by woman. The truly excellent hymns in the possession of the church on the glorious theme of the world's redemption have been very few. The search for such at Missionary Annual Meetings, and on great occasions having for their motto "This one thing I do," has always been harassing and disappointing. Heber's "From Greenland's icy mountains," Perronet's "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and Mrs. Johnson's "The whole wide world for Jesus," are the best we have had in common use; and we need more of the same kind. We need hymns of true poetic spirit burning with the hidden fires of eloquence and devotion, that will lighten and warm the heart of every singer and every hearer; that will humble man, and reveal and exalt and glorify Christ, the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world; that will fulfill His own words, and lift Him up so that all men shall be drawn unto Him.

We never get any adequate conception of Christ as a KING, except by the work of Foreign Missions, its aims and finished results. Its consummation is His universal coronation. The hymns should be enthusiastic and inspiring, sometimes gentle and soft like a still small voice with a personal call; sometimes with a martial ring for the summoning of the clans, or the leading forth, conquering and to conquer, of the great army of God, following the Captain of our Salvation.

They ought to be hymns so full of Apocalyptic glory that they will do to sing through all time and eternity too — and, having served their purpose on earth, bear repetition by the "redeemed from every nation" even in Heaven around the throne of God. Such songs, for aught we know, are current there now; surely our sweet "Coronation" would fit the golden harps right well! To write such hymns, requires a special inspiration, a nearness to the cross as a centre, and from that, a wide outlook to the very circumference of the earth. They should not only glow with love, but be heroic, their faith sublime, invincible! expressing the very feelings of Abraham's heart, when he counted the innumerable stars; of Moses' heart when he led the hosts of Israel through the sea; of the hearts of Miriam, Hannah and Mary as they chanted their sweet songs of thankfulness; of Joshua's heart encompassing invulnerable Jericho; of the hearts of Deborah and Barak as they triumphantly led forth the hosts of Israel from the oppression of Jabin; of David's heart, running toward Goliath; Elisha's heart on Carmel; Daniel's, among the lions; Isaiah's when he identified the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief with the Wonderful Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace; Paul's heart; Christ's own heart, when He said: "All power is given unto Me, in Heaven and in earth, go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, and lo! I am with you alway." I have a high idea of what missionary hymns should be, and I am heartily glad of this sincere effort to raise the standard; and while, like the rest of the sisterhood, I would not believe in a book for practical use which is made up entirely of the hymns of either sex to the exclusion of the other, I yet rejoice that this move has been made to collect in one volume, for a reference book, the best that woman has done in this direction to the praise and glory of her Saviour and Risen Lord.

"Come, Holy Spirit, aid this work,
Come, Angels, help us sing."

Lake Forest, Illinois, Nov., 1884.

THE LORD IS KING.

From the isles of the sea cometh tidings of Thee,
From the vine-mantled hills of Cathay,
They have heard of the Lord, they have trusted His word,
A nation is born in a day!

CHORUS.
Then rejoice and sing, for the Lord is King,
His name by His saints is adored;
Rejoice in His light, no darkness, no night,
Rejoice and believe in His word.

2 From the East comes the cry that the Saviour is nigh!
Oh! break forth, all ye lands, in His praise!
With His power and might there is glory and light,
In His hand is the fullness of days.

3 Let Jerusalem sing, for the Lord He is King,
And her bondage is now at an end,
Take her harps from the trees, lift her songs on the breeze
All her voices in harmony blend.

MRS. E. A. F. WOOD WHITE.
In "Good Will" Chicago, Ill., 1882.
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Elizabeth A. Matthews.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Matthews, daughter of Ex. Governor Palmer, Springfield, Ill., and wife of Dr. Matthews of Carlinville, is not only considered one of Illinois' best poets, but she is an earnest Christian worker in both Missionary and Temperance fields of labor, and a true lover of home. Brilliant in personal appearance and conversation, she adorns any position to which she is called.

CONSECRATED MONEY.

1 Look at this little heap of coin,
Dimmed by the rust of years —
Marred by the ceaseless dropping
Of a stricken mother's tears.
Lightly you turn them over,
With your fingers, soft and fair —
Do you know that the hopes of a lifetime
Lie crushed before you there?

2 Years, years ago, when this old gray hair
Was soft, and sunny, and brown,
Into my care, for a little while,
God sent an angel down.
Oh! the bright visions that came to me!
Oh! the sweet dreams of pride!
Fair, very fair, should the future be
For the dear one at my side!

3 She should have riches, and love, and delight,
Her path should be decked with flowers,
My head should plan, and my hands should toil,
That hers might be sunny hours.
Each week, I would carefully hoard away
A sum that would ever increase;
My darling should never know lack of gold,
Nor poverty mar her peace.

4 All that my girlhood's years had missed
Should be her happy lot,
The treasures, for which I had vainly longed,
Should be hers without a thought.
Child of my heart, thou hast left me now!
Yet mine is the granted prayer;
Thou hast the brightness and joy of heaven,
Untroubled by want or care.

5 What my best wisdom could not win,
Father, to her Thou hast given:
Beautiful robes, and raiments white,
The untold glories of heaven.
To me, there are left the empty arms,
The sorrow that will not sleep,
The weary days, and the lonely nights,
And this little golden heap.

6 Take it, dear Father, it is Thine!
Too long has it moldering lain,
Let it bear the tidings of Love Divine,
Let it soothe some sad heart's pain.
It is consecrated to holy use,
Hallowed by prayer and tears,
Hopes of a lifetime, crushed and torn,
Dreams of my summer-years!

7 It was saved for my child, and perhaps, who knows?
It may bear the message of love,
And win some soul from the path of sin,
She may know it, even above —
Know that her mother loves her yet;
It would add to her bliss, even there.
Then go, little, sacred, golden heap
Of Consecrated Care!

MRS. E. A. MATTHEWS.
Carlinville, Ill., 1884.

CHARGE AND ENCOURAGE THEM.

Deut. iii, 28.

1 Charge and encourage them; bid them go forward;
Fair rides the King in the midst of His host;
All His true soldiers fight under a standard
That never was lowered and cannot be lost.

2 Charge and encourage them; thick is the darkness,
Boundless the sorrow they hasten to share;
But the light that is sown shall spring forth as the morning,
And comfort shall visit the homes of despair.

3 Charge and encourage them; cheer the faint-hearted,
Say to the fearful, Be strong for the fight —
Strong with the strength that is perfect in weakness,
Clad by the King in His armor of light.

4 Charge and encourage them; none shall be weary—
None shall be downcast or faint any more,
If only each heart will beat true to the Captain
Whom all the great armies of heaven adore.

5 Charge and encourage them; after the battle,
After the burden and heat of the sun,
Softly shall gather the pale stars of evening,
And thine on the victor whose warfare is won.

6 Fair are the mansions beyond the dark river,
Bright are the crowns of infinite worth,
Sweetest of all the near smile of the Master —
Charge and encourage them — bid them go forth!

B. M., in "India's Women."
1880.

MEXICO

1 O beautiful land, whose azure skies
Are kissed by the waves, where the sunset dies;
O beautiful land, that beseeching stands,
O desolate land, that wringeth her hands,
And calleth for help.

2 "For darkness hath wrapt me around," she saith,
"The darkness of night and shadow of death;
I open my windows toward the East,
And I watch your skies, where night hath ceased,
And long for the light.

3 "My altars are waiting for fires from heaven;
O you to whom light has been freely given,
Bring a lighted torch from the sacred fire
That burns on your own, ere our hearts expire,
And set them aflame."

4 A captive in chains, she shows us her scars,
And stretches her hands through her prison bars,
Implores us to take the resistless sword,
Whose sheath is this jewelled and beautiful Word,
And break them away.

5 Her sons and her daughters famish for bread
That over our table is richly spread;
Can we close our hearts to that thrilling cry?
Shall we give them bread, ere they faint and die
For the Bread of Life?

6 Ay, dying of thirst, at your very doors,
For the water of Life, that is freely yours;
A fountain that springs and is never dry;
Shall they die of thirst, ere they drink? Shall they die,
And water so near?

7 An exile, beholding the lights of home,
She sits in the dark and calls us to come
And show her the Shelter from wind and rain;
She calleth to us,— shall she call in vain,
O brothers, in vain?

MARIA L. EVE
1884.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

1 She wears no jewel upon hand or brow;
No badge by which she may be known of men;
But tho' she walk in plain attire now,
She is the daughter of a King, and when
Her Father calls her at His throne to wait,
She will be clothed as doth befit her state.

2 Her Father sent her in His land to dwell,
Giving to her a work that must be done;
And, since the King loves all His people well,
Therefore she, too, cares for them, every one;
And when she stoops to lift from want and sin,
The brighter shines her royalty therein.

3 She walks erect thro' dangers manifold,
While many sink and fail on either hand;
She heeds not summer's heat nor winter's cold,
For both are subject to the King's command.
She need not be afraid of anything,
Because she is the daughter of the King!

4 Even when the angel comes that men call Death,
And name with terror — it appalls not her;
She turns to look on him with quickened breath,
Thinking, "It is the royal messenger!"
Her heart rejoiceth that her Father calls
Her back, to live within the palace walls.

5 For tho' the land she lives in is most fair,
Set round with streams — a picture in its frame —
Yet in her heart deep, secret longings are
For that mysterious country whence she came.
Not perfect quite seems any earthly thing,
Because — she is the daughter of the King!

REBECCA PALFREY UTTER.
1882.

AT THE KING'S GATE.

1 Morning by morning to his gates I came,
Taking my portion from his liberal store,
Glad of my crumbs, and asking for no more
Scarcely my lips their stammering thanks could frame;
For what was I that I should think to claim
Such audience from the King, whose good ran o'er
To fill each empty soul that sought his door,
And with the blessing spake no word of blame?
But if, some morn, his angel guards had cried:
"The King hath nothing for thy needs to-day,
Since from thy desert life no flowers unfold,
And all thy fields lie barren, far and wide,"
I should have said, and humbly gone my way:
"He is the King, to give or to withhold."
Swift from the shining presence entered One
With spotless robes, of pearl and lilies wrought.
I know not if He spake, or if the thought
Grew in His smile, as blossoms in the sun:
"Why should'st thou come, O child, as beggars come
Who take the gift, but count the love for nought?
This is thy Father's house. For thee He sought,
Waiting thy coming till the day was done.
He careth for thee. Ask for large supplies,
Put on the robe and ring, and cast away
Thy garments stained with tears, with sin defiled;
And if His wisdom all thy prayer denies,
Secure in love, look up and trusting say:
'He is the King, yet am I still His child.'"

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER
St. Paul, Minn. 1880.

THE POWER OF HIS PRESENCE.

Isiah xix : 1.

1 Sitting, silently grouped in the gloaming,
With the light waning soft and faint,
One began, after Orient fashion,
Reciting a legend quaint,
Of Joseph and Mary, wending
Anxious their homeward way,
After the flight into Egypt ; —
How, just at the noon of day,
They paused at a temple portal,
And entered wearily there
To rest ; though it were but brief respite
From the toil, and the highway's glare.
And the babe on Mary's bosom,
Aroused from his rosy sleep,
Looked on pagan priests at worship.
Oh ! did not the holy child weep?
Gold, silver, and porphyry idols!
Temple built of rare, costly stone
Behold! What a wonder! Each image
To the floor falleth instantly prone.
Falleth — before that Presence
Whom the hosts of heaven adore,
Though the Lord divine, an infant,
Humanity's person wore!

2 In a moment of deep despondence,
When all our labor seemed vain,
This legend, which, half forgotten,
Like a withered rose had lain,
Came from mem'ry's realm, with fragrance,
To tell of those same distant lands
Where yet, amid pagan horrors,
The temple of Baal stands.
And the holy hands, that carry
The message of life to them
In the gracious, golden story
Of the Babe of Bethlehem.
Not a human legend merely,
But the blessing of Him who saith,
"Sow ye beside all waters."
These sown in earnest faith,
And sure as His word is eternal,
And He the dear Saviour of all,
So surely His presence is mighty,
And before Him the idols shall fall.

MRS. H. ROSCOE EDGETT.
1880.

"THE CHURCH AT CORINTH."

1 On either side, washed by a flood,
Proud, lofty, grand, old Corinth stood,
Where sinks the royal sun to rest,
'Mid gold and purple of the west.
Ionia's swelling waters bore,
From western lands to Lechium's shore,
The freighted wealth of spicy isles,
Forever warm with summer's smiles.
And thence across the land conveyed,
Till in old Corinth's lap 'twas laid.
Where roseate tints of blushing morn
The Ægean's broad expanse adorn,
And with the wings of sunlight climb
To hights immeasurably sublime,
Behold, from here to Cenchrea's port,
Commercial princes, proud, resort,
With glittering wealth of eastern lands,
Or southern gold from Afric's sands ;
Here India's precious stones were found,
Transported o'er Arabian ground,
And thence conveyed to Corinth's mart,
Voluptuous Luxury's throbbing heart.

2 'Mid busy scenes of thrift and trade
The polished base of art was laid,
And Science reared her glittering shaft
Where wisdom's subtle cup was quaffed.
Philosophers, profoundly deep
As mighty death's mysterious sleep,
That grasped the interests of the soul
And sought for Reason's full control,
Lo! these here found a welcome place,
And gave to Corinth added grace ;
While columned structures, grand and high,
Whose summits seemed to seek the sky,
Uprose like things of power and name,
To give proud Corinth prouder fame.

3 And yet, 'mid grandeur, wealth and pride
Unequalled by the world beside,
Behold a people sunk so low
They deify the guilt they know,
And worship, with disgusting zest,
Corruption's form in jewels dressed.
Lo! *here*, where altars smoked their praise
To tempted crime 'mid Reason's blaze —
Here came the Apostle, great and good,
Declaring truths inspired of God.
In weariness, yet in power, he came —
In fear, yet bold in Jesus' name ;
Learned in the wisdom Corinth taught,
Yet counting worldly wisdom naught,
Resolved to nothing know beside
The Christ of God, the Crucified.
Enticing words of worldly speech
The great Apostle scorned to preach ;
But, grasping things divinely high,
His words were borrowed from the sky.
Gamaliel's pupil, skilled in art,
Yet studying most the human heart —
Versed in the literature of Greece,
His chosen theme the Prince of Peace.
Behold the word, divinely given,
Clothed each an idea born in Heaven.

4 Corinthia's children, wondering, hear
The demonstrating power and word,
Till, touched by Heaven's inspiring flame,
They felt the power of Jesus' name;
And, like a spark that brightly glows,
Enkindling fire where'er he goes,
So spread the gospel's glorious light,
Dispelling all of gloom and night;
And in the midst of lofty pride,
Where gilded vice was deified,
Uprose a temple towering high,
Whose summit pierced the unending sky,
And entering close beside the throne,
"In Heaven was laid the topmost stone;"
The deep foundation, Christ the Lord,
The unnumbered stones wrought thro' His word.
Blood-bought and priceless — lo! it stood
The temple of the living God.
And he, the founder great, who came
Disdaining excellent speech and name —
Behold! through him who preached the word
Was built this temple to the Lord;
And e'en to-day, 'mid ruins grand,
In Grecia's ancient pagan land,
There lives the church, above decay,
The church that cannot pass away.

MRS. L. C. S. DOUGHERTY. 1880.

SOMETHING TO DO FOR THE KING.

1 For him whom the king delighteth
To honor, what shall be done?
They bring the gorgeous apparel;
For the king's own steed they run.
The king's own crown, with rejoicing,
They put upon him to wear,
And no less than princely heralds,
While all the multitudes stare,
Proclaim through the market-places
Before this favorite one,
"For him whom the king delighteth
To honor, this shall be done!"

2 But he whom his liege delighteth
To honor, loves so the king
I think with haste he would enter
The throne-room: "Oh! not this thing,
But if so my lord hath purposed
To pleasure me," he would say,
"This is my humble petition
And this the request I pray:
Let there be given thy servant
The dower of special skill
And something to do for the king!
The world can fulfill his will.

3 Yet I crave from his royal grace
A ministry all my own,
The secret of something he wants
Entrusted to me alone,
Or a hint of service he needs
Beside me that's known to none.
For the one whom the king delighteth
To honor, let this be done!
Show me how best I can please him,
What I can render or bring;
This my entreaty before him,
Something to do for the king."

LILA M. BAKER.
Stafford Springs, Conn. 1882.

"OH, TAKE ME NEARER TO HIM!"

"The mother of the family lost her reason some time ago. It is sad to see her, but most wonderfully she remembers what she learned in Ludiana about the Lord Jesus, and is so longing for Him. She said to me, 'Please show me the Lord Jesus. He will cure my heart.' sing of Him. I did so, and she listened thoughtfully, and then said, 'Oh, take me *nearer to Him* — the very nearest you can. I am so ill.'" Letter from Miss. C. Thiede, India. "Woman's Work." November, 1881.

1 Take me nearer to your Jesus!
Scarce I know of whom I speak,
But my life is very weary,
And my heart is very weak;
And you say that He can help me,
That the Christ of woman born
Will not spurn my feeble pleading,
He my sorrow will not scorn.

2 Take me nearer if you love Him!
To His throne, you know the way;
Let your stronger faith support me,
Teach my lips the words to say.
Help, Oh! help me find His presence,
For my feet in darkness grope;
I may die and never find Him,
Christ my last, my only hope!

3 Take me nearer to the Healer!
For my soul is sick with sin,
And I need the strong Life-Giver
Who can make me new within.
And I need the tender Shepherd
Who will lift me to His breast,
And content my longing spirit
With His love and home and rest.

4 Take me nearer, ever nearer!
For I faint beneath the weight
Of the burdened life I carry,
And I dread to meet the fate
Which must come, or soon or later,
With its swift or stealthy tread,
To enshroud my soul in darkness
With the cold and silent dead.

5 Take me nearer to your Jesus!
And the blessing yours shall be
Of a soul that near to perish
From the captor is set free;
And another star in glory
So shall shine to Jesus' praise,
And another heart shall love Him
Through the bright eternal days.

C. V. H. 1880.
In "Woman's Work for Woman."

NOT MINE.

1 It is not mine to run
With eager feet,
Along life's crowded ways,
My Lord to meet.

2 It is not mine to pour
The oil and wine,
Or bring the purple robe
And linen fine.

3 It is not mine to break
At His dear feet
The alabaster-box
Of ointment sweet.

4 It is not mine to bear
His heavy cross,
Or suffer, for His sake,
All pain and loss.

5 It is not mine to walk
Through valleys dim,
Or climb far mountain-heights
Alone with Him!

6 He hath no need of me
In grand affairs,
Where fields are lost, or crowns
Won unawares.

7 Yet Master, if I may
Make one pale flower
Bloom brighter, for Thy sake,
Through one short hour;

8 If I, in harvest-fields
Where strong ones reap,
May bind one golden sheaf
For Love to keep;

9 May speak one quiet word
When all is still,
Helping some fainting heart
To bear Thy will;

10 Or sing one high clear song,
On which may soar
Some glad soul heavenward,
I ask no more!

JULIA C. R. DORR. 1884.
In "Independent."

PERSIA.

1 Land of oriental splendor,
Worshipping the sun and flame,
Trusting blindly to the Koran,
Learn to love the Saviour's name.

2 Reject pantheistic teachings!
From Mahomet turn away!
What results arise from sun-praise?
Learn to love the Heavenly rays

2 That alone can give souls cleansing,
That alone can give souls light;
Learn of Jesus and *His* worship,
And the only path of right.

3 Ancient most of all the empires
Of which history doth tell;
Cyrus' home, and Artaxerxes',
Whom their followers served so well.

4 Land that held the captive Jewess—
Esther, loved and lovely Queen;
Home of King Ahashuerus;
Clime of wond'rous fair Bahrein;

5 We are moved to speak thy praises;
We would recognize the aid
Thy brave daughters e'er have
To our missionaries paid.

6 Persia's daughters toil for Persia,
With the heart's best, warmest love;
Pointing souls in darkness wand'ring
To the sunlit home above.

7 May she set the bright example,
Till all countries follow suit,—
China's daughters toil for China;
Then the work will bear much fruit,

8 When the dark-eyed heathen maiden
Of the Asiatic sea,
And when Afric's sons and daughters
Give their days to teach of Thee.

9. Persia! land of unique beauty!
Lovelier textures ne'er were seen
Than are woven by thy skilled ones,
Out of wool and silken sheen.

10 Persia, we have sent assistance,
And we send assistance still;
For God always doubly helps those
Who but help themselves with will.

EVA MUNSON SMITH.
(Mrs. G. C. S.) 1878.
From "The Field is the World."
A Play for Missionary Entertainments.

ECHOES FROM MOUNT OLIVET.

(Read before the W. F. M. S. of the New Albany Presbytery, April, 1880.)

1 In hallowed tints and outlines,
Affection's hand will set
Beloved scenes and vanished
Upon Life's canvas yet.
In all, where'er she pencils,
"This was the last, the last,"
Fall the shadows of the picture
O'er the landscape of the Past.

2 The last, last word, the message
Which dying friends let fall,
Most tenderly we treasure,
Most sacredly of all;
And where their farewell footprints,
O'er garden, vale, or grot,
Have pressed earth's springing grasses,
Hallowed we hold the spot.
And how the voiceful breezes
Which murmur of the past,
In minor chords will quiver
O'er days which were the last!

3 Oh! 'mid the echoed chorus
Of dim and by-gone years,
Above life's weary discord,
How often Fancy hears
The sound of long-lost voices,
Through Memory's open door
Breathing the plaintive music
Of parting words once more!

4 A loving band were taking
The olden path — to them,
'Mid the familiar landscape
Out from Jerusalem.
Something akin to sorrow,
That golden eventide,
Seemed floating 'mid the shadows
Adown each mountain side.

5 Methinks Judea's sunlight
Touched with a pensive glow
The summit of Mount Olives
And Bethany below;
And Kedron's half-heard ripple,
And softly sighing breeze,
Of coming loss, seemed breathing
To palm and olive trees.

6 The little band are gathered
Upon Mount Olives' brow:
A strange, a holy silence
Has fallen o'er them now.
'Round One, a nameless glory,
Ineffable and sweet,
Has rolled its dazzling halo
From crownéd head to feet.

7 In majesty supernal,
Yet in the wondrous grace
Of its pathetic yearning,
Beams the tender, loving face.
A waiting cloud, descending
To waft Him out of sight,
Has caught the borrowed splendor
Of His irradiate light.

8 O happy cloud! appointed
To bear the Holy One!
The chariot made glorious
For God's Eternal Son!
Pluck stars from light celestial,
That ne'er fell o'er a curse,
To crown the thorn-marred forehead,
O waiting universe!

9 Swing wide, ye heavenly portals!
Ye shining gates, unfold!
Admit the cloudy chariot
Of amethyst and gold!
In it, the King of Glory,
The Conqueror of sin,
Of death, the mighty Victor,
Triumphant, shall come in!

10 The piercéd hands are lifted;
The opening heav'ns bend near
To list the parting blessing,
The farewell words to hear.
The sacred lips are breathing
The last, the parting word;
Through all the waiting silence
The wondrous Voice is heard; —

11 "Go teach my holy gospel
Wherever man is found;
In my name preach remission,
To earth's remotest bound.
Beginning at Jerusalem,
My witnesses are ye;
Publish my free salvation
Beyond the utmost sea.

12 Lo! I am with you alway!
Even till time is o'er!"
And then the cloud infolded
The form they saw no more.
O parting words of Jesus!
Last message from above!
More wondrous and more precious
Than other words we love.

13 O words of all most hallow'd,
Ne'er, ne'er from memory go!
In sweet, persuasive cadence
Our inmost souls o'erflow.
Throbbing, in full-toned measures,
A vibrant, voiceful tide,
Out-gushing into duty,
Through all our life-work glide.

14 These last words bid us enter
The darkest heathen land,
Across the widest ocean,
O'er every foreign strand.
For us, in rich profusion,
Has Grace her table spread?
Afar, while millions perish,
Shall we alone be fed?

15 Or, shall our care be only
The starving ones to bring
From our own lanes and hedges
To the banquet of our King?
Though ne'er from home or country
We may be called to go,
Yet, out through many a channel
Obedience may flow.

16 His law we may be keeping
Beneath our own roof-tree,
While we aid the gospel heralds
Afar, o'er land or sea.
Aye, the true MISSION SPIRIT
Knows neither clime nor shore;
While seeking 'mid the highways
The heathen at its door,
It wafts afar the pinions
Of costly sacrifice,
Upborne on prayer's rich odors,
Beyond its native skies.

17 "Beginning at Jerusalem;"
But oh! not ending there,
Far-reaching as His message,
Its flight of faith and prayer.
"The whole wide world for Jesus!"
This is the deep refrain,
The music and the chorus
Of its wide-wafted strain.

18 "The whole wide world for Jesus!"
While waiting, ripe and fair
Home fields are white for harvest
And few the laborers there;
In broad and billowy beauty
Beneath a foreign sky,
In beck'ning undulations,
Untrodden harvests lie.

19 Oh! what glad heart responsive
Some whitening field will save?
Oh! who will join the reapers
Across the waiting wave?
The world is ripe for harvest,
At home, and o'er the main,
Oh! can we bear to forfeit
Our sheaves of golden grain?

20 Shall life be spent on trifles,
While He waits the day-light through,—
Waits for our hands to bring Him
The sheaves that are his due?
Life's harvest day is waning,
The hour is waxing late;
The twilight dews are falling
And death is at the gate.

21 Benighted souls are crying
Out in the trackless night;
Of us, they're blindly asking
The Way, the Truth, the Light.
The whole wide world for Jesus!
From islands far and dim,
They stretch forth hands beseeching,
The kingdoms wait for Him.

22 How beauteous on the mountains
Are the far-wand'ring feet
Of those who bring glad tidings—
Who gospel news repeat.
Bend soft, ye skies, above them;
'Mid dews of peace distill,
Around about their dwellings,
The heavenly manna still.

23 Let wings of prayer cross oceans,
And gifts from open hands
Descend in benedictions
O'er those in heathen lands.!
Theirs— His supreme, last blessing,
Who His last words obey;
Theirs is the full assurance,
"I'm with you, lo! alway."

24 Where purple islands cluster
In the broad Pacific's flow,
Or Africa's red simoom
And burning deserts glow,
Where Siam's foliage blossoms,
Or Syria's palm trees rise,
Or Persia's starving people
Weep 'neath her azure skies;
Where Ceylon blooms in fragrance,
Or Japan's sea-winds blow,
Or China waves her sceptre,
Or India's rivers flow;—

25 *Where'er* may go His heralds,
O'er continent or sea,
There, too, shall go His Presence;
There He Himself shall be.
"*Alway!*" till, down the ages,
With one foot on the sea,
His Messenger shall trumpet
That "Time no more shall be!"

26 To those who sit in darkness,
Without one struggling ray
From out the full-orbed glory
Of this our gospel day,
O speed, ye blessed tidings!
O'er every billow roll;
Light up with His salvation
The world, from pole to pole.
And haste, oh! haste, glad morning!
With healing beams, arise!
And reign, O King of Glory,
On earth as in the skies!

MARY A. LEAVITT.
Vernon, Ind. 1880.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE.

1 You have read of the Moslem palace—
The marvellous fane that stands
On the banks of the distant Jumna,
The wonder of all the lands.

2 You have read of its marble splendors,
Its carvings of rare device,
Its domes and its towers that glisten
Like visions of Paradise.

3 You have listened, as one has told you
Of its pinnacles snowy-fair,—
So pure that they seemed suspended
Like clouds in the crystal air;

4 Of the flow of its fountains falling
As softly as mourners' tears;
Of the lily and rose kept blooming
For over two hundred years;

5 Of the friezes of frost-like beauty,
The jewels that crust the wall,
The carvings that crown the arch-way,
The innermost shrine of all;

6 Where lies in her sculptured coffin,
(Whose chiselings mortal man
Hath never excelled,) the dearest
Of the loves of the Shah Jehan.

7 They read you the shining legends
Whose letters are set in gems,
On the walls of the sacred chambers
That sparkle like diadems.

8 And they tell you these letters, gleaming
Wherever the eye may look,
Are words of the Moslem Prophet,
Are texts from his holy book.

9 And still as you heard, you questioned
Right wonderingly, as you must,
"Why rear such a palace, only
To shelter a woman's dust?

10 *Why rear it?* — the Shah had promised
His beautiful Nourmahal.
To do it, becaused he loved her,
He loved her — and that was all!

11 So minnaret, wall and column,
And tower and dome above,
All tell of a sacred promise,
All utter one accent — LOVE.

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12 You know of another temple
A grander than Hindoo shrine,
The splendor of whose perfections
Is mystical, strange, divine.

13 You have read of its deep foundations,
Which neither the frost nor flood
Nor forces of earth can weaken,
Cemented in tears and blood.

14 That, chosen with skill transcendent,
By the wisdom that fills the throne,
Was quarried, and hewn, and polished,
Its wonderful corner-stone.

15 So vast is its scale proportioned,
So lofty its turrets rise,
That the pile in its finished glory
Will reach to the very skies.

16 The lapse of the silent Kedron,
The roses of Sharon fair,
Gethsemane's sacred olives
And cedars, are round it there.

17 And graved on its walls and pillars,
And cut in its crystal stone,
Are the words of our Prophet, sweeter
Than Islam hath ever known;

18 Texts culled from the holy Gospel,
That comfort, refresh, sustain,
And shine with a rarer lustre
Than the gems of the Hindoo fane.

19 The plan of the temple, only
Its architect understands;
And yet He accepts (Oh, wonder!)
The helping of human hands!

20 And so, for the work's progression,
He is willing that great and small
Should bring Him their bits of carving,
So needed, to fill the wall.

21 Not one does the Master-Builder
Disdainfully cast away:
Why, even He takes the chippings,
We women have brought to-day!

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22 Oh! not the dead — to the living,
We rear on the earth He trod,
This fane to His lasting glory —
This Church to the Christ of God!

23 Why labor and strive? we have promised
(And dare not the vow recall?)
To do it, because we love Him,
We love Him, and that is all.

24 For over the Church's portal,
Each pillar and arch above,
The Master has set one signet,
And graven one watchword — LOVE.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.
Lexington, Va. January, 1882.

A PEN FOR THE MASTER'S USE

1 'Tis a pen for the Master's using,
With a value not its own,
Though its gold is bright, its ivory white
And its point of precious stone.
Of itself as we look upon it,
It writes out thoughts of love,
While it lies in place in its velvet case,
With a name that is dear above.

2 For the name of Mary Campbell
On the lining of the case,
That has edges worn and leather torn,
With brimming eyes we trace.
The touch of her vanished fingers
Wore the brazen hook away.
Do you wonder then that the golden pen
Is a sacred thing to-day?

3 Below the name is "Christmas,"
With "eighteen seventy-five,"
And an ink-stain, made when she sometime laid
Her unwiped pen aside.
Though when and where, we question,
Came the hurried call,
The pen says not, and the inky blot
Holds the history of it all.

4 The Master always uses
The nearest pen of all
When he sends requests to his wedding guests
To come to His banquet hall.
This pen that was ever ready
Sent a brother the message sweet,
Of a robe to wear, a feast to share,
And a Master dear to greet.

5 The little one answered gladly,
He came to the banquet spread,
He leaned at the feast on the Master's breast,
He heard every word He said,
And the dear Lord loved him fondly,
And bid him ever stay
In an upper room of the palace home,
And the boy is there to-day.

6 This pen in girlish fingers
Sent through loving hearts a thrill
When it wrote, "My all is at His call,
Just when and where He will.
What if that *where* should call me
To cross the ocean wave!
If the Lord should lead, could you bid me speed,
His falling grain to save?"

7 The answer came back quickly,
From a pen that was near of kin:
"'Tis your Father's prayer that you leave your 'where'
With the Lord and follow Him;"
And the mother heart, all loyal,
Replied with throbs of pain,
"Our gift once laid, with a covenant made,
We will not take again."

8 So the pen wrote of a journey
Over mountain and ocean told.
And the fresh young heart showed in every part
A gladness it could not hold.
And the joy grew ever stronger
As the distance grew in length,
'Twixt herself alone and her very own,
For "the joy of the Lord is strength."

9 The pen then wrote of the harvest
That stretched to the distance dim.
'Twas the reaper's pain that the Master's grain
Ungathered lay for Him.
The call she gave fell feebly
On ears that did not heed;
But the echo grew when the call was through
"The harvest yet hath need."

10 It reached the ears of maidens
Who sat at ease that day:
They rose from the door, looked the white fields o'er,
"The reaper has fallen," they say;
"We must save the Master's harvest,
For a storm is coming on."
Their sickles they clasp with a hearty grasp,
To the scorching fields are gone.

11 And other good reapers are going
When their sickles are whetted keen,
And we know right well where our reaper fell,
Will the Master's best be seen.
And only when nothing but stubble
Is left where the harvest grew,
Will this pen be done with the work begun,
This life with this living be through.

12 "What I have written, is written,"
Said one who on Calvary stood;
And little we tho't of the meaning well-wrought
In those words both of evil and good.
For that which is written may circle
With gladness for many a year,
And a pen, in a hand with beauty outlined,
May pierce His dear heart like a spear.

13 We are only safe when clinging
To the cross at lowest part,
And the words we write with its base in sight
Cannot hurt His wounded heart.
The pens that are anointed
With His sweet, sacred touch,
Are the pens alone that He calls His own,
That He loves and uses much.

14 There is many a fair young writer,
Holding her pen alone,
Needing so much the Master's touch
To make her words His own.
His hand, that is true and steady,
On her He would gladly lay;
Then, the words of her pen may be writ again,
With joy on the Judgment Day.

ALICE W. MILLIGAN. 1882.

"AS I HAVE LOVED YOU."

"It was the communion day in our church, and the service proceeded as usual. My thoughts were all of my own unworthiness and Christ's love to me, until Mr. E. asked the question nobody ever notices, 'Has anyone been omitted in the distribution of the bread?' And it seemed to me I could see millions on millions of women rising silently in India, Africa, Siam, Persia, in all the countries where they need the Lord, but know Him not, to testify that they have been 'omitted in the distribution of bread and cup.' And they can take it from no hands but ours, and we do not pass it on. Can Jesus make heaven so sweet and calm that we can forgive ourselves this great neglect of the millions living now for whom the body was broken and the blood shed just as much as for us?'—Extract from letter of H. R. E.

1 The feast was spread, the solemn words were spoken;
Humbly my soul approached to meet her Lord,
To plead His sacrificial body broken—
His blood for me outpoured.

2 Confessing all my manifold transgression,
To weep and cast myself before His throne,
Praying His Spirit to take full possession,
And seal me all His own.

3 On Him I laid each burden I was bearing:
The anxious mind, of strength so oft bereft,
The future dim, the children of my caring—
All on His heart I left.

4 "How could I live, my Lord," I cried, "without Thee,
How for a single day this pathway trace,
And feel no loving arm thrown round about me,
No all-sustaining grace?

5 Oh! show me how to thank Thee, praise Thee, love Thee,
For Thy rich gifts bestowed on worthless me;
For the bright hope that spans the sky above me,
The promised home with Thee!"

6 As if indeed He spoke the answer, fitted
Into my prayer, the pastor's voice came up:
"Let any rise, if they have been omitted
When passed the bread and cup."

7 Instant before my inward, open vision
Millions of faces crowded up to view;
Sad eyes that said: "For us is no provision;
Give us your Saviour, too!"

8 Sorrowful women's faces, hungry, yearning,
Dull with despair, or dark with sin and dread;
Worn with long weeping for the unreturning;
Hopeless, uncomforted.

9 "Give us," they cry, "your cup of consolation,
Which ne'er to our outreaching hands is passed;
We long for this desire of every nation,
And, Oh! we die so fast!

10 "Does He not love us too, this loving Master?
And only from your hand can we receive
The bounty of His grace. Oh! send it faster,
That we may take and live!

11 "Master," I said, as from a dream awaking,
"Is this the service Thou dost show to me?
Dost Thou to me entrust the bread for breaking
To these who cry for Thee?

12 "Dear Heart of Love, canst Thou forgive the blindness
That let Thy child sit selfish and at ease,
By the full table of Thy loving kindness,
And take no thought for these?

13 "As Thou hast loved me, let me love; returning
To these dark souls the grace Thou givest me:
And, Oh! to me impart Thy deathless yearning
To draw the lost to Thee!

14 "Nor let me cease to spread Thy glad salvation
Till Thou shalt call me to partake above,
Where the redeemed of every tribe and nation
Sit at Thy feast of Love!"

G. Y. H. 1881.

NO IDOL IN THE HEART.

1 Brightly the sun's last glowing beams
Crimsoned his native sea,
As slowly on the Indian shore
A Parsee bent the knee.
Devotion in his upturned face
Seemed strangely blent with fear;
He knelt, till 'neath the fading wave
His god should disappear.

2 Then tremulous he rose and walked
That pilgrim-trodden strand,
And, bowing, with his finger traced
His thought upon the sand:
"God"—'twas the burden of his thought,
"My God, and must we part?
Shall thy bright beams no more receive
The homage of my heart?

3 "Has all my worship been in vain?
My soul believes it true—
Blest teachers of the living God,
I henceforth go with you.
Thou sun—so long the God before
Whose glory I have bowed,
Farewell! when thou again shalt rise
No doubts my soul shall cloud.

4 "The God who *made thee* calls me now!
With thee as God I part;
No idol henceforth in my hand—
No idol in my heart!"
* * * * * *

5 Along the shore of memory's sea,
Where high the dark waves rolled,
A stricken mother bowed in grief
That would not be controlled.
"He was my own, my only one,
My life with his was blent;
I could not for a moment think
He was a treasure *lent*.

6 "When from his cheek the crimson hue
Grew pale as fades the leaf;
When from his eye the light withdrew,
My soul owned no relief.
My God," I cried, "and wilt thou not
My life's best treasure spare?"
There was no answering voice of love,
And all was deep despair.

7 My God," again I cried, "and can
A worshipper like me,
Who can permit an angel child
To blot out joy in Thee;
Can *such* a worshipper still claim
In Thy pure bliss a part?
Henceforth no idol in my hand,
No idol in my heart!"

8 *God is enough*, the mourner sings,
When trust succeeds to doubt;
God is enough, the Parsee finds,
Though suns be blotted out.
Oh! solemn as the prayer may be,
'Tis of my life a part;
No idol in my hand henceforth,
No idol in my heart.

JULIA F. BALLARD.
Wife of Prof. A. Ballard, D. D.
Lafayette College, Easton, Penn.

OVER AGAINST THE TREASURY.

1 Over against the Treasury this day
The Master silent sits, while unaware
Of that Celestial Presence, still and fair,
The people pass or pause, upon their way.

2 And some go laden with His treasures sweet,
And dressed in costly robes of His device;
Yet, bearing hearts of stone and souls of ice,
They bring no token to the Master's feet.

3 And some pass, gayly singing, to and fro,
And cast a careless gift before His face
Amongst the treasures of His holy place,
But kneel to crave no blessing ere they go.

4 And some are travel-worn, their eyes are dim,
They touch His shining vesture as they pass,
But see not even darkly through a glass
How sweet might be their trembling gifts to Him.

5 And still the hours roll on; serene and fair
The Master keeps His watch, but who can tell
The thoughts that in His tender spirit swell,
As one by one we pass Him unaware?

6 For this is He who on one awful day
Cast down for us a price so vast and dread
That He was left for our sakes bare and dead
Having given HIMSELF our mighty debt to pay.

7 Oh! shall unworthy gifts once more be thrown
Into His Treasury, by whose death we live?
Or shall we now embrace His cross, and give
Ourselves, and all we have, to Him alone?

B. M., in "India's Women."
1881.

GALILEO BEFORE THE INQUISITION.

1 Why wrapped he not a martyr's robe
Around his lofty form?
Why bore he not with dauntless brow
The bursting of the storm?
Why cringed the mind that proudly soared
Where others gazed dismayed
With servile will before the power
Whose grasp was on him laid?

2 They tell us it was fear that bowed
His mighty spirit, when
He stooped beneath the rusty links
Of superstition's chain.
The dungeon cell was dark,—and light
Was pleasant to his eye,
And, holy though the truth, for it
He did not dare to die.

3 Fear!—what had he to do with fear,
Who ventured forth abroad,
Unpiloted, through pathless space,
By angels only trod?
Who wandered with unfailing flight
Creation's vastness o'er,
And brought to light an infinite,
So inconceived before.

4 When gazing on those worlds which first
He was allowed to scan,
How puny would appear the aims
And littleness of man!
And proud his inward consciousness,
That he had dared to be
A sharer in the mysteries
Of God's immensity.

5 When back to earth he turned again,
Such brilliant visions past,
How most contemptible would seem
The trammels round him cast.
And yet his lofty character
Submitted to the stain;
And lulling Ignorance entwined
Her weak, Delilah chain.

6 Strange that the ray which beamed for him
With such intense delight,
Should for a single moment lose
Its glory in his sight;
Strange that the eye whose strength could pierce
From world to world afar,
Should suffer fear to cloud the blaze
Of Truth's diviner star!

MARGARET JUNKIN. 1847.

A PLEA FOR AFRICA.

1 With doors unbarred our Afric stands
Ready for entrance now.
The long-locked mysteries of her heart,
Her woe-encircled brow,
The heathen spells about her hung,
Plead in each wild unlettered tongue
To God's advancing gospel host,
"Back from the coast! back from the coast!"

2 Beyond the mangrove's deadly line,
Where lurks the fever sprite;
Beyond, where forests dense entwine
In ever-dismal night,
The inland fertile plains invite
Brave messengers of Truth and Light,
And Freedom's own unfettered host,
"Back from the coast! back from the coast."

3 Where Lua-la-ba threads its way
Through lake and mountain bold,
Beside Zambesi's torrent spray,
One has God's message told.
Yet, what delays the full, bright morn
To be o'er Afric's uplands borne,

Where Congo and Ogove's tide
Through mountain barriers wander wide,
While countless thousands dark and lost
Fill vast unknowns "back from the coast?"

4 O friends! O Christian souls at rest!
Look from your watch-towers' height;
O hearts, the noblest and the best!
See! morning breaks the night.
Up, onward with the Atlantic wave,
God-given your power to lift, to save!

ISABELLA A. NASSAU.

For the "Woman's Foreign Missionary Day," at the Seaside Sabbath School Assembly, Asbury Park, N. J., August 9, 1881.

Mrs. Embury.

Mrs. Embury, daughter of Dr. Manly, a popular physician of his times, was born in New York. Her husband was a gentleman of wealth, education, and high intellectual attainments. During Mrs. Embury's early days she wrote under the name of Iantha; and in 1828, these articles were collected into a volume called *Gracia and other Poems*. Her last prose works were *Family Education, Constance Latimer, The Island Girl*, and *Glimpses of Home Life*. After marriage her home was in Brooklyn, and it was frequently remarked that her well kept "Model home" was a refutation of the charge frequently made that women of genius can not be women of domestic work. Women of the best literary ability have not been the ones to neglect the plain duties of home life.

THE NIGHT COMETH.

Ye, who in the field of human life
Quickening seeds of wisdom fain would sow,
Pause not for the angry tempest's strife,
Shrink not from the moontide's fervid glow;
Labor on, while yet the light of day
Shed abroad its pure and blesséd ray,
For the night cometh!

Ye who at man's mightiest engine stand,
Moulding noble thoughts into opinion,
Oh! stay not for weariness your hand,
Till ye fix the bounds of truth's dominion;
Labor on, while yet the light of day
Shed upon your toil its blesséd ray,
For the night cometh!

Ye, to whom a prophet voice is given,
Stirring men as by a trumpet's call,
Utter forth the oracles of Heaven;
Earth gives back the echoes as they fall:
Rouse the world's great heart, while yet the day
Breaks life's slumber with its blesséd ray,
For the night cometh!

Ye who in home's narrow circle dwell,
When Love's flame lights up the household hearth,
Weave the silken bond, and frame the spell,
Binding heart to heart throughout the earth;
Pleasant toil is yours; the light of day
On naught holier sheds its blesséd ray,
Yet the night cometh!

5 Diverse though our paths in life may be,
Each is sent some mission to fulfill;
Fellow-workers in the world are we,
While we seek to do our Master's will;
But our doom is labor, while the day
Points us to our task, with blesséd ray,
For the night cometh!

6 Fellow-workers are we: hour by hour,
Human tools are shaping Heaven's great schemes,
Till we see no limit to man's power
And reality outstrips old dreams.
Toil and struggle, therefore, work and weep,
In God's acre ye shall calmly sleep,
When the night cometh!

EMMA C. EMBURY.

SIMEON AND THE CHILD JESUS.

1 In Jerusalem Saint Simeon
Sat upon the housetop, still,
In the evening, when the sunset
Glittered over Zion's hill,
Where the golden temple lifting
Its fair towers and arches high,
Caught the crimson rays reflected
As they blazed athwart the sky,
Dazzling to the gazer's eye.

2 Here for ages God had given
Promise of a coming One,
Who should be unto His people,
Leader, Light, unsetting Sun;
And dispelling all the shadows,
And the mysteries of their time,
Lead them into clearer pathways,
Into heights of joy sublime,
Where the pure and holy climb.

3 Many mighty kings and prophets
Long had waited for this Light;
After years of anxious watching
They had died without the sight.
Many and many a Jewish mother,
As she clasped her eldest born,
Thought perchance, the early dawning
Of the long-expected morn,
Broke at last o'er earth forlorn.

4 Patient yet, Saint Simeon waited,
For once, at the evening hour;
He had seen a glorious vision
Shining like a golden tower;
From its height an angel darted
On a wing of silver light;
Bringing to his ear this message:
"Thou shalt never see death's blight,
Till the Star shall greet thy sight."

5 So the faithful patriarch waited,
Though his locks were white as snow;
Wondering how the Lord was coming:
Whether in a golden glow
Of earth's pomp, and power, and splendor,
Or if He were gentle, meek:
Calling all the contrite-hearted
Unto Him, their rest to seek:
Hoping He were gentle, meek.

6 Thus he mused, the aged Simeon,
Till the sunset glories dim,
Faded, and from out the temple
Floated sweet the evening hymn;
Pealing soft, the sacred music
Swept along the evening air,
With it, as it rose to heaven,
Blended was the patriarch's prayer
Which he breathed so fervent there.

7 When the silent stars of midnight
O'er the slumbering city shone,
Still upon the house-top lingering,
Aged Simeon sat alone;
Waiting, watching, praying; sleeping
When at last the midnight came;
Sleeping, dreaming that the glory
He had prayed for, glowed in flame,
Hiding all their nation's shame.

8 Suddenly a song awaked him.
Whence the music, heavenly sweet?
Was it sound? or was it echo,
Where all harmonies do meet?
In the East a light was shining
Brighter than the morning star!
'Twas a band of angels sweeping
Upward, toward the gates ajar.

9 As the pearly gates swing open
To receive them out of sight,
Strains of harmony reëcho
Through the arches of the night.
Simeon lists! he lists, and wonders;
And his heart receives the sign.
"Blessed Lord! my prayer is answered;
And salvation now is mine,
I would worship at Thy shrine."

10 Days passed on. The waiting prophet
Still more silent, thoughtful grew,
As toward the temple turning
Every morn in hope he drew;
Then at last, one fair, bright morning,
By the Spirit led along,
He beholds a gentle mother
Coming with the eager throng,
As the Levites chant their song.

11 On her breast a babe is nestling;
In her hands a gift she bears,
While her heart seems overflowing
With her earnest, grateful prayers.
Soft, her deep brown eyes seem peering
Through the depths of future years
With prophetic gaze; adoring
God unseen; while grateful tears
Mingle with the smiles she wears.

12 Then Saint Simeon clasped the infant
In his arms, and blessed his God
That his eyes had seen this Scion
Fragrant bloom from Jesse's rod.
"Light to lighten all the Gentiles,
Israel's glory, shining too;
Sure salvation of the faithful
Who have watched the long years through.
As the silent sages do."

13 Then he blest the wondering mother,
And of coming trials told,
Which the years, so swiftly fleeing,
To her vision would unfold.
Then content with this rich blessing,
Lowly bows his hoary head:
"Lord! now lettest thou Thy servant
Die in peace, as Thou hast said!"
Rest in peace, thou holy dead.

MRS. E. P. WILLIAMS.

THEN.

Rev. xxi: 1–4.

Jan. 1881.

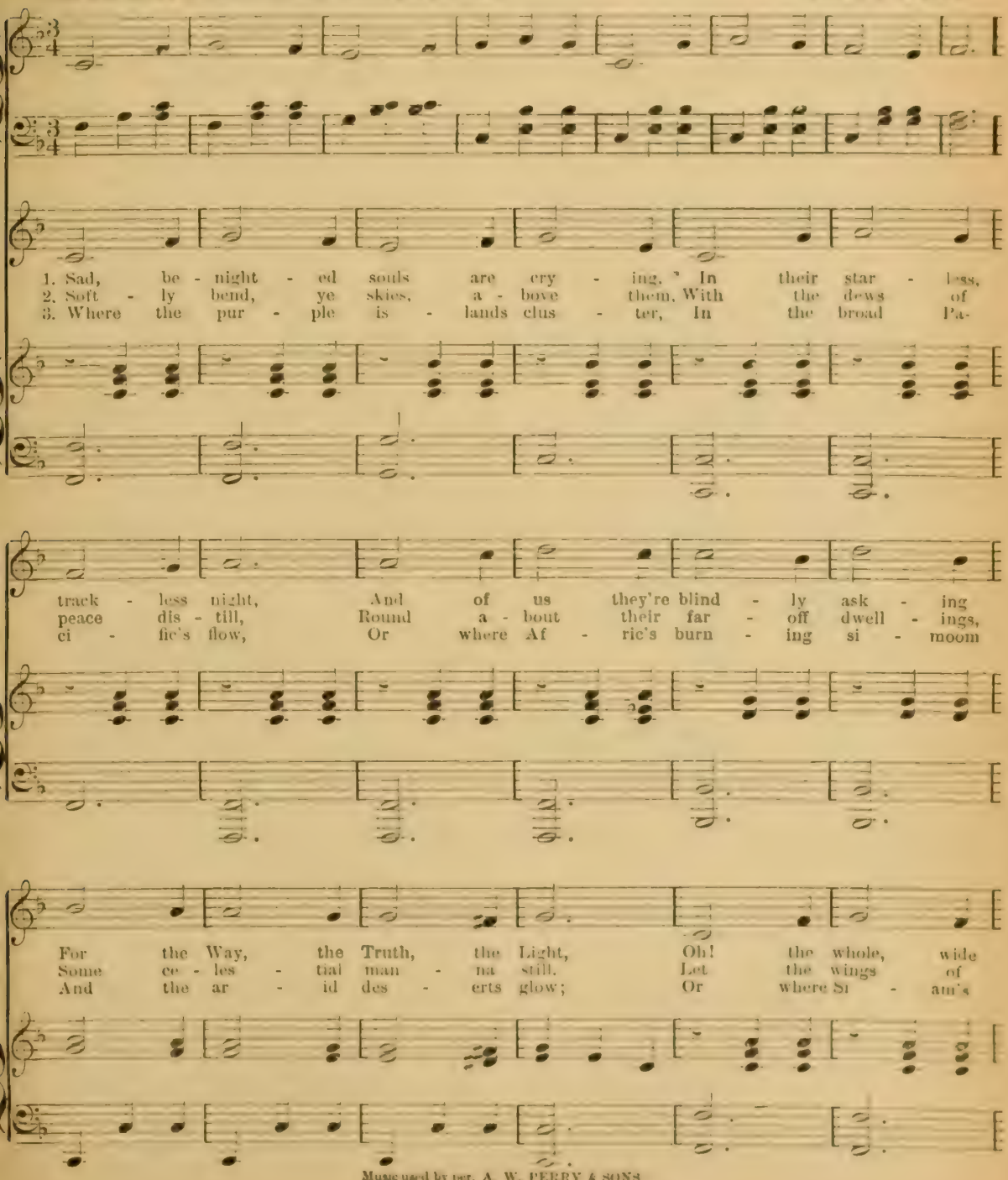
"The former things are passed away!"
No more shall night succeed the day;
In heaven shall roll no surging sea,
From all life's storms that world is free.
The heavenly city as a bride
Adorned, in splendor glorified,
Descends to fill the earth redeemed;
'Twas thus the holy prophet dreamed:
"I heard a great voice out of heaven,
Behold, what grace to us is given!
For God returns to dwell with men,
And earth is Eden-like again."
Aye! God shall wipe all tears away,
No gloom of death shall cloud the day,
No sorrow, pain, or death shall dim
The glory we shall share with Him.
O golden city! radiant, fair!
No blight of time shall enter there,
Where all shall share a Father's love,
And He their praises shall approve!

EMILY P. WILLIAMS. 1879.

SAD, BENIGHTED SOULS ARE CRYING.

SUITABLE FOR FAREWELL MEETINGS, OR PRAISE MEETINGS.

From MRS. MARY A LEAVITT'S Poem, "Echoes from Mt Olivet." MRS G W. BAXTER.



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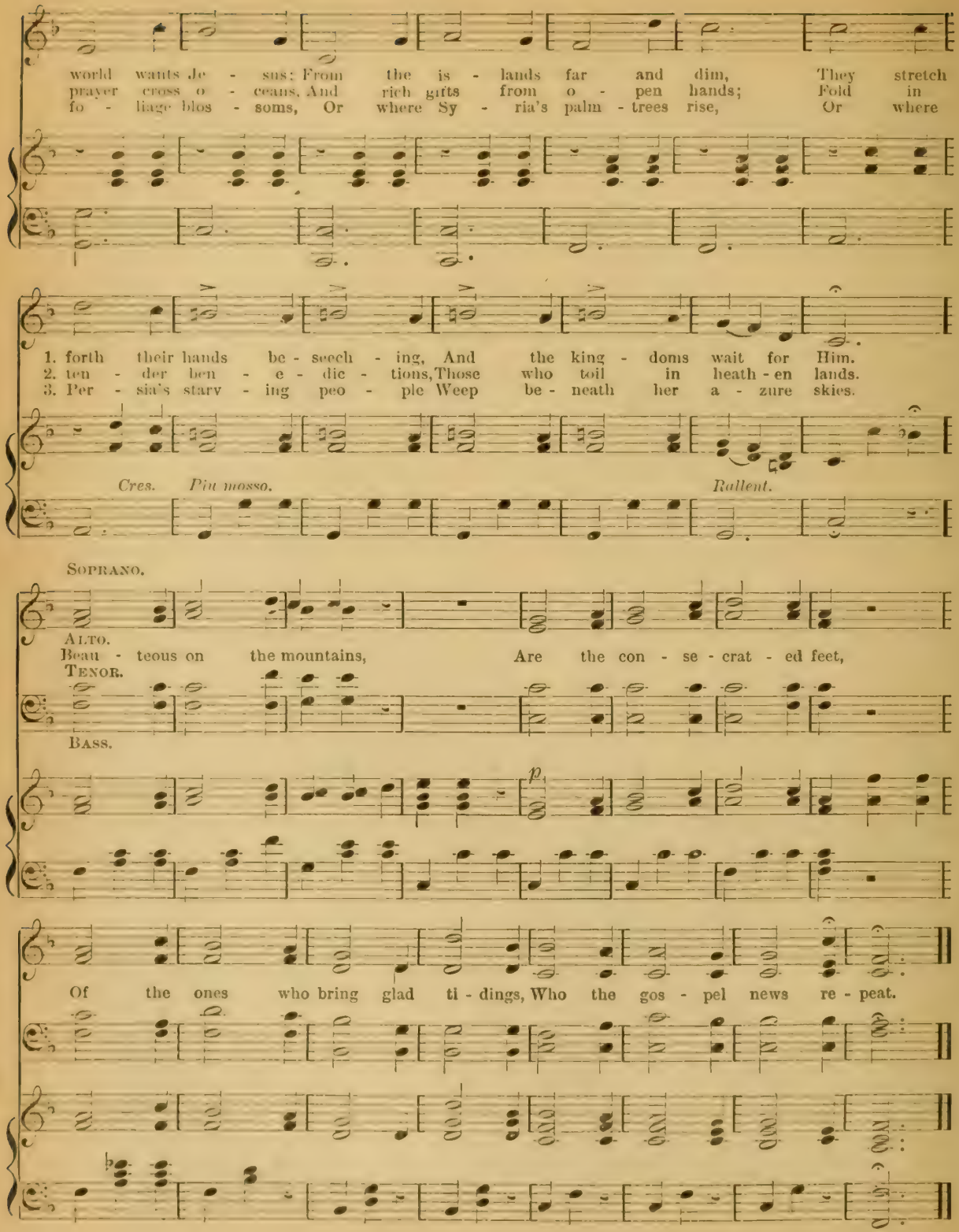

world wants Je - sus; From the is - lands far and dim, They stretch
prayer cross o - ceans, And rich gifts from o - pen hands; Fold in
fo - liage blos - soms, Or where Sy - ria's palm - trees rise, Or where
1. forth their hands be - seech - ing, And the king - doms wait for Him.
2. ten - der ben - e - dic - tions, Those who toil in heath - en lands.
3. Per - sia's starv - ing peo - ple Weep be - neath her a - zure skies.
Cres.
Piu mosso.
Rallent.
Soprano.
Alto.
Beau - teous on the mountains, Are the con - se - crat - ed feet,
Tenor.
Bass.
p
Of the ones who bring glad ti - dings, Who the gos - pel news re - peat.

HERALDS OF ZION.

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Matt. xxiii. 19.

1 Glad as the morning, swift as the light,
Heralds of Zion, go forth in might;
Over the mountain, over the deep,
Go where the heathen weep.

CHORUS.
Far and wide the Sabbath music roll,
Peace and Joy for each benighted soul;
Labor and triumph, God will provide,
Tell them, tell them, tell them that Jesus died.

2 Earnest and eager, glad hearts of youth,
Soft hands of childhood, speed on the truth;
List to the children over the sea,
Crying for help from Thee.

3 Free as the sunshine, wide as its ray,
Tidings of gladness, haste on your way,
Healing the sorrow, loosing the chain,
Teaching that Christ shall reign.

4 Clothed with salvation, shielded with might,
Heralds of Zion, bear on the light,
Over the desert, waiting for Thee,
See how the shadows flee.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

Set to music by ASA HULL. From "Golden Sheaf." Copyright, 1870, Asa Hull.

PRAYER FOR OUR MISSIONARIES CROSSING THE SEA.

Tune — "*Autumn.*"

1 Star of peace, to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far at sea, the deep blue sea.

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow;
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless our sister's lonely pillow,
Far at sea, the deep blue sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking,
And in prayer she flies to thee,
Save her on the billows rocking,
Far at sea, the treacherous sea.

JANE C. B. SIMPSON.

PREACH THE GOSPEL.

8. M.

1 Ye messengers of Christ!
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where He leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master, whom you serve,
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on His promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's — and will prevail,
In spite of all His foes.

MRS. VOKE.

ONWARD, ONWARD, MEN OF HEAVEN.

1 Onward, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the gospel banner high;
Rest not till its light is given —
Star of every pagan sky;
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the hardy forest ranger
Hail it ere he fades away.

2 Where the Arctic ocean thunders,
Where the tropics fiercely glow,
Broadly spread its page of wonders,
Brightly bid its radiance flow;
India marks its luster stealing;
Shiv'ring Greenland loves its rays;
Afric, 'mid her deserts kneeling,
Lifts the untaught strain of praise.

3 Rude in speech, or wild in feature,
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature —
Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to every nation;
Host on host the ranks supply;
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory!

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE MISSIONARIES' DEPARTURE.

1 The crown of thorns He wore,
Whose kingdom yet shall smile
From ocean's farthest shore,
And every heathen isle;
And we would count all else as loss
To spread the glory of His cross.

2 Where bright with gold their lands,
And diamonds star the mine,
The thorn of darkness stands
And souls in bondage pine;
We go to sound the jubilee
To all who will in Christ be free.

3 They die, where rose and palm,
And cassia flourish fair,
For want of Gilead's balm,
And a Physician there.
Their grounds o'er run with sin and woe,
We go with light and life to sow.

4 While in that distant field
To serve our heavenly King,
Of faith we bear the shield,
And of salvation sing,
His banner o'er us will be love,
Our Comforter, the Holy Dove.

5 No victim's blood must flow
Our paths of peace to stain,
As forth we march to show
The Lamb for sinners slain.
His veins have pour'd the sacred streams
Whose power the soul from death redeems.

6 Now, o'er the rolling seas
A Saviour's name to bear,
Our sails are to the breeze,
To God our parting prayer.
We leave our native shores, and know
The Christian hath no home below!

7 Friends, kindred, all, adieu!
Though through our earthly days,
So vapor-like and few,
We're hence as parted rays,
On high may we surround the Sun
Of Righteousness, in Him made one!

HANNAH FLAGG GOULD.

GOOD BYE OFFERING TO MISSIONARIES.

Few women have done more for the cause of Foreign Missions, than has the author of the following *"Good bye offering."*

To hear such testimony of a person, is to know that such a one is also thoroughly devoted to the home, and Home Missions. That clear vision enabling one to see over into those dark and distant places of earth, is not generated until the heart has first been touched by, and has responded to, the home needs.

Mrs. Carrie L. Post is known far and wide as a constant and consecrated worker, though a quiet and unobtrusive one, in whatever her heart and hand findeth to do.

Thirteen years ago, when Miss Jennie Chapin went as a missionary to China, Mrs. Post—"Aunt Carrie," as she is familiarly and lovingly called by all the young people—organized the *"Jennie Chapin Helpers,"* a society which has done most effective work under her superintendency, and has been the means of stimulating other like organizations into more active service for the Master.

Her elegant home is always open for the workers in any good cause, and time and money are freely given, yet in such a manner that her left hand knoweth not what the right doeth.

FOR A READING OR RECITATION.

May "Peace," be on the waters
And safety on the land,
When the consecrated daughters
Of our missionary band,
Swiftly speeding on their way,
Haste to tell the glad "old story,"
Of a Saviour — Christ — our God;
Doing all things for His glory,
Ready for His smile, or rod.
No vain tears for home receding,
Or for faces fair and kind;
Haste thee where sad voices pleading
Ask for "Bread," they cannot find.
Blesséd mission! brightest honor
Christian woman e'er could crave,
"Will of God," hath laid upon her
This co-work with Christ — to save.
He who slept upon His pillow,
Though His soul was wide awake,
Still controls old ocean's billows;
Trust Him — trust Him, for His sake.

CARRIE L. POST.
Springfield, Ill.

THE MISSIONARY.

1 Behold him, Heaven-sent to nations rude,—
With prayerful soul, in some sweet solitude.
Ah! why, with softening heart, yet soul serene,
Gazes he thus upon the varied scene?
Has witching mem'ry, with mysterious power,
By song of joyous bird, or sight of flower,
Brought other scenes and other claims to view,
Where sever'd hearts exchanged a last adieu?

2 Though pleasing to his soul the dream of home,
And the sweet memories that with it come,
Now higher cares engross,— to pour the light
Of heaven on lands long veil'd in error's night.
Nor vainly. Lo! where pagan altars rose,
The Christian temple in the sunlight glows,
And those who bow'd to gods of wood and stone,
Bend in Thy courts, O God! to Thee alone.

SELINA SHERMAN.

Miss Laura M. Latimer.

Miss Laura M. Latimer was, for some time, a missionary to Mexico, under the auspices of the Philadelphia Board of the Presbyterian Church. She was a faithful worker, and her brilliant talents as a writer did her good service while in the field, which she left one year ago, much to the regret of many interested in the spiritual condition of Mexico. 1885.

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

In 1835, when Dr. Webb and other missionaries sailed, the last words they heard from their native land were "Crown Him Lord of all."

1 They hushed their breath, that noble band,
To catch the last farewell;
The dear home shore receding fast
With every ocean swell.
Above the city's noise and din
A song rose on the air —
A song of triumph and of joy
From loved ones gathered there.

2 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
And, clear as bugle call,
The words came floating on the air,
Oh! crown Him Lord of all!
They caught the spirit of the hymn,
Danger and death looked small
To those brave ones, who gave their lives
To crown Him Lord of all.

3 A battle-hymn, that song sped on,
The world for Christ, the call,
For every island of the sea
Shall crown Him Lord of all.
On Himalaya's sunny slope,
By Delhi's kingly wall.
They lay their lives down at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 The Southern Cross begins to bend,
The morning dawns at last,
Idol and shrine and mosque and tower
At Jesus' feet are cast.
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head,
Let every burden fall,
Come, cast your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all!

LAURA M. LATIMER.
Phelps, N. Y.

YE ARE MY WITNESSES.

RECITATION.

O ye to whom the "word of life" hath brought
The feet of gladness and the voice of joy,
Speed ye upon the highways of the earth,
And through the by-ways bear the good, great news.
Fear not to spread the message of the King,
"For ye are not your own," ye are the Christ's,
And Christ is God's, and God is all the world's,
Aye, all creation's; for He serveth all
And is the Master by the need of Him,
Even as the Teacher said, Servant of all
Is greatest in the Kingdom of our God;
A kingdom not of this world short and small,
But lying in the unseen land of souls,
That living land, by living waters fed.
Then go ye to the hungry hearts of men,
And hold ye forth the "Bread of life," and cry
To all who pass, that they may taste and see
That it hath nurture for them and is sweet;
And learn that he who eateth hungereth not
For that he evermore may eat again;
That they shall buy no more what is not meat,
Shall no more toil and plan, and strive and war
For gains of gold, power, luxury, and art
That perish with the using, and are gone,
While there is that which groweth with the use
And can be, for the using, ever had.
Speak, for this lasting food our Lord hath lain
As burden on the blessed heart and hand,
Give, and it shall be given ye again,
Withhold, it turns to ashes in the clasp;
Then stand ye in the Master's name and serve
Wherever souls are born, and lives are lived,
Proclaim that there is balm in Gilead
For every heart, fresh balm from buds of joy,
Stand where the snows of winter white the earth;
Stand where the heat of summer parch the land;
Sing on the mountains; in the valleys tell;
Talk by the river; answer, on the plains,
To him who asketh ye of your good hope.
Labor and wait! The summer of the Lord
Runneth the whole round year. The "tree of life"
Hath not one month, alone, to drop its fruit.
And is it hard? aye, and it is not hard.
The yoke is easy when it fits the neck;
The burden light upon the willing back.
And ye would sit close at the hand of Him,
And share His power? If ye are able, come!
But can ye drink the cup and be baptized
With that baptism to which He bowed His head?
Then are ye kings and priests unto our God,
And ye do reign with Him the ages long.

ALELIA T. UTLEY.
Cottage Grove, Minn. 1884.

Mrs. Laura M. Thurston.

"Mrs. Laura M. Thurston was a daughter of Earl P. Hawley of Norfolk, where she was born in December, 1812.

In September, 1839, she was married to Franklin Thurston at that time a merchant of New Albany, where she continued to reside until the time of her death, which occurred on the 21st of July, 1842.

She contributed a number of poetical articles to the periodicals, under the signature of "Viola," some of which obtained an extensive circulation.

PARTING HYMN.

7s.

1 Brethren we are parting now,
Here perchance to meet no more,
Well may sorrow cloud each brow,
That another dream is o'er.
Life is fraught with changeful dreams,
Ne'er to-morrow as to-day;
Scarce we catch their transient gleams,
Ere they melt and fade away.

2 But upon the brow of night,
See the morning star arise,
With unchanging holy light,
Gilding all the Eastern skies.
Bethlehem's Star! of yore it blazed,
Gleaming on Judea's brow,
While the wondering Maji gazed;
Brethren, let it guide us now.

3 Guide us over land and sea,
Where the tribes in darkness mourn;
Where no Gospel jubilee
Bids the ransomed ones return;
Or, beneath our own blue skies,
Where our green savannahs spread,
Let me bid that Star arise
And its beams of healing shed.

4 Shall we shrink from pain and strife
While our Captain leads the way?
Shall we, for the love of life,
Cast a Saviour's life away?
Rather gird His armor on,
Fight the battles of the Lord,
Till the victory be won,
And we gain our long reward.

5 Oh! may many a radiant gem,
Souls redeemed by us from woe,
Sparkle in the diadem
That our Leader shall bestow,
Change and trial here may come;
But no grief may haunt the breast;
When we reach our heavenly home,
Find our everlasting rest.

6 Broken is our household band,
Hushed awhile our evening hymns;
But there is a better land
Where no tears the eye shall dim;
There is heard no farewell tone,
On that bright and peaceful shore;
There no parting grief is known,
For they meet to part no more.

LAURA M. THURSTON.

The Judson Family.

The only member of the original Judson family, so far as we know, who yet survives, is Miss Abigail Judson, a sister of Dr. Judson. She resides at Plymouth, Mass., and has there lived many years, in a home fronting the sea. She is now quite aged, but retains a clear mind and interest in the church of God.

In Hamilton, N. Y., yet lives Miss Catharine Chubbuck, sister of "Fanny Forrester." The latter, as is well known, became the wife of Dr. Judson, and after his death, she returned to Hamilton, her early home, where she died, and where her body lies buried.

Dr. George D. Boardman is the son of Mrs. Boardman, who became the second Mrs. Judson. His eloquent ministry in Philadelphia has just finished its fifteenth year.

Adoniram Judson, M. D., the eldest son of Dr. Judson and of Mrs. S. B. Judson, is an accomplished and rising physician in New York.

Miss Abigail B. Judson is a sister of the last-named son, and is an accomplished teacher. At present she is principal of one department of the institution at College Hill, near Cincinnati.

Mr. Henry Judson is the only one who has resolved to wrestle with "the stubborn glebe." He has a farm in fertile Illinois. He also is a son of Sarah B. Judson.

Rev. Edward Judson is a young pastor whose work has been so wonderful blessed in Orange, N. J., and in New York City. He is the youngest son of Dr. Judson and of Sarah B. Judson. Blessed is she among women who left such sons.

The only child of Dr. Judson and of Emily C. Judson, who survives, is Emily Frances Judson, who in 1870 became the wife of Rev. Thomas A. T. Hanna. She is a noble Christian woman. It was of herthat her gifted mother wrote the beautiful poem entitled "*My Bird.*"

Editor "Advance."
1884.

JUDSON'S GRAVE.

1 He had borne the rod,
He had taught of God,
Through him was a nation bless'd,
Though the ocean now
Rolls o'er his brow,
Yet sweet is his tranquil rest.

2 'Neath the drifting wave,
Is the "Teacher's" grave,
Where none may e'er repair
With a loving heart,
To bestow in part,
Affection's offerings there.

3 Yet with all that sleep,
In the mighty deep,
At the great Archangel's tread,
He will early rise
To the joyous skies,
When the sea gives up its dead.

MRS. L. H. WASHINGTON. 1851.
From "Echoes of Song."

WE PART ON THIS GREEN ISLET.

To the Editor of the Mother's Journal, New York.

MY DEAR SISTER: I send you the accompanying lines by my late beloved wife, written on board ship, near the Isle of France, when she was so decidedly convalescent that it appeared to be my duty to return to Maulmain, and leave her to prosecute the voyage alone. After we arrived, however, at the island, she became worse, and I was obliged to relinquish my first purpose. She continued to decline until we reached St. Helena, when she took her departure, not for the "setting sun," but the sun of glory that never sets, and left me to pursue a different course, and under very different circumstances from those anticipated in the lines. A. JUDSON.

Dr. Judson was sent in 1812 by the American Board, as a missionary to Burmah. He died in 1850.

1 We part on this green islet, love,—
Thou for the eastern main,
I for the setting sun, love,
Oh! when to meet again!

2 My heart is sad for thee, love,
For lone thy way will be;
And oft thy tears will fall, love,
For thy children and for me.

3 But higher shall our raptures glow
On yon celestial plain,
When loved and parted here below,
Meet, ne'er to part again.

4 Then gird thine armor on, love,
Nor faint thou by the way,
Till Boodh shall fall, and Burmah
Shall own Messiah's sway.

SARAH BOARDMAN JUDSON.

The author of the above was the second wife of Dr. Judson. Her son, Rev. Dana Boardman, is the talented and successful pastor of a Baptist Church in Philadelphia at the present time.

When a child, with his mother in Burmah, he used to accompany her when she went to teach in the harems.

Mrs. Emily Judson.

Emily Chubbuck was born at Morrisville, in the State of New York, in 1817. She was at first a teacher and afterwards pursued a literary career, under the name of "Fanny Forester." She was employed by Dr. Adoniram Judson, a missionary, to write the memoir of his deceased wife. This led to their marriage in 1840. Together they went as missionaries to Burmah where he died. She lived only a few months after her return to America in 1854.

About 1847 her poems were published in book form, entitled "*Olderbrook.*" She also published "*The Kathayan Slave,*" a volume containing both poetry and prose, and another volume of poems named "*An Olio.*"

MY MOTHER.

1 My gentle mother, through life's storms
I may not lean on thee;
For helpless, cowering little forms
Cling trustingly to me. Poor babes!
To have no guide but me.

2 With weary foot and broken wing,
With bleeding heart and sore,
Thy dove looks backwards sorrowing,
But seeks the ark no more, thy breast
Seeks never, never more.

3 Sweet mother, for the exile pray.
That loftier faith be given;
Her broken reeds all swept away,
That she may rest in heaven — her soul
Grow strong in Christ and heaven.

4 All fearfully, all tearfully,
Alone and sorrowing,
My dim eyes lifted to the sky,
Fast to the cross I cling — O Christ!
To Thy dear cross I cling.

EMILY JUDSON. 1854

WAITING.

1 The fields are whitening 'neath the ripening grain —
I long to toil amid the reapers there.
What full ripe sheaves I'll gather ere the rain,
To prove my gratitude for God's dear care!

2 Thus saying, strong and resolute I stood
Amid the ever busy, hurrying throng;
Waiting to see, in somewhat anxious mood,
The Lord and Master as he passed along.

3 He came. Quick pressing thro' the eager throng,
I stood beside him near the open gate:
"Master, what shall I do? My soul is strong."
He turned, and softly said, "Here stand and wait."

4 The hot blood to my brow and temple flew;
I battled fiercely with my hapless fate:
"O Master! have you naught for me to do?"
"Yes," He replied at once; Here stand and wait,"

5 He passed along; and thro' the weary hours
I stood with restless hands, and aching heart.
I would not even pluck the fragrant flowers
Beneath my feet, while thus I stood apart.

6 Again He passed. And, in my grief, I said,
"I'd rather die than only stand and wait!"
One look of sad rebuke, no word He said,
But left me weeping by the open gate.

7 The weary, weary hours come and pass;
I watch the reapers cut the bearded grain;
I see their heavy sheaves, and sigh, alas!
That I can only wrestle with my pain.

8 The night draws near. I seek Him once again;
"O Master, see! 'Tis growing dark and late;
I have no sheaves!" His sweet voice soothes my pain,
"They serve me best who only stand and wait!"

9 So, patiently I strive to stand and wait
Thro' all the glories of the changing years;
Wait till His hand shall lead me thro' the gate,
And change my sighs to songs, to smiles my tears.

[illegible]
Springfield Ill., July, 1884.

GOD'S BUILDING.

Ye are God's Building. 1 Cor., iii: 9.

1 Of all the beautiful lessons
With which God's book is filled,
This one of wonderful sweetness
Hath oft my being thrilled.
Oh! wonderful care of the Father,
Oh! wonderful love, so free,
To know that the Maker of all things
Careth so much for me.

2 'Tis said that the temple, so stately,
That crowned old Zion's hill,
Was built without sound of hammer,
The toilers working so still.
Far off from the grand foundation
Was all the noise and strain,
Of fitting one stone to another,
From base to turret's vane.

3 And when all were brought together,
The wrought stones of every size,
The columns so strong and graceful,
Each one in place to rise,
They formed so grand a temple,
As never before was seen;
So true in its grand proportions,
So bright in its glittering sheen.

4 Yet there is a grander temple,
And God is he who plans,
Now gathering His stones together,
For that house not made with hands.
Each ransomed soul will be one,
Which evermore, day after day,
God is fitting for this great temple,
Which shall last for aye and aye.

5 Our pains, temptations and perils,
Our sufferings, sighs and our tears,
Are God's chisels and tools and hammers,
Before the "bright angel appears."
Let none shrink back from the process,
Let none of the Lord's complain,
But wait with a sweet submission,
'Twill not be long nor in vain.

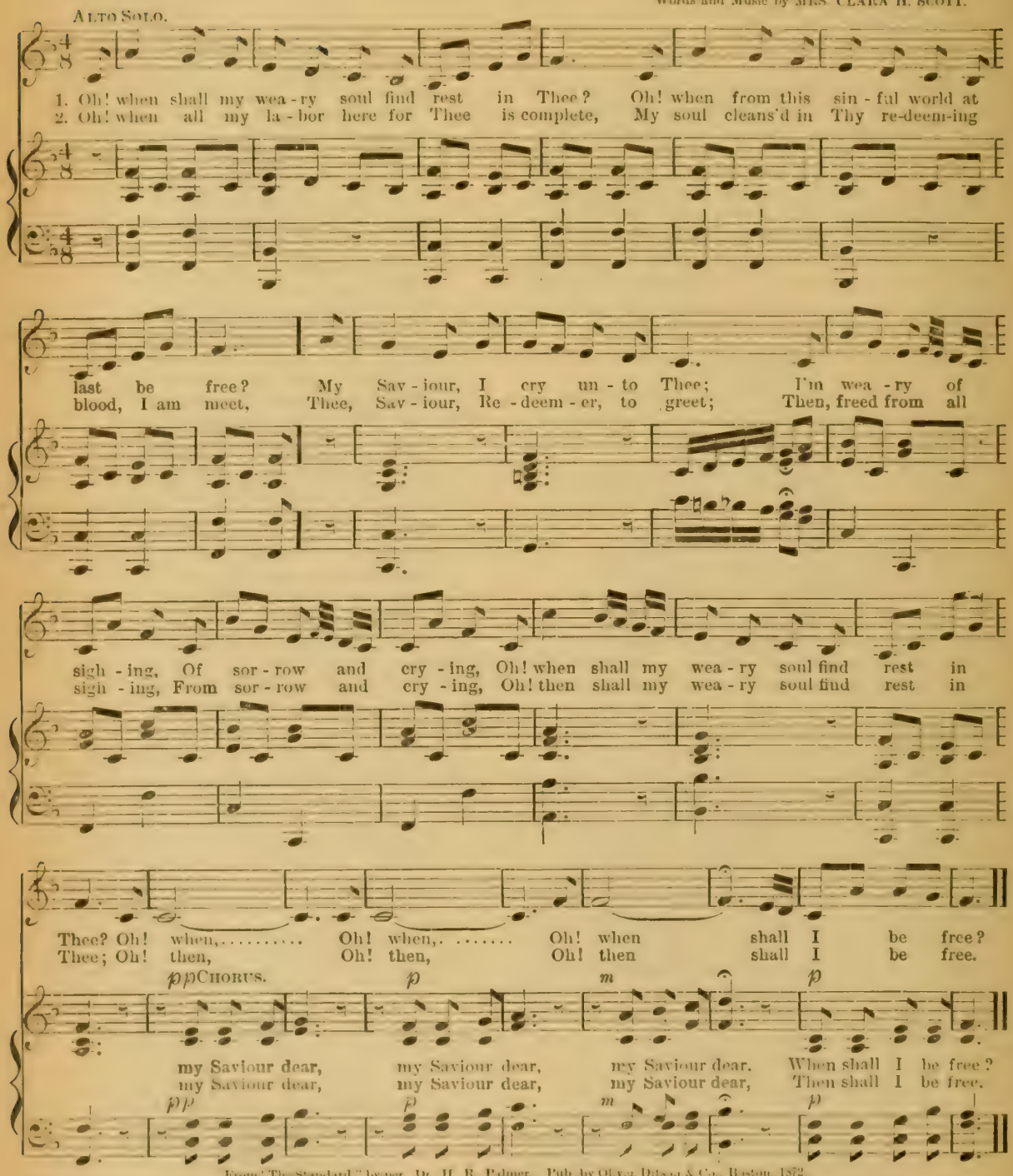
6 Away from the noise of the furnace,
Away from the toil and the sin,
He will carry each one of His children
The beautiful gates within;
Where each in appointed station,
He will fashion there one by one,
And Christ will complete the temple,
Himself the Corner-Stone.

[illegible]
Lafayette Ind. 1884

GOD'S DISCIPLINE TO HIS CHILDREN.

OH! WHEN SHALL I BE FREE?

Words and Music by MRS. CLARA H. SCOTT.



From "The Standard" by per. Dr. H. R. Palmer. Pub. by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, 1872.

AND THE LIGHT SHINETH IN DARKNESS.

1 The way seems dark; O Saviour! reach Thy hand
And help a wand'rer through this vale of tears;
I cannot see the path; alone I could not stand;
Lead me and with Thy love calm all my fears.
I am a trembling lamb, upon Thy bosom bear,
And lead me by the waters calm and still;
A weak and bruisèd reed, in pity hear,
And let Thy love this aching bosom fill.

2 Oft by the way I've pluck'd fresh flowers
And drank their sweets until my heart grew bright;
But while I revelled in my gayest hours,
Behold, a shadow came, and all was night.
I've grasped at hope — the phantom seemed so true,
Its glory dazzled my too-happy frame,
And life's horizon beam'd with heaven's own blue;
But, in the midst of joy, lo! sorrow came.

3 I've rested on a love so holy, pure and true,
That heaven's own brightness shone upon my heart
But yet I knew the time too soon must come,
When from that lov'd one I'd be called to part.
Oh! draw me, Saviour, with Thy love so near,
That earth-born shadows may not pierce my sky;
Oh! let Thy love be sweeter — far more dear,
And let me to Thy bosom ever fly.

4 The way seems dark; O Saviour! with me stay,
To guide me thro' this dim and shadowed vale,
Temptations lurk around, and fears beset my way,
While o'er this life blows a tempestuous gale.
Be Thou with me — the waters look so deep,
And all my heart holds dear so soon may pass away;
Oh! guide me o'er the mountains rough and steep,
And through the desert ever with me stay.

5 Thy arm upholds me! now, I see the light
Quick breaking through the dusty clouds of even,
Bright shining stars do pierce my deepest night,
And light me on the path before unseen.
The way seems bright! dear Saviour, with me stay,
And fold me closer to Thy loving heart;
I feel Thy arms about me — darkness turns to-day—
Oh! from Thee never, never let me part.

6 When death's stern, icy grasp shall take from me
The dear ones I so fondly cherish here,
May one and all be gather'd home with Thee,
Where heavenly joys shall make us all more dear.
For well I know in that celestial home,
Where all is glorious — all is bright and fair,
If in those hallow'd precincts we shall roam,
Our loved ones true will gladly greet us there.

7 When parted from us here they'll happy wait,
And walk the golden streets of our eternal home,
Ope wide for us the shining, pearly gate,
And sing sweet strains to cheer us as we come.
The way seems bright! I feel Thy loving hand —
I'll gladly follow where Thou leadest me,
When in the waves of Jordan I am called to stand,
I'll clasp it then, and trust my all to Thee.

EMMA TUTT
Baltimore, 1884.

IN THE SHADOW.

An invalid missionary seeking a drop of shade by her house in which to work said in reply to a sympathizing word, "Yes we have to walk in the shade in these days, but it is the shadow of the Rock."

1 "Yes, I walk in the shadow; (he said)
For the glare of this tropical shine,
Too burningly, blightingly, beats on a head
That is throbbing as wildly as mine.
And, sometimes, I cannot but sigh,
As I dream of the strengthening breeze
That would medicine all of this aching, were I
At the home that is over the seas.

2 "Yet I walk in the shadow, (he said)
Of a fear that is clouding me more,—
A dim apprehension,— a gathering dread,
That deepens as never before.
'Tis not for myself that I care,
For the life it is nature to crave;
But I think of the heart that would break if it bear
The shadow that falls from a grave.

3 "Though I walk in the shadow, (he said)
There are times when it's sweeter than all
Mere brightness that ever could halo my head,
Or gladness that round me could fall.
It cannot deceive me nor mock
With freshness it fails to supply;
'Tis better than sunshine,— this shade of the Rock
That is stronger and higher than I!

4 "So I walk in the shadow, (he said)
With a soul that is patient and still;
My Father knowns wherefore this gloom is o'erspread,
And if best to withdraw it, He will.
Then quietly, meekly, I'll wait,
No matter how weary it is;
And if it should lengthen as hours grow late,
I will know that *the shadow is His!*"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.
[illegible], Va.
In "Woman's Work for Women."

NOT DEAD, BUT GONE BEFORE

1 Our tears are falling, falling fast for our beloved one,
Our more than mother!
And 'twixt our sobs we cry, "Earth holdeth not for us
Like her another!"

2 She gave us wondrous words of counsel, words of cheer
And tender pleading.
For, guiding us, she followed closely still
Her Saviour's leading.

3 Upon her bier they laid a sheaf of yellow wheat —
A fitting token
Of her whose lengthened life was ripe with loving deeds
And kind words spoken.

4 With bated breath we strive to say, "Thy will be done,"
Then fall a-weeping.
Alas! our faith is weak. We scarce can hear Him say,
"She is but sleeping;"

5 "Not dead, but gone before." Oh! cease our sobs and tears!
Oh! cease our sighing!
Did ye not see the palm branch by the sheaf of wheat
On her bier lying?

6 Help us, dear Lord, to see beyond the darkened vail,
With faith's clear vision,
The ransomed hosts, the Lamb of God, the crystal sea,
The fields elysian.

7 So will our tears for her be changed to songs of joy;
And we be given
To follow Thee, e'en as *she* did, till death, and then,
Through death, to heaven!

MRS. R. M. WYLIE.
Baltimore, Md., 1883.

SOWING AND REAPING.

1 Sow with a generous hand,
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

2 Sow, while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it,—
They will stir in their quiet sleep;
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

3 Then sow, for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving cornfields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

4 Sow; and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears;
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's doubts and fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day, in tears.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER

LABOR AND TRUST.

1 Wearily I sit and weave
The tangled web of life;
The pattern which my hands have wrought
To put a bit of color fraught
With daily, hourly strife.

2 Longingly I seek to trace
The inwove threads I span;
To know how this and that unite,
For bringing forth the figures brigh
That form the perfect plan.

3 Rapidly the shuttle flies
When heart and hope are mine;
When on the loom the sunlight pours,
The flecks of gold like summer flowers
In wondrous beauty shine.

4 Gloomily the fingers move,
Dark and tinted is the work,
When 'mid the threads an evil knot,
Envy and malice, — love forgot,
Doth unexpected lurk.

5 Patiently with bowed head,
I weave in sorrow's day,
Scarce can I tell what threads I hold,
I only know that grief untold
Hides all but sodden gray.

6 Trustfully I sit and weave;
I know 'tis mine to do
That which He gives into my hands,
Complete in Him who wisely planned
Shall be the pattern true.

LYDIA NEWCOMBE

GOD'S DISCIPLINE.

1 I asked a draught — a cooling draught
For fever dried life's current up,
But ere my burning lips had quaffed,
A hidden hand dashed down the cup.
I asked a crumb, a little crumb,
The Master sternly answered, "No!"
And as I begged, a scorner came,
Receiving what I longed for so.

2 Then in a desert place apart
I laid me down, so faint and sore,
But, ah! such glory filled my heart
I thirsted not, nor hungered more;
And I had bread enough to eat,
And Oh! its sweetness none can tell,
And living waters cool and sweet
Flowed to me from Salvation's well.

JENNY BLAND BEAUCHAMP.
Gainsville, Texas. 1882.

COME NEAR

Come near to me. I need Thy glorious presence
Through the dense darkness of this troubled hour,
Shine on my soul, and fill it with the essence
Of Thy pervading and uplifting power.
Come near, come near to me.

Come nearer yet. I have no strength to reach Thee;
My soul is like a bird with broken wings.
Lean down from Thy fair heights of peace and teach me
The balm Thy touch to mortal beings brings.
Lean down, O God, lean down.

Come near. And yet, if those eternal places
Hold greater tasks to occupy Thy hands,
Send Thy blest angels whose celestial faces
Smile sometimes on us from the spirit lands.
Send one, send one to me.

I must have help. I am so weak and broken
I cannot help myself — I know not how.
That moral force of which so much is spoken,
Will not sustain and fortify me now —
I must, I must have help.

Some outside aid, some strength from spirit sources
We all must have, in hours like this, or die.
To one, to all, of those mysterious forces
Which men call God, I lift my voice and cry,
Come near, come near to me.

ELLA WHEELER.
Windsor, Wis. 1883.

WAIT, CHILDREN, WAIT.

1 Wait, children, wait!
Linger a little by the outer gate —
I will not keep you long;
My steps are weary, but my heart is strong,
Day after day and hour by hour I climb
The darkening heights of time,—
Wait, little children, wait!

2 My thoughts on wings arise,
And, soaring, follow to the upper skies
Your vanished faces. In the grave I sought
Awhile, but found you not.
Here while I watched, nor pierced the darkness through,
A heavenly whisper said, The Lord is risen!
He who first broke the bars of death's dread prison,
Has never shut them down on such as you.

* * * * * *

3 A vision and a dream —
Can that which is not, seem
So real, so full of pleasure and of peace?
From earthly life as far
As yonder twilight star,
Ye are as near to my immortal sight,
As to my eyes the all-surrounding light.
Love, stronger than the grave,
Holds fast on faith to comfort and to save.

MRS. F. L. MACE.
Bangor, Maine, Sept. 7, 1854.

WHEN ADVERSE WINDS.

Tune: "[illegible]"
Dent, [illegible] 25

1 When adverse winds and waves arise
And in my heart despondence sighs;
When life her throng of cares reveals,
And weakness o'er my spirit steals,
Grateful I hear the kind decree,
That "as my day, my strength shall be."

2 One trial more must yet be past,
One pang — the keenest and the last;
And when, with brow convulsed and pale,
My feeble, quivering heart strings fail,
Redeemer! grant my soul to see
That "as her day, her strength shall be."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THERE'LL BE JOY BY AND BY

1 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Though the way be long and weary,
Morn shall bring thee light and cheer:
Child, look up, the dawn is near

CHORUS. There'll be joy by and by,
There'll be joy by and by,
In the dawning of the morning,
There'll be joy by and by.

2 Though thine eyes are sad with weeping,
Through the night thy vigils keeping,
God shall wipe their tears away,
Turn thy darkness into day.

3 Though thy spirit faints with fasting
Through the hours so slowly wasting,
Morn shall bring a glorious feast,
Thou shall sit an honored guest.

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.
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A SIN-SICK SOUL.

1 I sat in the school of sorrow,
The Master was teaching there,
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart oppressed with care.

2 Instead of looking upward
And seeing His face shine,
So full of tender compassion
For weary hearts like mine,

3 I only thought of the burden,
The cross that before me lay,
The clouds that were thick above me,
Darkening the light of day.

4 So I could not learn my lesson,
And say, "Thy will be done;"
And the Master came not near me,
As the leaden hours went on.

5 At last, in despair, I lifted
My streaming eyes above,
And I saw the Master watching
With a look of pitying love.

6 To the cross before me he pointed,
And I thought I heard him say,
"Thou, child, thou must take thy burden,
And learn thy task to-day."

7 Not now may I tell the reason,
'Tis enough for thee to know,
That I, the Master, am teaching,
And appoint thee all thy woe.

8 Then kneeling, the cross I lifted,
For one glimpse of that face divine
Had given me strength to bear it,
And say Thy will, not mine.

9 And so I learned my lesson,
And through the weary year,
His helping hand sustained me,
And wiped away my tears.

10 And ever the glorious sunlight
From my heavenly home streamed down,
Where the sorrows all are ended,
And the cross exchanged for a crown.

SYLVIA A. WHITLOCK. 1882.

Mrs. Charles.

"Elizabeth Rundle is the daughter of John Rundle, Esq., late M. P. for Tavistock, Devonshire, where she was born. She was married to Mr. Andrew Paton Charles. She is the author of the "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," "The Draytons and Davenants," and other tales. She has also published a book entitled, "The Voice of Christian Life in Song."

AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

1 Never farther than Thy cross,
Never higher than Thy feet;
Here earth's precious things seem dross,
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

2 Gazing thus, our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus:
Sin which laid the cross on Thee,
Love which bore the cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

4 Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite;
Captives, by Thy cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy cross, we fight.

5 Pressing onwards as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
Then our last aspirings end.

6 Till, amid the hosts of light,
We, in Thee redeemed complete,
Through Thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

MRS. CHARLES.

ONWARD.

"Let patience have her perfect work." James i : 4.

1 Oh! lose not courage, weary heart!
Forth to the work anew!
Through tears and toil the Master trod;
So must His servants true.
'Tis those who sow the seed, and weep,
Whom He has said shall doubtless reap.

2 Oh! lose not patience, weary heart!
Tangled life's web may seem;
But thread by thread the Master's hand
Unravels what we deem
Inextricable: then we see
How skilled a guide that Hand must be.

3 And so in faith we day by day
Take both the toil and pain,
Knowing the work and warfare each
Shall end in heavenly gain,
And those who have through patience won,
Shall hear the Master's word, "Well done!"

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR. 1875.

WHEN I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

1 Though now I see no purpose in my life,
Nor understand the mystery of its plan,
Nor know how far beyond the present hour
Extends its span,
If when the span is measured, it appears
That God through my poor life was glorified,
Though now I see nothing but mystery;
I shall be satisfied.

2 Though now I bear pain's heavy, galling cross,
And sorrow wounds my heart to bitter tears,
And all the gold of joy is mixed with dross,
If it appears
When all is ended, that my heavy cross
Was but my crown, bent thus, its worth to hide,
And every trial was a well-set gem,
I shall be satisfied.

3 Though toil has brought me small material gain,
And every year is marked with heavy loss,
And though my graves of disappointed hopes
Are green with moss,
If, when the Master comes to view my work,
And lay it in His balance to be tried,
I find that others were enriched thereby,
I shall be satisfied.

4 Though now my heart gives more than it receives,
And much that others value is denied
To me, from day to day, if Death reveals
What life doth hide,
And proves beyond all doubting that each wish,
Each want of mind and heart here unsupplied,
Purchased some pleasure for another life,
I shall be satisfied.

ANGIE FULLER. 1882.

NOT HERE, AND YET NOT LOST.

1 Not here, and yet not lost,
A narrow space they've crossed,
Just where they are and how,
We may not answer now;
But well we know God's care
And love rule everywhere.

2 For us, the way they went,
How their new life is spent,
Matters not much. That way
We shall be called some day;
And if 'tis soon or late,
We can afford to wait.

3 'Tis ours, with heart serene,
In days that intervene,
To do the task that's set,
Nor the least part forget,
Through good and ill report;
For Oh! the time is short!

MRS. M. F. BUTTS.
Westerly, R. I. 1884.

HERE AND THERE.

1 We sit beside the lower feast to-day,—
She at the higher,
Our voices falter as we bend to pray;
In the great choir
Of happy saints she sings, and does not tire.

2 We break the bread of patience, and the wine
Of tears we share.
She tastes the vintage of that glorious vine,
Whose branches fair,
Set for healing of all nations are.

3 I wonder is she sorry for our pain,
Or if, grown wise,
She wondering, smiles, and counts them idle, vain,
These heavy sighs,
These longings for her face and happy eyes.

4 Smile on then, darling, as God's will is best.
We loose our hold,
Content to leave thee to the deeper rest,
The safer fold,
To joy's immortal youth while we grow old;

5 Content the cold and wintry day to bear,
The icy wave,
And know thee in immortal summer there,
Beyond the grave,
Content to give thee to the love that gave.

SUSAN COOLIDGE. 1883.

HOW DOTH DEATH SPEAK OF OUR BELOVED?

"The rain that falls upon the height
Too gently to be called delight,
In the dark valley reappears
As a wild cataract of tears.
And love in life shall strive to see
Sometimes what love in death would be."

ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

1 How doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it hath laid them low;
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

2 It clothes their every gift and grace
With radiance from the holiest place,
With light as from an angel's face;

3 Recalling with resistless force
And tracing to their hidden source,
Deeds scarcely noticed in their course.

4 This little loving, fond device,
That daily act of sacrifice,
Of which too late we learn the price!

5 Opening our weeping eyes to trace
Simple unnoticed kindnesses,
Forgotten notes of tenderness,

6 Which evermore to us must be
Sacred as hymns in infancy
Learned, listening at a mother's knee.

7 Thus doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
Then let Love antedate the work of Death,
And do this now.

8 How doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow.

9 It sweeps their faults with heavy hand,
As sweeps the sea the trampled sand,
Till scarce the faintest print is scanned.

10 It shows how such a vexing deed
Was but generous nature's weed,
Or some choice virtue run to seed;

11 How that small fretting fretfulness
Was but love's over-anxiousness,
Which had not been, had love been less.

12 This failing, at which we repined,
But the dim shade of day declined,
Which should have made us doubly kind.

13 Thus doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
Then let Love antedate the work of Death,
And do this now!

14 How doth Death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

15 It takes each failing on our part,
And brands it in upon the heart,
With caustic power and cruel art.

16 The small neglect that may have pained,
A giant stature will have gained
When it can never be explained!

17 The little service which had proved
How tenderly we watched and loved,
And those mute lips to glad smiles moved.

18 The little gift from out our store,
Which might have cheered some cheerless hour
When they with earth's poor needs were poor,
But never will be needed more!

19 It shows our faults like fires at night;
It sweeps their failings out of sight;
It clothes their good in heavenly light.

20 O Christ our life! foredate the work of Death,
And do this now!
Thou who art love, thus hallow our beloved!
Not Death, but Thou.

MRS. CHARLES.

WATCHING FOR THE MORNING.

1 The voice of my best beloved was still,
The lips of my dearest cold;
On my path the frost of death lay chill,
My world was withered and old,—
The world so fair only yesterday,
Grown empty, shrivelled and old.

2 Afar in the east — the pale, grey east —
Lay the first faint hope of dawn,
I watched, as they watch whose hearts bleed slow,
For the coming of the morn,—
Through the night of earthly loss and pain,
For the Resurrection Morn.

3 "Oh! hasten the day, dear Christ!" I cried,
"For my heart lies in its grave.
Courage and beauty and strength are low
With the love I'd die to save!"
Softly a voice like an echo came:
"*I* have loved and died to save."

4 The world is aweary of grief and sin,
Each silver chord breaks away,
And the mourners' feet fill every street;
O Lord, hasten Thou the day!
Low the Master's tender voice replied:
"My child, hasten thou the day.

5 My dead lie buried in many lands;
Precious souls my blood hath won
In sorrow, in wrong and in error sleep,
From their graves roll thou the stone,
Flash on their night the Easter light,
My child, roll away the stone!"

6 I watch for the morn, "My soul doth wait,"
But I work with smile and tear;
By every peak that catches the glow
I know that the day draws near.
With each new heart that greets the light,
I know the glad day draws near.

KATE W. HAMILTON. 1883.

THE ANGEL BOATMAN.

1 One by one we cross the river,
One by one we're passing o'er;
One by one the crowns are given,
On the bright and happy shore.
Youth and childhood oft are passing
O'er the dark and rolling tide,
And the blesséd, holy Spirit
Is the dying Christian's guide,
And the loving, gentle Spirit
Bears them o'er the rolling tide.

2 One by one we come to Jesus,
As we heed His gentle voice;
One by one His vineyard enter,
There to labor and rejoice.
One by one sweet flowers we gather,
In the glorious work of love, —
Garlands for the blesséd Saviour,
Gather for the realms above,
And the loving, gentle Spirit
Bears them to our home of love.

3 One by one the heavy-laden
Sink beneath the noontide sun;
And the aged pilgrim welcomes
Evening shadows as they come.
One by one with sins forgiven,
May we stand upon the shore,
Waiting till the blesséd Spirit
Takes our hand and guides us o'er,
And the loving, gentle Spirit
Lends us to the shining shore.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.
Set to music by T. E. PERKINS. From "Sabbath Carols."

FAITH.

C. M.

1 There is a faith that e'er ascends
To Him who dwells on high,
Who is the tender Friend of friends,
And hears our feeblest cry.

2. There is a faith that crowns all time,
That lives when all else dies;
It soars above the hills sublime
That skirt heaven's paradise.

3 It catches glimpses from afar
Of walls that jasper be,
Of golden gates that stood ajar
For all my Lord and me.

4 To this dear faith Oh! let me cling
When earth's dark sorrows rise,
Nor ever doubt its power to bring
My solace from the skies.

MRS. M. O. PAGE.
Austin, Ill. May, 1884.

WHAT CHEER?

"And turneth the shadow of death into morning."—Amos v. 8.

M. E SERVOSS. CLARA JANE CHILD.

1. O watch-man, on yon moun-tain height, What cheer? what cheer? Canst catch one gleam of dawn-ing light? What cheer? what cheer? The night hath been both long and drear, And hope hath giv-en way to fear; When will the dark-ness dis-ap-pear? What cheer? What cheer? Good cheer!
2. O pil-grim, let hope spring a-new! Good cheer, good cheer, The morn-ing seem shall most thy view, Good cheer, good cheer. The night is pass-ing fast a-way, And bright-er grows the cloud's dull gray, The joy-ful morn-ing doth ap-pear; Good cheer Good cheer!
3. Yet, watch-man, I would ask a-gain, What cheer? what cheer? This life seems one of toil and pain; What cheer? what cheer? Is there a re-com-pense that waits For those who en-ter du-ty's gates? Is there a land-less dark and drear? What cheer? What cheer?
4. Ah, yes; be-yond those shin-ing hills— Good cheer, good cheer. Are end-less joys for all thy tense; A bright e-ter-ni-ty draws near Good cheer, Good cheer!

Ending for 1st & 3d verses. *Ending for 2d & 4th verses.*

From the "Berean Quarterly." Pub. by Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D.

FATHER, HEAR OUR PRAYER.

EMMA PITT. EMMA PITT.

1. O Thou whose ten-der heart Is touched with hu-man woes, To us Thy gra-cious help im-part, Hear Thou our souls' deep throes.
2. Thou didst our frame as-sume, That we might come to Thee, And thro' our jour-ney to the tomb, Feel Thy sweet sym-pa-thy.
3. Bind up the break-ing heart, With Thy sweet, ten-der love; To us Thy gen-tle-ness im-part, And ev-'ry sin re-move.
4. Help, Sav-iour! or we die, Our fee-ble hearts up-hold; On Thy great mer-cy we re-ly, Oh! take us to Thy fold.

REFRAIN.

Hear us, Hear us, Fa-ther, hear our prayer! Hear us, hear us, Fa-ther, hear our prayer!

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THE CHRISTIAN'S DEAR HOME.

1 Speed away! speed away! happy soul of the blest,
From thy prison-house fly, like a bird to her nest;
Angel spirits are bending in love from the sky,
To welcome thee home to the mansions on high!
To the land where no night is, no tears, no decay!
Speed away, speed away, happy soul of the blest,
Speed away, speed away, to the land of thy rest.

2 Speed away! speed away! Oh! why linger below,
When thy measure of glory no mortal can know?
And the visions of beauty that beam on thy sight,
All come from the Christian's dear home of delight.
Thy darkness is turned into infinite day!
Speed away, speed away, happy soul of the blest,
Speed away, speed away, to the land of thy rest.

3 Speed away! speed away! happy soul of the blest,
To the land where the weary-worn pilgrim may rest,
To the city celestial, that beautiful shore,
Where the presence of death we shall fear nevermore.
Up! heavenward! let nothing thy journey delay!
Speed away, speed away, happy soul of the blest,
Speed away, speed away, to the land of thy rest.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

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Lucy J. Ward.

Lucy J. Ward (Mrs. H. P. Beach) was formerly a resident of Lake Forest, Ill., but now is a missionary stationed at Tungchow, China, with her husband, Rev. H. P. Beach. She sailed for her new field of labor Sept. 27, 1883. She has written many choice articles for the "Interior," and other religious weeklies, among them, *"Coronal"* and *"A Song Fragment"* which appear in this volume.

FOR GOD TOOK HER.

In memory of Mary Campbell, two years a missionary to the Laos; drowned, bathing in the Meinam, Feb. 8, 1881.

1 Dear girlish head! laid down to sleep
With life's sweet service scarce begun.
Dear eager heart! to quiet hushed
With all its purposes left undone.
Dear willing hands and tireless feet,
And loving soul that gave its best!
All, in youth's hopefulness and glow,
The Lord has taken home to rest.

2 Taken, while blinding tears our eyes
So fill, we scarce can see His hand;
Taken in such a way that faith
Waits in the dark to understand.
In such a way that but the thought
Of Jesus' death can comfort bring;
And taken when the world so needs
Such gifts of lives in offering.

3 What can we say! O Christ, we know
Thou knowest why, and how, and when!
We know Thy love is strong to bring
Thy cherished purposes to men.
Perhaps this fair young life, cut down
In fields where she had thought to glean,
May bring, for harvest time, the fruit
Which years of work could not have seen.

4 For Oh! we know that even this
Was not a sacrifice too great,
When for the message of Thy love
The darkened, burdened world doth wait.
And so we pray that her sweet life
And early death may touch with fire
New souls, who shall forever make
The work she loved, their hearts' desire.

LUCY L. WARD.

OUR FRIEND.

1 "To know her was to love her," she was fair
As the fair flowers she loved so well to tend,
And from her life there floated a perfume
Sweet as the odor of the choicest rose,
Or lilies of the valley that e'er shed
Their choice perfume upon the ambient air.

2 To know her was to know that she was true,
As ever is the needle to the pole,
Or north star to the night, or song of bird
To the returning Spring, or brooding dove
Is to its mate, yea, in a high degree
True as "Our Father" bids us to be true.

3 To know her was to wish to emulate;
Her life was beautiful by deeds of love;
Kind words where'er her pathway chanced to lay,
Were echoed forth like sweet, harmonious notes,
And waked glad melodies in many hearts
That had grown sick with discord, pain and strife.

4 To know her was to grieve that one so good
Should leave the world so soon, for it has need
Of such pure souls to make it something like
The Eden that it was ere sin indulged
Had wrought the transformation we behold
Around us, and would alter if we could.

ANGIE FULLER. 1883.

AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

1 Forth to Thy work from morn till night,
Through fog and din Thy path would be;
Whilst I at home upon the height
Would work and rest and wait for Thee.

2 But now along the way of life,
Through dust and din my path must be,
Whilst Thou, above all mists and strife,
Waitest at Home, on high, for me.

3 I will not call them "weary ways;"
No murmur ever left Thy lips!
I will not sigh o'er "dreary days,"
Though darkened by Thy light's eclipse.

4 A Presence wraps me everywhere,
The Presence in which Thou art blest:
The Face, the Sun of Worlds, is there,
Yet bright to us the glistening west.

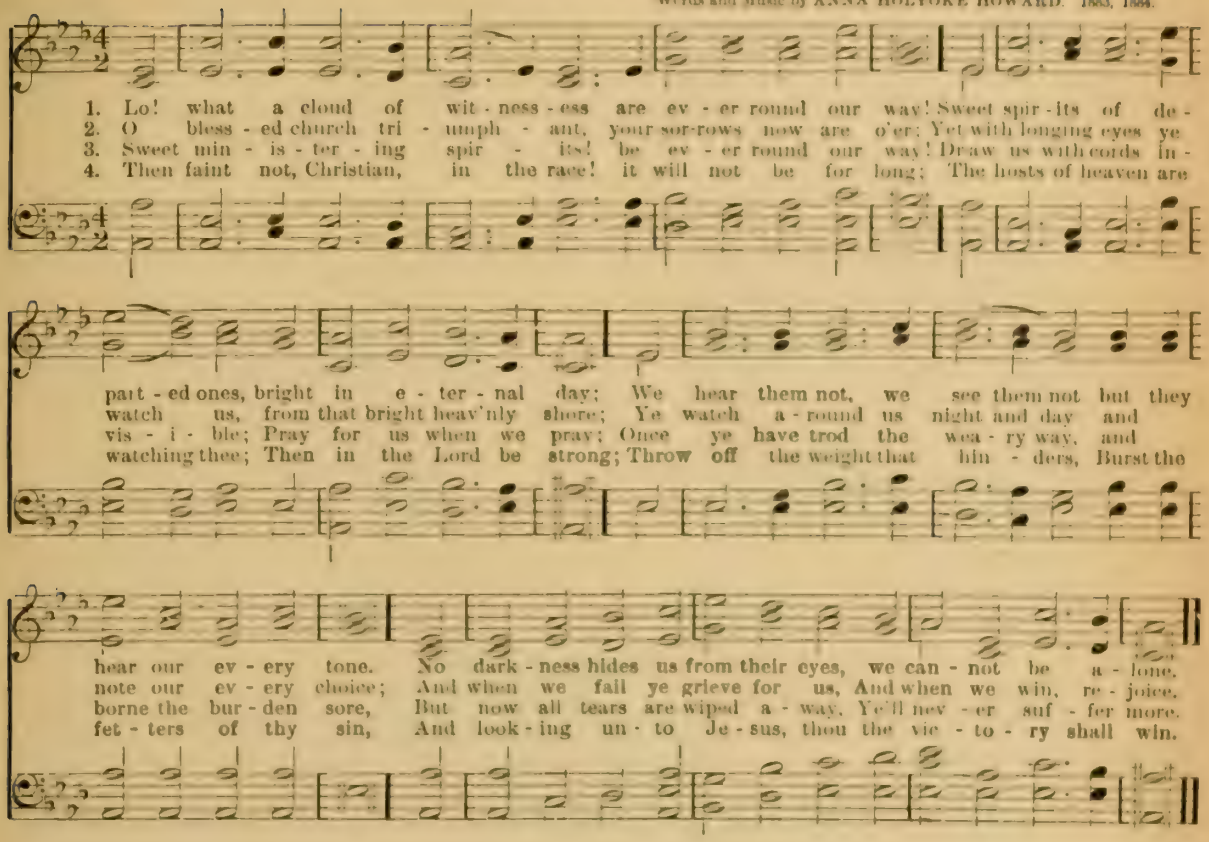
5 The work is good, the way is right;
But yet, I think, an hour shall be
At evening on the home-like height
Which will be morn to Thee and me.

MRS. CHARLES.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

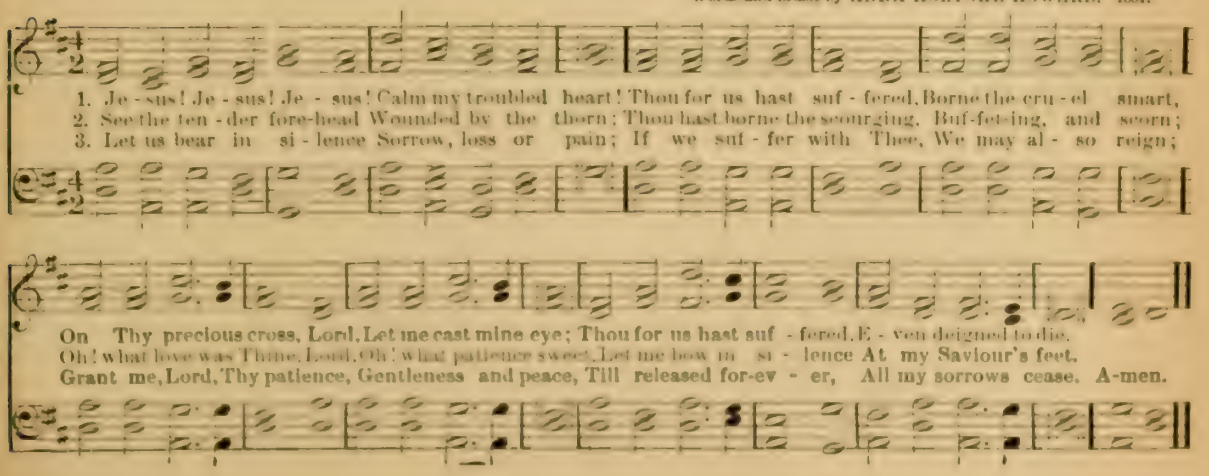
Heb. xii: 1.

Words and Music by ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD. 1883, 1884.



THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

Words and Music by ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD. 1884.



End of Foreign Missions.

HOME MISSIONS.

Corncerning Home and Foreign Missions, it has been truly said, "The work is one," "There is no far or near, with God." Missionary work is simply spreading the gospel. Some feel called upon to do the work nearest at hand; while others must needs cross the ocean to toil in other countries. The Devotional and Temperance departments of this volume might be properly classed under the head of Home Missions. A few hymns which are especially appropriate for our home Missionary Societies, with recitations and readings for PARLOR ENTERTAINMENTS, are here presented.

CALL THEM IN.

8s, 7s, D.
Luke xiv : 21.

1 "Call them in!" — the poor, the wretched,
Sin-stained wanderers from the fold:
Peace and pardon freely offer:
Can you weigh their worth with gold?
"Call them in!" — the weak, the weary,
Laden with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Jesus;
He is waiting, "call them in!"

2 "Call them in!" — the Jew, the Gentile,
Bid the strangers to the feast;
"Call them in!" — the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe and ring, and royal sandals
Wait the lost ones; "call them in!"

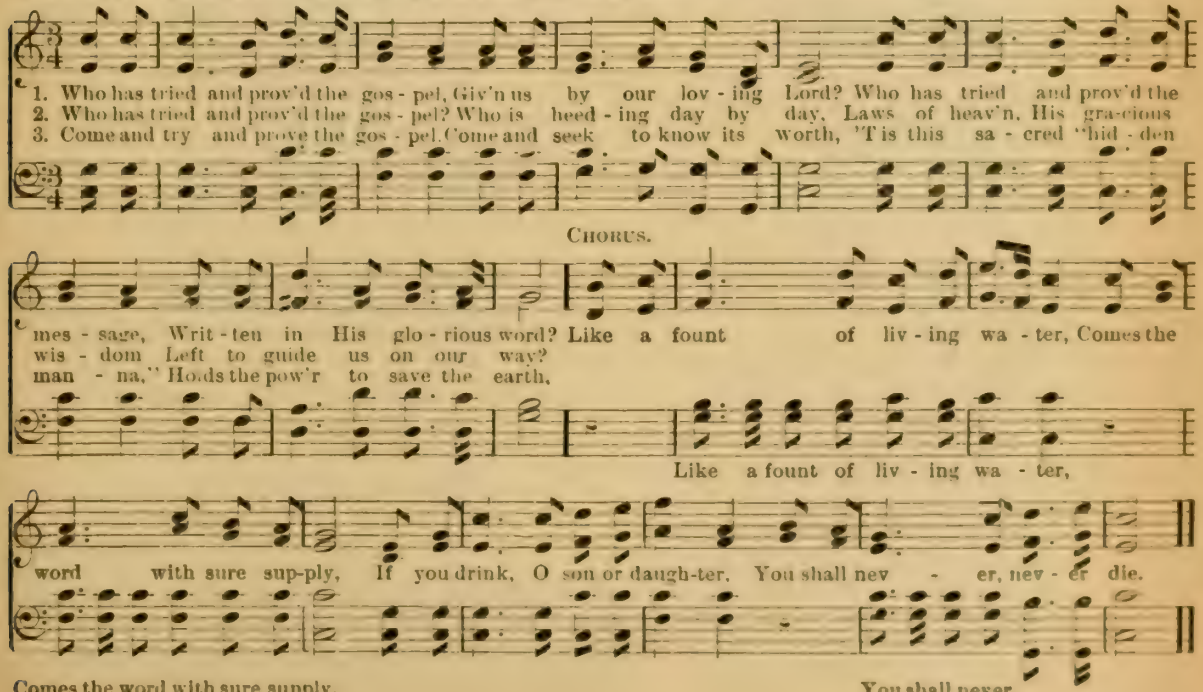
3 "Call them in!" — the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak love's message, low and tender,—
"'Twas for sinners Jesus came."
See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming: "call them in!"

ANNA SHIPTON.

TRIED AND PROVED.

MRS. M. O. PAGE. MRS. C. H. SCOTT. By per.

A clergyman once visiting a poor woman, found her Bible marked here and there with the letters T and P. Wondering what the letters stood for he inquired of her their meaning. "Oh," said she, "these are the promises in my precious Bible. There are many of them, you see, I have *tried*, so marked them T; and many I have proved and know to be true, so I marked them P."—*Labor of Love.*



Comes the word with sure supply, You shall never,

TO THE WORK.

12s. with Chorus.

1 To the work! to the work! We are servants of God;
Let us follow the path that our Master has trod;
With the balm of His counsel our strength to renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.

Chorus—Toiling on, toiling on,
Toiling on, toiling on,
Let us hope (and trust), let us watch (and pray)
And labor till the Master comes.

2 To the work! to the work! Let the hungry be fed;
To the fountain of life let the weary be led;
In the cross and its banner our glory shall be,
While we herald the tidings, "Salvation is free!"

3 To the work! to the work! There is labor for all;
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall,
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud-swelling chorus, "Salvation is free!"

4 To the work! to the work, in the strength of the Lord!
And a robe and a crown shall our labor reward,
When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,
And we shout with the ransomed, "Salvation is free!"

FANNY CROSBY. 1871.
Copyright, 1871, by Bigiow & Main.
Used by per.

I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

7s & 6s. D., with Chorus.

1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know 'tis true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else can do.

Chorus—I love to tell the story—
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story;
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story;
It did so much for me—
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long.

CATHARINE HANKEY, 1867.

*THE SLAVE MOTHER.

1 Sisters with the heart of Martha,
Going forth the Lord to meet,
With the love of blessèd Mary
Pouring oil upon His feet,
Have you heard it? do you know it?
Lo! our Lord is in the street!

2 Loving sisters, ye are many;
How your hearts would throb to know
That along our pleasant city,
Just released from slavery's woe,
Hungry, thirsting, faint, and needy,
Christ with weary feet doth go.
Oh! we should not dare to say it
But Himself hath told us so!

3 Oh! to give our roof for shelter!
Oh! to share with Him our bread!
Like the blest Judean woman
Bathe His feet, anoint His head!
But He counteth every kindness
(We remember He hath said)
To the least of these, His children,
As 'twere done to Him instead.

4 One of these, His precious members,
Pauseth at your door to-day,
With the brave heart of a mother
Bearing up the shattered clay,
Black and poor, despised and lowly,
For your pity come to pray;
Humbly sueing in her sorrow,
Sure you will not say her Nay.
Thus disguised it is the Master
That you lightly send away.

5 Done to Thee, wilt Thou esteem it?
O our Saviour, done to Thee!
When life's burdens grow too heavy
This shall our rejoicing be,
Thou hast said it, we believe it,
"Ye have done it unto Me."

URANIA L. BAILEY.

One day Charlotte Piles, the "slave mother," came to the door of Mrs. Bailey with a paper bearing signatures of people who had given her money towards buying her son from slavery. Without reading the paper Mrs. B was about sending her away, when the saintly smile which the woman turned back to give her when leaving, touched her heart. Noticing that she walked as if footsore, she invited her in.

Charlotte Piles remained there some time, making it her headquarters while canvassing the city. She had a lovely Christian spirit, had suffered much, and bore upon her back the cruel scars of the lash. Mrs. Bailey wrote the poem upon the back of the subscription paper, and it was the means of bringing a considerable amount of money towards assisting Mrs. Piles in her enterprise.

"YOUR MISSION."

The words of this beautiful song were written by Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

The music will be found on page 90, "Musical Leaves," as sung by Philip Phillips at the great Anniversaries of the U. S. Christian Commission in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, and many other places.

When our lamented President Lincoln heard Mr. Phillips sing it at the Hall of Representatives in Washington, Feb. 29, 1865, he was overcome with emotion, and sent up the following written request to Hon. Wm. H. Seward, Chairman, for its repetition:

"Near the close let us have 'Your Mission' repeated by Mr Phillips. Don't say I called for it." A. LINCOLN.

1 If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay;
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boat away.

2 If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

3 If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command;
If you can not toward the needy
Reach an ever-open hand;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep;
You can be a true disciple
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4 If you cannot in the harvest
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden
Will the careless reapers leave;
Go and glean among the briers,
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

5 If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true —
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

6 Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess —
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

ELLEN H. GATES. 1860.

IMMANUEL'S PRAISE.

1 Proclaim the lofty praise
Of Him who once was slain,
But now is risen through endless days
To live and reign;
He lives and reigns on high,
Who bought us with His blood, —
Enthroned above the farthest sky,
Our Saviour God.

2 All honor, power, and praise,
To Jesus' name belong;
With hosts seraphic glad we raise
The sacred song:
Worthy the Lamb, they cry,
That on the cross was slain;
But now, ascended up on high,
He lives to reign.

3 He lives to bless and save
The souls redeem'd by grace,
And rescue from the dreary grave
The fallen race;
And soon we hope, above,
A louder strain to sing, —
With all our powers to praise and love
Our Saviour King.

MRS JUDSON.

PRAYER FOR THE CONVERSION OF FRIENDS.

1 Father, I feel that I am thine;
Have sweet assurance Christ is mine;
Yet I have an unanswered prayer,
That fills my longing soul with care.

2 I have enough of worldly good,
My friends attend me as they should;
My cup with blessings runneth o'er,
And yet I crave one blessing more.

3 For kindred and relation's sake,
My heart and soul are all awake;
I pray, O Lord, that I may be
A help in leading them to Thee.

4 Give me the wisdom and the grace
To fill a humble Christian's place:
And grant the dear ones in my home
May to a waiting Saviour come.

5 I have the faith it will be so,
Indeed, it seems I almost know.
Dear Father, grant the boon I crave
Through Him who died the lost to save.

LUCY R. CRIPPEN. 1884.

OFT IN SORROW.

7s.

1 Oft in sorrow, oft in woe,
Onward, Christian, onward go;
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christian, onward go;
Join the war, and face the foe.
Will you flee in danger's hour?
Know you not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping heart be glad;
March, in heavenly armor clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Soon shall victory tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

H. K. WHITE.
MISS F. F. MAITLAND.

SWEET IS THE WORK.

Tune — "*Leighton.*"
Psalm 92. S. M.

1 Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray — to hear Thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve Thee best,
And in Thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our best employ
Eternally in heaven.

HARRIET AUBUR.

GOD KNOWETH BEST.

A SONG FOR THE WORKERS.

1 In the morning sow thy seed;
In the evening there is need
For all thy work, till set of sun
Proclaims the weary day is done;
Then when you sigh to be at rest,
Remember this, God knoweth best,

CHORUS. Travel on, travel on,
Let the way be short or long,
While we sing a cheerful song
Travel on.

2 What thy hand finds still to do,
Oh! do thou quickly, for, 'tis true,
That though man be both strong and brave,
There is no knowledge in the grave
Where he is hastening to his rest,
When God, his Maker, deems it best.

3 All the clouds seem full of rain,
Human hearts are wrung with pain,
Both small and great, they suffer still;
E'en blessed saints who do His will:
These from their labors, pray for rest,
Remembering still, God knoweth best.

CAROLINE E. MERRICK.
New Orleans, La. May, 1883.

CHRISTIAN JOYS.

8. M. Tune—"*Boylston.*"

1 I love to kneel in prayer,
And tell to God my love
For all the tender mercies which
He sends me from above.

2 He careth e'er for me;
He ordereth all my ways;
Protects and guards from every ill,
And fills my mouth with praise.

3 Still lead me on, dear Lord,
Unto that perfect rest;
Working and sowing seed for Thee,
Until I join the blest.

MRS. E. MAXSON.
Detroit, Mich. 1882.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

1 My God, Thy boundless love I praise;
How bright on high Thy glories blaze,
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from Thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3 But in the gospel it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters;
And charms the ravished breast;
There love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.

4 Then let the love that makes me blest,
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To Thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

HANNAH MORE.

GOD'S PRESENCE.

L. M. Tune "*Beethoven.*"

1 O hallowed hour, divinely sweet,
O hallowed love, divinely meet,
When hungry souls grow rich and broad,
Learning of heaven, of Christ, and God.

2 O hallowed work—divine—complete;
O hallowed joy divine, we greet,
When souls are with God's grace equipped
Like arrows strong in glory dipped.

3 O hallowed faith that brightens earth!
O hallowed grace that gives new birth!
We now adore Thy gracious power,
And bless Thee for this sacred hour.

MRS. L. D. W. FERRIS. 1883.

PRACTICAL DEVOTION.

"Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

Tune—"*Horton.*"

1 Father of our feeble race!
Wise, beneficent and kind!
Spread o'er nature's ample face,
Flows Thy goodness unconfined.

2 Musing in the silent grove,
Or the busy walks of men,
Still we trace Thy wondrous love,
Claiming large returns again.

3 Lord! what offering shall we bring
At Thy altar when we bow?
Hearts,—the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow!

4 Soft Compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed!
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast!

5 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor!
Love, embracing all our kind!
Charity, with liberal store!

6 Teach us, O Thou Heavenly King!
Thus to show our grateful mind;
Thus th' accepted offering bring,—
Love to Thee and all mankind!

JANE TAYLOR.

(See page 134.)

GO WORK IN MY VINEYARD.

1 Faint not, nor grow weary, but bravely press on,
There's a work in God's vineyard for you;
His field is awaiting the hand of the reaper,
God has work for His people to do.

2 Oh! can ye sit idle, with hands calmly folded
When His field with its harvest is white?
The morning is past, the noontide is waning,
Foreshadowed the approach of the night.

3 There's work to be done, 'tis a work for the Master;
'Tis a mission of labor and love;
There are lost ones to seek, there are souls to be won
For the heavenly mansions above.

4 Afar from their Saviour—afar off they wander
In the desert of darkness and sin;
Lo! plain is thy duty; thy Saviour commands thee,
Go seek them and gather them in.

5 There are weak ones to strengthen—faint-hearted
The weary to aid on their way; [to cheer;
There are erring, despairing ones, needing Thy help
Throughout all the long, toilsome day.

6 Then go work for thy King, His blessing is sure,
The reward at the end of the race;
Work while the day lingers; the night soon will
The shadows are length'ning apace. [come;

7 If the Saviour ye love—if His blessing ye crave,
Remember, His cross you must bear;
Work while the day lasts,—be faithful and true;
Soon a glorified crown you shall wear.

DELLA MAY. 1882.
From "Sabbath Reading."

HAIL TO THE SON OF DAVID!

Tune—"*Webb.*"

"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Matt. xxi. 9.

7s & 6s. D.

1 'Twas spring-time in Judea;
And o'er Mount Olivet
There came, 'mid songs of gladness,
A throng of hurrying feet;
And children's voices echoed
The glad, triumphant strain,
"Hail to the son of David,
O'er Israel come to reign!"

2 The echo still is ringing
The peopled earth around,
The name of Jesus bringing,
Blest name of sweetest sound;
As when they waved the palm-tree,
So now young voices sing,
"Hosanna in the highest,
To Christ, our Saviour, King!"

3 The answ'ring hills and valleys
The shout of joy prolong;
O'er mountain top and prairie
Rolls on the joyous song;
E'en distant isles rejoicing,
Away their idols fling,
And hail with hearts and voices,
Jesus, our Saviour, King.

4 We, too, would join His triumph,
We, too, would raise the song;
Would swell the mighty chorus
Of the adoring throng;
For since He died to save us,
Our hearts to Him shall cling,
And crown Him now and ever,
Jesus, our Saviour, King.

MRS. S. B. PLATT.
Set to music by REV. E. HARMON.

LIVING WATERS.

1 "Ho, every one that thirsteth!"
Hark to the prophet's cry!
"Come ye to living waters;
Haste to the fount and buy!"

2 "And he that hath no money,
The flowing river see:
Yea, wine and milk are waiting;
And God hath made them free!"

3 Again comes down the message,
Above life's tumult heard;
And blessed is the people
Who trust the Saviour's word.

4 "Ho, every one that thirsteth!
In me thy longings slake;
Salvation's cup is offered,
Stretch forth thy hand and take."

5 "For whosoever drinketh
The water I shall give,
A fount of joy upspringing,
Within his soul shall live."

6 Thus spake He of the Spirit,
Who like a brook shall flow,
A wellspring, pure, eternal,
In hearts that trust and know.

7 Nor hunger, thirst, nor sorrow,
Have power to stir their breast,
Who through the Saviour's promise
Thus "enter into rest."

MRS. EMMA F. DOWNING.
Bridgeton, N. J. 1885.

MY PLACE.

1 I do not ask, dear Lord, there be
A place made small enough for me,

2 But I be made by Thee to fill,
The place appointed by Thy will.

3 Naught can I give, I come to claim
The promises that bear Thy name.

4 My poverty I leave to feel
The richer that Thy words reveal.

5 The weakness I have learned at length,
Exchange I for Thy power and strength.

6 My pride, so foolish had I known
That which Thou asked was but Thine own,

7 Is crumbled in the dust to be
Sweet blossoms of humility.

8 My will, forgive the struggle past,
My will dear Lord, is Thine, at last.

9 Emptied and broken here I lie
Too near for Thee to pass me by,

10 But fill me with Thy Spirit so,
Through me, the stream of life will flow.

11 If where the lofty cedars grow
On mountains crowned with endless snow,

12 Or in the meadow-land below,
Where lilies of the valley grow,

13 Through this poor vessel mean and small,
Let blessings on Thy children fall.

14 Thus I, who dare not lift mine eyes
To places shining near the skies,

15 And am afraid my skill to trust
In lifting blossoms from the dust.

16 I who did even dare refuse
To follow Thee in rough ways, choose

17 Wherever Thou canst use me best,
That is my place, my joy, my rest.

MISS MYRA A. GOODWIN. 1885.

DO THE DUTY LYING NEAREST.

Tune—"*Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us.*"
Key of E♭.

1 Seek not for some far-off mission,
Undone work is close at hand;
Wait not for some glorious vision,
Almost coming with command.

2 Opportunities will greet thee,
Only watch with greatest care;
Something brave to do, it may be,
Or perhaps something to bear.

3 All the needed help He'll give thee,
Though He work or trials send;
Only trust and love Him always,
Serving faithful to the end.

CHORUS. Do the duty lying nearest,
Even though it humble be;
There may come some priceless blessing,
Lasting as eternity.

CARRIE WRIGHT.
Set to music by W. TIDBALL.

WORK AND PRAY.

1 Up! friends of Jesus, the harvest now is white;
Work will soon be over, fast fall the shades of night;
Strong in His strength let us bind the golden sheaves;
Could we meet the Master with naught but leaves?

2 Up! friends of Jesus, for time will soon be o'er,
Harvest days are passing, to come again no more;
Wake from repose! hear the Master calling still;
Rise to earnest effort with right good-will.

3 Shout! friends of Jesus, for when our work is done,
Joyful we will gather to greet the harvest home;
Then let us hasten the golden sheaves to bind,
Rest and life eternal we all shall find.

KATE SUMNER BURR.
Set to music by M. J. MUNGER.

ANGELS BROKE THE SEAL.

1 Angels clothed in shining raiment,
Broke the seal and pierced the tomb,
While their faces like the lightning,
All the shuddering depths illume.
Roman soldiers fly affrighted,
As the tidings they reveal,
"Christ is risen," say the Angels
Sent of God to break the seal.

2 Lo! we thank Him for their mission,
As we toward His temples throng,
Bringing forth Spring's fairest blossoms,
Lifting high our noblest song.
Loving, loving, tender Saviour,
While thy sacrifice we feel,
From these hearts in guilt that languish,
Bid thine Angels break the seal.

3 Roll away the stone forever,
From all hearts that lie in gloom,
Bid the blesséd light of heaven,
Angel-like, their depths illume.
So shall we, redeemed and risen,
In our Father's presence kneel,
Blessing Him whose white-robed Angels
Broke for us the earthly seal.

CAROLINE DANA HOWE. 1884.

INVOCATION.

1 Within Thy hand, Creator! Lord!
Our earthly seasons lie;
Winter and Summer follow each,
And at Thy bidding fly

2 Kindled by Thee, the glorious sun
Diffuses warmth and light;
Obedient to Thy spoken word
The darkness takes its flight;

3 The clouds disperse, the heavens are free
From elemental strife;
With lengthening days the early spring
Awakes to beauteous life.

4 Lord! make our souls a type of this;
Indifference melt away;
Shed from Thine own Eternal Light,
The beams that make our day.

5 If frosts of doubt prevent our growth,
If stormy passion sways,
Oh! penetrate our inmost hearts
With Thy life-giving rays.

6 Illumine every dark recess,
Break up the frozen ground,
So may in all in varied lives
The Spirit's fruit abound.

MRS. EMMA F. DOWNING.
Bridgeton, N. J. 1885.

THE POTTER AND THE CLAY.

1 As clay in the hands of the potter,
Am I in Thy hands, O my God;
If on life's highway I falter,
And faint 'neath Thy chastening rod;

2 If temptations thro' weakness and blindness,
Cast shadows along on my way,
May Thy Spirit within, in its wisdom,
Prevent me from going astray.

3 May Thy presence, O Father, go with me,
Molding the vessel aright,
Till meet for the heavenly kingdom,
In the beautiful mansions of light.

MRS. THOMAS R. DAVIS.
Athens, Pa.

Written when seventy-six years of age, in the fifty-eighth year of her married life. (See page 533.)

GOD'S WATCHFUL CARE.

1 Vainly, through night's weary hours,
Keep we watch, lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks, and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.

2 Vain were all our toil and labor,
Did not God that labor bless;
Vain, without His grace and favor,
Every talent we possess.

3 Vainer still the hope of heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given,
Who in humble faith applies.

4 Seek we, then, the Lord's Anointed,
He will grant us peace and rest:
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,
Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

HARRIET AUBER.
Died 1862.

ACTIVE EFFORT.

1 Laborers of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil!
The dew of promise from the skies
Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil,
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

HOME MISSIONS.

1 Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go, where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, His cross beholding,
In Him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

MRS. MARIA F. ANDERSON.
Born 1819.

I NEED THEE.

1 I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

REFRAIN.—I need Thee, O, I need Thee;
Every hour I need Thee;
O, bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour;
Teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfil.—REF.

5 I need Thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS.
Born 1835.
Copyright, 1872, and set to music by REV. R. LOWRY.
Used from "Pure Gold," by per. Biglow & Main.

FEAR NOT, LITTLE FLOCK.

1 Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power;
What though your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave it to Him, our Lord!
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
He sees the Gideon that shall rise
To save us, and His word.

3 As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell with all their crew
Against us shall prevail;
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail!

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again!
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end: Amen!

CATHERINE WINKWORTH.
Tr.

WHO SHALL ROLL THE STONE AWAY?

1 Up through the voiceless centuries of the past,
Begirt with doubts, with bitter tears o'ercast,
We hear the weeping Mary's questioning, pray
Oh! who shall roll the heavy stone away?

2 That cold great stone! how oft it lies
Between the widow's tears, the orphan's cries;
No echo from the silent "Land of the Leal,"
Unlocks for us the impenetrable seal.

3 Alone we stand! there comes no sound!
Darkness and grief, and silence most profound;
No shadowy hands reach out to us in pain;
We call our loved ones, but we call in vain.

* * * * * * * *

4 Oh! not in vain: for us the Master died!
Oh! not in vain: on Calvary crucified!
A sinful world in doubt and darkness lay
Till angels came, and rolled the stone away.

5 We see by faith an aureole flame arise
Up to the golden gates of Paradise;
And borne on wings of light, from that white throne
Our risen Saviour comes, to call His own.

MRS. JENNIE F. SNELL. 1885.
Seven Oaks. Milan, Pa.

BE WITH MY MOUTH.

C. M. Tune—"*Dundee.*"

1 Be with my mouth — I would not speak
Without Thy guidance, Lord;
This stammering tongue is all too weak,
Do Thou direct each word.

2 Be with my mouth — My songs of praise
Melodious can be,
Only as Thou the notes upraise
To heavenly harmony.

3 Be with my mouth — My prayers must fail
Without Thy promised aid;
Prompted by Thee they must prevail,
The answer ne'er delayed.

4 Be with my mouth — Let every breath
Be spent in serving Thee
Until life closes, then in death
Oh! be Thou still with me.

CECIL DREEME. 1883.

WHO IS READY?

"Go work in my vineyard."—Matt. xxi: 28.

Tune—"*Martyn.*"

1 Waiting is the golden harvest,
Waiting is the golden grain,
While the Master calls for reapers
From the hill-side and the plain!

REFRAIN. Who is willing? who is ready?
Who will go and work to-day?
See the golden harvest waiting;
Who will bear the sheaves away?

2 Truly is the harvest plenteous,
But the laborers are few.
Pray ye that the Lord of harvest
Send forth workmen tried and true.

3 Will the Master hold us guiltless,
If the work be left undone?
If for lack of labor perish
Precious souls we might have won?

4 Haste, Oh! hasten, willing workers,
Swiftly speed the hours away;
Hearken to the Master's warning,
"Work ye while 'tis called to-day."

ANNIE CUMMINGS.

Set to music by W. WARREN BENTLEY.

FOLLOW THOU ME.

Tune—"*Not half has ever been told.*"

1 Have ye looked for sheep in the desert,
For those who have missed their way?
Have ye been in the wild waste places,
Where the lost and the wandering stray?
Have ye trodden the lonely highway?
The foul and darksome street?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The print of my wounded feet.

2 Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling, neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of Man was among them,
He had nowhere to lay his head.

3 Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole"?
Have ye told my fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shores of the "golden land?"

4 Have ye stood by the sad and weary,
To smooth the pillow of death?
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith?
And have ye felt, when the glory
Has streamed through the open door,
And flitted across the shadows,
That I had been there before?

5 Have ye wept with the broken-hearted
In their agony of woe?
Ye might hear Me whispering beside you,
'Tis a pathway I often go!
My disciples, My brethren, My friends,
Can ye dare to follow Me?
Then wherever the Master dwelleth
There shall the servant be!

KATE R. ODEN.

PRAY FOR REAPERS.

Tune—"*Harwell.*"

1 Saints of God! the dawn is bright'ning,
Tokens of our coming Lord,
O'er the earth the field is whit'ning,
Louder rings the Master's word,
"Pray for reapers, pray for reapers,"
In the harvest of the Lord.

2 Feebly now they toil in sadness,
Weeping o'er the waste around,
Slowly gath'ring grains of gladness,
While their earnest cries resound,
"Pray that reapers, pray that reapers,"
In God's harvest may abound.

3 Now, O Lord, fulfill Thy pleasure,
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,
And with pentecostal measure,
Send the reapers o'er the land;
Faithful reapers, faithful reapers,
Gath'ring sheaves for God's right hand.

By "A Lady of Virginia."

Set to music by REV. T. NEAL.

OUR MISSION FIELD AT HOME.

"Beginning at Jerusalem." Luke xxiv: 47.

1 How many in our favored land
God's holy day profane —
Neglect the Saviour's gracious call,
And take His name in vain!
Then while we pray for heathen climes
Far o'er the crystal foam,
Oh! let us ever bear in mind
Our mission field at home.

2 "Go feed my lambs," our Saviour said,
"And bring them to my fold,"
For us the same command is given,
As then to him of old;
While others toil for dying souls,
Far o'er the ocean's foam,
Be ours to serve this noble cause,
Our mission field at home.

3 How many a poor neglected child
With pleading eyes we meet!
A gentle word might hither guide
Its little wandering feet —
A precious lamb that God may bless,
Beneath this hallowed dome;
Then let us ever bear in mind
Our mission field at home.

FANNY CROSBY.

Copyright, 1866. In "New Golden Shower," by per. Biglow & Main.

TOIL ON.

1 Thrust in the sickle, reap for God,
Behold the ripening grain;
A glorious harvest soon will prove
Our labor not in vain.

CHORUS—Toil on, toil on,
Let not our vigor wane;
How sweet to know the faithful here
Shall labor not in vain.

2 The gleaners soon will gather in
With joy their precious grain;
The weakest Christian soul will find
His labor not in vain.

3 The welcome song of harvest home,
We'll sing o'er hill and plain,
And angel choirs take up the theme,
We labored not in vain.

4 But sweeter far than harps of gold,
When He who once was slain,
Shall say to all His toiling ones,
Ye labored not in vain.

FANNY CROSBY.

Set to music by SILAS J. VAIL.

Copyright, 1874, in "Songs of Grace and Glory."
Used by per. Biglow & Main.

WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COME.

"Thy work shall be rewarded." Jer. xxxi: 16.

1 O land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home?

CHORUS—We'll work till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I fled to rest;
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on His breast,
Till He conduct me home.

4 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam,
With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heavenly home.

MRS. ELIZABETH MILLS.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

Tune—"*America.*"

1 Far from our Father's home,
A little band we come
To worship Thee;
The same love we adore,
Here on the prairie floor,
That led the pilgrims o'er
The stormy sea.

2 Be Thou our Friend and Guide,
Whatever may betide,
In this new land;
Help us Thy will to see;
Thy servants, Lord, are free;
And may we ever be
Led by Thy hand.

3 The earth is all Thine own;
The harvests o'er it strewn
Are Thy bequest;
The gold within the mine,
The fruits upon the vine;
Oh! when our laws are Thine,
Then all is blest.

4 With earnest hearts we pray,
Here in Thy house to-day,
At this sweet hour;
Our land to consecrate,
To make each added state,
In truth and virtue great —
Strong in thy power.

5 Our strength is not our own;
We bow before Thy throne,
In childlike trust;
Oh! bless this virgin soul,
Bless all the hands that toil,
And let no evil foil
The true and just.

MRS. M. F. BUTTS.
1851.

CHILDREN OF THE MISSION BANDS,
WORKING WITH OUR HEARTS AND HANDS.

FAITHFULLY ENDURE.

Old Tune — "*Onward, Christian Soldier.*"

In the world, O Christian,
Let thy life be pure;
Earthly fame or riches,
Seek not to secure;
Still, in faith and patience,
To the end endure.

CHORUS.— In the world, O Christian,
Turn thy heart to God,
Walk the path of safety,
Path that Jesus trod.

2 Riches bring temptation,
Pleasure bringeth pain;
If God's care content thee,
Great shall be thy gain;
If in heaven thy treasure,
Earth's desires shall wane.

3 With the world, O Christian,
Loiter not, nor stay;
Called to life eternal,
Onward speed thy way,
Till the Master summons
Thee from earth away.

ANNIE E. MOULTON. 1883.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

Tune— "*I love to tell the story.*"

1 Wave, wave the Gospel banner,
With cross and crimson line,
Unfurl to every sinner
This signal so divine;
Wave it on Rocky Mountain,
On old Pacific's shore,
By flowing stream and fountain,
And lowly cabin door.

CHORUS.— Wave, wave the Gospel banner,
With cross and crimson line,
Till every unsaved sinner
Shall joyful hail the sign.

2 Take it, ye sons and daughters,
That from our firesides go,
Plant it besides your altars,
Fear not the sight of foe;
In Utah and Wyoming,
Far to the setting sun,
Keep still our ensign waving
Till victory is won.

3 The foe is strong and wily;
Scoffer and skeptic vie
To pour their scorn unholy,
Our standard to defy;
But we will surely conquer,
The foe will soon be slain,
The land we'll take with honor
And Christ our King will reign.

4 Behold! the thronging nations
Pour in on every side,
They come from Orient regions,
And countries far and wide —
From China's flowery kingdom,
From Erin's blooming isle,
They hear the voice of freedom,
And flee from bondage vile.

5 Tell them of truer freedom,
Release from Satan's chain,
Proclaim the royal ransom,
Jesus for sinners slain;
His name is on our banner,
Above the cross it shines,
Behold it! every sinner,
It glows in living lines!

MRS. W. W. MCNAIR. 1882.

WE'RE GOING HOME TO-MORROW.

(As originally written.)

1 We'll bear our burden as we may,
Nor wish it were some other;
We'll trust and look to God alway,
And strive to aid a brother.
For starless though it be, how short
This voyage of our sorrow;
The storms but drive us into port,—
We're going home to-morrow.

CHORUS.— We're going home, no more to roam,
No more to sin and sorrow;
No more to wear the brow of care —
We're going home to-morrow.

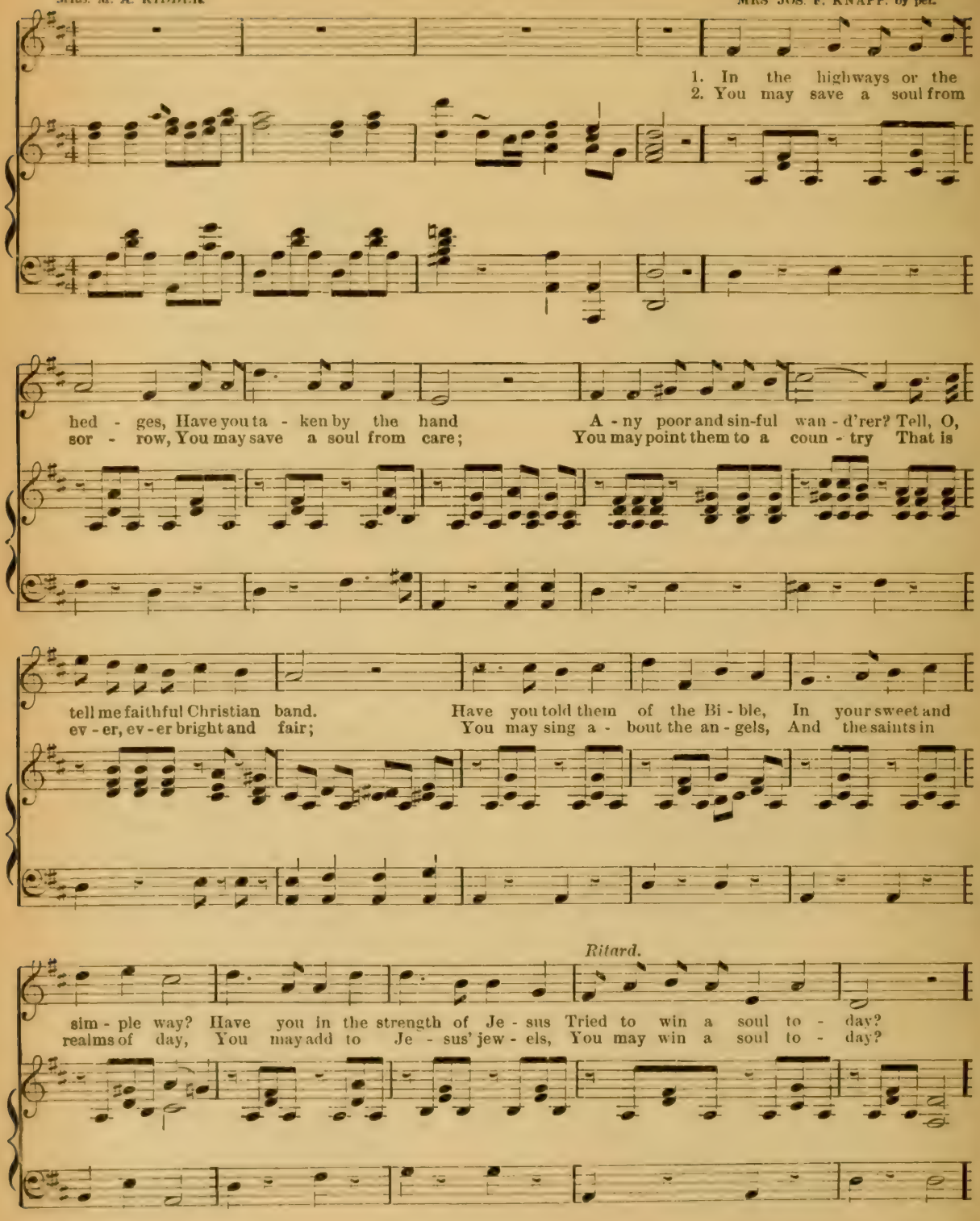
2 Dear Heaven, fill with mercies still
The cup our lips are pressing;
We do not know if weal or woe,
Would be the greater blessing;
For very near, when all is drear,
Is He whose strength we borrow;
Adown life's west, how bright the rest,
We're going home to-morrow.

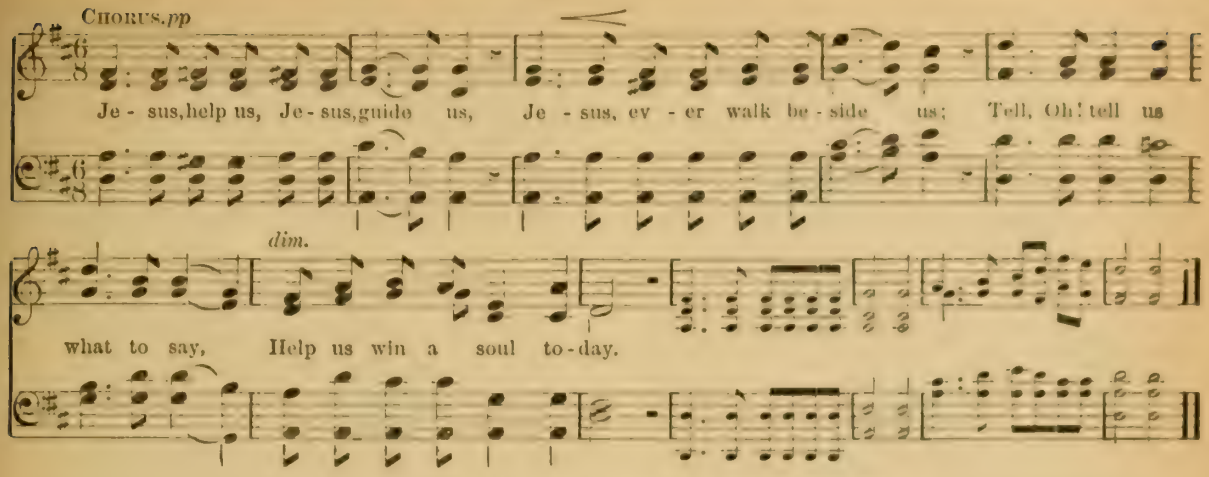
3 For weary feet, there waits a street
Of wondrous pave and golden;
For hearts that ache, the angels wake
The story, sweet and olden;
For those who sleep, and those who weep
Above the portals narrow,
The mansions rise above the skies,—
We're going home to-morrow.

SOPHIA T. GRISWOLD. (PAULINA.)
(See page 322.) Chicago. 1876.

JESUS' JEWELS.

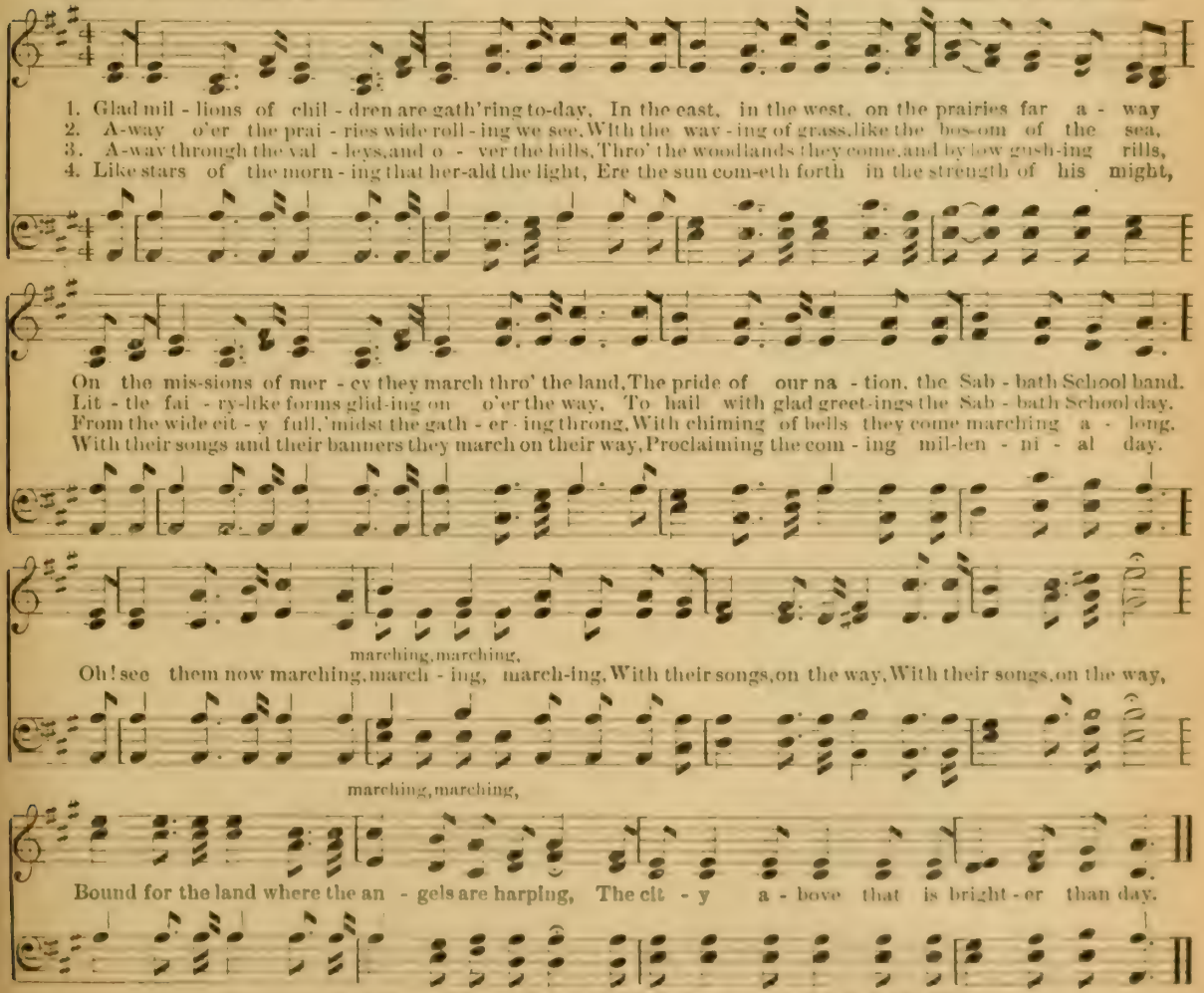
MRS. M. A. KIDDER. MRS JOS. F. KNAPP. by per.





OH! SEE THEM NOW MARCHING.

Words and Melody by PHŒBE SPURLOCK. Harmonized by R. K. MOORE.



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WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

(This well-known hymn has been attributed to Rev. Sidney Dyer, who was one of the same name, but quite different from the following, as he himself tells one of our most prominent music houses.

This one, so well known, made its appearance in the year 1860 over the signature of Annie L. Walker of Canada, and since it is found in her volume of hymns and poems, and is not in Rev. Mr. Dyer's Collection, it is thought quite safe to assign it a place in "Woman in Sacred Song." Doubtless future editions of books now giving Mr. Dyer the credit, will make the correction. At least, an eminent music doctor thus prophesies.)

1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling;
Work, 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work, in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give each flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER. 1860.
Canada.

GEMS FOR HIS CROWN.

"On His head were many crowns."—Rev. xix: 12.

Tune "*Waiting and watching for me.*"

1 To my youth came a voice that was breathing,
"My child, give thy heart unto Me;"
Then I turned from earth's wild flowers wreathing,
And answered my Saviour to Thee.
Truly blest is Thy service o'erflowing
With love that is freely sent down;
Blessèd work on the Lord's errands going
To gather new gems for His crown.

2 Yes, the hero may strive for earth's glory,
A place upon fame's gilded scroll;
But I want to inscribe the sweet story
Of Jesus on each youthful soul.
We shall keep that one treasure to shine, Lord,
When stars from their stations drop down;
For we work for the souls that are Thine, Lord,
We seek purest gems for Thy crown.

3 When my soul, over death's currents drifting,
Shall float from the moorings of time;
And the breezes of heaven come lifting
The curtains from visions sublime;
Let me bring Thee a circlet unbroken,
No gem from its place scattered down;
As I lay at Thy feet the dear token,
The gems that I sought for Thy crown.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.
Set to music by W. J. WINKWORTH.
From "Holy Voices."

WAITING FOR JESUS.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—I Cor. i: 7.

1 Waiting for Jesus, and working while I wait;
His laborers they are few;
So I will work with an earnest, loving heart,
And hands that are kind and true.

CHORUS.—Waiting for Jesus, and working while I wait;
Surely my heart is blest;
Waiting for Jesus, and working while I wait;
And then going home to rest.

2 Waiting for Jesus, and working while I wait;
Sowing on hill and plain;
Reaping with care all the fruit of earnest toil,
A harvest of golden grain.

3 Waiting for Jesus, and working while I wait;
What though the hours seem long;
Greater the harvest I then may garner in,
And sweeter the harvest-song.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.
Set to music by GEO. C. HUGG.
By per. From "The Crowning Triumph." F. A. North & Co.

HELPING BY PRAYER.

"Helping together by prayer for us."—II Cor. i: 11.

Tune—"*I am so glad that our Father in Heaven.*"

1 There are pain-prisoned souls who would work for the Lord,
And spirits bowed down with life's burdens and care;
There are wee little hands that small help can afford,
But none are too weak to be helping by prayer.

CHORUS.—None are too young to be helping by prayer;
None are too weak to be helping by prayer;
Each child of God in this duty may share,
For Jesus will hearken to all.

2 Lo! the harvest is white, and the world field is broad;
The weak with the strong others' burdens would bear;
Then how dear to the hearts of the children of God
To know that they all may be helping by prayer.

3 There are generous hearts that are not rich in gold,
Who only a mite from their pittance can spare,
Yet are giving a mint ne'er on earth to be told,
For none are too poor to be helping by prayer.

Oh! the Lord's work doth wait, and the helpers are few,
But more than the worldly in blindness declare;
For they count not His loved ones so faithful and true,
Who never forget to be helping by prayer.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.
Set to music by E. S. LORENZ.
From "Holy Voices." United Brethren Pub. House, Dayton, O.

BUSY GLEANERS.

Dedicated to the "Busy Gleaners" Mission bands.
Tune — "*Martyr or Refuge*"

1 We're a band of busy gleaners,
Toiling on life's harvest plain;
And we follow fast the reapers,
Gathering up the scattered grain.
From the corners oft neglected,
From the wayside trampled o'er,
Golden seed is often gathered,
To increase the precious store.

2 Do not slight our earnest labor,
Though no sickle bright we wield;
Drop some handfuls kind on purpose,
As we follow through the field.
We're a band of busy gleaners,
Starting work at early dawn;
We will follow on rejoicing
In the joyous light of morn.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS, 1883.
Set to music by E. S. LORENZ. In "Holy Voices."

THE MASTER HATH NEED OF THE REAPERS.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few. —" Matt. ix: 37.

1 The Master hath need of the reapers,
And, idler, He calleth for thee;
Come out of the mansions of pleasure,
From the palace of revelry flee.
Soon the shadows of eve will be falling,
With the mists and the dews and the rain;
Oh! what are the world and its follies,
To the mold and the rust of the grain?

2 The Master hath need of the reapers,
And, worker, He calleth for thee;
Oh! what are thy dreams of ambition,
To the joys that hereafter shall be?
There are tokens of storms that are coming,
And summer is fast on the wane;
Then, alas! for the hopes of the harvest,
And alas! for the beautiful grain.

3 The Master hath need of the reapers,
And He calleth for you and for me;
Oh! haste while the winds of the morning
Are blowing so freshly and free.
Let the sound of the scythe and the sickle
Re-echo o'er hilltop and plain;
And gather the sheaves in the garner,
For golden and ripe is the grain.

MRS. BISHOP THOMPSON.
Set to music by REV. A. BALTZELL. In "Gates of Praise."

A STARLESS CROWN.

A crown of glory that fadeth not away. — 1 Peter v. 4.

1 Oh! shall I wear a starless crown,
In yonder world of glory?
Or will some little friend be found
To whom I've told the story —
The wondrous story of the cross,
The sufferings of the Saviour,
Who died that He from worldly dross
Might win us to His favor.

CHORUS.—O happy day! O happy place!
We soon shall meet together,
Where Jesus stands with smiling face
To crown us His forever.

2 A youthful army now we stand,
Our Captain's word is given,
We'll onward move, His blest command
Will guide us on to heaven.
When ransom'd hosts shall gather round
The Lamb on Zion's mountain,
Oh! there may we in ranks be found,
Beside the living fountain.

LYDIA BAXTER.
Copyrighted and Set to music by I. E. PERKINS.
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THE ROSE OF SHARON.

Tune — "*Webb.*"

1 The dewy rose of Sharon,
How sweet it scents the air;
A crown of matchless glory,
Upon the forehead fair.
So we, in deeds of goodness,
Until our life shall close,
May scatter bloom and fragrance,
Like Sharon's dewy rose.

2 How many souls have wandered,
Without a helping hand,
Their light and beauty faded,
Our bark upon the strand.
When one small act of kindness,
One little look of love,
Might add another jewel,
To Jesus' crown above.

3 Oh! may we erring creatures,
Though few our talents be,
A band of young disciples,
Our Saviour's footprints see.
And may we humbly follow
Till life's uncertain close,
And leave in death a fragrance,
Like Sharon's dewy rose.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.
Music from HOLLOWAY.

THE EARTH.

1 Hurled from the center of Infinite Cause,
Kept in thy pathway by unerring laws,
Spinning alway—"without haste, without rest,"
Gladly obeying a higher behest,
Singing, swinging along
With gladness and song,
Ripening the grain and righting the wrong.

2 O'erhead the ether bends stainless and blue,
While the broad fields of Heaven expand to the view,
Star-strewn, they glimmer with clusters so white,
Their silvery blossoms illumine the night.
Hieing, flying along
With gladness and song,
Ripening the grain and righting the wrong.

3 Year after year and age after age,
The birth of the savage, the death of the sage,
Mark thy great cycles through uttermost space,
Careering with stars in a majestic grace,
Whirling, swirling along
With gladness and song,
Ripening the grain and righting the wrong.

4 Ever and ever thou weavest our fate,
Flieth thy shuttle both early and late,
Farther from darkness, from gloom and from strife,
Nearer the fountain of Love and of Life;
Singing, swinging along
With gladness and song,
Ripening the grain and righting the wrong.

HESTER M. POOLE.
In the "Manhattan." 1885.

CHRISTMAS.

1 Here comes old Father Christmas,
With sound of fife and drums;
With mistletoe about his brows,
So merrily he comes.
His arms are full of all good cheer,
His face with laughter glows,
He shines like any household fire
Amid the cruel snows.

2 He is the old folks' Christmas;
He warms their hearts like wine,
He thaws their winter into spring,
And makes their faces shine.
Hurrah for Father Christmas!
Ring all the merry bells!
And bring the grandsires all around
To hear the tale he tells.

3 Here comes the Christmas Angel,
So gentle and so calm;
As softly as the falling flakes,
He comes with flute and psalm.
All in a cloud of glory,
As once upon the plain,
To shepherd boys in Jewry,
He brings good news again.

4 He is the young folks' Christmas,
He makes their eyes grow bright
With words of hope and tender thought,
And visions of delight.
Hail to the Christmas Angel!
All peace on earth he brings;
He gathers all the youths and maids
Beneath his shining wings.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THERE'S A WONDERFUL TREE.

CHRISTMAS.

1 There's a wonderful tree, a wonderful tree,
The happy children rejoice to see;
Spreading its branches year by year,
It comes from the forest to flourish here.

CHORUS.
Oh! this beautiful tree, with its branches wide,
Is always, is always blooming at Christmas-tide.

2 'Tis not only in summer's silvery sheen
Its boughs are broad and its leaves are green;
Blooming for us when wild winds blow,
And earth is so white with her feathery snow.

3 And a voice sweetly tells, its branches among,
Of watchful shepherds and angels' song;
And of a Babe in manger low,
The beautiful story of long ago.

4 Oh! then spread thy full branches, wonderful tree!
And bring some dainty present to me,
Filling my heart with a burning love
For Him who once came from His home above.

MRS. M. N. MEIGS.
Set to music by SCHILLING. In "Songs of Gladness."

LITTLE THINGS.

Written for a "Mite-box Opening," and inscribed to "The Merry Workers" of Canton, Ill. 1884.

INTRODUCTORY RECITATION.

We lightly speak of "little things,"
But oft forget to count
The separate trifles, thus to find
Their actual amount.
We say, "How can *our* little help
Enrich the great Home field?"
The Lord can multiply the seed,
And give abundant yield.

The world is made of little things,
A saying *true* as trite;
We find our courage in the word,
As each one gives her mite.
And so, to keep ourselves in heart,
While here we bring our hoard,
We'll call to mind some "little things"
Wherein that power is stored.

No. 1.—GRAINS OF SAND.

The mountains high, the ocean beach,
The broad and fertile land,
Are debtors to the multitude
Of tiny grains of sand.
The winds and waters drive and cut,
And sift out grain by grain,
Not knowing whereunto their work
May by and by attain.

No. 2.—GRASS BLADES.

One little blade of grass alone—
How trivial and forlorn!
But He who causes two to grow
Where one did greet the morn,
Is piecing out the fair green robe
Which doth our earth adorn.

No. 3.—GRAINS OF WHEAT.

The boundless prairies turn to gold,
Beneath the summer sun;
The histories of harvest fields
Show fortunes lost and won.
The heads of wheat must slowly fill,
And ripen *grain* by *grain*,
Else toil of hand, and hope of bread
Alike will be in vain.

No. 4.—LEAVES.

The countless leaves upon the trees,
A whispered lesson give,
Reminding of the "healing leaves,"
Whereby the nations live.
How many bitter streams of strife,
Which death and sorrow yield,
Might bless our land, if they could be
Like Marah's waters healed!

No. 5.—RAYS OF LIGHT.

From one great source come all the rays
That make the perfect day,
And every small and radiant beam
Will find its own bright way.
Which one of all could well be spared,
No mortal tongue can say.

No. 6.—DEWDROPS.

The early dewdrops may refresh
As well as plenteous rain;
The sun his image seeks in each,
And searches not in vain.
These morning offerings that we bring,
May some refreshment bear,
And though so small we trust our sun
May see His image there.

No. 7.—SWEET ODORS.

In what minute, substantial form
Rare perfumes may be found;
A tiny grain or drop, alone,
May scent the air around.
Those "vials full of odors sweet,"
Before the throne of gold,
We help to fill — Oh! wondrous thought,
And privilege untold!

No. 8.—FRAGMENTS.

The "crumbs swept up," the morsels saved,
The things of trifling cost,
Are precious fragments in His sight,
Who said, "Let none be lost."

No. 9.—CORDS.

Of slender filaments and frail,
A cable may be wrought,
And none can say one frágile thread
May count therein for naught.
"A threefold cord," the Scripture says,
Is difficult to break;
With love and prayers, and offerings meet,
Our triple cord we make.

No. 10.—JEWELS.

Like tiny clustered diamond points
Around a central gem,
Our little deeds may shine at last
In Jesus' diadem.
When nations shall before Him fall,
And gladly crown Him "Lord of all.

CLOSING HYMN.

To be sung by the Band. Air, "Christmas," or any suitable common metre tune.

Receive, O Lord, the mites we bring;
We leave them in Thy hand;
Thy touch can change our trifling gifts,
To values high and grand.

Our Father's God! our country's hope!
To Thee we lift our eyes;
All things are Thine, yet offerings small
Thou dost not hence despise.

Oh! speed the day when Thou shalt be
In all our borders known:
When all the "strangers in our midst"
Shall worship Thee alone.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON

NOTE.—A pretty receptacle for the "mites," should be placed upon a table. The young girls should take their places upon the platform together, and each in turn step forward to empty her box — repeating her allotted part of the exercise, first giving its title clearly.

NOTHING IS LOST.

1 No seed is lost, though long it lie,
Deep hidden in the soil,
Or if unnourished it may die,
Despite the sower's toil,
It is not lost although it ne'er
In beauteous verdure spring,
As grain of dust, 'twill help to rear
Some other seed or thing.

CHORUS.— No seed shall die, nothing be lost,
No influence lose its power,
The seed shall change, the lost be found
In some propitious hour.

2 O cheering thought! each little seed
We late or early sow,
Though it be destined or decreed
Never to sprout or grow,
To leaf nor luscious fruit nor flower,
Nor precious, golden grain,
Some thing will prove some future hour,
We sowed it not in vain.

3 O blesséd, joy-inspiring thought!
Not one material thing
Is wholly lost — one's poverty
To others wealth may bring,
For compensation is a law
Fixed by almighty power,
And granite rocks may grow from seed
Too weak to bear a flower.

4 Nothing is lost, our words and deeds
Which seem to lack in power,
For good or ill, are fruitful seeds
Awaiting but their hour,
Their favoring circumstance or time
In which to grow and bloom,
And help some soul to God and heaven,
Or speed it to its doom.

5 For influence is a mighty wave,
Forever rolling on,
On through all time, though to the grave
Mortality be gone,
And onward it shall ever roll,
Despite all human skill,
Exerting upon many a soul
Some power for good or ill.

6 O solemn, wholly solemn thought!
Our influence is a power,
Mighty, though subtle, and is fraught
With issues every hour,
For good or ill, for weal or woe,
From dawn till set of sun,
Whate'er our state, where'er we go,
Outward the currents run.

ANGIE FULLER. 1883.
In "The Venture."

THE LITTLE ONES.

(Eight little children; the smaller the better.)

First Child. (*With gilt star.*)
A little star across the night,
I shine, I shine!
I am not like the others, bright,
I shine, I shine!
There are so many larger, far,
And I am but a little star;
Yet since God bids, I shine afar,
That God may smile on me.

Second Child. (*With tiny glass full of water.*)
A little drop of Summer rain,
I fall, I fall!
To bless the dry and thirsty plain,
I fall, I fall!
One little drop, so very small!
The thunders through the heavens call,
So at God's bidding I will fall
That God may smile on me.

Third Child. (*With crystal ball.*)
A little drop of evening dew,
I rise, I rise!
To freshen some small leaf anew,
I rise, I rise!
And though so small, you scarce can see,
And very few will notice me,
At God's call I come willingly,
That God may smile on me.

Fourth Child. (*With small flower.*)
A little bud upon the grass,
I bloom, I bloom!
They tread upon me as they pass,
I bloom, I bloom!
I am not bright as roses rare,
I am not like a lily fair,
But at God's bidding I am here
That God may smile on me.

Fifth Child. (*With a small leaf.*)
A little leaf upon the tree,
I grow, I grow!
Wave in the soft wind happily,
I grow, I grow!
Hundreds are greener here in spring,
And I am such a little thing;
But in God's sight I'm shimmering,
And God will smile on me.

Sixth Child. (*With crown of brown feathers.*)
A little bird upon the bough,
I sing, I sing!
So many birds are singing now,
I sing, I sing!
Tee-wee! tee-wee! is all my song,
And yet I sing the whole day long;
For I to God's full choir belong,
And God will smile on me.

Seventh Child. (*Holding a small cross in clasped hands.*)

7 A little child beneath the sun,
I pray, I pray!
Although a very little one,
I pray, I pray!
Hundreds are far more wise and grand,
And I so little understand,—
Yet by my dear Lord's side I stand
And He will smile on me.

Eighth Child. (*Holding a palm-branch or a wreath of flowers. She should be dressed wholly in white.*)

8 A little angel in the sky,
I praise, I praise!
And swiftly at God's bidding fly,
I praise, I praise!
The other angels, bright and strong,
Are filling all the heavens with song;
Yet God can hear His little one,
And God will smile on me.

ELLEN MURRAY, 1882.

WHERE SHALL THE CHILDREN FIND JESUS?

First Voice.—
Who is this upon Nazareth hills,
Gathering lilies that grow by the rills?
All.— Jesus of Nazareth; from Jerusalem
He came with his parents, was subject to them.

Second V.—Who is this in the Bethany home,
Where he at eventide loved to come?
All.— Jesus of Nazareth; low at His feet
Mary is learning her lessons sweet.

Third V.—Who is this, where the waters cool
Gleam as they flow from Siloam's pool?
All.— Jesus of Nazareth; tender, kind,
Stands by Siloam and heals the blind.

Fourth V.—Who is this in the eventide,
Walking up slowly, o'er Olive's side?
All.— Jesus of Nazareth goes that way,
Thither He comes, by night, to pray.

Fifth V.—Who is this by the blue sea's shore,
Watching the waves when night is o'er?
All.— Jesus of Nazareth; it is He,
Waiting, his fisher-friends to see.

Sixth V.—Who has come at the ruler's cries,
Bidding his little daughter rise?
All.— Jesus of Nazareth; and He said,
"Maiden, arise!" "She is not dead!"

Seventh V.—Who is this, when the mothers press
Near Him, that He their babes may bless?
All.— Jesus of Nazareth; kindly He
Says, "Let the little ones come to me."

Eighth V.—Sweetly our glimpses of Jesus fall;
This is the dearest one of all:
All.— Jesus of Nazareth! let me be
One of the little ones blessed by Thee.

MRS. M. R. C. SLADE. 1880.

HEAVENLY FOUNDATIONS.

"The Foundations of the Heavenly City and their Language."—Rev. xxi. 18-21.

First Voice.—
City of God, Oh! how bright and how fair
Seem thy pure pearly gates in that heavenly air!
What a flood of clear light from thy jasper walls gleams,
As each foundation-stone in its own beauty beams!
Methinks as each stone has a *light* of its own,
So each flash to our hearts bears a magical *tone*;
And there breathes from each gem a word of good cheer,
Such as flowers in their beauty bring to us here.
I would, my dear sisters, we might by their light,
Their language receive, and translate it aright,
So that we, as our eyes toward those glistening walls turn,
From their beauty may ever some new lesson learn,—
Some glimmer of truth that may light up the way
Our weary feet tread, toward those portals of day.

Second Voice.—JASPER.
Methinks the Jasper, first in sight,
Beaming on all with cheery light,
Withholding not a single ray
To others due. Yet from the day,
So shrouding its own heart from view,
That not a ray can pierce it through,
Emblems the Great Mysterious One,
Who sits upon the jasper throne,
And, shedding light on all around,
Still wrapped in mystery profound,
In ways we cannot comprehend,
Works out His purpose to the end.

Third Voice.—SAPPHIRE.
The second gem's cerulean hue,
The Sapphire, with its heavenly blue,
Seems like the heart that finds above
Its noblest joy, its purest love,
Hiding no secret in its breast,
But loving heaven's own hue the best.

Fourth Voice.—CHALCEDONY (Cornelian).
The stone that next we see
Blood-red Chalcedony,
Reminds us that we owe
Our life, our all below,
To Him whose blood alone
Could for our sin atone;
Shall not its language be
To us, Humility?

Fifth Voice.—EMERALD.
Oh! yes, such let it be,—
None but the contrite heart
From sinful pride set free,
Can in that blood have part.
And now upon our sight
Mildly the Emerald gleams,
As Hope's refreshing light
Upon our pathway beams.

Sixth Voice.—SARDONYX.

And blending with its vernal light
The fifth foundation-stone,
With pale rose hue and zones of white,
Breathes Love in every tone.
'Twas Love that reared these mansions fair,
'Tis Love that bids us come,
And while it reigns supremely there,
'Tis Love conducts us home.

Seventh Voice.—SARDIUS (Ruby).

Close by there flashes on the sight
The Sardius, with its ruby light;
An emblem, in its regal ray,
Of princely grace and dignity.
Well may its burning brilliance grace
The walls where reigns the Prince of Peace,
And truly fitting is this gem
To deck His royal diadem.

Eighth Voice.—CHRYSOLITE (Diamond).

Clear as the crystal waters are,
Pure as the face of heaven fair,
The seventh foundation beams in sight,
The Diamond, or the Chrysolite.
Truth, like this adamantine gem,
Ne'er feels corroding touch of time,
But faithfully reflects each ray
From early dawn till twilight gray.

Ninth Voice.—BERYL.

And now the Beryl's sea green hue
Beside the Diamond gleams in view,
With softened light;
Emblem of knowledge, deep, profound,
Like ocean-depths no line can sound,
Yet ever bright.

Tenth Voice.—TOPAZ.

We, ninthly, in the Topaz trace
The symbol of that kingly grace,
Sweet Clemency.
Oh! were not this inscribed above,
Banished for aye from light and love,
How lost were we!

Eleventh Voice.—CHRYSOPRASUS.

And yet, assured of this,
We turn with grateful thought,
The tenth foundation trace,
With grace and beauty fraught.
Its vernal coloring
Minds of green fields and bowers,
And of that promised spring
That wakes immortal flowers.

Twelfth Voice.—JACINTH.

And there the Jacinth gleams,
With its warm amber ray,
Like day's departing beams,
Emblem of victory.
Even in the darkest hour,
The skies all overcast,
We'll trust our Father's power
For victory at last.

Thirteenth Voice.—AMETHYST.

The last foundation-stone,
With beauty all its own,
Reflects its violet ray,
Like clouds at set of day.
Type of Immortal joy,
Of bliss without alloy;
Such is our heavenly rest,
O lovely Amethyst.

First Voice.—

Precious thoughts, my dear sisters, ye've gathered and brought
That with memories fragrant may ever be fraught;
And like stars on the main, to the mariner lost,
May guide some poor soul, on life's sea tempest-tossed,
To that haven of rest where no angry winds blow,
But the breezes sigh soft, and the still waters flow.
And may *we, all too*, read these lessons aright,
And ever press on toward the City of Light,
Through temptations and trials e'er grasping the hand
Of Jesus, our Guide, our Protector, and Friend.

ORRIE M. GAYLORD.

In "Good Times." 1881.

THE CHILDREN'S DAY.

"He hath blessed thy children within thee."

1 The children's day has come again,
The day of bloom and roses;
With joy we lift our hearts to God,
In whom our faith reposes;
Another year has passed away,
We meet with hope confiding,
Would cast our flowers at Jesus' feet,
In His dear love abiding.

2 The children's happy day returns
With brightest music ringing,
And all the hills, and e'en the dales
Are full of Nature's singing;
Now we would join in thankful notes,
And sing our Saviour's praises,
Let all this glorious band awake,
While each their tribute raises.

3 Then greet the coming year with song,
The opening year before us,
Rejoice in Christ, the children's Friend,
His banner's waving o'er us;
The summer days are full of joy,
And bright the fields are smiling,
With loving hearts each other greet,
Thus life's fair hours beguiling.

KATE GLENN.

Set to music by B. O. UNSELD In "Gospel Light."

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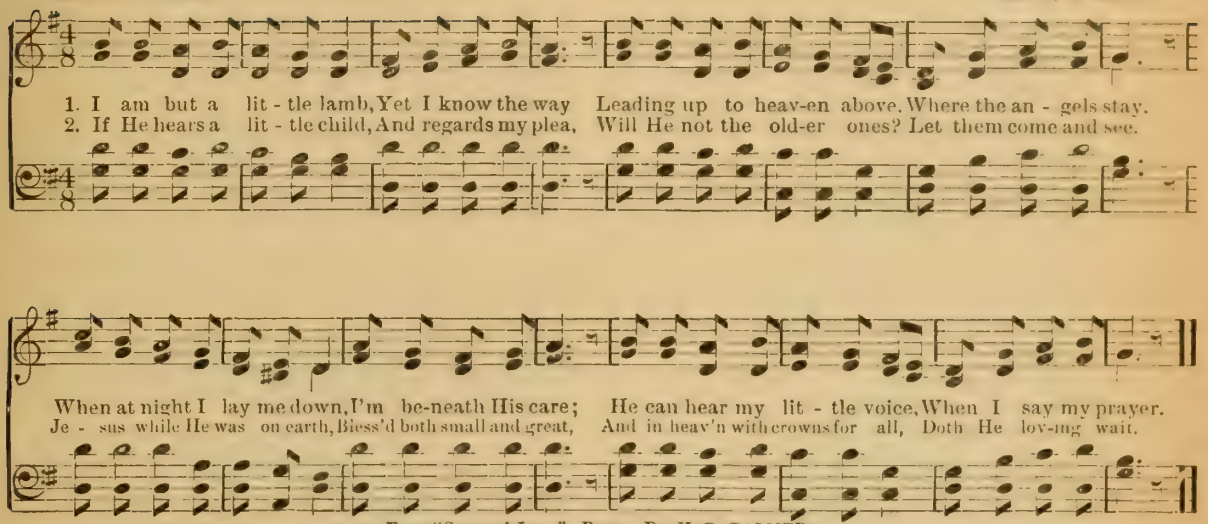
I AM BUT A LITTLE LAMB.

FOR THE INFANT CLASS.

Mrs. M. O. PAGE. Mrs. C. H. SCOTT.

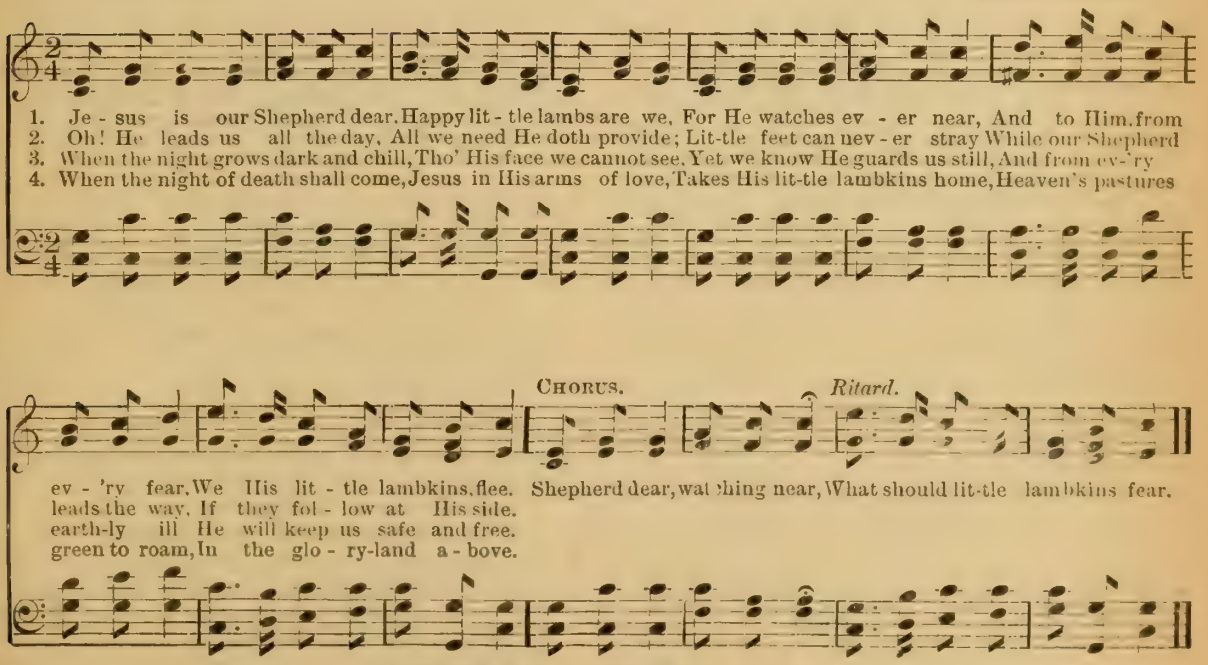


From "Songs of Love," By per. Dr. H. R. PALMER.

SHEPHERD DEAR.

INFANT CLASS.

M. E. SERVOSS. EMMA L. MORTON.



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SING, CHILDREN, SING.

"Oh, come, let us sing unto the Lord."—Ps. xcv: 1.

Tune—"*From Greenland's icy Mountains.*"

1 Come, children, happy children,
Who love the Saviour's name,
Join in a song of praises,
And spread abroad His fame;
Now raise your happy voices
And joyful offerings bring,
For Jesus loves the children —
Sing, children, sing!

2 And when again He cometh
To gather up His own,
He'll not forget the children,
The jewels of His crown;
Then sing aloud His praises,
And songs of gladness bring,
For Jesus loves the children —
Sing, children, sing!

3 When we are safely landed
Upon the heavenly shore,
We'll join with all the ransomed
To praise Him evermore;
We'll swell the mighty chorus,
And joyful anthems sing,
For Jesus loves the children —
Sing, children, sing!

MRS. M. M. WEINLAND. 1883.
From "Gates of Praise."

MEMORIAL OFFERINGS.

In many of the churches, on Children's Day, reference is made to those members of the school who have died during the year. In St. Paul's Methodist Church, Fall River, Mass., last year, the following exercise was used. A large cross was covered with evergreen. Five young ladies stood before it. Their recitations referred to a little child, a young lady, a young man, and an elderly person. The first hung upon the cross a wreath of rosebuds; the second, a white-rose wreath; the third, a sheaf of ripe wheat; the fourth, a broken branch of green, fresh leaves; the fifth crowned the cross with a wreath of immortelles. With slight changes this will fit the similar needs in any school. At the close of each stanza the choir chanted "Thy will be done."

1 Memorial offerings in my hand I hold;
Out from our flock up to the heavenly fold
One little lamb has gone;
More fair than flowers that meet our earthly eyes,
To-day he sees the flowers of Paradise.
So while bright buds I bring for our dear little one,
We say, God's will be done.

2 One voice of song we miss, one maiden face;
One sister hath from her accustomed place
Gone upward and passed on,—
Passed on to where in glad, eternal youth
She learns again the blessèd words of truth;
So while this rose-white wreath I hang the cross upon,
We say, God's will be done.

3 Our brother, teacher, leader, Christian friend,
His life so full of years, had glorious end;
His crown was nobly won.
Through life, God's "likeness" sought he till he cried,
Waking in heaven, "I am satisfied."
So while this full, ripe sheaf I lay the cross upon,
We say, God's will be done.

4 What shall be left to grow till autumn's prime,
Or what cut down in life's midsummer time?
He knows, the Allwise one.
Then for our brother whom He called to rest
In manhood's fulness, say, "He knoweth best,"
So while this broken branch I hang the cross upon,
We say, God's will be done.

5 We count not these as losses; rather say
We count our gains this joyous Children's Day,
Bright with the glad June sun.
Each loved one now in bliss eternal dwells.
So while the cross of pain with immortelles,
Bright symbols of immortal life, I crown,
We say, God's will be done.

From "Good Times," when edited by MRS. SLADE. 1881.

RECITATION FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

[Seven little girls enter, each bringing a bouquet, and as the flowers are handed to the pastor, the latter arranges them in a circle on a small stand at his side, and when the recitations are ended, he gives a little sermon, taking the flowers for his text.]

First speaker. (Bringing daisies.)
The daisy is the children's flower,
For with its winsome grace
It makes earth's dreariest corner seem
A fairy-haunted place.
Sweet type of child-like innocence,
It stars the meadows green,
And brightens up the wayside dell
With its golden-centered sheen.

Second Speaker. (Bringing roses.)
The rose means love — God's love to us,
For earth was drear and sad
Until to prove His tender thought,
And make His children glad,
He sent His shining angels forth
From their fair home above,
To scatter roses far and wide,
And whisper, "God is love."

Third speaker. (Bringing violets.)
I think God meant the violets
To teach us to be true,
So trustingly they turn to Him
Their eyes of heavenly blue;
And always when I chance on them
In field or garden-plot,
They seem to murmur in His name,
"My child, forget-me-not."

Fourth speaker. (Pansies.)
The pansy with its sunny face,
I think the dear Lord sent
To have us learn, what e'er our lot,
Therewith to be content.

Fifth speaker. (Honey-suckles.)
Honey-suckles, from their fresh lips
Breathe forth fragrance all the day;
Thus may we with love and kindness
Sweeten hours of toil and play.

Sixth. (Lilies.)
Fair as a star the lily lifts
Its glad face to the light,
And whispers to each little child,
"Dear heart, be pure and white."

Seventh. (Clover.)
Clover blossoms, white and red,
Yield the busy bees their bread;
Industry the clover teaches,
And its little sermon preaches
Everywhere it lifts its head.

All recite in concert.
Of all these blossoms fair and true,
That bloom in sun and rain,
We weave with happy thoughts to-day
A more than magic chain;
The violet's tender faithfulness,
The pansy's heart content;
The purity of lilies white,
With love and sweetness blent,
Of these, with patient industry,
Each little child may wind
A bright and fadeless talisman
About the heart to bind.

MARY B. SLEIGHT.
Sag Harbor, N. Y. 1885.

HIS BANNER OVER ME WAS LOVE.

Cant. vi: 4.

Five young girls have each a little banner, on which is printed LOVE, and upon which are wreaths of, first, roses; second, lilies; third, buttercups, or dandelions; fourth, daisies; fifth, various field and garden flowers. Each lifts her banner at the last line of her stanza.

First recites.
I am the rose of Sharon.—[Cant. ii: 1.
I went into my garden, the roses blossomed fair;
I wove a garland, fragrant as the myrrh and spices, there;
I thank the Lord that made them,—I lift them up above,—
"And His banner over me is love."

Second Recites.
I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley.—[Cant. ii: 1.
I went into the valley; snowy lilies there I found.
Of them a lovely garland, white and sweet and pure, I bound.
I thank the Lord that made them,—I lift them up above,—
"And His banner over me is love."

Third Recites.
We will make thee borders of gold.—[Cant. i: 2.
I went into the meadows, and from the grassy mold
I wove for me a garland, a crown of blossom-gold;
I thank the Lord that made them,—I lift them up above,—
"And His banner over me is love."

Fourth recites.
We will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver.—[Cant. i: 2.
I went upon the hillside and, beautiful and bright,
I wove for me a garland of daisies, silver white;
I thank the Lord that made them,—I lift them up above,
"And His banner over me is love."

Fifth recites.
The flowers appear on the earth.—[Cant. ii: 12.
I went where earth was beautiful with blossoms all around;
I wove for me a garland of all the flowers I found;
I thank the Lord that made them,—I lift them up above,—
"And His banner over me is love."

Sixth recites.
Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of the birds is come.—[Cant. ii: 11, 12.
I hear the voice of gardens, of meadow, vale and field;
They weave themselves a garland of all the flowers they yield;
They raise a fragrant chorus to their Maker up above,
"For His banner over them is love."

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.
1880.

CŒLO ET TERRA.

(This can be used as a Memorial Service, changing the plural in the "Heaven" verses to the singular. It can be said at an Entertainment by placing those who recite the "Heaven" verses out of sight. It would be most effectively rendered by having several dressed in mourning on a darkened half of the platform; others dressed in white, on the other side brilliantly lighted.

A hymn of praise sung together, in which "Earth" reciters should take the second, would be an appropriate finish.)

Earth.—Our steps are firm o'er rock and sand,
We haste across the wild,
Our eyes meet lightning, storm, and cloud,
As fearless as some child
Held safely in its father's arms
Across a dangerous ford;
And when the darkness groweth worse
We speak Thy name, our Lord.

Heaven.—Our steps are light across the smooth,
Deep green of Heaven's lea,
Our eyes draw in the waveless light
That fills eternity.
So satisfied, so utterly,
Completely satisfied,
We cannot think, or wish, or will,
For aught to be beside.

Earth.—We struggle upward, resolute,
We catch and climb and cling
As travelers by an Alpine mere,
Weary and shuddering;
Yet, undeterred, towards the Light
We strive with aching brain,
With failing feet and panting breath
We fall and yet attain.

Heaven.—The seraph's knowledge droppeth through
His speech, as honey sweet;
Our thoughts are rising hour by hour
New gifts of strength to meet.
And still the Light ineffable
Allures each musing soul,
While swift from saint to answering saint
The kindling raptures roll.

Earth.—The snows of many winters drift
O'er many a church-yard stone,
Each hides some memory in the heart
To sorrow o'er, alone.
And yet, we cannot feel afraid
While night succeeds the morn;
For God's hand holdeth us and ours,
We do not feel forlorn.

Heaven.—The earthly snows were white and cold,
The dying day grew weak;
One last word for our weeping friends
We strove in vain to speak.
How strange such sorrow seems to-day
In heaven's summer glow,
While God's hand holdeth us and ours
In peace above, below.

Earth.—We serve our God with service low,
How feeble and how poor,
With trembling hands and blundering lips
And oft repentance sore.
The censer-coals are dimmed by tears,
The incense is but sighs;
Yet when we fall down at His feet
His goodness bids us rise.

Heaven.—We serve our God with joyous praise
Within His temple's bound;
Forever near His altar stand,
And swell the anthem's sound.
We minister, in garments white,
As holy priests to Him;
No imperfection stains our robes,
No discord mars our hymn.

Earth.—Some day, across the shadows drear,
Of death, our feet shall go;
And we must meet, as meet we may,
The Jordan's overflow.
But when upon the other side
Lost friends around us press,
We'll say, "For sorrow, parting, death,
Our Father's love we bless."

Heaven.—Some day, across the sapphire hills,
And o'er the fields of balm,
Our loved from earth shall come and stand
Within our groves of palm.
And we shall say, "Beloved hail
To peace and happiness!
On earthly snows, on heavenly hills,
Our Father's love we bless."

ELLEN MURRAY, in "Good Times." 1882.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.

INFANT CLASS.

[Teachers should indicate proper gestures for primary class as they mention feet, eyes, ears, hands, etc. For instance, when hands are mentioned, let a forest of little hands be stretched out to show willingness to help. Let the questions be sung by the main school, the answers by the primary class.]

School.— Dear little restless feet,
Where are you going to-day?
Pr. C.— Treading the path that leads to heaven,
Errands of love to us are given,
Errands of love! errands of love!
S.— Dear little feet! dear little feet!

S.— Dear little helping-hands,
What are you doing to-day?
Pr. C.— Carrying flowers to the sick and sad,
Helping to make them strong and glad.
S.— Dear little hands! dear little hands!
Pr. C.— Helping-hands, helping-hands.
S.— Dear little watchful eyes,
What are you seeing to-day?
Pr. C.— Sunlight and starlight, buds and flowers,
Given to cheer this world of ours.
S.— Dear little eyes! dear little eyes!
Pr. C.— Watching eyes, watching eyes.
S.— Little speaking lips,
What are you saying to-day?
Pr. C.— Telling how Jesus calls us home,
"Suffer the little ones to come!"
S.— Dear little lips! dear little lips!
Pr. C.— Yes, we will come! yes, we will come!

ALICE M. GUERNSEY. 1881.
In "Primary Teachers' Monthly."

THE SPARROWS.

1 From these quaint old roofs and chimneys
To the steps and courts below,
A crowd of noisy sparrows
Are flitting to and fro.

2 Now chattering to each other
Upon the mossy eaves;
Now chirping in full chorus
Amid the dry leaves.

3 I have wondered long and often,
What they find to do and say;
How such little restless creatures
Can keep busy all the day.

4 I know, though never idle,
That they neither toil nor spin,
Nor barn nor storehouse have they,
And the hoarded grain within.

5 Yet I never once have wondered
How those birds are housed and fed,
That in thinking of the morrow
They have neither care nor dread.

6 For I know our Father careth
For His creatures weak and small;
That His watchful eye regardeth
The sparrow if it fall.

7 Yet my faith grows weak and falters
'Neath the weight of future years,
And my heart is overburdened
With the morrow's anxious fears.

8 Their cost — the merest trifle—
A farthing would repay;
My priceless soul is surely
Worth far much more than they.

9 O faithless heart and foolish!
Shall the children starve for bread?
Or shall needful shelter fail them,
While the birds are housed and fed?

MARIE ROSSEAU.

CHILDREN'S MISSION.

1 Upon the wintry wold,
Far from the city lights,
With keen, benumbing cold
Come down the dismal nights.
Who wanders there,
Sinks in despair,
No human cheer
Can reach his ear.

2 "A child is lost!" the cry
Thrills through the midnight air;
And men from far and nigh,
With ready hearts are there.
Children, awake!
Nor slumber take
Till they shall come
Who bring it home.

3 There is a legend old,
That once a gentle saint,
Out of the dark and cold
A little child did take.
She clothed and fed;
And in its stead,
In beauty fair,
The Christ stood there.

4 Give to the lost ones love,
The light of God's great home;
Theirs here, and theirs above,—
So Christ to them shall come.
Oh! let us pray,
God speed the day
When Christ shall hold
All in His fold!

MISS H. S. WARE. 1882.

WHAT DO WE BRING?

1 Such costly treasure the wise men gave
To the baby in Palestine,
Burnished gold, which perhaps some slave
Unearthed from a sunless mine,
Myrrh and frankincense, rare and fine;
Nothing of theirs too good or sweet
To lay at the infant's feet.

2 What do we bring our Lord in heaven?
Frankincense of holy thought?
Wrongs forgiven seventy times seven,
Loving kindness rendered for naught,
Deeds, precious as gold the Magi brought?
Nothing of ours is too costly or sweet
To lay at His wounded feet.

MARY A. PRESCOTT. 1880.
In the "Companion."

THE LEGEND OF THE ASPEN.

Respectfully inscribed to the Rev. George H. Hepworth, D.D.

1 There runneth an ancient legend,
How years and years ago,
When Jesus, the Infant Saviour,
Did dwell on earth below;
And how, when the cruel Herod
The Innocents did slay,
There came to Joseph commandment —
"Take mother and child, and stay
In Egypt, secure from Herod,
Nor tarry in thy way."
They rode from the Kingly City,
All through the woods at night,
And, blazing in all their splendor,
The stars their way did light.
And cedar, and oak, and olive,
Did all, with one accord,
Bend lowly his nodding branches,
In homage to Christ the Lord,
Excepting the stately Aspen:
"I yield to none," said she,
"My reverence nor my homage,
I'm Queen of ev'ry tree."

2 There ran a shiver of horror
Through every twig and branch —
A mighty trembling along the stems
Of the Aspen's leaves so blanche!
"Because of thy pride, thy leaflets,"
The Holy Child did say,
"Shall nevermore cease thy trembling,
But quiver for aye and aye."
So runneth the quaint old story
Of ages long ago;
And teacheth it not a lesson
To us as we onward go?
Who will not accord due rev'rence,
And honor give to God,
Shall tremble sore at His presence
In the day of Christ the Lord.

MARY K. HAESELBARTH. 1884.

THE CHRIST-CHILD.

1 The gates of glory opened wide,
And down their shining path of light
An angel host, with songs of joy,
Brought wondrous news to earth one night.

2 The Christ-child, from the realms of love,
The promised hope of Israel,
The Morning Star and King of kings,
Had come on earth with men to dwell.

3 And o'er the plains the angels sang
At midnight, of redemption's morn;
The burden of their song was love,
Its message sweet: "A child is born."

4 What wonder that the Judah hills
Re-echoed far that song of peace!
What wonder bright angelic ones
Had sung an anthem ne'er to cease!

5 That echo round the world has swept,
And thrills Judea's hills once more;
That song, for eighteen hundred years,
Has cheered earth's weary hearts, and sore.

6 To-night the Christ-child comes again;
No manger now shall be His bed;
For scarce a home but waits for Him
Who had not where to lay His head.

7 And bearing perfect peace and joy,
He enters every waiting heart,
Abides with all who welcome Him,
And ne'er unbidden will depart.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS. 1883.
From "The Christmas Sheaf," copyrighted by Praug. By per.

CHRISTMAS GIVING.

Beat soft, O happy heart!
Think of that wondrous birth!
The King forgets His throne
For the needy of the earth.
Haste to forget thyself!
Remember His decree,
"Who giveth to My poor,
He giveth unto Me."

MRS. M. F. BUTTS.
In the "Companion."

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

1 On the plains of fair Judea,
Bathed in soft and lambent light,
Streaming from the star-lit heavens,
Shepherds watch their flocks by night.
Peaceful smiles the sky o'erbrooding
Lowly fountain, lofty palm,
Sleeping flock, and watching shepherd,
With its quiet, holy calm.

2 Softly, through the shimmering starlight,
Steals a strain of silvern song;
Lo! the echoing hills of Judah
Waft the glad refrain along.
"Glory, glory in the highest!"
Rings through all the star-lit sky;
Lo! the lovely vales re-echo,
"Glory be to God Most High!"

3 Angel bands in shining raiment
Fill the arch of heaven's blue dome,
Sweep their lyres to strains triumphant
Sounding from their heavenly home.
"Glory, glory in the highest!
Peace on earth," they sweetly sing;
"Joyful news," they shout, "glad tidings,
Shepherds, unto you we bring."

4 Loud, exultant, ring their chorals,
Angel-voices swell the song,
Down from heav'n, in gleaming brightness,
Wings a glad, ascriptive throng.
"Glory, glory in the highest!
Unto men good will," they sing;
"Peace on earth, our joyful tidings,
Christ is born, your Saviour, King!"

5 Smile the starry skies above them,
Smile the hills and vales below,
Rock and rill and starlit fountain
Smile beneath the radiant glow.
"Christ is born in Bethlehem's city,"—
Loud the Christmas carols ring;
"Peace on earth, we bring good tidings,
Christ, the Lord, is born your King."

6 Praising God, the herald angels
Came from heav'n to earth in joy;
Glorious through the vanished ages,
Still God's praise their lips employ.
Praising God, let Christmas carols
From earth's ransomed voices ring—
Glory, glory in the Highest!
Glory be to Christ, our King!

MARY E. C. WYETH.

LED BY THE STAR.

1 Led by a star they came
And knelt at His feet;
Bringing fine gold and myrrh,
And incense sweet.
No royal sign He wore,
No robe nor ring,
Yet in their souls they knew
He was the King.

2 Watching their flocks by night,
Marvellous strains
Came to the shepherds, on
Judea's plains.
Swift from the lips of that
Mystical throng,
Down to their waking hearts,
Came the glad song.

3 And what was the song that was sung on that wonderful, far-off morning,
When the voice of the heavenly hosts gave the dutiful shepherds warning?
What was the gift that was given to the world that day, as far
To the place where the young child lay, the Wise Men followed the star?

4 Glory to God on high — the infinite majesty proving,
Peace and good will to men, the sign of an infinite loving;
A gift from the soul of love — unmeasured by earthly price,
The song of homage and truth, and beauty and sacrifice.

5 The star the Wise Men saw with hope in its gracious beaming,
The star of a deathless love, still chimes for a world's redeeming;
And still to the deepest depths the heart of the world is stirred,
By the song that so long ago the Judean shepherds heard.

6 Sweetly the self-same strain may rise from lips that falter;
Weakest of hands may bring the choicest of gifts to the altar;
'Gainst the truest and best of giving there's never a bolt nor bar,
Wise and simple alike may follow the shining star.

7 Peace and good will to men; O bells in the steeple, ring it.
Peace on earth and good will; O brother to brother, sing it!
Up to the mountain tops and down to the vales below,
On and on, forever let the Christmas message go.

8 Ring out, O bells! O songs
Uplifting, glad and sweet,
Your music to all time belongs,
So long as hearts shall beat!
Sing, heart, the perfect strain,
Again and yet again;
The immortal song of praise to God
And love to men.

CARLOTTA PERRY.
Milwaukee.

Mrs. E. Justin Bayard Cutting.

The author of the following was the daughter of Robert Bayard, Esq., of Glenwood, N. Y. By marriage she became Mrs. [illegible] Cutting and resided in New York. About 1840 she wrote [illegible] for *The Literary World* and *The Knickerbocker*, [illegible] and her writings were often attributed to gentlemen. Her [illegible] are marked by an earnest thoughtfulness and a strong healthful imagination.

A FUNERAL CHANT FOR THE OLD YEAR.

1 'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
And it calleth from its shroud
With a hollow voice and loud,
But serene,
And it saith: — "What have I given
That hath brought thee nearer heaven?
Dost thou weep, as one forsaken,
For the treasures I have taken?
Standest thou beside my hearse
With a blessing or a curse?
Is it well with thee, or worse
That I have been?"

2 'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
The midnight shades that fall,—
They will serve it for a pall,
In their gloom;
And the misty vapors crowding
Are the withered corse enshrouding;
And the black clouds looming off in
The far sky, have plumed the coffin,
But the vaults of human souls
Where the memory unrolls
All her tear besprinkled scrolls,
Are its tomb!

3 'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
The moon hath gone to weep
With a mourning still and deep
For her loss;
The stars dare not assemble
Through the murky night to tremble;
The naked trees are groaning
With an awful mystic moaning.
Wings sweep upon the air,
Which a solemn message bear,
And hosts, whose banners wear
A crownéd cross!

4 'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
Who make the funeral train
When the queen hath ceased to reign?
Who are here
With the golden crowns that follow
All invested with a halo?
With a splendid transitory
Shines the midnight from their glory,
And the paean of their song
Rolls the aisles of space along,
But the left hearts are less strong,
For they were dear!

5 'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
With a dull and heavy tread
Tramping forward with the dead
Who come at last?
Ling'ring with their faces groundward,
Though their feet are marching onward,
They are shrieking,— they are calling
On the rocks in tones appalling,
But Earth waves them from her view,
And the God light dazzles through,
And they shiver, as spars do
Before the blast!

6 'Tis the death-night of the solemn Old Year!
We are parted from our place
In her motherly embrace,
And are lone!
For the infant and the stranger
It is sorrowful to change her;
She hath cheered the night of mourning
With a promise of the dawning;
She hath shared in our delight
With a gladness true and bright:
Oh! we need her joy to-night,
But she is gone!

MRS. E. J. B. CUTTING. 1847.

MOTTOES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Waiting!—Working!—Warning!—Waking!

(Luke xii: 36) (Mark xiii: 34) (Ezek. iii: 17, (Cant. v: 2) —*Watching!* (Mark xiii: 37.)

(Tune—"*We are watching, we are waiting.*")

1 We are *waiting* for the coming of the Master we hold dear;
We are longing just to greet Him and to hail His drawing near,
For our loins are girt and ready, and our lamps are trimmed and bright;
We are waiting for the signal that will say He is in sight.

2 But we would not have Him find us standing idle all the day,
So we learn to *work* while waiting, doing something by the way;
And we find that working for Him is a toil so truly sweet,
That we almost wish for tarrying in the coming of His feet.

3 And we know that He has bidden us bring others to His love,
And we long to fill the mansions that are waiting us above;
So while we work we dare not fail to *warn* each straying heart,
That in our Lord and in our home they too may have a part.

4 Sometimes we almost weary of our constant gaze on high,
And our hearts grow dull, and hopeless of His speedy drawing nigh;
Then comes our need of *waking*, for each moment brings Him near,
And the signal lights of Heaven daily shine more bright and clear.

5 Thus we stand, with waking heart-look, till the night of life shall cease,
Watching for the golden day-dawn that shall herald light and peace;
When the dim earth-mists that sadden flee before the sunrise bright,
And our hearts be fully gladdened in our Saviour's glorious light!

EVA TRAVERS

GIVING AND GROWING: WITHHOLDING AND WITHERING.

1 Unapproached and unfathomed, yet meeting the needs,
The want and the yearning Humanity pleads,
Sweeping down through the ages, unfailing, unspent,
The Light of one Life through all love has blent.
Like leaf from a tree, tiny bud from rich bowers,
A breath of perfume from a garden of flowers,
A whispering chord, on Æolian strings,
From high-swelling anthems when full chorus rings;
Like spray from the sea,—rolling boundless and blue,
So, all that is beautiful, spotless and true,
Flows out from that Ocean, unfathomed and wide,
Where Eternal Love pours its Infinite tide.

2 Streams from a sweet fountain must sweetness distil;
Lives, lovely and pure, have a mission to fill;
And thoughts that are helpful and holy and true,
Have a mission as well, have a work they may do.
In manifold clusters, o'er woodland and lea,
Sweet blossoms of thought wait for you and for me.
What wreaths we might fashion for young hearts to wear,
Did we gather the garlands of truth everywhere!
Did we from our glad path cull brightness and bloom
For those who walk only in shadow and gloom,
What rare buds of blessing, what joy we might bear,
To those overburdened with sorrow and care.

3 Of sweets we have garnered in life's golden cup
Shall not weary ones taste and little ones sup?
Why hoard up life's nectar our own cups to fill,
If one other heart we might comfort or thrill?
Transfused, and made pure by a wave from above,
Is our life's current fed from the Fountain of Love?
Give! give from Love's largess, and more shall be poured!
Ah! we *keep* that we give: we *lose* that we hoard!
To give is to grow; to withhold maketh poor;
To have but to hold, makes no treasure endure;
But our "cups of cold water," in gems crystallized,
Are set in the crown of "reward" in the skies!

MARY A. LEAVITT.
Vernon, Ind., August, 1885.

HOME MISSION POEM.

1 Lo! these latter days of glory,
Grandest in the march of time,
When Jehovah's triumph car,
Thund'ring through the land afar,
Sweeps the vale and mountain hoary;
And the lightning's speaking-marvel
Seems the mystery to unravel,
Of His purposes sublime.

2 Grander fate awaits our nation,
All its giant powers expand!
Bursting from her century's tomb,
Progress finds her aloe bloom;
And the tide of emigration,
On its current broad and sweeping,
Sends its millions to our keeping,
Cast like wrecks upon the strand.

3 Undeveloped mines of treasure
Stretch their wealth from shore to shore;
Hands of commerce and of trade
Network of highways have laid.
Plenty gives unstinted measure;
Freedom's eagle waves its pinions
O'er our vast, blood-bought dominions,
Cursed by slavery's crime no more.

4 Many to and fro are running;
Knowledge grows in our domain—
Varied faiths their light have shed,
Strang philosophies outspread
All their sophistry and cunning;
While, on soil made doubly sacred
By the blood of martyred kindred,
Truth and right their victories gain.

5 Bearers of the gospel standard,
Have ye marked these stirring signs?
Have ye seen in late events
Moving cloud of providence?
Up! bid Israel's host go forward!
Save the land from sin's disaster;
Take and hold it for the Master,
Haste to rally all your lines.

6 Haste to rally—dangers hover,
Satan claims the country too.
Lo! his wakeful vanguards reap
Bloodless triumphs while ye sleep;
And his minions, running over
All our wide and rich possession,
High from every fort and bastion
Flaunt their colors in your view.

7 Of the marshalled strength of Zion,
Of each arm of help or stay,
To check her foe's aggressive deed
Hourly sharper grows the need.
Infidelity's bold demon
Seeks to hurl from learning's summit
Bible reading, joy and profit—
Desecrates our holy day.

8 Heathendom her feet is planting
On Jehovah's sacred soil;
And her dupes to gods of stone
In our very midst bow down.
Of her Godhead loudly vaunting
False, polluting ideas,
Here have left a fatal plague spot,
All your righteous ends to foil.

9 Sable sons are blindly groping,
Feeling out their new-turned page;
And we cannot separate
From our own their future fate.
While, for brighter prospects hoping,
Emigrants are flocking hither,
Who shall help to bless or wither
All our glorious heritage?

10 Men of God, ye hold the sequel
Of the nation's tale of strife;
In your mission lies the key
To sublimest destiny.
Only Christ's redeeming gospel
Can lead on to grandest issue—
Weave it in the web of tissue
Of the nation's growing life.

11 Preach the gospel, scatter Bibles,
Send their tidings everywhere;
East or westward, where men dwell,
News of God's salvation tell.
Open consecrated portals,
Let each staying Hur and Aaron
Help to plant the rose of Sharon
Till its fragrance fills the air.

12 Preach the gospel till all nations
'Neath its floating banner stand—
Till it conquers all our foes,
Quells our tumults, heals our woes,
Soothes to peace the savage features,
And, from ocean unto ocean,
One grand anthem of devotion
Sweeps the circuit of the land.

MRS. L. B. FLETCHER.
Kalamazoo, Mich. 1884.

A SUMMONS TO SERVICE.

1 "The Master is come and calleth for thee."
Had I heard aright? Was the call for me?
Was it I who was wanted? I listened again,
And my heart, incredulous, filled with pain
That was keen, and bitter, and hard to bear.
No doubt there were others waiting there
To answer the summons—and good, the strong,
And those who served the Master long!
Yet it seemed that to me the message came,
For coupled with it I heard my name.

2 "The Master is come and calleth for thee."
But no one ever had wanted me!
The dead to whom I once ministered,
From the silent city send no word;
And the living, to help them, called their own,
For none had a claim upon me alone.
Those who were dead had a dearer still,
And hands that were nearer to do their will,
And I had only to stand apart
When work that they needed was work of heart.

3 "The Master is come and calleth for thee."
I felt at last that the call was to me,
And timidly answered the darkness through,
"Lord, what wilt Thou that I shall do?"
And first, some lessons I had to learn
From pain, the teacher, severe and stern.
And then through failure I came to see
How little wisdom there was in me,
Until I craved of the Master's grace
Some work to do — in the lowest place.

4 Too short for the service are now the days,
And joyously full of the happiest praise!
Hither and thither the Master sends
His willing servants among His friends.
And all who gladly His tasks pursue
Find more than enough to hear and do;
Nor has any reason for loneliness,
When the Master will call, and in calling bless.
For joy and restfulness came to me
With "The Master hath come, and calleth for thee."

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.
"London Christian World." 1885.

"BROIDERY-WORK."

[A sequel to the beautiful poem by Margaret J. Preston.]

1 And so the willing-hearted, with store of precious gems,
Or gold for solemn chiming upon the ephod's hem,
Or for the holy symbol, the priestly diadem,

2 Responsive to the summons, glad that the Lord of all
Had need of woman's service, although so weak and small,
Came with their eager tribute, in answer to the call.

3 And when the Eastern morning brake over Sinai's plain,
Before they ground the wheaten flour from out the perfect grain,
To offer as oblation, with the flesh of victims slain;

4 Before the fiery pillar became a cloud of gray,
While yet the hush of slumber upon the valley lay,
Before the crowding duties and questions of the day,

5 With spindle and with distaff "wise-hearted women" spun,
Or wrought in broidery pattern the colors one by one,
And gladly brought at eventide the work which they had done.

6 Some twined, with dainty fingers, the ephod's lace of blue;
Or spun the silky fibres into goat's cloth smooth and true;
Or wrought pomegranates on the robe, in triple-varied hue.

7 And some, whose life of toiling had left the marks of care
On the hands that ached with longing the blessèd work to share,
Sewed patiently the badger-skins, or dyed the ram-skins there.

8 And some, the gay and haughty, forgot their pride and mirth,
And holy thoughts and wishes within their souls had birth,
As they toiled for the sacred dwelling of the Lord of all the earth.

9 And others learned the lesson that e'en the trembling mite
From a heart all warm with loving, is precious in His sight
Who clothes the lilies of the field and notes the sparrow's flight.

10 At last, one sultry eventide, a weary mother bore
The folds of snowy linen for Bezaleel's store,
And, turning, said with anxious voice, "I cannot broider more.

11 "Cares of home-life press upon me, urgent claim of nearer things,
I must feed my eager children, mend the broken sandal strings,
And the nights are over-burdened with the calls each morning brings.

12 "Let my husband, Judah's leader, as the tribal records tell,
Bring the offering that befitteth Prince among our Israel.
Mine the hearthstone and its duties, mine to do them true and well."

13 Then outspake another mother, "O my sister, have you not
Learned the meed the Master giveth? have you then so soon forgot
Toil for Him doth lighten labor, brightens every weary lot?

14 "Blessed is the mother's mission, cares of home are gifts from Him;
But if there the heart is centered, eyes will weary grow, and dim,
And the *soul-life* will be bounded by the narrow, tented rim."

15 Days went on. No loving mother brooded with a tenderer care,
Or kept the home-hearth brighter than Judah's matron fair:
And the sick upon their beds of pain thanked God that she was there.

16 But the angels knew the fairest of all the treasures brought,
The vail before the mercy-seat, by loving fingers wrought,
Was woven 'mid repentant tears for a doubting, earth-born thought.

ALICE M. GUERNSEY, 1885

A CENTENNIAL ODE

Tune "*Lincoln*."

1 Thick darkness settled o'er the lands,
The heavy clouds hung low:
Foul ignorance and doubt their bands
Clasped with relentless, cruel hands,
A hundred years ago.

2 God gave the word in highest Heaven,
That echoed far below,
Forth went the preachers, by love driven,
And swift the murky veil was riven,
A hundred years ago.

3 A million preachers raised the Cross,
Its lines and hues to show,
And now its waving streamers toss,
Where all was sin, decay, and loss,
A hundred years ago.

4 Quaint little preachers, soft and small,
With voices sweet and low:
Ordained by their great Master's call
To preach the healing Word to all,
A hundred years ago.

5 To every land, to every clime,
The Heav'n-sent preachers go;
And fruits that will endure with time
Were planted by that call sublime,
A hundred years ago.

6 Fruits that on every Sabbath day
God's ripening sunshine show,
With palms and flowers strew His way,
And tell the increase of that day
A hundred years ago.

7 Then swell the glorious pæan forth,
No lagging notes nor low;
From East to West, from North to South,
Praise the good utterance of God's mouth,
A hundred years ago.

8 And echo far o'er land and sea
The blessed mandate "Go
And win my precious lambs for me,
Go, do as I did then for thee,
A hundred years ago."

9 So shall the preachers small and great,
God's power and goodness know,
And for His glorious coming wait
With him who opened first this gate
A hundred years ago.

MRS. M. J. WINSLOW, March, 1890

Written for the Robert Raikes Centennial Sunday School Celebration.

ALASKA.

1 Territory noble, vast,
Reaching far o'er earth and sea,
Linked with our beloved land,
Glorious land of liberty;
Nature triumphs on thy soil,
Spread with gifts divinely wrought;
Mountains circling hill and vale,
Crowned with peaks in cloud-land caught;
Monuments symbolical,
Stately domes, whose belfries chime
Ever silently to all
The "Gloria" with awe sublime.

2 Christian soldier, heed the cry
Echoing from that far-off shore;
Gird thine armor firmly on,
Then go forth — delay no more.
Wait not till it be too late,
For the fields to-day are white;
Souls are pleading for the truth,
Groping out of heathen night.
Canst thou hear their piteous wail,
Which would make an angel sigh —
"No one come to teach us God,
We are left alone to die"?

3 Such the tidings to us borne
From the vineyard workers there;
Few in number, on they toil,
Winning souls by faithful prayer.
Now they have their church, school, "home,"
Teaching, guiding, day by day;
Twoscore silver moons have waned
Since the leader found her way,
But these poor, benighted souls,
Won at last, by Christian love,
Feel conviction's wondrous power
Like an arrow from above.

4 Thus the little band press on,
Sowing, reaping, gathering grain;
But they need thy helping hand,
Fresh with courage to sustain.
Swift they come from out the wilds
When of Jesus' name they hear,
Pleading for a shepherd guide,
Who their darkened path will clear.
If within thy secret soul
Thou canst hear the "still, small voice"
Bidding thee to "feed my lambs,"
Go, and heaven will bless thy choice.

5 Panorama of the West,
Daily as thy canvass rolls,
Moved by that mysterious Hand
Which created worlds controls,
Where the artist, prophet, sage,
Who thy future can portray?
Who can tell what wealth and power
Lie concealed within thy clay?
This, Alaska's natal hour,
Calls for heaven's descending dove;
Lord, baptize it with Thy blood,
Consecrate it from above.

CORDELIA B. NORTH. Feb. 1881.

THE LIVING BREAD.

1 Bread, bread for all was in the Saviour's hands,
A full supply to answer every need,
But how would He the hungering thousands feed?
Ah! see the eager group that near Him stands!

2 He gives to His disciples each a share,
Then to the multitude — and hosts are fed!
The hand of power whose touch creates the bread
Seeks still the human hand that bread to bear.

3 Bread! bread for all, the true and living bread!
Create by God to still man's famished cry!
Why, since the mystic loaves still multiply,
Do hungry thousands faint and die unfed?

4 Ah! the disciples, self-absorbed, alas!
Lounge at their ease, with all their wants supplied;
And seem to marvel that, unsatisfied,
The ranks by fifties wait upon the grass!

5 Up! slothful servants! for their hunger sore
Take from the Master! "Give ye them to eat!"
Full be your eager hands, and swift your feet,
For those He feeds shall never hunger more.

CAROLINE M. HARRIS. 1885.

Mrs. Harris edits a juvenile paper in Nashville, Tenn. She is the wife of the editor of the "Cumberland Presbyterian," published in that city.

PRAY ONE FOR ANOTHER.

1 As the great ocean, rising steadily,
O'erflows each bank and bar,
Covers the miles of marches, fills the creeks,
And inland pools afar,
Resistless in the glory of its strength,—
In vain by man defied,
Turning not back till all its work is done,
Like this resistless tide,
O Lord, the Holy Ghost!
Take Thou possession of that soul,
That soul for which I pray.

2 As the calm morning light that steadfastly
Shineth to perfect day,
Alike the mountain peak and tiny bud
Flooding with glowing ray,
Lighting the deserts, shining on the sea,
Spending, yet never spent,
Like that exhaustless light, Oh! may Thy power
Upon that soul be bent.
O Lord, the Holy Ghost,
Take Thou possession of that soul,
That soul for which I pray.

3 As air invisible that penetrates
The inmost, closest fold
Of muscle, or of tissue, permeates
The rocks' unyielding mould;
Forcing its way, unseen but powerful,
Through all and everywhere,
Be Thou at present in the inmost thought
As to this earth the air.
O Lord, the Holy Ghost,
Take Thou possession of that soul,
That soul for which I pray.

4 As the electric force that, hidden, sways
All other forces known,
Flashes in lightning, in the thunder speaks,
Lies hidden in the stone;
Binds atom unto atom, girdles earth,
Unbounded in its course,
Be Thou, O God, within that precious soul
Like that eccentric force.
O Lord, the Holy Ghost,
Take Thou possession of that soul,
That soul for which I pray.

ELLEN MURRAY.
St. Helena, S. C. 1882.

JUBILEE POEM.

1826—A. H. M. S.—1876.

1 As some sweet carillon sends forth,
From belfry lone and high,
A strain of melody, to thrill
The midnight passer-by;
So floated through dim forest boughs,
And Ashley's waters o'er,
The first Home Missionary hymn
On Carolina's shore.

2 "New England's Offering to the Lord"—
A little company *
Had thither come, in fragile bark
Braving the stormy sea.
One hundred eighty years have flown,
Since they, with reverence, made
The precious sacramental feast,
Beneath an oak-tree's shade.

3 And with the rolling years have come
New offerings to the Lord;
Thousands of consecrated lives
Have testified for God!
Their deeds shall glow, 'neath Truth's clear light,
With beauty unconcealed,
As vines that grace the South-Dome's height,
In sunset are revealed.

4 Whilst a † united host moves on,
An army tried and strong,
The trumpet of their jubilee
Joins the immortal song:
To all that dwell within the land
Proclaim ye Liberty!
And let the coming myriads learn
Immanuel makes them free!

5 Ah! by this noble heritage
Our fathers nobly trod,
And by their lives lived royally,
As kings and priests, to God;
And by the blood heroic souls
So lavishly have given,
Rest not, until our land reflects
The radiancy of heaven!

6 Oh! faith beholds a vision fair,
A splendor drawing nigh,
Where Minnesota's crystal lakes
Reflect the azure sky;
Where Colorado's pine-clad heights
Their untold riches hide;
And where Nebraska's many streams
Of living waters glide.

7 Splendor to gild each snowy mount
Which guards the "Golden Shore,"
A glory that exceeds the sun,
And deepens evermore.
God grant this faith be lost in sight,
Through His victorious Word,
And California become
"The Garden of the Lord!"

8 And deeds of violence no more
Disturb the peaceful night,
Where Arizona's brilliant moon
Illumes each granite height!
O Christ! who wearest many crowns,
Reign Thou from sea to sea;
Till North and South, and East and West,
Swell the grand symphony!

MISS ANNIE [illegible] SMITH
[illegible]

* Rev. Mr. Lord, and eight others, from Dorchester, Mass., [illegible]
† A. H. M. S. formed, "in Idea," Jan., 1825, by Constitution, May 12, 1878.

BINDING SHEAVES

1 "Reaper," I asked, "among the golden sheaves,
Toiling at noon amid the falling leaves,
What recompense hast thou for all thy toil,
What tithe of all thy Master's wine and oil?
Or dost thou coin thy brow's hot drops to gold,
Or add to house and land, or flock and fold?"

2 The reaper paused from binding close the grain,
And said, while shone his smile through labor's stain:
"I do my Master's work, as He hath taught,
And work of love with gold was never bought.
He knoweth all of which my life hath need—
His servants reap as they have sown the seed.
With all my heart I bind my Master's grain,
And love makes sweet my labor and my pain."

3 Then bending low beneath the burning sun,
The reaper toiled until the day was done.
"Lo! here," I said, "love's largess seemeth more
Than cruse of wine or oil that runneth o'er;
If work of love such store of wealth doth yield,
I, too, will labor in the Master's field!"

MISS [illegible] SMITH

COMMON PLACE.

1 Oh! how wearily the days
Sometimes drag themselves along,
Through the old and common ways,
When no life is in the song,
And no thrill is in the air,
And the old and common care
Lies about us everywhere.

2 Oh! how bitterly we dread,
When we waken in the morn,
To take up the same old thread
Of the life work so forlorn;
And how wearily we weave,
And how little should we grieve
Were we called this toil to leave.

3 But how otherwise it seems,
When our hearts are worked and stirred
By all proud and noble dreams,
Or by some inspiring word,
When the beautiful and true
Thrill our being through and through,
And ennoble all we do.

4 Then how every common duty
Finds rich favor in our eyes,
And the world of work is beauty,
And our labor, sacrifice,
And from out the tangled skein,
Cometh order once again,
Cometh perfectness from pain.

5 Oh! how sadly do we need
Some grand purpose in our lives,
Some strong faith that gives no heed
To the doubt that in us strives.
But can see in all our days,
Opportunities to raise
Needy souls to better ways.

6 Oh! that this one central thought,
Still may fill our starving souls,
That whatever may be wrought,
The strong hand of God controls,
When we shall not e'er despise
Any common work that lies
Nearest to our willing eyes.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD. 1883.

AT LAST.

1 I asked at Thy dear hands a broader field
Wherein, my blessèd Lord, to toil for Thee;
My grateful heart through lofty deeds would sing
The measure of its love and loyalty.

2 With folded hands I waited the response,
Idle while others toiled at noontide heat,
Bearing the burden it was mine to bear,
Binding in sweet content their sheaves of wheat.

3 The while I dreamed of tasks I would achieve,
The sun dropped slowly down the western sky;
The hazy twilight deepened, and the night,
So calm and hushed, with stealthy steps drew nigh.

4 I rise at last and join the harvesters,
To find the humblest task God gives me sweet;
With patient hand I'll strive for His dear sake
To gather a few scattered ears of wheat.

5 Oh! slow of heart to learn this simple truth—
Thy loyalty and love Thou may'st attest
By little deeds within a narrow sphere,
Nor vainly roam of broader fields in quest.

MARY P. ROBERTS.

HOME MISSION HYMN.

1 When the morning stars chanted their beautiful lay,
And the new-finished world high carnival kept;
When the sun like a monarch rode forth on his way,
And the moon followed softly to watch when he slept,
A continent slumbered afar in the west,
Encircled by ocean in solitude grand;
Its altars awaiting a fitting high-priest
To offer oblation and hallow the land.

2 As the soldier to duty in sorrow retires
When the tocsin of battle is bidding him come,
So our fathers, forsaking the graves of their sires—
Each tender reminder of childhood and home—
Sought over the waters, through peril and storm,
A temple for worship—its arches the skies—
Where, prayers never hindered, unfettered by form,
Their praises like incense should daily arise.

3 They furrowed the valleys, and planted in tears
The sheaves that rejoicing we gather to-day;
And the heathen were scattered, as troublesome tares
Are tossed by the reaper forever away.
The aisles of the forest they gladdened with song,
The wide rolling prairie re-echoed the strain;
'Twas caught by the hill-tops, and handed along,
Till ocean to ocean responded again.

4 Shall we lightly esteem this fair legacy
Where Israel rested—this Canaan of ours?
O sons of the Pilgrims, wherever ye be—
Joint-heirs of the promise to true worshippers,
Preachers of righteousness in Zion's abode,
Partakers and helpers of latter-day bliss,
Exalted of nations and favored of God—
Who knows but ye came to the kingdom for this?

5 Our country's proud banner, unsullied by stain,
Is waving in honor from many a height;
But the cross and the Bible shall victories gain
Unheard of by heroes in life's carnal strife.
Here earth's willing captives their weapons shall ground,
The terms of surrender be, "Good will to men;"
In gentle communion fierce foemen be found,
And victor and vanquished be brothers again.

3 The kings of the Orient look westward in hope—
The Crescent is paling in terror to-day;
The cloister's dim cells are fast lighting up,
And the Hebrew's dull blindness is passing away.
Ours is the beacon star that shines o'er the sea,
The city of refuge with bright golden gates,
The Church and the Master say, "Come unto me,"
And for each faithful steward the recompense waits.

MRS. C. A. PARKER.
Gouverneur, N. Y., June 30, 1875.

WORKERS TOGETHER.

1 "Workmen, as I see you resting
From the toil you love so well,
Have you any word to give me?
Have you any tale to tell?"

2 "Traveller, yes; a tale of mercy,
Very broad and very long,
Is the burden of our life-work,
Is the key-note of our song.

3 "Stones were we, we two together,
Fit for naught, and bad at best,
Till the Lord our Saviour found us,
And in mercy did the rest.

4 "Dug us out of Nature's quarry,
Carved and fashioned us at will:
Even now, in patience tender,
He is working at us still.

5 "Sharp His dealing with us sometimes,
But His hand directs the blows;
And we do not once mistrust Him,
For His work our Master knows.

6 "By-and-by, in love most wondrous,
He will carry us away
To adorn the Heavenly Temple,
In the Land of endless day.

7 "Till that time we labor gladly,
Just to do His perfect will;
Stones *for Him* we strive to shapen
In this quarry on the hill."

CHARLOTTE MURRY. 1884.

WORK, NOT REST.

1 The hurrying days
For all the work and praise,
Dear Lord, I'd give to Thee,
Are far too short and few for me.
Thy sick and poor are all around,
And I would comfort them;
Thy strong and rich ones, too, are found,
I would rejoice with them;
Thy enemies who know Thee not,
And I who know so well
Thy tender love must tell.

2 And while I work,
With no desire to shirk,
And heart brimful of love,
I feel a strength that cometh from above.
In the enforced pauses I do hear
Sweet words of comfort and of cheer
From the dear Master.
The blessings which He showers on all
Fail not into my life to fall,
And all the faster,
That from my cup,
Which I hold up
To catch them as they come,
I pour out some
To those who gather not
Thy common blessings in their lot.

3 I want no rest,
But still more strength and zest;
I would be filled with helpfulness;
I long for power the world to bless,
I'd make my life a hero's story,
And to its latest hour
I'd work with power,
And pass from glory into glory.

4 And in that land
Where angels stand,
And heroes, saints and martyrs do abide,
And every longing shall be satisfied,
If to come there I am so blest,
Grant to thy servant, Lord, more work, not rest.

MARIA A. MARSHALL.
Brooklyn, 1884.

WORK AND WORKERS.

A HOME MISSION SERMON.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard." Matt. xxi: 28.

"Why stand ye here idle?" when dewy and bright,
The vine's purple clusters wave in the morn's light;
"Why stand ye here idle?" when noon's golden glare
Falls over the vineyard — ripe, waiting, and fair.
"Why stand ye here idle?" when broad fields in view
Are white for the harvest, and reapers are few.
"Why stand ye here idle still, all the day long,"
While the sunset draws near and the glad harvest song?

"Go work in the vineyard! to-day must thou share
The heat and the burdens my laborers bear."
Thus the voice of the Master for each of us calls,
Though sealed be our ears when the pleading voice falls.
Oh! what is the import of this new command?
And what is the service He seeks at our hand?
And where is our mission? What work can we do
To prove to the Master we're loyal and true?

Through some weary journey, like the Wise Men of old,
Must we bring Him frankincense, spices, and gold?
Must we search out a mission? seek some other clime?
Or wait the unfolding of some golden time,
That a costlier spikenard our off'ring may be,
Or some marvellous bloom from the isles of the sea?
Through deep-hidden mines, must some rare gem be sought?
Some treasure be delved from the wide realms of thought?
Must talent and genius their royal gifts pour
In some rare, mental work, for Him we adore?

All have not earth's treasures to offer their King,
Nor can all to the heathen the glad tidings bring,
Nor all, as His heralds, with lips touched with flame,
Can here to Mount Zion, salvation proclaim;
Nor have all mental gifts to lay at His feet—
Few could work, if such service only were meet.

To me comes this meaning of our Saviour's command,—
"In His name do the work laid nearest thy hand.
For thy weakness, or strength, in fashion and mould,
Some work he hath fitted thy hand best to hold;
And for it thou need'st not search continents o'er;
Work, importunate, pressing, crowds at thy door!
'Mid 'highways and hedges' and dark tangled lanes,
'Mid the quick-throbbing pulse of the city's hot veins,
O'er each way-side of life, 'round cottage or hall,
Some work for the Master lies waiting for all;
And His honored herald art thou called to be,
To bear the glad news o'er the wide-rolling sea,
If the needy and sinful in home, lane or street
Ne'er heard from thy lips 'the old story' and 'sweet?'"

Ah! near lies His vineyard, and life is so brief,—
Like a swift-flying shuttle, or fast-fading leaf.
Its gleam may be flown, life may fade as a dream,
While we wait for some work or opening supreme.
Imperial doors, in the dim far-away,
Swing on the same hinge with the gates of to-day;
And Duty shall ring out no call more sublime
For those still ignoring her every-day chime.
Is there room for supineness? Time for delay?
Woven gold is life's *Now!* Work is worship *To-day!*

Have we but one talent? Its use He commands;
"Two mites" fill the measure of His equal demands.
And one talent, improved, shall double its own,
While ten, which lie buried, are counted as none,
In fields broad, or narrow, work is waiting in store.—
Work demanding few gifts, work calling for more.
Shall a hand fold from toil, and Heaven's order mar,
Because it can't compass the uttermost star?

Do we try, from near "highway," the starving to bring
To the banqueting house—to the feast of our King?
We, having one talent, their presence might win;
And the King has commanded—"Compel to come in!"
And to those in prison—in darkness and loss—
Do we carry the healing light of the cross?
The "stranger, in prison, sick, naked," forlorn,
Have we visited? clothed? their griefs have we worn?

And, those overcome by the wine's fatal cup—
Lured on by some fiend all its woe to drink up,
For them do we work? Do we plead Christ's name
That they dash down the cup of anguish and shame?
In their bitter struggle, faint, weary and worn,
Oh! have we unto these, the bread of life borne?

The dear Sabbath School field, delightful and sweet,
With wide-open gate is inviting our feet.
So near and so needy! and verdure and bloom
Will spring into life, if but true workers come!
Outside, shall we idly be gathering leaves,
When within, for our hands are rich, golden sheaves?

While no narrow outlook should shut from our view
The broad Foreign Field, with its toilers—so few—,
Where portals swing wide that were once bolted gates,
And where Opportunity beckons and waits,
Yet, in the Home Field, work and need still aboumd
And rich harvests wait 'neath its free, fertile ground.
The Home Field is wide, and few workers there be:
Oh! there's much Mission Work on this side the sea!
As wild, as untaught, in this land we call home,
In our own Alaska, her Indians roam
In darkness as dense as o'er Africa thrown;
And weary-eyed women in Utah to-day
Weep in sore bondage while we plan and delay.
And our North Western plains, and their slopes to the sea
In heathendom sit, 'neath our country's roof-tree.

We have glanced at some work. Now what is our need
As workers, to make us true workers indeed?
Love is the fulfilling of the great royal law;
From love every service its beauty must draw.
Like one that doth serve every high-titled guest,
So, the lowliest service, Love may invest
In a purple more royal, more rare than the rest;
And give her the dower of regal estate
Whose portion was only to serve and to wait.
While the work which seemed highest, to our mortal eyes,
May be less than the least when stripped of disguise.
The true heart is nobler than tinsel or gems;
The loftiest work, a low motive condemns.
Not the costliest service ever survives
Divorce from warmth of true hearts and pure lives.

Although coined in rich gifts and wearing their grace,
No great thoughts of genius with the ages keep pace,
And no poet-songs down the centuries ring,
Save at first they drew life from one vital spring.

And rare alabaster box yields no perfume
Unless Love pours the odor that fills all the room.
All lifeless each deed (whosoever extols)
Which throbs not through pulse of sweet lives and
warm souls!

The true *Mission Spirit*, love ever will give:
Through love, as its source, this Spirit must live,
Overlooking no need, no service at home,
In sympathy wider its charities roam;
But, while seeking the lost in some far-away land,
It lifts up the fallen one nearest at hand.

A bramble bush, bearing but brier or thorn,
Wouldn't turn to a rose *any* place to adorn;
And a poor barren soul which no native fruit gave
Wouldn't turn to a missionary — over the wave.
There is no "missing link;" this Spirit is one;
Its essence inheres not in climate or sun.
"Evolution of atoms," changing of place,
Could not give to the thorn the violet's grace;
And no force of nature can unfold or define
A life whose whole being and source is divine.
That this spirit *is* spirit contest if you will;
The "thorn" and its "atoms" are "material" still.

Just here, — oh! I would not be misunderstood —
Our dear foreign workers are the holy, the good.
Their rare self-denial partakes not of earth.
The tree— bud and bloom— has a heavenly birth.
Its bearing full blossoms of duty at home,
Only sweetens its bloom across the sea-foam;
Its fruit drops as golden upon foreign shore
As when dear native skies bent the foliage o'er.
Never tree, leaf, or flower, yields vital perfume
Save an influence divine unfoldeth its bloom.

Then, one need is vital, where true work is done —
Or, if *two*, they're so linked they blend into one —
The Spirit of Missions — divine love alone!

Let us work for the Master! Honor it is
To be workers with Him, for the vineyard is His.
He, leaving the glory and light of the throne,
Came— a King without crown, to realms all His own
To give His whole life, to its last bitter close,
To rescue from sin, to heal all earth's woes.
With the first sigh of sorrow— to the first child of
His great Mission work to our world did begin. [sin
Unapproached and unfathomed, yet, meeting the
needs,
The want and the yearning humanity pleads,
Sweeping down through the ages, unfailing, unspent,
One ray from His light through all blessing has blent.

Like leaf from a tree, tiny bud from rich bowers,
A breath of perfume from a wild waste of flowers,
A whispering chord on Æolian strings,
From high-sounding pæans when full chorus rings,
Like spray from the sea, rolling boundless and blue,
In life, all that's beautiful, spotless, or true,
Whate'er exhales blessings, the centuries through,
Flows out from that ocean, unfathomed and wide,
Where Eternal Love pours its infinite tide.

Dear fellow Christian, has a ray from above,
Or a wave from the fountain of Infinite love,
Transfused with its current your heart's hidden
spring?
Then its outflow to others will some blessing bring.
Streams from a sweet fountain will sweetness distill;
Lives lovely and pure must work out His will.
And then, for each work, in each field of the Lord,
How sweet is the recompense, rich the reward!

A cup of cold water, in the Master's name given,
Returns in a shower of blessings from Heaven.
If service so poor meets so rich a reward,
Is warmly approved, is so blest of our Lord,
The joy-bells of heaven with music shall ring
If one to the fold, only one, we may bring;
But those who win many from error away
Shall shine as the stars— yea, forever and aye!
The dear ones who labor in fields far away,
His presence shines over, by night and by day,
Above and around them, though lost to the view,
A bright cloud of witnesses bend through the blue.
Though severed from country, fond friends, and loved
home,
In sweet self-surrender, afar and alone,
Celestial companionship ever they share;
Their songs thrill the harps that the glorified bear;
All the air breathes Love's message, the waiting
winds say —
"E'en down to life's clo[illegible], I am with you alway!"

Since the wide world's redemption, where'er man
may be,
So largely depends on this Land of the free,
Our own let us fill with such light, that its glow
To all other lands, in wide radiance, may flow!
From the lakes of the North and the deep woods of
Maine,
To the Yosemite vale, and Texas' green plain,—
From the Ocean whose voice the Cascade Mountains
hear,—
O'er the Black Hills which hide the wealth gleaming
near,
O'er Montana, Wyoming, Nevada's rich mines;
From the Florida groves to Alaska's green pines!
All the mountains and plains, each valley and hill,
With heavenly light, let us labor to fill!

O Land, most beloved, most honored, most blest!
The God who hath called thee in His favor to rest,
Hath called thee to carry — swift, gladly and free,
The news of salvation to each land o'er the sea.

[illegible]
[illegible]

"THINE EYES SHALL SEE THE KING IN HIS BEAUTY."

1 O sweet, prophetic words! still ringing clear,
Through all the centuries from that elder year,
Whenever waiting hearts are hushed to hear.

2 Thine eyes shall see the King! O wondrous sight!
Thy *weary* eyes, astrain through all the night,
Watching for faintest gleam of longed-for light.

3 Thy *sad* eyes, memory-touched with "all regret;"
Thy *dim* eyes, aching still with "life's small fret,"
Seeing as through a glass, most darkly yet.

4 Thy *blind* eyes, seeing even not at all,
Yet opening quickly at the Master's call;
Glad, eager eyes, from which all weights shall fall.

5 O wondrous hour of vision! Long ago
Hath rapt Isaiah come thy joy to know;
That heavenly beauty which he strove to show.

6 Archangels veil their faces while they sing,
Before the awful splendor of their King,
Afraid to sweep such height with e'en angelic wing.

7 They long to know that mystery of grace,
Whereby the ransomed see Him face to face,
Nor fall, nor fear to fall from that high place.

8 They know not, even they, that tenderest tie,
By which He brings His chosen ones so nigh —
His cross, His blood, and Calvary's bitter cry.

9 O saddest, sweetest bond! And can it be
That through His sorrow, joy shall come to *me?*
That *thus* His glorious beauty I shall see?

10 O Joy! too deep for aught but happy tears;
O Faith! that climbs a height beyond all fears;
O Hope! that crowns and gladdens all my years.

11 My heart repeats the promise o'er and o'er,
Though 'tis an "old, old story" heard before,
Yet with each dear repeating loved the more.

12 O eyes, for which such vision is in store,
Keep ye to all things pure, forevermore,
Till ye shall close beside death's shadowed door.

13 Be lighted from within, by unseen Guest,
Send out warm rays of love to all distrest,
And lure them by your shining into rest.

14 So in His beauty shall ye see the King,
And to His eyes sweet answer steadfast cling,
Nor fade, nor droop, o'ershadowed by His wing.

MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.

OUR BETHLEHEM.

APPROPRIATE FOR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

The following poem written for the Ninth Annual Meeting of the Woman's Board of the Northwest, held at Springfield, Ill., March, 1880, was read by Mrs. H. H. Forsythe.

1 Sabbath in the Hebrew temple
Dawned with rite and sacrifice;
From their places priest and psalmist
Watched soft clouds of incense rise.
Then the golden trumpets trembled,
Then the cymbals clashed again,
While the choral throng, responsive,
Caught the high, prophetic strain:

2 "Unto us a Son is given,
Unto us a child is born!
Sing, O earth, rejoice, O heaven,
Now is come the promised morn.
Christ shall now have full dominion,
Kings shall bow before His feet,
Gentile lands be His possession,
Every tongue His praise repeat.

3 "Blesséd she among all women
Who this kingly child shall bear;
Praise Him on the sounding cymbals,
Praise Him, earth and sea and air!"
From the court beyond the altar
Broke there then a wailing cry,
Where one, old and sorrow-stricken,
Prostrate in her grief did lie.

4 "Woe is me," she uttered, sobbing;
"All the years I prayed and wept,
Hoping that for me this glory
Somewhere in my pathway slept.
Hoping mine should be the Christ-child,
Mine the blesséd motherhood,
Every maid in Judah's borders
Longed for, hoped and understood.

5 "But, alas! the vision tarries,
And I tremble to the grave;
Never mine can be the joy of
Bearing Him who comes to save!"
Then again her grief o'erswept her
Like some tempest of the night;
But beyond still broke the chorus,
"Praise Him, all ye stars of light!"

6 Gone, the music and the splendor,
Gone, long years, the nation's pride,
Where, in fulness of the vision,
Christ was born and crucified.
Yet behold, still comes an angel,
Silently through all the land,
Lily of annunciation
Holding ever in his hand!

7 Lo! within our souls the promise
Burns in song forever new —
"Christ the Lord is born within you,
Ye who my commandments do.
Ye, my sister and my mother,
High or low, o'er all the earth!"
Oh! how throbs each heart of woman
In the mystery of that birth!

8 Blesséd she who, though not seeing,
Yet with loyal heart believes,
Through this spiritual travail
In her soul the Christ receives.
Yet, like that pure maiden mother
On the fair Judean hills,
Each who truly bears this Saviour
Wider prophecy fulfills.

9 Each is priestess at an altar
For the world's despairing need;
Each some gift may cast upon it,
Each some sacrifice may plead.
Oh! if ours be that fulfillment,
Ours that blesséd motherhood,
Wept for by each Hebrew maiden,
Though it led to Calvary's rood,

10 What can stay our joy's thanksgiving?
What can bind our eager feet?
Where the gift or praise sufficing
Debt so measureless to meet?
Oh! let tide of fervent loving
Sweep us on and out to men,
Till to every soul a Saviour
Makes a new, glad Bethlehem.

KATE H. JOHNSON.
Auburn, N. Y., March, 1880.

IT IS MORE BLESSED.

1 Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven;
Give! as the waves when their channel is riven;
Give! as the air and sunshine are given;
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly give.
Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,
Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,
Not a pale bud from the June rose's blowing,
Give as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

2 Pour out thy love like the rush of a river
Wasting its waters, for ever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver·
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life as the summer shower's pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
What if no blossom look upward adoring?
Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

3 Give, though thy heart may be wasted and weary,
Laid on an altar all ashen and dreary;
Though from its pulses a faint miserere
Beats to thy soul the sad presage of fate,
Bind it with cords of unshrinking devotion;
Smile at the song of its restless emotion;
'Tis the stern hymn of eternity's ocean:
Hear! and in silence thy future await.

4 So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses,
Evil and thankless the desert it blesses,
Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,
Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,
Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

5 Almost the day of thy giving is over;
Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover,
Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover.
What shall thy longing avail in the grave?
Give as the heart gives whose fetters are breaking.
Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking.
Soon, heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,
Thou shalt know God and the gift that He gave.

ROSE TERRY COOKE. 1881.

THINE IS THE POWER

1 If ever I have had the wish to lighten
The burdens of a single weary heart,
Or bid the clouds depart,
Till cheerful hope should life with color brighten,
It is because desire was sent to me
Through God's own agency.

2 If any song of mine had sunbeam spirit,
Whose melody could chase the tears away,
And bring some hopeful ray
Where nought but gloom seemed ever to inherit,
It was a gift bestowed by hand divine,
Allowed through me to shine.

3 And if ever I breathed in trusting prayer
A word to cause the erring to return,
Making the conscience burn
With the strong white heat of its convictions there
And feeling that to save earth's wealth was dross,
Should cling to Thy dear Cross;

4 To Thee belongs the glory! Thine be the power!
For out of darkness has thou lifted me
Into the liberty
And light of Thy sweet peace. Ought not all my days
Be spent in grateful homage to my King
And tribute to Him bring?

5 I am His witness, yet I betray Him so:
That look He gave to Peter oft I feel,
For cares and self will steal
And mingle even with communion—then flow
The penitential tears; 'tis Love forgives,
And Faith looks up and lives.

6 How little I am doing! how little done!
How little I am willing to endure;
And yet I am so sure:
The hour hasteneth when the race is run;
Yes, then we shall lay life's weapons down,
And faithful wear the crown.

7 By that strong cord of grace that bindeth me,
By that sweet tie of hope that ever binds,
By my weak love—yet finds
Its fount of immortality in Thee;
I know the power that saved shall also keep
Until in Christ I sleep.

[illegible] 1884

THY KINGDOM COME.

APPROPRIATE FOR READING AT MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS OR PRAISE MEETINGS.

We fain would see Thy face, dear Lord, as did
Of old the apostolic band. And could
We sit around the mountain's brow, and list
Thy thrilling voice, could we but gaze upon
Thy God-like face, and while the evening shadows
Fall, be taught that wondrous prayer,
"Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, as it
Is done in Heaven,"
We were content to wait and pray
With nerves all thrilled with love and zeal to work.
We would go forth with tears to sow; and where
Our souls by burdens sadly overcome
Flew back to Thee for grace and strength renewed,
How sweetly on our ears would fall those words
Divinely spoken, "Peace I give to you."
If, as did John beloved, we too could lean
Enraptured on the Saviour's breast and drink
Our fill of knowledge infinite, we then
Could take these many crosses up and hug
Them close, could sacrifice our homes and loves
To tell o'er all the world the gospel news.
If Thou wert here, no alabaster box
Too precious were to pour upon Thy head.
But Thou art gone on high, we wait below,
And see far off the cross of Calvary.
The griefs and sorrows Thou didst bear, were they
For us? Can ointments sweet that to Thy feet
We bring fill all our lives with sweet perfume?
Lord, bring back our dead hearts to newer life,
Call forth the faded flowers to bloom again;
Then shall we spin, as did of old wise ones,
Of blue and scarlet, of purple and of
Linen fine to make our offerings.
Or, like her of temple fame, a widow poor,
With lowly mien, who tearful and trembling
"Cast her two mites and her thought seemed bold
When she wished their weight as the shining gold,"
If our gifts with love we place in His hand,
Like seeds with wings they shall fly o'er the land.
Some may fall by our sides, some flourish afar,
He giveth the rain, frost and heat cannot mar,
Our King is beside us, His love is our all,
What are crosses and losses, when *gifts* are so small?
Oh, naught! sound forth the world His praise,
Chant Heaven and earth His love,
Each tear of her that mourns becomes
A diamond in His crown.
Each sigh a flower, whose fragrant breath
Lisps peace to angel bands;
Each prayer is changed into a peaceful rill
Which fills the soul, a fountain from our God.
And does He reign supreme in every thought?
Our weapons, are they bright? or rust bedimmed?
If this King shall come, as suddenly He will,
What sheaves have we to show?
O sisters dear, the fray with sin goes on;
Wilt join the battle's host and armor near,
Or stay thy soul on chaff, fill up thy mind
With vanity, hang all its walls with fashion plates
And lay upon its shelves only the latest novel?
God made no superfluous soul, no birds
For humming only.
Mothers, this your task supreme, to nurture
From unholy air, each young immortal.
The fair young children, blessed by the Saviour's touch,
Surely all little ones, henceforth, we bring
To Thee; what mission more divine?
He wills our sons as plants be strong in youth,
Our daughters corner-stones, whose polishing
Be perfected in grace, humility and love;
Minds filled with wisdom, and like Eve, mother
Of all, "with what all earth or heaven could
Bestow to make her amiable."
'Tis said, "Grace was in all her thoughts and
Heaven in her eye."
Perhaps one day the Lord will call of these
Our darlings to bear across the seas
The banner of His dying love. How can
We train them so they'll gladly heed His call?
Or, if our King needs help for those whom now
He calls to take the field, must we refuse?
Spirit Divine, Oh! guide our thoughts to Thee,
The while our children kneel white-robed to say
Their evening prayer. Let incense sweet,
Mixed with our work and prayers,
Before Heaven's altar rise, while here
We cry "Our Father's Kingdom come."

MRS. D. W. EVANS. 1860.
"Rockford Seminary Magazine," 1880.

THE CRUSE THAT FAILETH NOT.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." —Acts xx: 35.

1 Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it
with another,
And through all the years of famine, it shall serve thee
and thy brother.

2 Love divine will fill thy store house, or thy handful
still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for
two.

3 For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is
living grain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with
gold the plain.

4 Is thy burden hard and heavy? do thy steps drag
wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear
both it and thee.

5 Numb and weary in the mountains, wouldst thou sleep
amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both
shall glow.

6 Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded
round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsam, and that balm
shall be thine own.

7 Is the heart a well left empty? None but God its void
can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain can its ceaseless
longings still.

8 Is the heart a living power? Self-entwined, its strength
sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and by serving love will
grow.

ELIZABETH KUNDLE CHARLES.

THE FOOLISH VIRGIN.

1 "The midnight comes and my lamp unfilled!"
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)
"Sisters, help! ere my hope be killed;
Give of your store, that my lamp be filled."
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

2 "Sisters, help!" They have closed the door.
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)
Naught they gave of their brimming store,
Each one watching the lamp she bore.
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

3 "I will knock, though the door be closed."
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)
"Lord, Thy handmaid waits. Unclose!
Around me night like a river flows."
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

4 "Who knocks so late from the darkened East?"
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)
"Depart! I know nor greater nor least
Who brings no light to the marriage feast."
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

5 "Depart! Too late!" O words of doom!
(Black and stormy the night wanes on.)
Watch well thy lamp, that it light the gloom
And show the way to the festal room.
(The Bridegroom into the House hath gone.)

MARIE B. WILLIAMS.

A LESSON.

1 Oh! wait, impatient heart!
As Winter waits; her song birds fled,
And every nestling blossom dead.
Beyond the purple seas they sing;
Beneath soft snows they sleep;
They only sleep. Sweet patience keep,
And wait, as Winter waits for Spring.

2 And hope, thou heavy heart!
If tiny, trembling violet fair
But kiss her cheek—on morning air
If faintest note shall fall—so soon,
Sweet Spring awakes to smile,
Though skies are gray. In hope the while,
She looks to greet full, golden June.

3 Work, work, thou restless heart!
As royal Summer works; to warm
To richer life, and hold from harm
Her fields and wood; to tint with gold
And rose her fruitage fair.
Only to lay, with gracious care,
At Autumn's feet, her wealth untold.

4 Then trust, O doubting heart!
As Autumn trusts; bright robe and crown
Puts by, and calmly lieth down
In Winter's cold embrace; for so
God wills. Into *thy* night
Of woe shall break the morning light,
As burst new life above the snow.

MRS. LUTHER KEENE. 1883.

FLEETING MOMENTS

On the shores of beautiful Lucerne the family remained about three months, Mayflower's health varying; sometimes confining her to the house, at other times allowing her to drive about in a Bath-chair, or enjoy little rows on the lake. The week after her arrival she walked out for a short distance, leaning on her mother's arm — the first time for some months,—and, after returning to the hotel, wrote the first verses of the following little poem, which she afterwards completed:

1 All your moments now come trooping
Through the golden morning bright;
Stainless moments are they waiting—
O my sister! use them right,
For they each will bear a message
To the Giver of the light.

2 You have duties waiting for you!
Up and do them! brave and true!
What if they're but "every-day ones?"
They are what God gives to you;
And like those of great and noble,
Your brief moments go up too.

3 You have trials. Ah! my sister,
There are others mourning too—
Sit not still in lonely sorrow,
Give them help and comfort true;
And in loading so your moments
Will not you have comfort, too?

4 Comfort, if a pale face brightens
As your step falls on the ear;
If some poor one, sad and weary,
Learns that with you help is near;
Comfort, when from children's faces,
With a smile you chase the tear?

5 Mayhap suffering is your portion
As the days steal into years;
Do the moments flitting upwards
Carry from you only tears?
Have you naught for which to thank Him?
And we know the Father hears.

"Anoint and sanctify as Priests, and consecrate to Me
Thy brother Aaron and his sons, for holiest ministry."

5 Wherever this word "Consecrate," occurs in the command,
The margin amplifies the term, and gives it,— "Fill the hand."
The sprinkled blood of sacrifice the lifted hands must show,
And then with offerings must be filled, and consecrated so.
For service and for sacrifice, the hands were set apart,
Full hands alone would indicate devotion of the heart;
And only thus, the Priest of God for all the flock might plead,
As at the Tabernacle door, he stood to intercede.

6 But look again, in Chronicles, and read of Israel's King,
Preparing for the house of God, of every precious thing.
The purest "Gold for things of gold,"— the silver well-refined!
With large material for the work, of every sort and kind,
That waited but the skillful touch to fashion as designed;
Now mark his question, which all hearts would quickly understand:
"Who then is willing, unto God, this day to fill his hand?"
(Material is of use alone, with labor at command.)

7 Still further on the book records King Hezekiah's reign,
The cleansing of the House of God, removing every stain;
And after sacrifice and song, the Royal word we hear:
"Now ye have filled your hands to God, with thankfulness come near;"
Come near to Him, whom thus ye serve. Has He not grown more dear?
Then later, when the posts went out, to summon through the land
The tribes, to keep the solemn feast, we note the King's command:
"Be not ye as your fathers were, but give to God the hand,
And enter thus His holy house, which He hath sanctified,
And serve the Lord your God for aye, that so ye may abide.
So runs the Word — but instances need not be multiplied.

8 Have *we* "full hands?" But why inquire concerning things of old,
The offices herein set forth are gone, with ages told.
Can ceremonials obsolete, a duty now unfold?
Behold how Peter, in the Book, his letter has addressed,
To "scattered strangers" all abroad, yet, "Kings and Priests" confessed;
And "He hath made us priests," writes John. Then we may intercede;
We are to "lift up holy hands," in faith and love to plead.
Then have we filled our hands? *Can* we be satisfied with less?
Our consecration Jesus seeks, He longs to fully bless.

9 Our hands *seem* full. The clamoring world appeals in all its need,
The opening fields in which to serve, are multiplied indeed.
And here is one, that stretches out beneath our native sky.
Our own doors open into this, we cannot pass it by.
The great Home field which God has given, with work which He has planned,
In this the call to Woman comes. She too may "fill her hand."

10 What means this widening "Woman's Work"?
Why thus do multiply
Her opportunities to *serve*, whom Christ has lifted high
By His own gospel everywhere, to queenly place and power?
Has not the Master added this as her most gracious dower?

11 We need not drop from laden hands, what God has placed therein,
He offers this beside, that we the greater joy may win.
We may not, on the instant, say we cannot give it place;
Can we be sure our hands *are* full, until a little space
We seek to know what load we bear, and wait to hear His voice,
Whose lightest whisper of command will leave to us no choice?
Perhaps we *might* drop out some things that crowd the offerings now—
The things of self, and of this life, we only half allow.

12 Some hands, indeed, are almost full—the Lord has taken care;
And yet, there may be room to hold more incense, even there.
Our Lord will know, but who can say, "I've given enough of prayer?"
Our duty and delight herein, the Master will declare.

13 There may be some who have not yet attained the utmost bound.
Who long to consecrate themselves in gratitude profound.

To Him whose hands are ever full of blessings rich and free—
Those pierced hands, stretched out, for us, upon the cruel tree;
Then here is work for heart and hand, with claims of urgent need.
The Christians in this favored land, as Priests should intercede,
For strangers to our borders come, and ignorant of God;
For races called "exceptional," herein dispersed abroad.

14 What rich material here abounds, for that great Temple fair,
That silently is going up with its adornings rare.
Shall "gold for things of gold," lie waste, and silver unrefined,
Because no "cunning workman's" hand is moved by willing mind?
Shall gems be lost that might adorn the Palace of the King?
And shall the handmaids of the Lord their offerings fail to bring?

15 "Ye that *have* fill your hands, come near." How blessed is this place!
The Lord accepteth now thy gifts, in His exceeding grace.
"Thy offerings are a savour sweet." Though not by cloud and fire
The answer comes, yet, none the less, receive thy heart's desire,
And see the glory of the Lord. Then, go thy separate track
And let thy robes be always white, thy head no ointment lack.
For, when we "fill the hand" to God, He fills the heart with joy,
And trains us for the Songs of Praise which evermore employ
The ransomed hosts above, who join in jubilant acclaim,
Ascribing kingdom, power and might, to one transcendent Name!

JULIA H JOHNSTON.
Peoria, Ill. Nov. 1884.

THE VISION AND THE KNOCK.

1 The trance of golden afternoon
Lay on Judean skies;
The trance of vision, like a swoon,
Sealed the Apostle's eyes.
Upon the roof he sat and saw
Angelic hands let down and draw
Again the mighty vessel full
Of beasts and birds innumerable.

2 Three times the heavenly vision fell,
Three times the Lord's voice spoke,
When Peter, loath to break the spell,
Roused from his trance and woke,
To hear a common sound and rude,
Which jarred and shook his solitude —
The knocking at the doorway near
Where stood the two from Cæsarea.

3 And should he heed or should he stay?
Scarce had the vision fled —
Perchance it might return that day,
Perchance more words be said
By the Lord's voice; — he rises slow;
Again the knocking; he must go;
Nor guessed, while going down the stair,
That 'twas the Lord who called him there.

4 Had he sat still upon the roof,
Wooing the vision long,
The Gentile world had missed the truth,
And heaven one "sweet new song."
Souls might have perished in blind pain,
And the Lord Christ have died in vain
For them; — he knew not what it meant,
But Peter rose, and Peter went.

5 O souls which sit in upper air,
Longing for heavenly sight,
Glimpses of truth all fleeting-fair,
Set in unearthly light,—
Is there no knocking heard below,
For which you should arise and go,
Leaving the vision, and again
Bearing its message unto men?

6 Sordid the world were vision not;
But fruitless were your stay;
So, having seen the sight, and got
The message, haste away.
Though pure and bright thy higher air,
And hot the street and dull the stair,
Still get thee down, for who shall know
'Tis not the Lord who knocks below?

SUSAN COOLIDGE.
In "Christian Union."
New Ipswich, N. H., Aug. 1884.

SIMON'S QUESTION.

1 "Go *thou*," had said the Master; "feed
My sheep — my lambs." But lingering yet
Beside the blue Gennesaret,
The restless Simon asks,—(why need
He know, whose coward word and deed
By such appeal had just been met?)

2 "And what shall *this* man do?" He turned
To one who, silent, followed on
Behind him,—the beloved John,
Whose soul with deeper reverence burned,
By reason of the teachings learned
Through three days' anguish undergone.

3 The rash, impetuous spirit still
Must meet a fresh rebuke, and be
Chidden, albeit tenderly,
As Jesus answers: "If I will
That he should tarry here until
I come, what matters that to thee?"

4 We, later followers, thus we let
Our duty lie undone, as though
It were our first concern to know
What duties are for others set,
And ask the very question yet
That Simon asked so long ago.

5 "Feed thou my sheep." The living word
Which thus of old the Master spake,
Upon our ears can never break;
But every soul may still be stirred
By the command that Simon heard
That summer day beside the lake.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

MOTH-EATEN.

1 I had a beautiful garment,
And I laid it by with care;
I folded it close with lavender leaves,
In a napkin fine and fair;
"It is far too costly a robe," I said,
"For one like me to wear."

2 So never at morn or evening
I put my garment on;
It lay by itself, under clasp and key,
In the perfumed dusk alone,
Its wonderful broidery hidden,
Till many a day had gone.

3 There were guests who came to my portal,
There were friends who sat with me,
And clad in soberest raiment
I bore them company;
I knew that I owned a beautiful robe,
Though its splendor none might see.

4 There were poor who stood at my portal,
There were orphaned sought my care;
I gave them the tenderest pity,
But had nothing besides to spare;
I had only the beautiful garment
And the raiment for daily wear.

5 At last, on a feast day's coming,
I thought in my dress to shine;
I would please myself with the lustre
Of its shifting colors fine;
I would walk with pride in the marvel
Of its rarely rich design.

6 So out from the dust I bore it—
The lavender fell away—
And fold on fold I held it up
To the searching light of the day.
Alas! the glory had perished
While there in its place it lay.

7 Who seeks for the fadeless beauty
Must seek for the use that seals
To the grace of a constant blessing
The beauty that use reveals.
For into the folded robe alone
The moth with its blighting steals.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.
In "Harper's Bazar."

WORK.

1 We pray for rest; but would it be true rest
To idly spend the hours life doth give?
Is not the boon of which we are in quest
Rather the strength and aims by which we live?
And *living* is not idle ease nor play,
But earnest striving for a nobler type
Of manhood and of womanhood each day,
Till for God's "better land" we shall be ripe.

2 And not by a *few* acts or words do we become
The images of beauty God will place
Within the keeping of the angel's home;
But even as doth sculptor's chisel trace
The forms of loveliness from out the stone,
By every daily deed and word and thought
The soul is fashioned; and the flesh outgrown,
Reveals the form life's slow, sure work has wrought.

3 Then let us take the means with faithful hands;
Nor think the work is other than *our own:*
For, though the Master near to help us stands,
Would we be better than the senseless stone
If passive, mute, inert our souls could be
Given their forms as marble statues are?
O Father, no! and if unskillfully
We sometimes work, and fair proportions mar,

4 Thou still art kind; and Thy perfecting hand
Deals needful strokes, from which with human pain
Recoiling we may cry, nor understand
How much our present grief is future gain.
But, since we feel these are Thy means and ways,
Ought we to scorn our earthly toil or sphere?
The work that winneth here no mortal praise
To God and angels may be found most dear.

BERTHA H. ELLSWORTH. 1884.
In the "Union Signal."

WORK.

What are we set on earth for? Say to toil,
Nor seek to leave the tending of the vines,
For all the heart o' the day, till it declines,
And Death's wild curfew shall from work assoil.
God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines
For younger fellow-workers of the soil
To wear for amulets. So others shall
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand.
From thy heart and thy hand and thy brave cheer,
Shall God's grace make fruitful through thee to all.
The least flower with a brimming cup may stand
And share its dewdrop with another near.

MRS. BROWNING.

THE WORK OF OUR HANDS.

1 "The work of our hands, establish thou it."
So, often, with thoughtless lips we pray;
But He who sits in the heavens shall say,
"Is the work of thy hands so fair and fit,
That ye dare so pray?

2 "The work of thy hands, is it fairly writ,
In luminous lines, that all may see?
Is it shelter as strength, like the spreading tree
In whose green shadow men may sit?
Dare ye answer me?

3 "Is it strong as the wonderful bonds that knit
All truth as one? Is it pure as snow?
As gracious and sweet as the winds that blow?
As true as the stars that are nightly lit
For the world below?

4 "Will the work of your hands for aye transmit
Truth and beauty, and love and praise—
Will it lead and light to the heavenly way?
Answer me, soul; Shall I 'stablish it
'Gainst the day of days?"

5 Softly we answer: "Lord, *make* it fit,
The work of our hands, that so we may
Lift our voices and dare to pray,
The work of our hands, establish Thou it,
For ever and aye."

CARLOTTA PERRY.
Milwaukee, Wis. Sept. 1884.

WITH ONE ACCORD.

1 "With one accord!" The day had brought
Its vexing cares; its anxious thought;
With labor worn, with doubts perplexed,
With toils and troubles sorely vexed;
When evening brought its hour of prayer,
With sweet accord we gathered there.

2 No lofty hall, no frescoed room;
Its outmost corners slept in gloom;
Its walls were plain; its seats were bare;
And, though a King held audience there,
Yet they who brought Him offerings meet,
Came softly in, with tired feet.

3 "The door was shut!" "With one accord"
We kneeled before our risen Lord;
Some needed strength; some needed peace;
Some prayed that wrongs and woes might cease;
All felt the need of humble prayer;
All needed Christ, and Christ was there!

4 As one of old, whose heart was moved,
To touch the robe of Him she loved,
We stretched *our* hands, we named His name,
While yet we spake the answer came!
From every heart was rolled away
The weary burden of the day.

5 O blesséd hour! At Jesus' feet
We held communion, calm and sweet;
The weak found strength, the weary rest,
The bruiséd reed was healed and blest;
The sins we wept, His love forgave,
The good we sought, His mercy gave.

MABEL.
Sedgwick, Kan. 1884.

THE MESSENGER.

"Blessed is the man that heareth Me, watching daily at My gates, waiting at the posts of My doors." – Proverbs viii: 34.

1 I stand at His gate to-day,
I linger beside His door;
'Twill not be in vain if I do but wait,
I have proved Him often before.
I am watching with eager eye,
Listening with open ear;
For the Master's voice I must catch to-day,
Each word must be plain and clear.

2 For a message I have to bear;
He told me I was to come—
That He had work for me to do,
To carry a message home.
I know not what it will be;
Whether a simple word,
Or whether 'twill cost me toil and pain
To utter all I have heard.

3 But often 'tis happy work,
For His message is full of cheer;
His words of comfort, of hope, of love,
Wipe away many a tear.
Sometimes 'tis a pardon free
To a rebel condemned to die;
When my Lord says, "Loose him, and let him go,"
Oh! who has such joy as I!

4 Sometimes 'tis "Return!" "Return!"
To a child who has grieved Him sore;
And how sweet to hear the faltering tones,
"Can I ever grieve Him more?"
Or perhaps 'tis a warning voice;
Counsel both wise and true,
To one who stands in a slippery place,
Knowing not what to do.

5 And though some will not heed
The message I have to tell,
My Lord will know— for He told me so—
If I do my service well.
So I listen beside His gate,
And I hush my heart to hear;
For the Master's voice I must catch to-day,
And each word must be plain and clear.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR.
England. 1873.

TO A HEBREW DEAF-MUTE.

1 Waiting, brother, waiting,
For Messiah, King,
Who to Israel's children
Freedom, joy will bring.
He has come, though lowly,
And in every zone
Holiest of the holy,
Waits to set His throne.

2 Hoping, brother, hoping
For the promised light
That will end forever
The long, dismal night.
Law and prophets fasten
Round the dense and drear,
With but expectation
Heart and mind to cheer.

3 Give thy hoping over,
It is useless now,
And in reverent homage
To Immanuel bow,
For the light is beaming
O'er all longing ones,
Brighter than the gleaming
Of a million suns.

4 Longing, brother, longing,
For a fountain sweet,
For pure, living waters
And a rest complete.
Lo! a fount is flowing,
Copious and free,
Rest and peace are offered
Without price to thee.

5 Seeking, brother, seeking
For the royal way
To the heavenly Canaan,
To the perfect day.
Seek, Oh! seek no longer,
For the way is found,
Narrow, straight, but wholly
Consecrated ground.

6 Hoping, waiting, longing,
Seeking, all, give o'er,
Lo! Messiah opens
Wide the Gospel door.
Leave the types and shadows
For the substance real,
For the Christ is mighty
To redeem and heal.

7 Hasten, brother, hasten,
Time is flying fast,
Mercy's calls are echoing
In each breeze and blast.
Hasten now to Jesus,
Jesus crucified,
And thy soul's deep longing
Shall be satisfied.

ANGELINE FULLER.
Savanna, Ill 1883.
In "The Venture," by per.

THE CHURCH.

1 I watched the builders, day by day,
Building a church across the way;
2 Block after block, with nicest care,
They piled the granite firm and fair,
3 And set the windows all ablaze
With memories of Christ's earthly days;
4 Windows and woodwork rich and rare
To twilight gloomed the noonday's glare.
5 And curtained desk and cushioned seat
Glowed like the ruby's steadfast heat.
6 "They build," I heard a man declare,
"A house of pride as such as prayer."
7 But quick his comrades answered, "Nay,
They build as in the Jewish day,
8 "When of their best the people brought,
And their best works the artists wrought."
9 But still his words the first maintained —
"The world in selfishness has gained."
10 And still I heard the other say,
With shaking head, his pleasant "nay;"
11 And to myself all softly said,
"A thousand blessings on his head;"
12 "For he in purest truth has caught
The charity that Jesus taught;"
13 "And unto him the house of God
By angel-feet is always trod."
14 And in no temple built with hands
For us the High Priest waiting stands,
15 If from the altars of our hearts
Sin's heavy vail His presence parts.

JOSIE LEIGH.

RUTH. OR, THE SATISFIED SOUL.

"The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."—Ruth ii: 12.

1 I was a gleaner once — Ruth ii: 2.
In fields belonging to a stranger-Lord; — ii: 3.
Many gleaned there in happiness and peace,
Fed by His hand and hanging on His word: ii: 4.
They were His purchased ones,
But I was all unknown. A journey long i: 7, 19.
Had brought me to that field, weary and lone, ii: 11.
Gathering a few chance ears amid the throng.

2 The Master met me there; — ii: 8, 13.
He spoke, He cheered; "handfuls of purpose" fell [ii: 16.
Close to my path, that I might have enough:
(Oh! blessèd those who near such fullness dwell!)
And soon I found true rest, — iii: 1.
The joy, the bliss of lying at His feet; — iii: 14.
'Twas with a trembling, fearful heart I came; [iii: 10, 11.
But once laid there I thought my joy complete.

3 Yet now I know new depths
Of blessedness and rest all unalloyed,
The peace of full redemption bought by Him, [iv: 10,
To be through all eternity enjoyed:
In conscious union now
With Christ, my risen Lord, whose love and power
Are all on me bestowed in richest grace,
I live in sweet communion hour by hour.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR. England. 1876.

UNTIL THE END.

1 To do God's will—that's all
That need concern us; not to carp, or ask
The meaning of it; but to ply our task
Whatever may befall:
Accepting good or ill as He shall send,
And wait until the end.

2 What if a spire of grass
Should dare assert itself against His power,
And question wherefore He withheld the shower
Or let the tempest pass
To shred its stem and pour its juices out,
Or shrivel it with drought?

3 Each atom God hath made
Yields to His primal law obedience true,
Whether it be a star, a drop of dew,
Forest or ferny blade.
Should one resist, the world would feel the spell
"Behold! a miracle!"

4 If Nature thus can bow,
With acquiescence absolute, profound,
Before the mysteries that gird her round,
Nor ever disallow
The pressure of the Hand above her, why
Should not this conscious *I*?

5 Wherefore is man so loth,
Without presumptuous quest into the cause
Of this or that, in God's inviolate laws,
To trust, as Nature doth,
Content, although he may not comprehend,
To wait until the end!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.
Lexington, Va. 1883. In "The Independent."

FAITH NEEDS NO CHART.

1 Faith needs no chart; across the boundless seas
Of infinite life—God's breath for breeze—
Sails on our ship, nor path is marked to know
Whence we have come and whither we shall go.

2 Dark though the night be, with the cloud o'erhead,
Dark though the wave be, whither we are led,
Faith at the prow—Christ's star upon her breast,—
Pilots us safe to some fair harbor's rest.

3 Faith needs no chart; the way is cleft apart
Through deepest ocean for the following heart;
The radiant footsteps of a Christ of faith
Have trod the path. "Be not afraid," He saith.

4 Go thou in courage, and be strong to smile
For weaker traveller o'er the weary while;
Knowing the day will dawn from out the night,
Knowing the eye of faith hath seen the light.

5 Faith needs no chart; a heavenly legion fair
Of ministering angels have the soul in care;
Their pinions, rainbowed with God's promise, waft
The human vessel to Faith's home at last.

MARY L. BARON. 1883.

"FOR WE ARE LABORERS WITH GOD."

1 How sweet the glorious thought,
That in the work divine
Of God's almighty hand
He leaves a share for mine!
He deigns to leave a work for me,
And brother, sister, one for thee,
For God's co-laborers are we.

2 He forms the soil and seed,
And bids the quickening sun
Its glorious warmth impart,
While length'ning seasons run;
The dews descend at His command;
The spring-time showers refresh the land;
The harvest gifts are from His hand.

3 But man must drop the seed,
And guide the heavy plough
Through many a furrow deep,
By many a springing row.
His hand must reap the ripened grain,
That bends above the summer plain,
Or sun and shower would be in vain.

4 The heavy iron ore,
The silver and the gold,
The diamond and the pearl,
Are treasured as of old,
Beneath the rock, the wave, the sand,
Where they were planted by God's hand,
When first He framed the sea and land.

5 But by man's skill they change
To forms of use and power;
They beautify our life,
And lengthen its brief hour.
The hand of Art can bend or break;
Swift servants it of them can make,
Which from our weak hands burdens take.

6 By the Almighty hand
Was made the power of steam,
Of which our duller thought
For ages did not dream,
Yet waited for man's wakened skill
To show how land and sea should thrill
Beneath that power, swayed by His will.

7 All nature's secrets lay
In mute, unconscious power,
So near us, yet unseen,
Until some happy hour,
When Thought, upon its piercing wing,
Doth touch the hidden, rusty spring,—
And open wide the closed doors swing.

8 We enter in and see,
To wonder and adore,
But wonder most to find
We ne'er had seen before

The sources vast of power, which He
Stores for our use in land and sea,
In light, and air, around us free.

9 We take the gifts divine,
And scan the midnight sky,
To measure fields of space,
With suns and stars on high.
The lightning is no longer free;
But yields to man its ministry,
And bears his message 'neath the sea.

10 But most we feel God's power
In our own conscious life,
Within our Christian homes,
Where daughter, sister, wife,
With father, brother, names most dear,
Combine to banish strife and fear,
Where love may dry each bitter tear.

11 For us He wakes the dawn,
And gilds the morning sky;
He gives us strength for toil
When the warm noon is high.
At eve He hangs night's curtain far,
Embroidered bright with silver star,
That gleams upon our rest from far.

12 Yet *we with* God must work
To make our homes most fair,
To make them sweet and bright,
Pure as the sunny air.
With heart and hand, with thought and nerve,
Should we Love's earnest mandates serve,
Nor from the holy purpose swerve.

13 Into our home is given
An infant fair and sweet,
But unto us is given
The task to guide its feet.
God made the mind; 'tis ours to train
Its powers, all pearls of truth to gain,
As sunshine drinks the drops of rain.

14 God doth create the brain,
Where, in each wondrous cell,
Some power of angel strength
As monarch grand doth dwell.
Perception, reason, memory, there
In the delights of knowledge share,
And gather treasures everywhere.

15 Till from the weak, the frail,
The helpless little span,
Is grown God's grandest work,
A strong and earnest man.
What privilege so grand as ours!
To link with God's our feeble powers,
While faith implores His gracious showers.

16 But most the glories shine,
Of God's eternal plan,
To work with us, in One
Who is both God and man;
Softly now, with reverent tread,
Will we seek the lowly bed
Where in Bethlehem lay His head.

17 Oh! that our tongues could speak
Emotions deep we feel,
As 'round the manger we
In deep devotion kneel.
O Christ! Thou Lord of life, that Thou
From Thy high throne should meekly bow,
To take our nature on Thee now!

18 But when in after years,
Men hung upon His word,
That, "man should work with God,"
Was oft the truth they heard.
"Stretch out thy hand," to one he said,
Whose arm hung helpless as if dead;
Yet he obeyed, by meek faith led.

19 And when He stood beside
The grave of Lazarus, dead,
The help of man he craved,
When to his friends He said,
"Roll back the stone," and then His word
By the dull ear of death was heard,
And Lazarus rose to meet the Lord.

20 On through a lowly life,
With meekness did He tread,
Ofttimes he had not where
To lay His weary head.
He suffered all our mortal woes,
In meekness met His mortal foes,
And down to death as mortal goes.

21 Our eyes with tears are blind,
Our hearts with grief do yearn,
As from His bleeding form
Upon the cross we turn.
Yet led by sorrowing love, we go
Where Cedron's waters gently flow,
To see His shrouded form laid low.

22 O brave and tender hands,
That the fair linen wound
About His wounded form,
With fragrant spices bound!
That laid, upon its marble bed
To rest, His weary thorn-crowned head,
Whose brow was stained with dewdrops red.

23 Not long His silent rest
Within the darkened tomb,
The angel at the dawn
Dispels the shadowy gloom.
He rises, Victor o'er the grave!
He lives in light, our souls to save!
We praise Him with the voice He gave.

24 And shall the angel bands
That heralded His birth,
That watched beside His grave,
And when He rose from earth,

Loud chanted, where heaven's sentry waits,
"Lift up your heads! ye golden gates,
The Lord of glory entrance waits;"

25 Shall *they* the story tell
Of Christ's redeeming love?
Nay! but the hand of man
Shall point to realms above;
His tongue shall tell the story old;
The lambs He feeds within the fold;
As Christ repentant Peter told.

26 Then let our souls awake!
And listen to His voice;
And may His sacred work
Become our earnest choice:
Till through the land, and o'er the sea,
The gospel message spread shall be,
For God's co-laborers are we.

EMILY P. WILLIAMS. May 15, 1882.

Alice Arnold Crawford.

"A Few Thoughts for a Few Friends," by Alice Arnold Crawford, tells us that a bright young intellect gleamed for a short time on this side and then passed "over the river." Of the author we only know that she wrote these poems and sentiments, dedicated them lovingly to her mother, and died, leaving the materials unrevised; and we have in the dainty volume a memorial to be cherished. A more graceful and beautiful tribute of love to the memory of the departed could not be desired. The editor, unnamed, but probably her mother, deprecates "all unkindly criticism, for the sake of her for whom we mourn"—a tender but unnecessary request. Such lines as these from a poem, "Seed-time," will meet the closest criticism unscathed:

O seed-time! promised still of God,
Man hails thee in the waking year,
He soweth to the upturned sod,
And, trusting, waits the harvest cheer.
And if he toil where thistles sleep,
The fig-tree's bloom is sought in vain,
For he who soweth tares must reap
His harvest from the tares again.

Sow not the tares,—then growth may yet
Bring to the heart a bitter strife,
And, in the end, one sad regret—
The wasted seed-time of a life.
But he that goeth forth to cast
His precious seed upon the mold,
Shall doubtless come with joy at last,
And bring with him his sheaves of gold.

Or, the following from a Thanksgiving Hymn:

Now the reaper's work is done,
And the crisp, brown leaf is flying
Where the clear November sun
On the frosted field is lying.
Fruits whose ruddy clusters shine,
Corn sheaves in their golden splendor,
Laden bough and purpling vine
Call a thousand hearts to render
One Thanksgiving Hymn.

* * * * * *

Thanks for Peace! The mighty sea.
In its solemn undulation,
Joins the wondrous melody
In the deep voice of the Nation.

ALICE A. CRAWFORD. "Interior." 1875.

BUILDERS.

1 I passed, one golden summer's day,
Children in their road-side play
Fresh the morning breezes played
Where a shower the dust had laid,
Where the drowsy cattle strayed
Underneath the elm trees' shade;
Lines of pebbles gleaming white
Sparkled in the morning light;
Busy were the children's feet
Up and down the village street;
Scarce a coming foot they greet.

2 "Busy builders, say, Oh! say
Wherefore toil ye so to-day."
"'Tis our play-house, don't you know?
Thus we build the walls, and so
Do the cross partitions go;
There's the front door, there's the stair,
Yonder broken shard's a chair;
There lies shining household pelf
Piled upon a granite shelf;
Look! I built it all myself."

3 "Mine's a church," the others say;
"Don't you see the aisles, and stay,
There's the organ far away
And the pulpit built of clay."
"Mine's a city hall;" "and mine,
Bank where gold and silver shine."
Thus the children say, and lo!
As upon my way I go,
Wondering that fancy's touch
Makes so little mean so much,
Still they toil that summer day,
Playing work and working play,

4 Morning passed to shadeless noon,
Evening's shadows followed soon;
Over grass and clover head
Pearls of evening dew were shed.
Dark the solemn mountain's frown
Where his beetling crags look down;
Straight across the little town,
That day's battles overcome,
Slowly walked I towards home.

5 Thinking of the ceaseless strife
That we mortals christen life;
Thinking of the rest which lies
O'er the hills of Paradise.
In the moonbeams gleaming white
Rows of pebbles met my sight;
Shining bits of colored glass
Sparkled in the dewy grass.
'Twas the play-house lying there,
Roofless, quaint, yet very fair
In the moonlit evening air;
But the children in their glee
At their work I could not see.

6 Just across the quiet road,
Through the pane the lamp-light glowed.
There reflected might I see,

Sat a curly-headed three
In the cottage taking tea.
Listening then, above the stair,
Lo! I heard the words of prayer
Where the youngest fell asleep,
Asking God her soul to keep.

7 Then I knew, when twilight came,
Though the builders wrought the same,
When the mother stood before
Yonder low, half-open door,
Quickly all the play was o'er:
Stone, and glass, and painted ware,
Sparkling agates, pebbles rare,
Cast aside as useless there,
And the children, hungry all,
Heard the welcome supper call,
Finding home and mother's arms
Better than their fancied charms.

8 I have stood where structures proud
Gazed upon the restless crowd;
Pillared dome and turret fair,
Steeple towering high in air,
Groin and buttress quaint and rare.
I have heard the city's street
Echo tread of many feet; ;
Seen the gorgeous fanes that trade
For its worshippers has made;
Gazed upon the gilded stalls
In the book rooms' massive walls;
Trod its tesselated halls.

9 Science builds her eyrie high
Up beneath the solemn sky;
Bridges span the river's bed;
Tunnels pierce the hills o'erhead;
Rails sustain the rushing car;
Lightnings flash their wires afar;
Winds and waves man's servants are.
When I ask the meaning, lo!
Voices whisper "Don't you know?
'Tis men's play-house here below."
Man's a busy, working elf,
Lo! He builds "it all himself."

10 Then in History's evening gray
I have passed where ruins lay,
Paced along the marble floor
Where the builders come no more,
Read where on the roll of fame
Man's sole record is his name;
There I saw the tracery set
Over arch and minaret;
Wondered where the fingers be
Which once wrought such witchery;
Questioned where the scheming brain
For its evening rest has lain;
Sighed at such creations fair,
Sleeping in the moonlit air;
Art and patience everywhere,
But the workmen no more there.

11 Busy children, work and play
Through your summer holiday,
Make the best of life ye may.
Mother from the panes inside
Watches with indulgent pride,
Glad to see you gay and strong,
Glad to hear your building song.
Build O men! your cities grand!
Curb the ocean! tame the land.
Only do not fondly dream
Stone and glass the things they seem;
Servants, they, of living men;
Carve not idols of them then.
Let no selfish claims intrude
In your building brotherhood;
Better let some tower be low,
Some unfinished corner go;
Than cement it with a blow.
God the Master looketh down
On your temple and your town;
To His eyes it seems but play,
Yet they please Him for a day.
Build as in His sight alway.

12 Lo! life's evening draws apace,
O'er yon mead the shadows trace;
Look! the sun is sinking down
Solemn now the mountain's frown.
Busy builders, watch and wait,
For the night-call at the gate,
For the supper waiting late.
Real the mother-arms will be,
Real the cottage waiting thee;
Sweeter bed cannot be found
Than that couch where thou art bound.
Glad to leave thy building then
To the hands of other men;
Glad to see the towers that rise
Round that city of the skies;
Glad to tread its shining floor,
Walk its sure foundations o'er,
Enter and go out no more.
Then the life below will seem
But a summer morning's dream;
Light as ocean foam will be
What now seems so real to thee.
Build as thou wouldst wish to share
In the changeless fabric there;
Build a temple where the Lord
Evermore may be adored;
Build of loving thoughts a home
Where the Dove of peace may come;
Build a pavement daily trod
By the Risen Son of God.
So may earthly work and play,
Builded through the summer day,
Stand when shadows flee away
In the light of Heaven alway.
So thy building stones shall be
Real, and strong, and fair to see,
So thy work the Master own,
Bulwarks of His snowy throne.

MARGARET E. WINSLOW. 1876.

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

PREFATORY NOTE

TO

TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT.

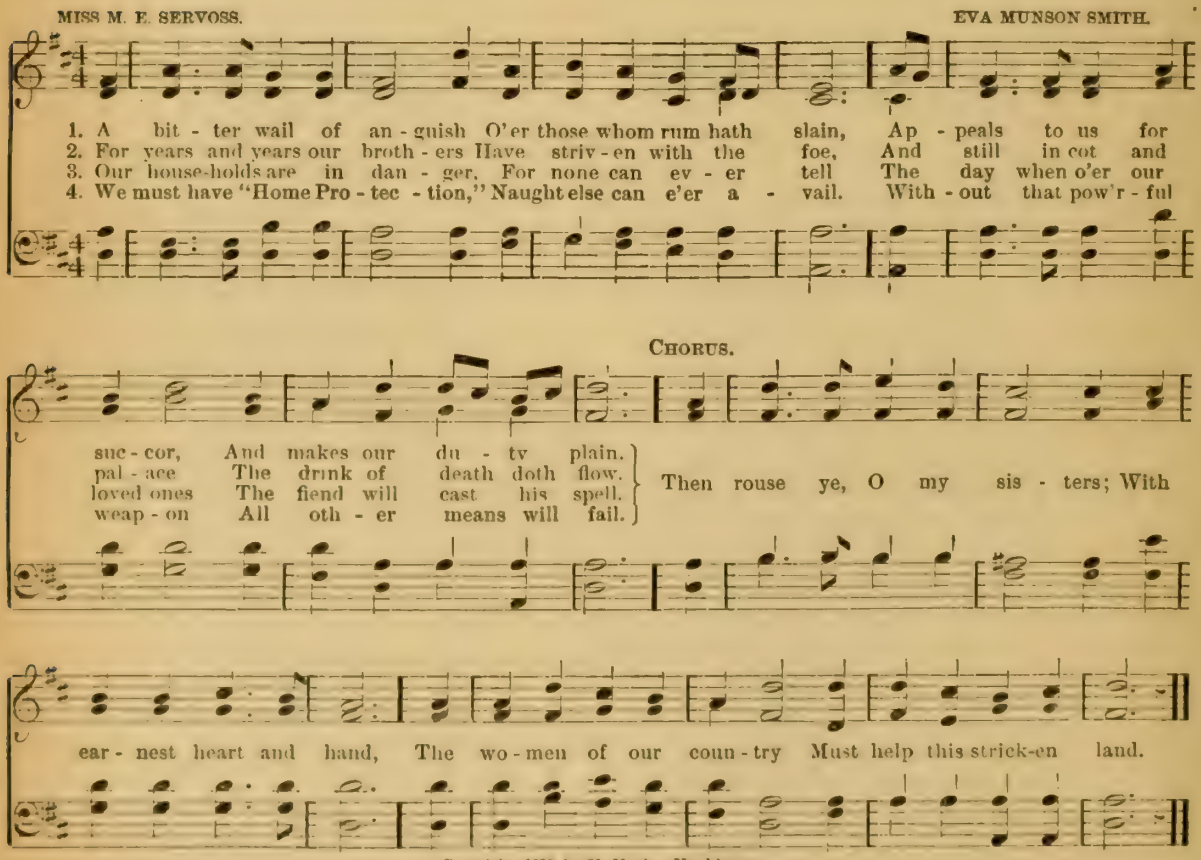
I have been advised by persons interested in the success of WOMAN IN SACRED SONG, to reject all songs and poems which have for their theme the Temperance movement of to-day, in any of its phases (except, perhaps, moral suasion); also anything relating to, or in favor of woman Suffrage. But I would not be representing the women of the nineteenth century were I to heed this well-intended advice. "Home Protection" and "Equal Suffrage" are, by force of circumstance, the two subjects dearer than all others to the hearts and minds of the thinking woman of to-day. I should be doing her an injustice were her views on these two absorbing topics refused a place in this volume which is intended to convey to posterity the heart struggles, aims and aspirations, of Christian womankind from the year 1548 to the present time. Should any see aught to offend, it is unnecessary to ask that charity be exercised, and a tolerance of the opinion of others; forgetting not that matters are viewed from different standpoints, to which cause much of the diversity of opinion is due.

Mrs. G. C. SMITH.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 18, 1885.

WOMEN OF OUR COUNTRY.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS. EVA MUNSON SMITH.



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Miss M. E. Servoss.

Miss M. E. Servoss was born in Schenectady, N. Y., and is a descendant of the Huguenots. Her great great-grandfather sought refuge in Holland during the persecutions, and came to this country previous to the revolution, during which he was shot. She is very active in temperance work, and "The Temperance Light," of which she is one of the editors and compilers, is one of the best books for gospel temperance meetings that has yet been published. Her hymns are found in thirty-five collections, and "He will hide me," is known and sung everywhere. When a child, her parents removed to Kansas, but for some years her home has been Chicago, Ill. See Devotional Department, page 215.

TEMPERANCE LIGHT.

1 Adown earth's dark abyss of woe,
With wondrous radiance gleaming,
And bearing hope to weary souls,
The temp'rance light is streaming.

CHORUS—O weary, burdened hearts, rejoice!
Look up! ye souls repining,
For from the lighthouse of God's love
The temp'rance light is shining.

2 It seeks the dark abodes of sin,
Where loving hearts are breaking
O'er those who to a drunkard's grave
Their downward course are taking.

3 It bids the fallen sin no more,
But turn from shame and sorrow,
And trusting Him who never fails,
Begin anew to-morrow.

4 And soon, through all the land, we'll hear
A glorious anthem swelling,
Proclaiming how this heavenly light,
Sin's midnight is dispelling.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS. 1879.
Set to music by GEO. C. HUGG.
From "Clear Notes," by permission.

OPENING HYMN.

Tune.—"*Refuge or Martyn.*"

1 Two or three are met together
In this consecrated place.
Lord, we claim the precious promise
Of Thy sanctifying grace.
May we be Thine open letters,
Known and read of all mankind!
May we break, of sin, the fetters,
Cheer the hopeless, lead the blind.

2 Nothing can we do, or venture,
Save by Thine Almighty hand,
Lifted and extended to us,
As we kneel, a praying band.
So we claim Thy gracious promise,
Bending thus together low,
We will never cease our praying,
Till the blessing Thou bestow.

ELIZABETH A. MATTHEWS.
Carlinville, Ill., 1884.

PRAYER FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT'S PRESENCE.

L. M.

1 Grant us Thy presence, Lord, this hour;
Come to our hearts with special power;
Help each to know and feel and see
What Christ requires of mine and me.

2 Thy servants toil in heathen lands,
Giving free strength of hearts and hands;
Shall we give less than the true leav'n
Of means and prayer, to work, and Heav'n?

3 As children of a Heavenly King,
May we not vainly pray or sing;
But find our weak work blest of Thee,
Blest, and made good, eternally.

MRS. L. D. W. FERRIS.
Delmar, Iowa 1883.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Tune.—"*Sweet Hour of Prayer.*" (L. M. double.)

1 O wondrous power of wondrous love,
When from His holy throne above,
Our Father bows His gracious ear
The feeblest, faintest voice to hear.

REFRAIN.—O power of prayer, O power of love,
Which moves the Majesty above,
And grants His children here below,
Gifts only God can e'er bestow.

2 O wondrous power of wondrous love,
When from His holy throne above,
Our Father hears and quickly bears
A sweet response to earnest prayers.

MISS MARY A. BAKER. 1882.

WAIT ON THE LORD.

"Our help is in the name of the Lord."—Psalms cxxiv. 8.
"I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in His word do I hope."
"My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning, I say more than they that watch for the morning." Psalms cxxx.

1 We look to Thee, most gracious Lord,
With prayerful, steadfast eye,
Our trust, dear Lord, is in Thy word,
Oh! hear Thy children's cry!

2 How long, O Lord, How long shall sin
And Satan ride apace?
How long, O Lord! shall evil win
And triumph in the race?

3 Arouse Thy slumbering church, O Lord!
To hear the groans and cries
That daily from ten thousand hearts
In intercession rise.

4 Direct us, Lord, and send us might
When Satan's hosts assail.
Thou only canst defend the right;
With Thee we must prevail.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD. 1883.

BLESS THIS HOUR OF PRAYER.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

C. M.

Tune—"*Marlow.*"

1 Come in our midst, O gracious Lord,
Unveil Thy smiling face,
Distill in ev'ry waiting heart,
The dew of heavenly grace;
From earthly scenes we turn aside,
On Thee we cast our care;
We worship in Thy holy name;
Oh! bless this hour of prayer.

2 Come in our midst, O gracious Lord,
Thy promise we believe,
That bids us seek and we shall find,
Ask and we shall receive;
We gather at Thy mercy-seat,
Our only hope is there,
We plead the merits of Thy blood;
Oh! bless this hour of prayer.

3 Come in our midst, O gracious Lord,
Eternal King of kings,
And fold the children of the law
Beneath Thy mighty wings;
Support the weak, the mourner cheer,
Help all their cross to bear;
Thou Spring of Joy, thou Source of Life,
Oh! bless the hour of prayer.

FANNY CROSBY. 1863.

Copyright, 1870, and set to music by W. H. DOANE.
Used by per. Biglow & Main.

TEMPERANCE BATTLE HYMN.

Tune—"*Mine eyes have seen the glory.*"

1 We have heard a cry of anguish, which has rent our spirits sore.
'Tis a long, low, bitter wailing, from a million hearts or more.
It has gathered now such volume as it never had before,
And we go marching on,
Oh! the weeping and the wailing!
Oh! the souls in terror quailing!
Oh! the brows with sorrow paling!
Aye, we go marching on.

2 'Tis a cry of lamentation, Rachel mourning for her dead;
For from almost ev'ry household has this monster fiend been fed,
He has robbed of sons and fathers, he has robbed of clothes and bread,
And we go marching on.
Oh! the hopes and prospects broken!
Oh! the sadness never spoken!
Oh! the graves that have no token!
Aye, we go marching on.

3 And this cry has pierced the heavens, and our God has heard the call;
And with awe our souls have trembled, at the voice so still and small:
"Ye are your brother's keeper, and his blood is on you all!"
And we go marching on.
O sisters, wives, and mothers;
O fathers, sons, and brothers;
If you've any love for others,
With us go marching on.

4 Aye, God has heard this crying, and has risen in His might,
With His own right arm of vengeance the sin of sins to smite;
And our enemies, discomfited, are trembling at the sight,
As we go marching on.
"Oh! glory hallelujah!
Oh! glory hallelujah!
Oh! glory hallelujah!"
Our God is marching on.

MARY A. BAKER.

OUR PRAYER.

Tune—"*Eltham.*" (7s, Double.)

1 Lord, we come with this one plea:
From intemp'rance set us free;
Not in our way, but in Thine;
We are human, Thou divine.

CHORUS—Blest Redeemer, heaven's King;
This petition now we bring:
Hear, and grant the prayer we make,
For Thy Name and Mercy's sake.

2 Still, O Lord, we cry to Thee:
From intemp'rance set us free.
All its blackness Thou dost know;
All its bitterness and woe.

3 Saviour, yet our theme must be:
From intemp'rance set us free.
Sway the public heart and mind;
Satan's cruel forces bind.

MARY. A. BAKER.

LET US BRAVELY STAND.

"By faith ye stand." II Cor. i: 24.

1 With the eyes of our faith on the Hill of the Lord,
And our strength in the arm of His might;
With the buckler and shield He commands us to wear,
Let us bravely stand up for the right.

2 Let us learn of our Saviour, the lowly and meek,
For His yoke and His burden are light—
O'er the conflict of life, we shall triumph at last,
If we bravely stand up for the right.

3 There's a morn that will dawn on the faithful and just,
And dispel every shadow of night;
There's a crown for the cross that is borne to the end;
Let us bravely stand up for the right.

FANNY CROSBY.
Set to music by W. H. DOANE.

Copyright, 1871. From "Pure Gold" by per. Biglow & Main.

WE ARE COMING.

Tune—"*We are coming, blessed Saviour.*"

1 We are coming! for Jehovah
Has given the signal word;
And "To the front for Temp'rance!"
In all the land is heard.

CHORUS.— We are coming! we are coming!
With speech, and prayer, and song.
We are coming! we are coming
To right a fearful wrong.

2 We are coming! for our foemen
Their heartless revels keep
Above their slaughtered victims,
Unheeding those who weep.

3 We are coming! and our banners
On ev'ry breeze shall wave.
We are To the Front for temp'rance,
Our rum-cursed land to save.

MARY A. BAKER.

GO BRING THE WANDERERS IN.

Tune "*Missionary Hymn.*"

1 Go in the field of labor,
There's plenty yet to do;
The souls unsaved around you
Are truly not a few.
Be earnest in the struggles,
Your Saviour's cause to win,
Go in the field of labor,
Go bring the wand'rers in.

2 Go speak a word in sorrow,
The blesséd word of life;
'Twill sooth the heart in trouble,
Give comfort in the strife.
Go speak a word in sorrow,
To those all lost in sin,
And tell them Christ is waiting
To bring the wand'rers in.

3 Proclaim the gospel message,
Of pardon full and free;
Go break the chains of darkness,
Give hope and liberty.
Christ bought a full redemption,
From guilt and woe and sin;
Oh! speak to careless sinners,
Go bring the wand'rers in.

KATE GLENN.
Set to music by E. KARL.
Copyright, 1883, by EMMA PITT, in "Gospel Light."

"A SOUND OF BATTLE IN THE LAND."

Jer. l. 22.

Tune "*Webb.*"

1 A war is raging fiercely
Between the Wrong and Right,
Between the powers of Darkness
And powers of Truth and Light.

CHORUS—Oh! rally, Christian soldier,
You have no time to waste,
Put on you the whole armor,
To front of battle haste.

2 Sometimes we see it plainly,
Sometimes 'tis out of sight,
But all the day it rages,
Nor ceases for the night.

3 And all the world are fighting
On one or other side,
A line God only seeth,
Opposing ranks divide.

4 Of those who fight for Darkness,
Apollyon leads the van,
The other great Commander
Is Christ the Son of Man.

5 It seems at times the victory
Turns on the side of sin,
But in the end, the righteous
Are always sure to win.

6 And hard indeed the battle;
"Lord, how long?" oft the cry,
From weary, burdened soldier,
But the close is drawing nigh.

7 Soon the battle will be ended,
The conflict will be o'er,
And Christ's victorious army
Will rest forevermore.

8 On fields of light and glory
They'll songs of triumph sing,
With shouts and glad hosannas
Crown their Captain, heaven's King.

MRS. I. M. HARTSOUGH. 1883.

THE SIXTY THOUSAND.

Tune—"*Memories of Earth.*" Gospel Hymns.

1 In this land of boasted freedom,
In this kingdom of the brave,
Silently a spectral army
Marches onward to the grave.
Hark! I hear their muffled footsteps
Like a distant, dismal knell,
As our sixty thousand drunkards
Tread the path that leads to hell.

2 Hark again! that sound of wailing
Borne along the midnight air—
'Tis the cry of helpless orphans,
'Tis the widow in despair.
Still the sound is ever steady,
Tramping, tramping through the gloom,
Pass our sixty thousand drunkards
To the portals of the tomb.

3 Dost thou see those crimson banners,
As they flutter o'er the host?
Dost thou hear that dirge resounding
Like the death-wail of the lost?
Dost thou see that tyrant captain,
As he leads his tattered band!
Leads his sixty thousand drunkards,
Grim and ghastly, through the land?

4 Well thou knowest then the story,
Then thou knowest well the woe,
And the shadows of dishonor
That enshroud them as they go.
And against the wily Tempter
Let thy prayers with mine arise —
When, O God, shall end his conquest,
When shall cease the sacrifice?

EVA L. EMERY DYE. 1883.
Set to music by GEO. BAKER, and used by per.

WAITING, WORKING, PRAYING.

One of the hymns sung at the Band of Hope Anniversary—Exeter Hall, May 12, 1880.

1 We are *waiting* till the shadows
Dark'ning our belovéd land —
Murky clouds of sin and sorrow,
Brooding thick on every hand —
Shall forevermore be scatter'd
By the morn for which we pray;
Truth's fair suns shall rise and brighten
Till we hail the perfect day.

CHO.—Waiting, waiting, waiting, we are waiting;
Waiting, waiting, till that day shall dawn!

2 We are *working* with the sowers,
Toiling many a weary year;
Till we greet the waving Summer
That will bring the harvest near;
Then will reap our sheaves in triumph,
Fruit of labors wrought in love;
Watered oft with tears and prayers,
Bringing blessings from above.

3 We are *praying*, "May the angels,
Gazing from the golden walls,
Look upon a ransomed nation,
Which strong drink no more enthralls!"
Even now we faintly image
All the glories that will be,
When mankind shall own thy guidance,
"Truth, and Love and Purity!"

PRAYER FOR WORKERS.

Tune — "*Lyons*."

1 We adore the rich grace and the mercy Divine,
Which stooping from heaven, made lost sinners Thine,
Rare service we'd render, our gratitude prove,
Bringing others to share in this wonderful love.

2 Sheltered safe in Thy fold from all foes that molest,
We would call in the wandering here to be blest,
Would win men to come to the feast Thou hast spread,
And take for soul-hunger Thine own living bread.

3 Close under Thy cross as the refuge most meet,
We would draw men to bow at the nail-piercéd feet;
Would teach them to glory alone in that cross,
And show those who slight it, the infinite loss.

4 But erring our lives, and our words so unwise,
Unworthy are we of the service we prize,
When bidden to watch we have fallen asleep,
E'en thrice have denied Thee — our folly we weep.

5 Forgiveness is Thine and the power all Thine own,
'Tis the seed of Thy truth that is tearfully sown,
Though "weak" and "despised" to Thy promise we fly,
Grant aid from Thy Spirit; on Him we rely.

6 Give us His compassion who wept o'er the lost,
His patience who sought them, whatever the cost,
Proclaiming the gospel He graciously gave,
Oh! make us persuasive to win and to save.

MARTHA TYLER GALE.
Mills Seminary, Cal. 1884.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

"He hath made everything beautiful in His time."— Eccles. iii. 2.

1 'Tis beautiful to live on earth,
To work, to watch and pray,
To feel the ties of love and hope
Grow stronger day by day;
'Tis beautiful to look within,
And watch the waves of thought
That come and go in ceaseless tides,
By truth and fancy taught.

2 'Tis beautiful to love and trust
The friends that round us live,
To look with pity on the weak,
And all their faults forgive;
'Tis beautiful to trust in God,
To feel our souls grow strong,
And know that every day we strive
To triumph over wrong.

3 'Tis beautiful to die, when life,
With all its duties done,
Drifts on, as does a summer cloud,
To greet the setting sun;
It will be beautiful to pass
On to the "Better Shore,"
And in the "many mansions" meet
The loved ones gone before.

BELLE BUSH.
Set to music by J. H. ROSECRANS. "Palm of Victory."

LOWLY LABOR.

P. M.

1 Though in a narrow, humble sphere
To labor be my lot,
Yet by the high and lofty One,
I shall not be forgot.

2 To plant a seed in quick'ning mould,
To bloom 'neath summer sun;
To move a rock from out the way
That cooling rills may run;

3 To place the leaven in the mind
Which shall in future life
Pervade its motives, raise its aims,
Preparing for its strife;

4 May seem to some ignoble task,
But 'tis not so to me;
My hand shall work, my heart shall pray,
And I shall blessèd be.

5 'Tis not to great and mighty deeds,
God's smile is always given;
And those who lowliest walk on earth,
May brightest shine in heaven.

EMILY P. WILLIAMS.
Troy, O. Jan. 1, 1849.

GO FORTH TO BATTLE.

Tune—"*Missionary Hymn.*"

1 Go forth, go forth to battle;
Though strong the foe may be,
The mighty God of battles
Is stronger far than he.
Thy faith shall be thine armor,
And love shall keep it bright—
Thou canst not be the victor
Unless thou stand and fight.

2 Go forth! see now God's kingdom
Besieged by giants grim,
Smite right and left with vigor,
And show thy love for Him;
Be watchful — never sleepeth
The enemy of souls;
He would rejoice to gather
Thee in among the spoils.

3 Go forth, go forth to battle
That may be fierce and strong;
But measured by God's future,
At best 'twill not be long.
Fear not, though Satan's legions
Loud vaunt with boastful words,
But think with exultation,
The battle is the Lord's.

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH. 1884.

FOR GOD AND HOME AND NATIVE LAND.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THE PINE BLUFF W. C. T. U.

1 "For God," that His all-gracious love
Make pure and sweet the streams of life,
And make each heart, like those above,
Free from all poison-taints and strife.

2 "For Home," that it be pure and clean,
A place for restful peace and joys,
Where nothing loathsome, low or mean,
Shall taint or slay "our darling boys."

3 Where in the midst His altar shines —
A token of His Father-love —
And sweetly through each soul entwine
The silken cordage linked above.

4 "For Native Land," that God may own
And seal each head and heart in power,
And in this great land there be sown
Seeds that shall yield immortal flower.

5 That from the east, north, south and west,
The world resound His wondrous name,
And every happy State be blest
With sober sons — its greatest fame!

MRS. H. P. BOWLES. 1883.

GOLDEN HOURS.

Golden hours, so swiftly fleeing,
Stay, Oh! stay.
Bear me not on time's rough billow
Far away.
Wait, until some precious duty
I perform;
Let me raise a needed shelter
From life's storm,
Or erect a shining waymark
Souls to guide,
As among life's wild temptations
On they glide.
I would mark the day and hour
With some deed,
Which the hungry souls around me
Long may feed;
Even as manna, which the angels
Spread at night
'Round the tents where sleeping Hebrews
Paused in flight.

MRS. E. P. WILLIAMS.
Lawndale, Ill. (now of Appleton City, Mo.), Nov. 10, 1882.

WRECKED

1 In sight of port the ship went down —
No help came from the sleeping town.
So, precious souls, day after day,
To drinking dens they lure and slay,
In sight of those who weep and pray.

2 Wrecked!—hopes, that blossomed fair and bright,
Wrecked, with proud manhood just in sight!
Lost! out at sea, your boys and mine,
Unless the piercéd Hand-divine
Shall lift them up to heights sublime.

3 Ring, ring the bells! danger's ahead—
Unsteady steps by hundreds tread
The dark and slippery downward way;
Somebody's boys, this very day,
Go down beyond love's power to stay!

GEORGIA HULSE M'LEOD.
Baltimore, 1883.

GUIDE US TO-DAY.

1 Guide us to-day, O loving Care,
Shielding our dangerous way.
The white mist binds the sky o'erhead,
The gulf beside is deep and dread,
Our course a maze, our path a thread.
Guide us, Love's dearest care;
Guide us this day.

2 Guide us to-day, sweet soul of Peace,
Making men's hearts obey.
Our human hearts bleed at a wound,
Oppression bows us to the ground,
Our hearts faint at a cruel sound.
Kind, calm, consoling Peace,
Guide us this day.

3 Guide us to-day, O tender Grace,
From zenith shadows stray;
A sad, deep murmur haunts the sea;
The summer withers; and the free,
Fresh wind has sighs of mystery.
Guide us, O tender Grace;
Guide us to-day.

4 Guide us, Love, Peace, and Grace,
Guide us, divinest Light!
Through all our work and care and woe,
Through all the dizzy joys we know,
Through that "Dark Valley" where we go,
Guide us, Love's dearest light,
To-day, to-night.

LAURA SANFORD.

FORWARD. 7s & 8s.

"Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward." Ex. xiv: 15.

1 Forward shall be our watchword,
As weeks and months revolve,
Forward in earnest purpose,
And in each high resolve,
No recreant glances casting
On Sodom still so near,
No wish of sloth indulging,
No thought of coward fear.

2 Forward in holy likeness,
To Him unseen we love:
Forward in faith unyielding,
His faithfulness to prove.
Forward to meet our Master,
Whose coming draweth nigh;
Forward to reach the guerdon
Prepared for saints on high.

3 Forward in God's great Army,
Embattled foes to meet;
Forward with song of victory,
Our conquering Lord to greet.
Forward in ceaseless effort
For weal of all around,
Forward, yes, forward ever,
Till with Jesus we are crown'd.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

OUR BANNER HYMN.

Tune—"*Coronation.*"

"In the name of our God we will set up our banners."—Psalms lx: 4.

1 "For God and Home and Native Land,"
We gather here to-day;
Obedient to Divine command,
To work and watch and pray.

2 Lord, save our nation from the tide
Intemperance rolls along;
In Thee alone doth power abide,
To vanquish every wrong.

3 May we be valiant as we stand
Amid the mighty foes;
"For God and Home and Native Land,"
Let us the host oppose.

4 Ours is the cause ordained of old,
By Him who rules on high;
Ours is the power by Him controlled,
Who will our strength supply.

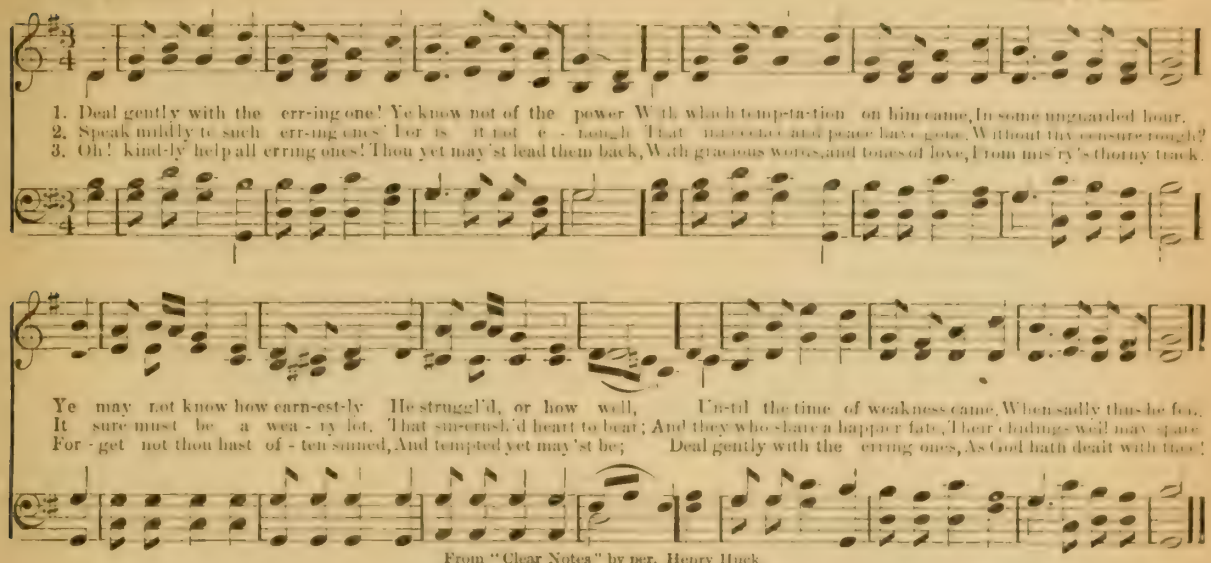
5 We ask for heavenly wisdom, Lord,
That we may never stray;
That we may walk with sweet accord,
And walk Thy blesséd way.

6 "For God and Home and Native Land,"
Let every heart grow strong;
Lord, lead us by Thy mighty hand,
Till victory be our song.

ELIZABETH A. LAWSON.
In "Union Signal."
Pawtucket, R. I., 1885.

CHARITY, OR THINK GENTLY OF THE ERRING.

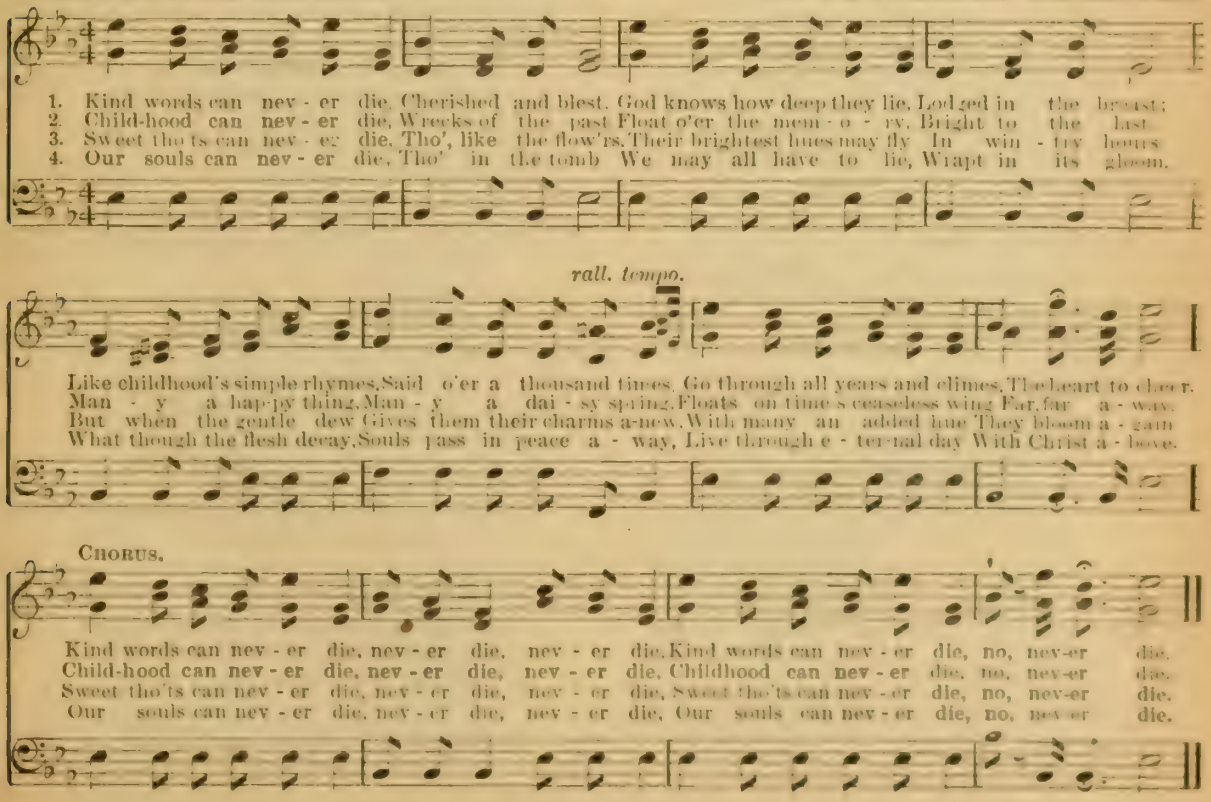
Miss. FLETCHER, arr. LUCY J. RIDER



From "Clear Notes" by per. Henry Huck.

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

Music by ABBY HUTCHINSON, of the "HUTCHINSON FAMILY."
Author of words unknown. Written about 1855. From "Songs of Grace and Glory," by per. Biglow & Main.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Tune—"*Webb, or Missionary Hymn.*"

1 The East hangs out a signal,
The West gives back reply,
The North in battle ranges,
The South with honor high
Strikes for the safety of our homes,
The safety of our boys,
The honor of our daughters,
The life of all our joys.

2 O faith! lift up thy pinions
Low trailing in the dust,
Remember God is merciful,
Remember God is just,
And fly to Him beyond the rifts
And clouds of deep despair;
His is a mighty arm of power,
And thy repose is there!

EMILY P. WILLIAMS,
August 8, 1882.

BY AND BY.

1 Hast thou sought of God a favor,
Which He seemeth to deny?
Keep on asking;
Keep on asking!
He will grant it, by and by.

CHORUS.—
We will never cease our praying,
While poor souls in sin are straying;
Though His mercy seems delaying,
God will save them, by and by.
All unworthy is our pleading
For the gracious gifts we're needing;
But with Jesus interceding,
God will answer, by and by.

2 Is He deaf to thy petition?
Heeds He not thine anguished cry?
Keep on calling;
Keep on calling!
He will hear thee, by and by.

3 Fearest thou some friend will perish,
Or thyself in sin shalt die?
Keep on asking,
Calling, pleading!
God will bless thee, by and by.

MISS M. A. BAKER. Chicago, 1871.
Set to music by A. R. PALMER.
By per. Dr. H. R. PALMER.

THE MASTER CALLETH FOR THEE.

Tune.—"*When we reach our Father's dwelling.*"

1 Through the ripple of the moments,
And the louder surge of years;
Through the prattle of the children
And the grief of woman's tears;
Midst the thunder of the battle
When peace crowns the bitter strife
Everywhere, the Master calleth
Wooing to the better life.

2 Are there sick hearts? see! He poureth
Evermore the healing balm,—
And to those who conquor evil
Give the victor's fadeless palm.
Lo! the fields are white with harvest
Waiting for the sickle's gleam;
(Days of sowing, then the reaping,
With faith's trusting song between.)

3 Will you hear His silver accents,
Answer "Father, here am I!"
Bear aloft the temperance banner
While the eager throng press by?
Hopeless wives, and sad-eyed children
Reaching mute, despairing hand,
Pleading ever "prohibition,"
Work for "God—Home—Native Land."

MARY E. GRISWOLD,
Alameda, March 7, 1884.

THE HAPPY CHRISTMAS MORN.

1 The promised morning o'er us breaks,
Majestic in array:
The great Redeemer on Him takes
The garment of our clay.
For Bethlehem's babe shall save from sin
Young children yet unborn;
And angels joy to usher in
The happy Christmas morn.

CHORUS.
For Bethlehem's babe shall save from sin
Young children yet unborn;
And angels joy to usher in,
The happy Christmas morn,
And angels joy to usher in
The happy Christmas morn.

2 When evening shadows thickly fall
Around life's closing day,
When dearest friends unheeded call,
Life's memories swept away:
Our hearts shall thrill to *one* dear name,
In gentle whispers borne,
Sweet Saviour! Jesus! He who came
Upon the Christmas morn.

Our hearts shall thrill to *one* dear name,
In gentle whispers borne,
Sweet Saviour! Jesus! He who came
Upon the Christmas morn,
Sweet Saviour! Jesus! He who came
Upon the Christmas morn.

ANNA R. BARKULOO.

HASTEN, LORD.

Tune — "*Pleyel's Hymn.*"

7s.

1 God of mercy, bow Thine ear,
All Thy people's pleadings hear.
For intemperance, crime, and woe
Meet us wheresoe'er we go.

2 Lord, the task is far too great
For our hands. For Thee we wait.
Haste, the o'erwhelming tide to stay!
Haste to wipe its stains away!

MARY A. BAKER. 1883.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FOR THE GOSPEL TEMPERANCE MEETING DURING CHRISTMAS WEEK.

Tune — "*Memories of earth.*" Gospel Hymns.

Repeat last four lines of Tune.

1 Listen, all ye Christian people,
Let no fears your souls dismay;
God's own Son, the Lord, the Saviour,
He was born on Christmas day.
All the earth was bound in sadness,
Darkness lay upon the land,
And the silence of the midnight,
When the moment was at hand;
When through all the midnight darkness,
Through the world's sad heart forlorn,
Passed a thrill of life ecstatic;
And the Christ! the Christ was born!

2 Nature owned the glad emotion;
And the simple shepherd folk,
As if day shone out above them,
With the joyful impulse woke;
Woke, and lo! a glorious vision
Filled their souls with wondering awe,
And ten thousand holy angels,
Thronging all the heavens, they saw.
And they heard them sing, as never
Skylark sang above the corn,—
"Peace on earth, and endless blessing!
For the Christ! the Christ is born!

3 "Sons and daughters of affliction,
Join great Nature's choral voice!
Thou, the captive; thou, the stranger;
Thou, the poor, rejoice! rejoice!
Weeping mother, cease thy anguish,
For thy first-born gone astray;
Christ is born, the dear Redeemer,
Who will save the castaway!
Little toiling orphan children,
Heirs of destiny forlorn,
Weep not, for the true Consoler —
Christ, the mourner's Friend — is born!

4 "Sinner, conscious of transgression,
Scorned of men, outcast and vile,
Christ is born, whose blood shall cleanse thee,
And to God shall reconcile!
Noble spirit, patriot, poet,
Thirsting to be great and free,
Christ is born, thy true ensample,
Dying on the Cross for thee!"
Thus they sang, the holy angels,
'Mid the pallid stars of morn,
"Peace on earth, and endless blessing!
For the Christ! the Christ is born!"

MARY HOWITT

MY CHRISTMAS KINGDOM.

1 A Christmas sky, a Christmas star,
Wise men journeying from afar,
A cradled babe and gifts of myrrh,
A hush of worlds, all heaven astir,
What does it mean to you to-day?
Has the story told you all it may?

2 The Christmas sky is in my heart,
The starbeams play a wondrous part,
Life's dull, dark manger radiates
A new-born light that ne'er abates;
The world's loud clamor hushed and still,
Heaven sends its message — "As God will."

3 But peaceful heart, are you so sure
These Christmas joys will long endure?
In Bethlehem's star-lit manger lies
The promise of Christ's sacrifice.
And on the radiant Christ-child's brow,
The cross has cast its shadow now.

4 O doubting one, no joys so great
On lowly cradled Christ-child wait,
As when the soul's full ministry
On some high peak of Calvary
Is wrought; when from eternal calm
Swells full and strong, the victor's psalm.

MARY B. WILLARD. 1884

GOD'S PROMISES.

"There hath not failed one word of all His good promises which He promised." King Solomon.

1 He hath promised, can I trust Him
In the sunlight and the shade?
Will the dark days prove Him faithful
To the promises He made?
Will my "shoes be brass and iron,"
When I walk the furnace through?
In the desert drear lie fainting,
Will life freshen with His dew?

2 When the wolf and lion haunt me
With their savage teeth and claw,
Will the "presence of His angel"
Quell wild passions into awe?
When I grieve for dearly loved ones,
Or with tears bedew their grave,
Will He bear me up with whispers
Of His power Divine to save?

3 When my own poor life shall weaken,
And I drop dear hands I hold,
Will "His left hand then embrace me,"
And "His right my soul enfold?"
When He takes me through the valley,
All unknown the farther shore,
Will He, with a bridegroom's ardor,
Hold me safe and guide me o'er?

4 Will He pluck the sting which blanches
Every mortal heart and cheek,
Will He from the grave's dark chamber
My immortal spirit keep?
Can He then, all white, present me,
Spotless with His radiance crowned,
Will His own reflected glory
Evermore in me abound?

5 Shall I undismayed look upward
In the great God's holy face,
And with new-found courage utter,
"Abba, Father, give me place"?
He hath promised: never promise
Of His promises will fail!
Seeming failure will transparent
Look to all "within the veil."

CARRIE L. POST.
Springfield, July, 1884.

IT CAME TO PASS.

1 O souls that sit in darkness,
O timid ones draw near,
No word of God can fail you,
Cast off your gloom and fear;
All He has promised now believe,
According to His word—receive.

2 Who disbelieves that "seedtime
And harvest" shall not fail?
That day and night shall follow?
Who dare this truth assail?
It comes to pass—we never fear,
According to His word each year.

3 O weak and weary pilgrim,
Look up, hear Jesus say,
Come unto me; I'll rest thee,
Come learn of me the way
It comes to pass, as thou dost trust
According to His word—it must.

4 My grace is all-sufficient,
Believe and find it so;
My strength shall be thy weakness
As on the way ye go.
According to His word, so true,
It came to pass—God cares for you.

5 According to His riches
God shall supply your need;
Just lean upon this promise,
Whatever comes still heed.
According to His word declare,
It came to pass as written there.

6 All—all things work together
For good to thee—believe.
Oh! trust and wait with patience;
Faith says, He can't deceive.
According as He speaks to you,
Believe and you will find it true.

7 Lo, I am with thee alway,
'Tis I—be of good cheer;
Thy mansion I'm preparing,
Ye have a title here.
It came to pass as ye believed,
His word proved true and ye received.

ELIZABETH C. GREEN.
Brooklyn, N. Y. 1884.

THE UNREVEALED.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we see Him as He is."—1 John iii: 2.

1 O words, unmarked by some o'erwise,
Who seek the veil to penetrate
That, like a cloud of blessing lies
'Twixt earthly and divine estate;

2 What comfort sweet to us you bring
Who struggle on in toilsome ways,
Too busy we, for questioning
About the vast, eternal days

3 Which lie before us; the blest goal
Toward which we turn our weary feet;
But echoing ever in the soul
We listen the assurance sweet:

4 "We know that we shall be like Him,
For we shall see Him as He is."
Enough! our eyes with tears grow dim;
Can we know aught surpassing this?

5 "It doth not yet appear—" ah! no,
Who would not rather, patient, wait
Till with hushed lips and breathing low,
We enter at the heavenly gate,

6 And see with eyes, by faith made strong
For the bright splendor of the scene,
Revealed, 'mid bursts of seraph song,
What to our earthly eyes had been

7 But an unmeaning, painful glare
Without the intervening screen
Of the "dark glass"—in mercy there,
Held by our Father's hand between?

ELLA BEECHER GITTINGS.
Monument, Col. 1883.

IF.

1 If the night be dark and drear,
And the "east wind" blows
Till the heart grows faint and weary,
Jesus knows.

2 If the storm find us obeying,
He will to us fly;
In the "fourth watch" sweetly saying
"It is I."

3 If the clouds hang low and threatening,
It is light above;
And we know God is controlling—
"God is Love."

4 If our eyes are dim with weeping,
'Tis but for a night;
Surely, joy comes in the morning
With the light.

5 If *without* Egyptian darkness,
God *within* doth dwell;
Here secure where all is brightness—
"All is well."

6 If our Homeward way is lonely,
He will be our stay.
Let us trust Him always, wholly,
Come what may.

MRS E. C. GREEN.
Brooklyn, N. Y. 1884.

Lavinia S. Goodwin

Was born in St Johnsbury. Boston has been her later residence. She was early and favorably known as a contributor to newspapers and magazines, for several years has devoted a large portion of time and energy to editorial work on the "Era" and the "Watchman," meanwhile travelling extensively at home and abroad. Her bright and breezy "Centennial Notes" were received with especial favor by patrons of the last-named journal, the result being that by general request she was engaged for similar service at the World's Exposition at Paris in 1878. From that time she has had much recognition as an accomplished art writer and critic. Her pen is too versatile, perhaps, for the best attainments that could be made in a single department. One of several serials, and a number of short stories, have been furnished to English periodicals; her poems, essays, household articles, &c., are seen in publications of the day, while a considerable portion of what she calls her happiest penning is in the line of juvenile literature. She is represented in "Poets of Vermont" and in Longfellow's "Poems of Places."

"I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH."

St. Paul.

1 O soul beset by woe on woe,
A wounded Christ thy wounds doth tend;
Whate'er thou yieldest to the foe
Of this world's joys, hold to the end
That confidence assured in God
Which tempers e'en the stinging rod.

2 Paulus, true saint, "in perils oft,'
Through persecution's blackest deep,
His gaze inspired was turned aloft,
Before the haven's welcome sweep,
To say the precious freight in trust
Was undefiled by moth and rust.

3 With failing faith, the Father's smile
Grows dimmer, life a clouded day;
O murmurer, seal thy lips awhile,
The great apostle's blest highway
Stretches before; his record see:
"Kept faith .... a righteous crown for me."

4 "Not of ourselves"—bestowed by One
Who watches if we lose or keep;
When the last mortal race is run,
O angels! will ye sing or weep,
As God who gave shall ask my soul,
"Canst thou declare thy faith is whole?"

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.
"The Watchword," 1883.

STANDING BY THE CROSS OF JESUS.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His mother and His mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleopas, and Mary Magdalene." John, xix. 25.

1 Would *we* stand, O Christian women,
By the cross where Jesus died?
Would *our* love and *our* devotion
Hold *us* thus near to His side?

2 Would we gaze with eyes o'erflowing,
Longing to release Him there,
Yearning to endure His sorrows,
And His suff'rings gladly share?

3 Then with joy let us remember,
We *may* thus stand by Him still;
Hark! He speaks to us—Oh! listen—
Haste His pleasure to fulfill.

4 *Inasmuch* as ye have done it
To the least sad fainting one
Of my brethren, struggling homeward,
Unto Me I count it done.

5 Then we'll bear His blessèd image,
As we journey day by day,
Feed *His* poor, and lift His bowed ones,
Cheer His pilgrims on their way.

6 Let us also *stand*, like Mary,
By His tomb, and there proclaim,
He "is risen!" *lost one*, heed it!
Life He'll give you through His name.

7 When for Him our earthwork ended,
And we lay our armor down,
Standing by His throne we'll hear Him
Say, "Well done—*now* take thy crown!"

ELIZABETH C. GREEN.
Brooklyn, N. Y. 1884.

AS THY DAY.

Tune—"*Refuge.*"

1 Why art thou so weak and weary?
Why so troubled is thy heart?
Let the clouds of doubt and sadness
Which hang o'er thy path depart.
Hoping, loving and believing,
Still let Faith thy watchword be,
Ah! remember, wayward pilgrim,
As thy day, thy strength shall be.

2 God, thy God will not forget thee,
Trembling heart, why dost thou fear?
What though earthly friends forsake thee,
Wand'rer, faint not, He is near.
List not to the angry waters
Of Life's ever restless sea,
Follower of the Cross, remember,
As thy day, thy strength shall be.

3 Let the past with all its sorrows,
All its memories of pain;
Let it hide itself in shadows,
Woo it not to thee again.
Trust in God, ne'er fear the future,
Peace and joy shall come to thee;
Christian, shrink not from thy burden,
As thy day, thy strength shall be.

TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.
Set to music by DR. H. R. PALMER.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

1 Though I have sown and reaped no harvest,
Have toiled for years with no reward,
And for deaf ears, that would not hearken,
To music touched love's sweetest chord;
This promise is my staff and blessing,
Through all life's dark and lonesome ways:
"Who casts his bread upon the waters,
Shall find it after many days."

CHORUS—Lo! here is one whose blesséd promise,
The simplest deed of good repays;
Who casts his bread upon the waters,
Shall find it after many days.

2 O ye who spend life's holiest moments
In rearing altars on the sand,
And weep to see them, ere completed,
Totter and fall beneath your hand;
O ye who worship crumbling idols
Which turn to ashes while you gaze,
"Who casts his bread upon the waters,
Shall find it after many days."

3 Ye who have watched a loved one fading
From loving hearts and eyes away,
Seen eyes grow dimmer, fair cheeks paler,
And slight form thinner, day by day,
Till borne across life's misty river,
She vanished from your yearning gaze,
Say not ye are forever parted;
Remember, "after *many days.*"

4 Yea, "after many days." Be patient,
O weary, disappointed soul!
The end shall come, though not till moments,
Weeks, months and years their circles roll;
The end shall come! behold the promise;
Lift up your eyes to His sweet rays;
Tears shall be wiped, and prayers answered,
And rest come, "after many days."

"FLORENCE PERCY."

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade was a writer of unusual ability.

For years she successfully edited the paper called GOOD TIMES, published at Fall River, Mass. (now at Boston, L. H. Marvel, Editor.) She has without doubt furnished more good material for missionary, Sabbath School, day school and temperance entertainments, than any other one individual. Her loss, by death in 1882, has been sadly felt by thousands of young people, as well as older ones, who have enjoyed singing her hymns found in almost every collection of sacred song, especially Sabbath School music books. She was one of the first to take an interest in this compilation, proposed four years since. In a letter of advice and suggestion to the one under taking the work, she herself in answer to a request, entioned the following from "The Glory," as one of her best, and expressed the desire that it be used as her representative hymn. Her advice, valuable from her long experience in this line of work, has been of great assistance to the editor of this volume, and by her death a year later, one of its best friends and helpers was removed. She has found the kingdom for which she so longed.

LOOKING FOR THE KINGDOM.

Tune—"*Battle Hymn of the Republic.*"

1 I am looking for the kingdom, shall I trust my trembling feet,
Where the moonlight on the waters makes a shining, golden street?
Through the jasper walls of sunset, by its pearly gates aglow,
To the kingdom can I go?

REFRAIN—Oh! I long to find the kingdom!
Blesséd, holy, happy kingdom!
Lead, O Lord, into Thy kingdom,
Show me, Lord, the way.

2 I am looking for the kingdom, need I seek and search no more,
When I come where holy temples open wide the sacred door?
Where the solemn psalm is rising, and the incense sweet of prayer,
Shall I find the kingdom there?

3 I am looking for the kingdom, shall I hills and mountains climb?
Shall I go where tuneful forests sweetest songs of praises chime?
Shall I seek where chanting billows sound the anthems of the sea?
Is the kingdom there for me?

4 Unto me the Lord makes answer in the stillness of the word;
Hast thou not, Lo here! full often, and Lo there! hast thou not heard?
Look within thee, weary seeker, hear the Spirit say to thee,
There the kingdom thou shalt see!

5 Is thy kingdom, Lord, within me, wilt thou reign in me, my Lord?
I will trust the wondrous promise of the well-beloved word;
Make thou ready, O my spirit, joyful songs of triumph sound;
For the kingdom I have found!

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

Set to music by Dr. G. F. ROOT, in "The Glory," published by Messrs. Church & Co.

TRUST IN JESUS.

"In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust."—Ps. lxxi: 1.

1 May we always trust in Jesus;
Will He never, never fail us;
Trust Him all the time;
Trust Him on the stormy waters,
Even when our courage falters,
And our faith grows dim.

CHORUS.—Yes, we'll ever trust in Jesus;
Sure of this, He ne'er will leave us
When the cloud lies low;
In the darkness He is nearest,
'T is the thought forever dearest
That our hearts can know.

2 Trust Him in the deepest sorrow,
Trust Him with the cares of morrow,
At the set of sun;
Trust Him in the early dawning,
Trust Him in the glowing morning,
For the day begun.

3 Trust Him in the mid-day brightness,
When our hearts are filled with lightness,
And our cup runs o'er;
Trust Him when our tents we're leaving,
When the billows dark are heaving,
Till we reach the shore.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

Set to music by J. H. TENNEY.

CAST ANCHOR AND WAIT FOR THE DAY.

Tune—"*How firm a foundation*"

1 I trust Thee, O Father; Thy word cannot fail,
But storms are about me, the night-winds prevail;
I'm alone in the darkness; Oh! lead to the way,
Where I may cast anchor and wait for the day.

2 I sure must find harbor, or may it not be
The tempest shall drive to a safe open sea—
The winds proving friendly to pilot the way
Where I may cast anchor and wait for the day?

3 Black clouds are above me, O God, what a sight
The lightnings reveal in their flash of clear light!
Rocks all around me, Oh! where is the way?
Right here I'll cast anchor and wait for the day.

4 I trust in God's word, in His love, in His might;
He sees in the darkness as well as the light;
Not a rock in the sea but He knows its lay—
I'm anchored in safety, and wait for the day.

MRS. I. S. MILLS.

Canton, Ill. Sept. 1884.

TRUST AND WAIT.

Ps. xxxvii: 3–34.

1 Art thou sore distressed and weary?
Trust and wait.
Does the way seem long and dreary?
Trust and wait.
Still unseen One's close beside thee,
Who will let no harm betide thee
Through all ills He'll safely guide thee;
Trust and wait.

2 Is thy dearest treasure taken?
Trust and wait.
Sad thy heart, but not forsaken,
Trust and wait.
All in love the blow was given
But to mould the heart that's riven
For a sweeter bliss in heaven.
Trust and wait.

3 Do thy friends misapprehend thee?
Trust and wait.
Do thine enemies offend thee?
Trust and wait.
Give thou love for hate full measure,
God will give thee richer treasure;
Hearts are His to mould at pleasure;
Trust and wait.

4 Is thy work still incompleted?
Trust and wait.
Are thy cherished hopes defeated?
Trust and wait.
Fret not at thy poor endeavor,
All to God commit forever;
He will disappoint thee never.
Trust and wait.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD

Brooklyn, N. Y. 1884

Mrs. Mary Thompson Willard, nee Hill;

Was born in Danville, Vt., in 1805 and is still in vigor of mind and body at eighty-one. She comes of vigorous New England stock. Was converted, a member of the church at twelve, began to teach at fifteen and taught eleven summers and seven winters with great acceptance, in Monroe Co., near Rochester, N. Y. She studied five years in Oberlin College after her marriage, keeping pace with her gifted husband so far as possible, though having the care of three young children. She was a bright light in the literary society and social gathering, being endowed with high spirits, ready wit and spontaneous sympathy. From Oberlin, the family removed to Wisconsin, and Mrs. Willard drove one of the three teams all the way, carrying her two little girls and one other lady passenger. She endured with heroic fortitude twelve years of pioneer life on an isolated farm, rejoicing in the physical development of the children and building her life into their character. The family then removed to classic Evanston, a suburb of Chicago, where for nearly eighteen years Mrs. Willard has enjoyed the surroundings to which by tastes and culture she is so well adapted. Of surprisingly independent character, she has lived much alone, with her books and thoughts, a few congenial neighbors being all she cared to see. In the early years of Mrs. Willard's temperance work she was, during a brief space, unable to provide for some one to be at "Rest Cottage" as a helper to her mother, and it was then the following lines were written, since then revised, in Mrs. Willard's 82d year. The notable celebration of her 80th birthday has been widely heralded. It was a memorable occasion—twenty-five hundred invitations being issued to the White Ribbon women and other friends.

Madame Willard's son Oliver—one of earth's rare spirits, was educated for the ministry. He was the husband of Mary B. Willard, editor of the "Union Signal," and died some years ago. The memory of her third child—Mary—is kept beautifully green through the touching and tender tribute, entitled: "Nineteen Beautiful Years," written by her sister Frances.

ALONE IN THE HOUSE.

(In response to repeated requests for something from Madame Willard's pen, suited to the older readers, we give the following written in her seventieth year. It is known to the White Ribbon women generally, that in the earlier work of our National President, she was not able to provide the help, surroundings, etc., for her mother which she has now so long enjoyed. These tender lines give a picture of sacrifice made with the utmost cheerfulness, such as is not often witnessed, even in the history of reformers.)

1 Alone in the house! who would dream it?
Or think that it ever could be—
When my babes thrilled the soft air with love-notes
That had meaning for no one but me.

2 Alone in the house! who would dream it?
Or think that it ever could be,
When they came from their small garden castle,
Down under their dear maple tree,
Or from graves of their pets and their kittens,
With grief it would pain you to see.

3 Then with brows looking weary from lessons,
Pored over with earnestness rare,
And then, from a thoughtful retirement,
With solitude's first blanch of care.

4 A house of stark silence and stillness
Is this, where I think of the rush
Of childhood's swift feet at the portal,
And of childhood's sweet spirit of trust!

5 All alone in the house! all alone!
On this generous festival day;
Oh! where have my girls gone this New Year's,
Who made the house merry as May?
One went to the call of Death's angel,
And one, duty took her away.

6 Oh! how will it be in that future?
I do wonder how it will be,
When we all meet together in Heaven—
Husband, son, gentle daughters and me.

7 Who will bring us together in glory,
When the long separation is done?
'T is the Friend who will never forsake us,
And who never has left us alone;
Then fearless we'll enter to-morrow,
'T will be one day nearer our Home.

8 But when shall we reach there, I wonder,
Where father, brother, and sister now rest,
To dwell with the Christ who redeemed us,
In the beautiful land of the blest?

MRS. MARY THOMPSON WILLARD.
Rest Cottage, Evanston, Ill., New Year's Day, 1875.
(Revised in her 82d year, 1886.)

THE WIDOW'S DOVE.

1 'Neath the lone widow's porch
Dwells a dove.
It came the very day
They bore her child away,
It glances through the pane
In sunshine and in rain,
Cooing, "Love."

2 And the poor widow says
Of this dove,
God left me not alone
In my doubly-stricken home,
He sent soft wings to beat,
And a voice to murmur sweet
Of His love.

3 On from day to day with me
Stays this dove.
It warms my sorrowing heart
As it swoops with graceful dart,
And cooing sweet appeal
My direful grief to heal
With its love.

5 And always on my porch
Dwells this dove.
Each day it seems to know
All my joy and all my woe.
A sweet type it is to me
Of hope, faith and purity,
And God's love.

MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.
West Northfield, Mass. 1884.

BE THOU WITH ME.

1 Be Thou with me; the way is dark and drear,
Vouchsafe, O God, to make the pathway clear.
Doubtful and devious still my way must be
If Thou dost guide me not, — be Thou with me.

2 Life's bitter chalice to its dregs I sip,
Its fair fruits turn to ashes on my lip;
O Thou who wept in dark Gethsemane,
I too have suffered — Oh! be Thou with me!

3 Lonely, adrift upon a troubled sea,
The cold waves, pitiless, break over me;
O Thou who stilled the waves at Galilee,
Still Thou my troubled soul, — be Thou with me!

4 O Cross to which I cling, illume the night;
O Lamp unto my feet, shed forth the light;
O Love divine that brightened Calvary,
Descend upon my heart, — be Thou with me.

JULIA M. DUNN.
Moline, Ill. 1884.

CHRIST'S CUP.

1 I pray not now, as I have done,
Let this cup pass from me;
But O thou weeper, sad and lone,
In fair Gethsemane,
I thank Thee that I worthy am
To drink this cup with Thee.

2 Worthy to drink with Thee? ah, no!
Oh! all unworthy I,
Upon the turf Thy feet have pressed
To praying, weeping, lie,
To touch the cup Thy fingers blessed,
Or e'en Thy death to die.

3 But Thine own hand unto my soul
Applied the needed test,
Thy hand unto my shrinking lips
The brimming chalice pressed;
'T was bitter, bitter, Lord, but soon
I knew the draught was blessed.

4 Blest by Thy love — sweet for Thy sake,
This cup of Thine shall be,
Whene'er Thy loving hand, O Christ!
Shall pass it unto me —
When Sorrow's holy sacrament
Thou biddest me drink with Thee.

5 O cup of Christ! not ever more
The bitter draught is thine;
For thee there grows on Zion's hill
A rare and fruitful vine,
From out whose golden grapes shall flow
A pure and luscious wine,
And in the Father's kingdom fair
Thy sweetness shall be mine.

MISS S. M. I. HENLEY. 1866

BEAR THY CROSS CHEERFULLY.

Tune "over the rolling waves."

1 Bear thy cross cheerfully,
What'er it be,
Dream not so tearfully,
Waiting to see
How the dark waves of life,
Their mission bring,
Conquest comes but through strife,
Conquer and sing.

Chorus—Bear thy cross cheerfully,
Whate'er it be,
Bear thy cross cheerfully,
Whate'er it be.

2 Bear thy cross cheerfully,
Turn to the light,
Trustingly, prayerfully,
Praying aright;
This shall thy heart prepare,
Light shines afar,
Guiding thee ever, where
Bright waters are.

3 Bear thy cross cheerfully,
Though it be long;
Hope not so fearfully,
Hope, and be strong.
If in thy heart has crept
Shadows to be,
Faith has a treasure kept
Somewhere, for thee.

BELLE G. MCAULEY.

I WILL GIVE YOU REST.

1 Say, art thou worn with toil and strife
And have the cares and ills of life
Thy heart with grief oppressed?
O tearful one, I'll comfort thee;
O weary one, come thou to Me,
And I will give you rest.

2 Yes, I will give thee rest, although
Perchance thy tear-drops yet may flow,
I say not they shall cease.
Yet, heavy-laden, cast on Me
The burden of thine agony,
And I will give thee peace.

3 It may be that thy joys are fled,
Thy hopes all numbered with the dead,
Still will I give thee rest!
No more for earthly joys thou'lt sigh,
I'll give thee hopes that cannot die,
To soothe thy saddened breast.

4 Then, drooping spirit, rise, be strong;
Though dark the road, it is not long;
Soon will thy heart oppressed
Be filled with endless joy and peace;
Soon will thy every sorrow cease;
In Heaven I'll give thee rest.

HASKELL POWER.

IN THE WAY THAT HE SHALL CHOOSE.

"Him shall He teach in the way that He shall choose."—Ps. xxv : 12.

1 In the way that He shall choose
He will teach us;
Not a lesson we shall lose,
All shall reach us.

2 Strange and difficult indeed
We may find it;
But the blessing that we need
Is behind it.

3 All the lessons He shall send
Are the sweetest;
And His training, in the end,
Is completest.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

NOT AS I WILL.

"Not as I will!" the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
"Not as I will!" the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless,
All unrest and all loneliness.
"Not as I will!" because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His love fulfill.
"Not as we will." HELEN HUNT.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER READING THE LAST PRAYER OF H. H.

1 O soul! if one who wrought with such a faithful heart
Lingers before life's sunset door,
And measuring aims and blessings o'er,
Finds there that self has had so large a part,
How shall it be with thee, whose sluggish feet
Move not to sound of leaders' call,
Stir not, though weak ones shrink and fall,
But quickly spring to voice of Pleasure sweet?

2 How shall it be with thee, O troubled soul!
When thou hast reached the sunset gate,
And at its portals trembling wait,
While clouds and doubts and darkness o'er thee roll?
Wilt dare to pray for grace to enter in,
And share that perfect, peaceful rest,
Promised to those whom God calls blest,
If thou hast lived in selfishness and sin?

MRS. S. M. HARTOUGH.
Leavenworth, Kan., 1886.

SET WHOLLY APART.

"Serve the Lord with'all your heart."—Sam. xii : 20.

1 Set wholly apart for the use of the Master;
To work where He pleases with holy delight;
As each day of life, than the last, hastens faster,
So pass every moment as in His dear sight.
Kept by God's power, from hour unto hour,
Still working with happiness, strong in His might.

2 Set wholly apart for the use of the Master;
To lay me aside if it seem to Him best.
Perchance by some blow of what earth calls disaster,
Still tranquilly leaning upon His loved breast.
Kept by God's power, from hour unto hour,
Relying with joy on His promises blest.

3 Set wholly apart for the use of the Master;
To speak, from my heart, of His message of grace;
To tell of His love though glad tears gather faster,
And point to the Saviour who died in my place.
Kept by God's power, from hour unto hour,
His mercy to sinners to gratefully trace.

4 Set wholly apart for the use for the Master;
To work, or to rest, or to speak for His sake;
To give Him, like Mary, my choice alabaster,
My sweetest and best o'er his pierced feet to break.
Kept by God's power, from hour unto hour,
Until in His likeness I, satisfied, wake.

FRANCES BEAMISH.
Set to music by E. S. LORENZ.
In "Holy Voices." Pub. Dayton, O.

Mrs. Mary B. Willard

is the accomplished and eminently successful editor of the UNION SIGNAL, the National organ of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, published at Chicago, Ill. She married a brother of Miss Frances E. Willard, the Rev. Oliver Willard, who died some years since, as did her revered father — the Rev. Henry Bannister, D. D., a year or, two ago. The latter was professor of Exegetical Theology in Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, near Chicago, and was extensively known and well beloved for a long life of usefulness in the Master's service. Her husband did not remain in the ministry many years, on account of lung trouble. Most of his active life was given to journalism, first as editor of the Chicago Mail, and then of its successor, the Post.

Although so sadly bereaved, Mrs. Willard is one of the foremost workers in the temperance ranks, and other good causes demanding woman's assistance.

She has long stood at the head of the Illinois W. C. T. U. legislative work, and no one could fill the position more acceptably, or make fewer mistakes. She is possessed of sound judgment, rare tact, indomitable perseverance, a thoroughly consecrated heart and life, and the sweetest, most womanly way in all the world. Her prose writings are known to all, but her poems have mostly been published anonymously, or with initials only, so that her gems of verse are not so universally familar as they should be, and no doubt will become in future years.

AN ARROW HID IN HIS HAND.

C. M.

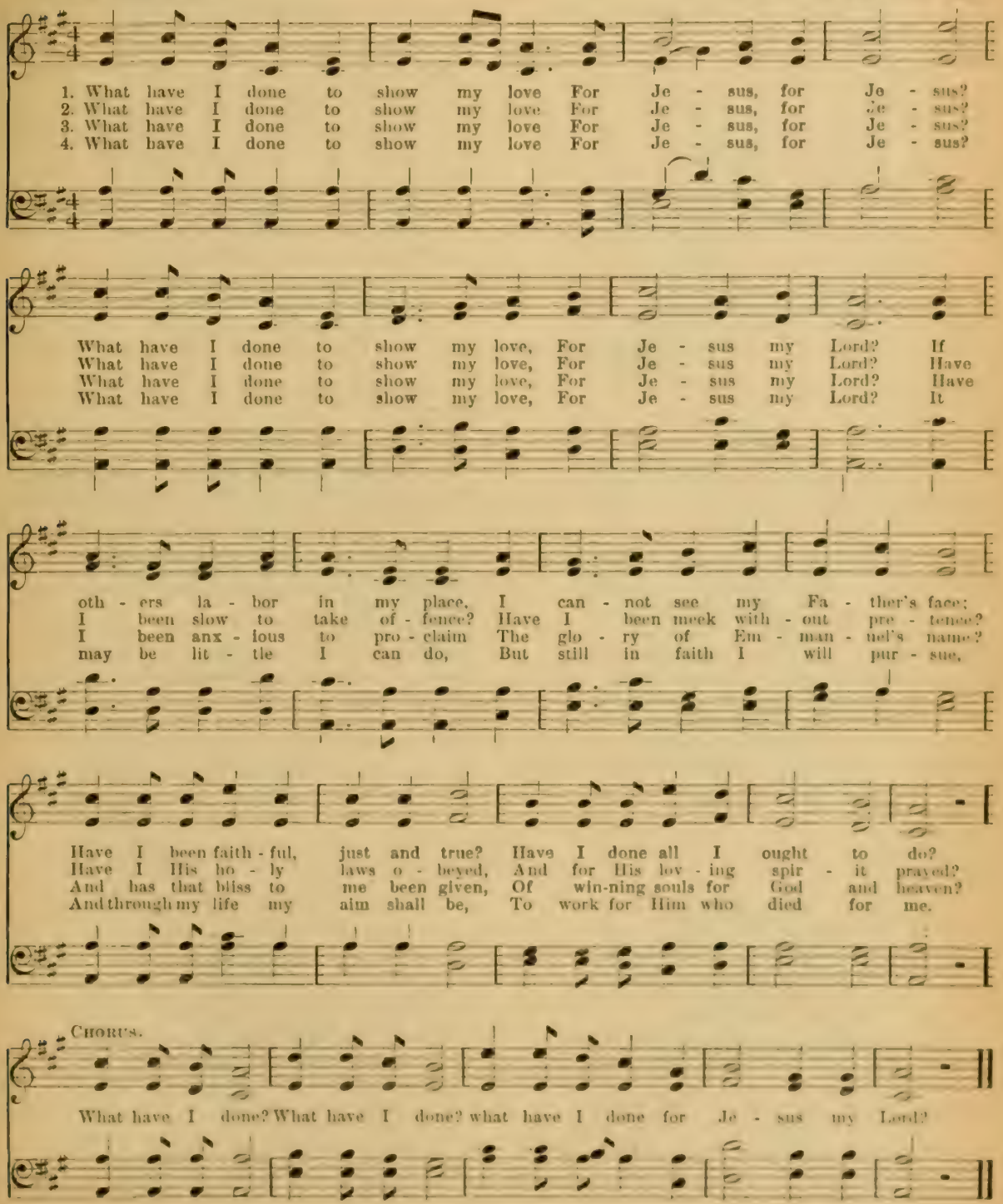
1 Not hid, dear Lord! I fain would go
To some sure mark of Thine;
Aimed by Thine eye, sped by Thy hand,
To do Thy will—not mine.
Not hid; Thou know'st I long to prove
My love, and Thine to me.
Send me, fleet-wingéd from thy bow;
See how I'll speed for Thee.

2 Yes, hid, my child; some broader shaft
Shall cleave the murky air;
Hide closer 'neath My sheltering arm,
And bide My will, e'en there.
'Tis not alone on swift behest
I prove thy loyalty;
But quiet, waiting readiness
Is "doing unto me."

MARY B. WILLARD.
In "The Signal."
Chicago, Ill. 1883.

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.



I WILL NOT QUESTION HIS INTENT.

1 Shall not the Lord of all the earth
In everything do right?
Why should I question His intent
Whether He bless or smite?

2 His love and power are infinite,
And marvellous His skill;
A single atom cannot fall
Without His sovereign will.

3 Safe in the sunshine of His grace
The whole creation moves,
Better than we can love ourselves
The Lord His creatures loves.

4 I see but little of His plans,
And cannot know what's best;
I'll take His precious promises
And trust Him for the rest.

MRS. ANNIE WITTENMEYER.
Philadelphia, Pa., 1885.

NEED.

1 Teach me Thy will, O Lord!
The world is full of longings, reachings, strivings, hopes and plans.
I would have that will stay
When the great cleaning fans
Sweep o'er and brush the hollow chaff away.
Teach me, for I would gather golden grain
That will remain.

2 Teach me Thy will, O Lord!
For there is thirst, hunger and chill within this teeming earth.
Lead me beside the stream
Whose healing waters gleam
'Neath fadeless trees where fruits of life have birth.
Forever there my failing being would
Be still renewed.

3 Teach me Thy will, O Lord!
So many plants spring fair and bright of bud along the path!
So like and like they grow!
Show me which hath
he poison vein, which bloom will fade, which lastingly will blow.
Guide well my clasping hand, my choosing eyes
Dear Lord, make wise.

4 Teach me Thy will, O Lord!
Days come and nights, the sunshine brightens and the shadows fall.
Oh! make my labor blest,
Watch Thou above my rest,
Stay me in light and darkness, God of all.
Let not earth's joys bewilder, griefs affright;
Keep me right.

AURILLA FURBER. 1885.

DEDICATION TO THE LORD.

1 O Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to Thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy:
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on Thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to Thee.

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath Thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee.

JEAN F. OBERLIN TR. BY MRS. D. WILSON.

THE THRONE OF GRACE.

OPENING PIECE.

1 There is a spot of consecrated ground,
Where brightest hopes and holiest joys are found;
'T is named, and Christians love the well-known sound,
The throne of grace.

2 'T is here a calm retreat is always found;
Perpetual sunshine gilds the sacred ground;
Pure airs and heavenly odors breathe around
The throne of grace.

3 Saviour! the sinner's friend, our hope our all!
Here teach us humbly at Thy feet to fall;
Here on Thy name with love and faith to call
For pardoning grace.

4 Ne'er let the glory from this spot remove,
Till numbered with Thy ransomed flock above,
We cease to want, but never cease to love
The throne of grace.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

SUITABLE TO READ AT A CONSECRATION MEETING.

Mark xi: 22.
C. M.

1 I love to think that God appoints
My portion day by day;
Events of life are in His hand;
And I would only say:
"Appoint them in Thine own goodtime,
And in Thine own best way;"
All things shall mingle for my good,
I would not change them if I could,
Nor alter Thy decree.
Thou art above and I below!
"Thy will be done! and even so,
For so it pleaseth Thee!"

MRS. WARING

MY CROSS.

1 Trusting, my cross I bear,
My burden take;
Though dark the waters are,
Trusting I wait.
Though all the way be dim,
I may not see,
My faith looks up to Him,
And speaks to me.

2 O'er heart and hands and brow,
Its impress lies.
Faith meets, I know not how,
The world's replies.
Beneath the shadows grown
Into its care,
Voices the heart has known,
Where are they, where?
What though the flowers be few
About my way,
And shadows old and new,
So near me stay.

3 Sometimes, in dreams, I lay
My burden down;
Dream of a clearer way,
And of a crown.
Trusting, my cross I bear,
My burden take;
Though dark the waters are,
Trusting I wait.

ISADORE C. SMITH.
"North Western Christian Advocate."

CONSECRATION HYMN.

C. M.

1 O Thou that lovest contrite prayer,
Wilt Thou not hear our plea?
Oh! breathe Thy Holy Spirit now,
And help us come to Thee.
We consecrate ourselves, our all;
We would be wholly Thine;
Oh! send the sacred Witness now,
And seal the bond divine.

CHORUS.— Accept the offering that we bring!
We give ourselves to Thee,
Our time, our talent, and our *all;*
Now and eternally.

2 Lord, we would work while life shall last,
And be Thy blessing given;
Nor let us vainly toil as one
Who fights the winds of heaven.
May we with holy zeal go on,
Nor faint, though trials come,
Until we win the victor's palm,
And reach our heavenly home.

EVA M'NEON SMITH.
Springfield, Ill. March, 1883.

THIS YEAR FOR JESUS.

"Work, for I am with you, saith the Lord." Hag. ii. 4.

1 Come one and all, this year for Jesus,
We consecrate ourselves anew;
With hearty zeal and dauntless courage,
Our heavenward course with joy pursue.

REFRAIN.
"This year for Jesus," shall be our watchword,
This year for Jesus the cross we'll bear;
We'll gather souls for life eternal,
Like stars to shine forever there.

2 Come one and all, the Master calleth,
Are we not pledged to Him alone?
If faith be strong and love be fervent,
Oh! let their pow'r this year be known.

3 Come one and all, the time is fleeting,
With giant arm defend the right;
To make this year a glorious triumph,
Let Christians all as one unite.

[illegible]
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"Brightest and Best." Used by per. Biglow & Main.

REST.

1 O Rock divine, in rest complete,
What thought of fear have I
Of winds that blow or rains that beat,
Or waters rising high?

2 Builded on Christ, when winds assail
I cast away my care,
And when the swelling floods prevail
I speak Thy name in prayer.

3 In storms of wrath the heavens may fall,
The mountains may remove;
But God will never fail the call
Of those who trust His love.

4 High in the raging heavens He rides
And sendeth out His voice:
When He the angry tempest guides
My soul may well rejoice.

LUELLA CLARK. 1883.

LORD, WE WOULD DRAW NEAR.

7s.

Tune "*Hursley*"

1 Lord, we would draw near to Thee,
That our souls may find sweet rest,
And from all our burdens free,
We would dwell amid the blest.

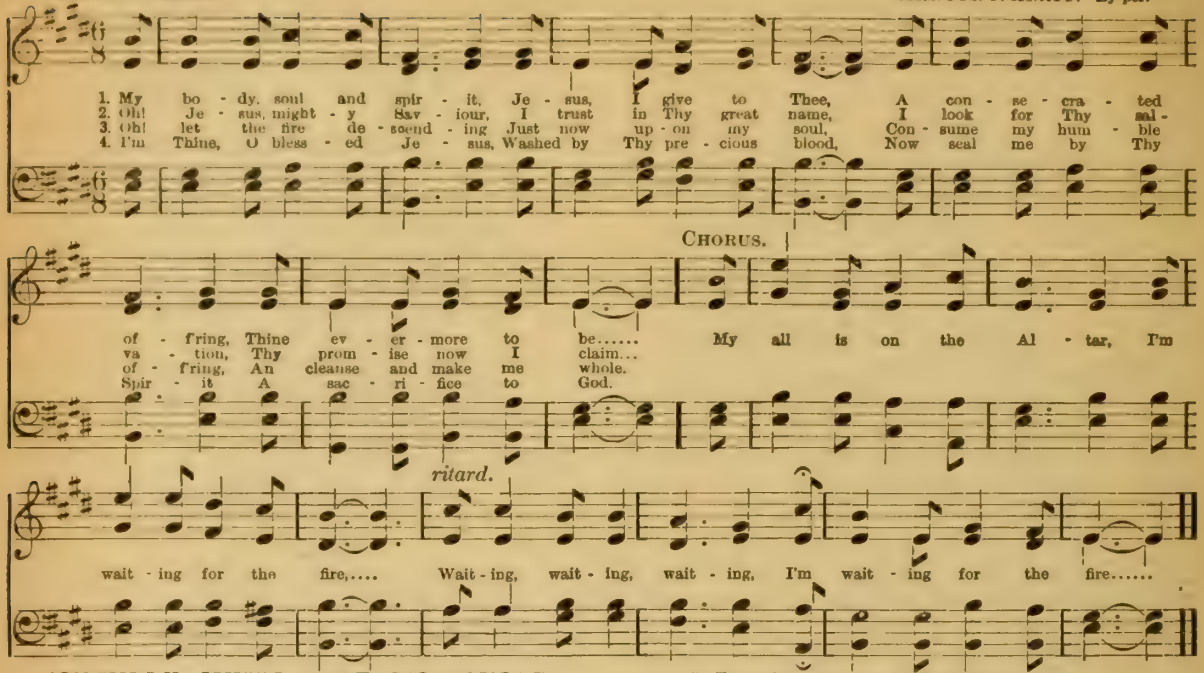
2 Night and darkness o'er our souls,
Now on earth is holding sway;
Lord, we would beseech of Thee
Thou wouldst make our darkness day.

3 Lord, we kneel before Thee now,
Trusting Thou wilt show Thy face,
Pleading that our souls may see
Some sweet token of Thy grace.

[illegible]
From [illegible]

CONSECRATION.

MARY D. JAMES. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.



JOYFULLY, WITH GLAD HOSANNAS.

DEDICATION OF A TEMPERANCE TABERNACLE.

Tune—"*Zion.*"

1 Joyfully, with glad hosannas,
Voice of song and sound of prayer,
Dedicate we now this temple,
While sweet incense fills the air.
CHORUS—Praise Jehovah, hallelujah!
Shout the strain!
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Praise the Lord.

2 Praise the Lord! ring out the anthem,
For His faithfulness is sure;
Praise the Lord! His loving-kindness
Shall forevermore endure.

3 Of this latter house the glory,
Saith Jehovah, shall increase,
And be greater than the former,
In this place will I give peace.

ELIZA SHERMAN. 1884.

Set to music by W. J. HARTSHORN, and used by per. D. C. Cook.

SUPPLICATION.

1 Jesus, Lord, I ask but this:
Heavenly gain for earthly loss—
All the meaner things I miss
I will count indeed but dross,
If Thou wilt but dwell within;
Then how blest this heart of mine,
All its poverty and sin
Changed for riches so divine.

2 Lost in peace my discontent,
Gloomy doubt in sunny trust,
Then, my selfish sorrow spent,
Flowers shall spring from lifeless dust.
With Thy presence all is gain,
Thou wilt heal each hurt and wrong,
Change to patience all my pain,
Grief to gladness, sighs to song.

3 Come then, Jesus, quickly come!
Come and in my heart abide;
For all else my lips are dumb,
I forego all good beside.
Thou my paradise shalt be,
In Thee all my hopes shall rest;
If Thou do but dwell with me
I shall be supremely blest.

LUELLA CLARK. 1883.

WE'LL WORK WHILE 'TIS DAY.

"Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."
John ix: 4.

1 We will work, we will work while yet it is day,
Ere life with its harvest is past,
Though the sheaves may be few we glean by the way,
They'll help fill the storehouse at last.

2 We will work ere the dew is brush'd from the way,
Ere noon with its heat shall draw near;
If the clouds shall arise and hide the bright day,
E'en then we'll not fall to the rear.

3 We will work till the shades of evening shall come,
Till life's earnest labor is o'er;
Then at last we will sing the dear "Harvest-Home"
With those who have gone on before.

MRS. T. M. TOWNE.

Set to music by PROF. T. M TOWNE. Used by per.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Although the prose writings of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps far exceed her poetical, she has written some gems of hymns and sacred poetry. She is the daughter of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps the famous author of "Sunny Side" and other popular works, who died in 1852. Her daughter of the same name, and the subject of this sketch, was born at Andover, Mass., in 1844. She spends her summers at the delightful Eastern Point on one side of Cape Ann, and her winters at Andover. In "Our Famous Women," Elizabeth T Spring says "What the sea has told her, she has meanwhile given to us in different forms. In her volume of 'Poetic Studies,' most of the rhymes are tinged with the opal and beryl of the waves, and we feel through them the ebb and flow of tides. Several of her songs have been set to music, words and notes blending in a kind of twilight aspiration, an unaccented appeal. 'On the Bridge of Sighs,' is an original analogue, fit to be written under that picture of sun opposite to shadow, which every traveller brings home from Venice. 'What the Shore says to the Sea,' and 'What the Sea says to the Shore,' are perhaps the best translations she has made of that speech she has heard where there is no voice nor language."

With her celebrated prose works, every reader is familiar. Her "Gates Ajar" has received much favorable and much unfavorable criticism. Of it, her biographer says "The world has long seen in every gallery the infant Christ in the arms of a woman, but it has not always seen that, through womanhood, it is to receive some essential revelation of Christianity. It has understood only the surface meaning of Madonnas, and has tired of that: but at last what art has dimly been foretelling, is beginning to be actual. Whether in the cap and 'kerchief of sister Dora and sister Augustine, or the red cross badge of Clara Barton, or wearing the unmarked dress of those who feel the hungry and teach the ignorant near and far off, new Madonnas are revealing something more beautiful than beauty, and holier than any image in a shrine." After commenting on her wonderful production "The story of Avis," her biographer remarks—"The world seems to be divided into three classes: those who do not know there is a Sphinx; those who do, and will not look at it; and those who, seeing it, are willing to make some sort of effort to unlock the silent lips, to read the riddle of the past into the prophecy of the future. Many call it the best of Miss Phelp's prose works. It is said Longfellow kept it lying on his table, and re-read it often, with sympathetic appreciation. Only a pure and exalted soul could have conceived it; and only a genuine artist could have given it its cast."

"Sealed Orders," "The Lady of Shalott," "Flower Mission," and "Hedged In," are among the most admired of her many productions. While writing the latter, she was trying to save the tempted in the Abbott Mission. The evils of factory life depicted in "A Silent Partner," she learned by personal work for factory girls; and from her loyalty to the purer, larger, and freer womanhood that all dream of and wait for, she has never swerved. Hers was not the only sensitive intuition that foresaw, when slavery and the war rolled away together in fire and smoke, that the right development of woman would be the next great question for America. It is said that Warwick Castle in England is so arranged that the visitor who looks through the outside keyhole, looks at the same time through those of the thirty or forty apartments that lie beyond; and so in this matter of making the higher, larger womanhood a fact, one cannot begin without finding that woman is so entangled in the heart of matters that all must be righted if she is.

As early as 1869 Mrs Phelps gave an address before the New England Woman's Club of Boston, on healthful dress for woman. She abjured trains and excessive trimmings and tight waists. At that time a woman could not walk the length of a hotel drawing-room in a short dress without an embarrassing sense of singularity, so universal was the absurdity of sweeping skirts on the streets, in the house, and on all occasions. Thus she did much, by practicing herself what she preached, toward inaugurating the dress reform which is steadily gaining in popularity, despite the great extreme to which some few have carried it. Then her keen eye and sympathetic heart saw the evils inflicted upon woman by the intemperance of the husband. Through her efforts a Reform Club of sixty-five members was organized and sustained on Eastern Point among the fishermen. The Club room was brightened with pictures and music; addresses were delivered and sermons preached to the men, but her personal work was of a deeper and more wearing sort. She was a friend to each. To her they brought their cares and troubles and told of their temptations, the open saloons, and their despair. The nervous strain of sympathy and anxiety in connection with her literary work was too much, and her strength gave way. She was one of the first martyrs among our brave women, to the cause of temperance. All causes have their martyrs, and many a noble nature has sacrificed all in this needed reform work. From this nearly fatal break she has not yet physically recovered, though still doing excellent literary work in both prose and sacred poetry. "Dr. Zay" is her last story, pitched in a cheerful major key, which encourages her many admirers to look for much more from her graceful and vigorous pen, despite ill-health.

THE DIFFERENCE.

1 Thine the bearing and forbearing
Through the patient years:
Thine the loving, and the moving
Plea of sacred tears;

2 Thine the caring and the wearing
Of my pain for me;
Thine the sharing and the bearing
Of my sin on Thee.

3 Mine the leaving and the grieving
Of Thy mournful eyes;
Mine the fretting and forgetting
Of our blood-bound ties;

4 Mine the plaining and complaining,
And complaining still;
Mine the fearing and the wearying
Of Thy tender Will.

5 Mine the wrecking, Thine the building
Of our happiness—
My only Saviour, help me make
The dreadful difference less.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

TRUSTING.

Psalm cxix: 14.

1 Dear gracious Lord, on whom I lean,
My comfort and my stay,
How sweet to feel that it is Thy hand
That guides me on my way.
And to know, though heart and flesh
And all things fail,
Through Christ my Lord I shall at last
O'er death prevail.

2 And, should this frame sink under
Its heavy load of care,
Life's crown of thorns I'll welcome,
And patiently can wear,
Since I've proved Thy precious promises
To those who trust in Thee;
Since I know that my dear Saviour
Thinks tenderly of me.

3 Sometimes—ah me! so blindly!—
From Him I go astray;
But He follows close behind me,
Along my darksome way.
My dear and watchful Shepherd
Ne'er loses sight of me;
He brings me *back* to the sunlight,
Where His loving face I see.

4 Sometimes my heart grows weary
And longs to be at rest,
For life's burden presses heavy
Upon my tired breast;
But I look upon Thee, dear Saviour,
Nailed upon the cross for me;
At its foot the burden falleth,
To be borne henceforth by Thee.

5 O blessed Burden-bearer, O Shepherd,
Friend and Guide,
Draw me by cross and burden
Close to Thy wounded side.
No longer would I wander
In darksome ways alone;
But in pastures green, by waters still,
With Thee I long to roam.

MARIETTA HOLDEN.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

1 O Thou, so wont of old to bless
The children for the parents' sake;
Around Thy throne of grace we press,
To bless our sons; awake! awake!

2 Though ours be not the strife of blood,
The deadly plague of sin to stay,
We would be zealous for our God,
And turn Thy righteous wrath away.

3 Be our own hearts forever pure!
Our hands, our voices swift to aid
The inexperienced, insecure,
By many a deadly snare betrayed.

4 Oh! may we watch with heedful eye,
The erring footsteps of the young;
And point their hearts and hopes on high,
Ere yet the tempter's snare be sprung.

5 Alas! too late we mourn to see
The children of our love beguiled;—
O God! where can a mother flee,
But to Thy grace, to save her child?

6 So may the dire contagion cease,
O'er which our breaking hearts have sighed;
Send Thy sweet covenant of peace;
With us and with our sons abide.

J. N. B.

A LIVING SACRIFICE.

Rom. xii: 1.

Tune—"*Alletta.*"

1 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At this altar when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow.

2 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.

4 Teach us, O thou heavenly King!
Thus to show our grateful mind;
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to Thee and all mankind.

*

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

1 Thes. v: 17.

Tune—"*Mear.*"

1 O mother! love the mercy seat;
O mother! oft be there;
What if each earthly, anxious thought,
Each random breath, were prayer!

2 'Twould keep thy armor strong and bright
To meet the shafts of sin;
'Twould arm thee with a hidden might
To wage the war within.

3 'Twould make thy household garden leaves
All fresh and green and fair;
Oh! thou may'st glean some precious sheaves
For harvest time, in prayer.

*

INVOCATION.

FOR MOTHERS' MEETINGS, IN CONNECTION WITH MISSIONARY AND TEMPERANCE WORKS.

Tune—"*Retreat.*"

L. M.

"She went up to the house of the Lord." — 1 Sam. i: 7.

1 A band of laborers here we meet,
Waiting, O Jesus! to be blest;
As now we gather at Thy feet,
Oh! smile, and give us peace and rest.

2 Help us who know a mother's thought
And love and toil and constant care,
To help those mothers, yet untaught,
Their little ones for God to rear.

3 And when, beneath Thy blissful gaze,
These poor befriended ones we meet,
We'll join in never-ending praise,
O blessèd Master! at Thy feet.

* * *

WITHIN THESE QUIET WALLS.

Tune — "*Marlow.*"

"She prayed unto the Lord." 1 Sam. 1 : 10.

1 Within these quiet walls, O Lord!
A fond maternal band
Have meet Thy goodness to record,
And seek Thy guiding hand.

2 If e'er a mother's prayerful strain
Hath gained Thy listening ear,
O Saviour! now in mercy deign
Our ardent cry to hear.

3 'T is for our children, Lord, we plead,
Dear objects of our care;
Dangers on every side are spread;
Save them from every snare.

4 O Thou blest Guardian! walk beside
Life's river as it rolls;
Light the dark stream o'er which they glide,
And cleanse and save their souls.

* *

GO FORTH AMONG THE POOR.

Tune — "*State Street.*"

S. M.

"This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did."

Acts ix : 36.

1 Go forth among the poor;
Thy pathway leadeth there;
Thy gentle voice may soothe their pain
And blunt the thorns of care.

3 Go forth among the sad,
Lest their dark cup o'erflow;
They have on earth a heritage
Of weariness and woe.

3 Tears dim their daily toil,
And sighs break out from sleep;
Bring light among the darkness — say,
Blessed are they that weep.

4 With tireless hopeful love,
Fulfill your lofty part,
And yours shall be the blessing too:
Blest are the pure in heart.

* — *

O LORD, BEHOLD US.

Tune — "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

C. M. D.

"She continued praying before the Lord." 1 Sam. 1: 12.

1 O Lord, behold us at Thy feet!
A needy sinful band;
As suppliants round Thy mercy-seat,
We come at Thy command.
'T is for our children we would plead,
The offspring Thou hast given;
Where shall we go, in time of need,
But to the God of heaven?

2 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife,
But in the all-prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.
We seek the Spirit's quickening grace
To make them pure in heart,
That they may stand before Thy face,
And see Thee as Thou art.

* — *

Mrs. S. M. J. Henry,

daughter of Rev. Nelson Irish, one of the pioneer Methodist ministers of Illinois, was born at Albion, Penn. She early developed a talent for writing in both prose and verse. While attending the Normal School at Mt Morris, Ill., she won many laurels through her superior literary ability. "Victoria, and other Poems," a volume published by her in 1863, is one of rare merit. Mrs. Henry has been awarded several prizes for poems, and has published eight or ten prose volumes, which are extensively used in Sabbath School, W. C. T. U., and Y. M. C. A. libraries and the home. "The Pledge and the Cross," giving an account of her seven years' work in Rockford, Ill., in the cause of temperance, has been productive of much good, and of her last works, it is stated that "The Voice of the Home" and "Mabel's Work" are doing more to arouse young people to a sense of their duty to work in the field of temperance reform, than anything ever before published. Among the active works of Mrs. Henry, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., she has been the State Evangelist for Illinois, and has, at various times, had charge of the Temperance Tabernacle at Manistee, Mich., in both of which capacities she has given universal and unbounded satisfaction. Mrs. Henry is one of the ablest speakers among women on the subject of Gospel temperance, and frequently occupies pulpits tendered her to the edification of all present. She was National Superintendent of evangelistic work for several years, and is at present 1885 evangelist at large, and has accomplished great good in various States, prominent among which is Nebraska. Her husband received injuries in the service of his country which resulted fatally. Her place of residence is Rockford, Ill.

DEDICATION HYMN.

Tune — "*Arise and Shine.*"

1 We bring to Thee, O Lord, this temple,
The house our hands have reared for Thee;
With songs of joy and exultation,
We sound our temperance jubilee.

2 Arise! O Lord, come to Thy temple,
For Thee we call; Thyself draw near;
Because of Sin's dark night of sorrow,
We wait and watch till Thou appear.

3 We give to Thee each stone and timber,
The walls on which to write Thy name:
The voices that shall here be lifted
Thy temperance gospel to proclaim.

4 Come in, O King! Swing wide, O portal!
The Lord, our God, shall surely come;
His feet shall tread these courts in glory,
His Spirit make our house His home.

5 Father, we bring to Thee the people
Who enter here Thy truth to seek;
Thy people, Lord, whom sin hath blighted—
The fair and strong, the lost and weak.

6 We ask for them Thy great salvation,
A blessing on each heart and home;
Stretch forth Thy hand from thence, O Father,
And stay the demon curse of rum.

MRS. S. M. J. HENRY.

Sung at "Union Hall," Manistee, Michigan, May 28, 1882.

4 Sometimes my heart grows weary
And longs to be at rest,
For life's burden presses heavy
Upon my tired breast;
But I look upon Thee, dear Saviour,
Nailed upon the cross for me;
At its foot the burden falleth,
To be borne henceforth by Thee.

5 O blessed Burden-bearer, O Shepherd,
Friend and Guide,
Draw me by cross and burden
Close to Thy wounded side.
No longer would I wander
In darksome ways alone;
But in pastures green, by waters still,
With Thee I long to roam.

MARIETTA HOLDEN.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

1 O Thou, so wont of old to bless
The children for the parents' sake;
Around Thy throne of grace we press,
To bless our sons; awake! awake!

2 Though ours be not the strife of blood,
The deadly plague of sin to stay,
We would be zealous for our God,
And turn Thy righteous wrath away.

3 Be our own hearts forever pure!
Our hands, our voices swift to aid
The inexperienced, insecure,
By many a deadly snare betrayed.

4 Oh! may we watch with heedful eye,
The erring footsteps of the young;
And point their hearts and hopes on high,
Ere yet the tempter's snare be sprung.

5 Alas! too late we mourn to see
The children of our love beguiled; —
O God! where can a mother flee,
But to Thy grace, to save her child?

6 So may the dire contagion cease,
O'er which our breaking hearts have sighed;
Send Thy sweet covenant of peace;
With us and with our sons abide.

J. N. B.

A LIVING SACRIFICE.

Rom. xii: 1.

Tune — "*Alletta.*"

1 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
At this altar when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow.

2 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.

4 Teach us, O thou heavenly King!
Thus to show our grateful mind;
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to Thee and all mankind.

*

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

1 Thes. v: 17.

Tune — "*Mear.*"

1 O mother! love the mercy seat;
O mother! oft be there;
What if each earthly, anxious thought,
Each random breath, were prayer!

2 'Twould keep thy armor strong and bright
To meet the shafts of sin;
'Twould arm thee with a hidden might
To wage the war within.

3 'Twould make thy household garden leaves
All fresh and green and fair;
Oh! thou may'st glean some precious sheaves
For harvest time, in prayer.

*

INVOCATION.

FOR MOTHERS' MEETINGS, IN CONNECTION WITH MISSIONARY AND TEMPERANCE WORKS.

Tune — "*Retreat.*"

L. M.

"She went up to the house of the Lord." — 1 Sam. i: 7.

1 A band of laborers here we meet,
Waiting, O Jesus! to be blest;
As now we gather at Thy feet,
Oh! smile, and give us peace and rest.

2 Help us who know a mother's thought
And love and toil and constant care,
To help those mothers, yet untaught,
Their little ones for God to rear.

3 And when, beneath Thy blissful gaze,
These poor befriended ones we meet,
We'll join in never-ending praise,
O blesséd Master! at Thy feet.

* * *

WITHIN THESE QUIET WALLS.

Tune — "*Marlow.*"

"She prayed unto the Lord." 1 Sam. 1 : 10.

1 Within these quiet walls, O Lord!
A fond maternal band
Have meet Thy goodness to record,
And seek Thy guiding hand.

2 If e'er a mother's prayerful strain
Hath gained Thy listening ear,
O Saviour! now in mercy deign
Our ardent cry to hear.

3 'T is for our children, Lord, we plead,
Dear objects of our care;
Dangers on every side are spread;
Save them from every snare.

4 O Thou blest Guardian! walk beside
Life's river as it rolls;
Light the dark stream o'er which they glide,
And cleanse and save their souls.

* *

GO FORTH AMONG THE POOR.

Tune — "*State Street.*"

S. M.

"This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did."

Acts ix : 36.

1 Go forth among the poor;
Thy pathway leadeth there;
Thy gentle voice may soothe their pain
And blunt the thorns of care.

3 Go forth among the sad,
Lest their dark cup o'erflow;
They have on earth a heritage
Of weariness and woe.

3 Tears dim their daily toil,
And sighs break out from sleep;
Bring light among the darkness — say,
Blessed are they that weep.

4 With tireless hopeful love,
Fulfill your lofty part,
And yours shall be the blessing too:
Blest are the pure in heart.

* — *

O LORD, BEHOLD US.

Tune — "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

C. M. D.

"She continued praying before the Lord." — 1 Sam. 1: 12.

1 O Lord, behold us at Thy feet!
A needy sinful band;
As suppliants round Thy mercy-seat,
We come at Thy command.
'T is for our children we would plead,
The offspring Thou hast given;
Where shall we go, in time of need,
But to the God of heaven?

2 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife,
But in the all-prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.
We seek the Spirit's quickening grace
To make them pure in heart,
That they may stand before Thy face,
And see Thee as Thou art.

* — *

Mrs. S. M. I. Henry,

daughter of Rev. Nelson Irish, one of the pioneer Methodist ministers of Illinois, was born at Albion, Penn. She early developed a talent for writing in both prose and verse. While a pupil in the Normal School at Mt. Morris, Ill., she won many laurels through her superior literary ability. "Victoria, and other Poems," a volume published by her in 1863, is one of rare merit. Mrs. Henry has been awarded several prizes for poems, and has published eight or ten prize volumes, which are extensively used in Sabbath Schools. W. C. T. U. and Y. M. C. A. libraries and the home. "The Pledge and the Cross," giving an account of her seven years' work in Rockford, Ill., in the cause of temperance, has been productive of much good; and of her last works, it is stated that "The Voice of the Home" and "Maiden Work" are doing more to arouse young people to a sense of their duty to work in the field of temperance reform, than anything ever before published. Among the active works of Mrs. Henry, next to the organization of the W. C. T. U., she has been the State Evangelist for Illinois, and has at various times had charge of the Temperance Tabernacle at Manchester, Mass., in both of which capacities she has given undivided and successful attention. Mrs. Henry is one of the oldest workers in this line of labor, the subject of Gospel temperance, and frequently receives calls to lecture and labor in the education of all grades. She was National Superintendent of evangelistic work for several years, and is at present (1883) evangelist at large, and has accomplished great good in various States, prominent among which is Nebraska. Her husband received injuries in the service of his country which resulted fatally. Her place of residence is Rockford, Ill.

DEDICATION HYMN.

Tune — "*Auld Lang Syne.*"

1 We bring to Thee, O Lord, this temple,
The house our hands have reared for Thee;
With songs of joy and exultation,
We sound our temperance jubilee.

2 Arise! O Lord, come to Thy temple,
For Thee we call; Thyself draw near;
Because of Sin's dark night of sorrow,
We wait and watch till Thou appear.

3 We give to Thee each stone and timber,
The walls on which to write Thy name:
The voices that shall here be lifted
Thy temperance gospel to proclaim.

4 Come in, O King! Swing wide, O portal!
The Lord, our God, shall surely come;
His feet shall tread these courts in glory,
His Spirit make our house His home.

5 Father, we bring to Thee the people
Who enter here Thy truth to seek;
Thy people, Lord, whom sin hath blighted—
The fair and strong, the lost and weak.

6 We ask for them Thy great salvation,
A blessing on each heart and home;
Stretch forth Thy hand from thence, O Father,
And stay the demon curse of rum.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

Sung at "Union Hall," Manistee, Michigan, May 28, 1882.

SALOME.

L. M.

1 She knew not what for them she sought
At His right hand and left to sit!
How great the glory, passing thought;
How rough the path that led to it.

2 They knew not what of Him they asked!
But He their deeper sense distilled;
Gently the selfish wish unmasked,
But all the prayer of love fulfilled.

3 Pride sought to lift herself on high,
And heard but of the bitter cup;
Love would but to her Lord be nigh,
And won her measure full-heaped up.

4 With vision of His glory blessed;
Stood on the mountain by His side;
Leaned, at the Supper, on His breast;
Stood close beneath Him when He died.

5 One brother shared His cup of woe—
The second of His martyr-band:
One by His glory smitten low,
Rose at the touch of His right hand.

6 Thus, when by earth's cross lights perplexed,
We crave the thing that should not be,
God, reading right our erring text,
Gives what we would ask, could we see.

MRS. CHARLES.

RISE, TEMPLE, RISE.

SUNG BY THE CHILDREN. AT THE DEDICATION OF THE TEMPERANCE TABERNACLE, MANISTEE, MICH. 1881.

1 Brick and stone and timber fair,
Rise, temple, rise;
Upward through the sunny air,
Rise, temple, rise.

CHORUS.— Rise, temple, rise,
Rise, temple, rise,
Rise, temple, rise.

2 Walls so grand and doors so wide,
Rise, temple, rise;
We are coming side by side,
Rise, temple, rise.

3 Little eyes have watched you grow,
Rise, temple, rise;
You were built for us, you know,
Rise, temple, rise.

4 You were built for temperance, too,
Rise, temple, rise;
All things good and pure and true,
Rise, temple, rise.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.
Evanston, Ill.

RISE AND BUILD

A SONG OR RECITATION FOR THE BUILDING OF A CHURCH.

1 "Arise, take courage; rise and build,
Ye people of the Lord."
Thus down the echoing ages comes
The prophet's stirring word.
"Let not His house lie waste and bare,
The while ye build your own.
Arise and build," from heart to heart
Sounds back the earnest tone.

2 Bring strength of oak, bring grace of larch,
His house to beautify;
All that is sweetest to the ear
Or fairest to the eye.
Bring gold and gems, bring hue and light,
Let no hand stint or spare,
Until in beauty robed and wreathed
His temple standeth there.

3 Bring woman's work, bring manhood's strength,
Bring childhood's helping hand,
Build well and wisely, that your work
To coming years may stand.
Your Lord,—He gave His all for you,
Give back your very best;
Your best is all to poor to give
To Him, the Ever-blest.

4 It may be through your temple fair
The Lord shall walk some day;
It may be His Shechinah light
Shall rest with you alway;
And prayers accepted rise to Him,
And blessings freely fall,
While each to each, across the fane,
To holy watchers call.

ELLEN MURRAY. 1882.

OUR TEMPERANCE HOME.

FOR DEDICATING A TEMPERANCE HALL OR TABERNACLE.

Tune—"*Marlow*," or "*Arlington*."

1 This temple, Lord, our temp'rance home,
We consecrate to Thee;
Here may the light of glory shine,
Here may Thy presence be.

2 And while we bow before Thy throne,
Unveil Thy smiling face,
And water every waiting heart
With dews of heavenly grace.

3 Here may we gather precious souls
To Thy dear fold of love;
And all who meet within these walls,
Be Thine in heaven above.

FANNY CROSBY. By per.

THE TEMPERANCE DOXOLOGY.

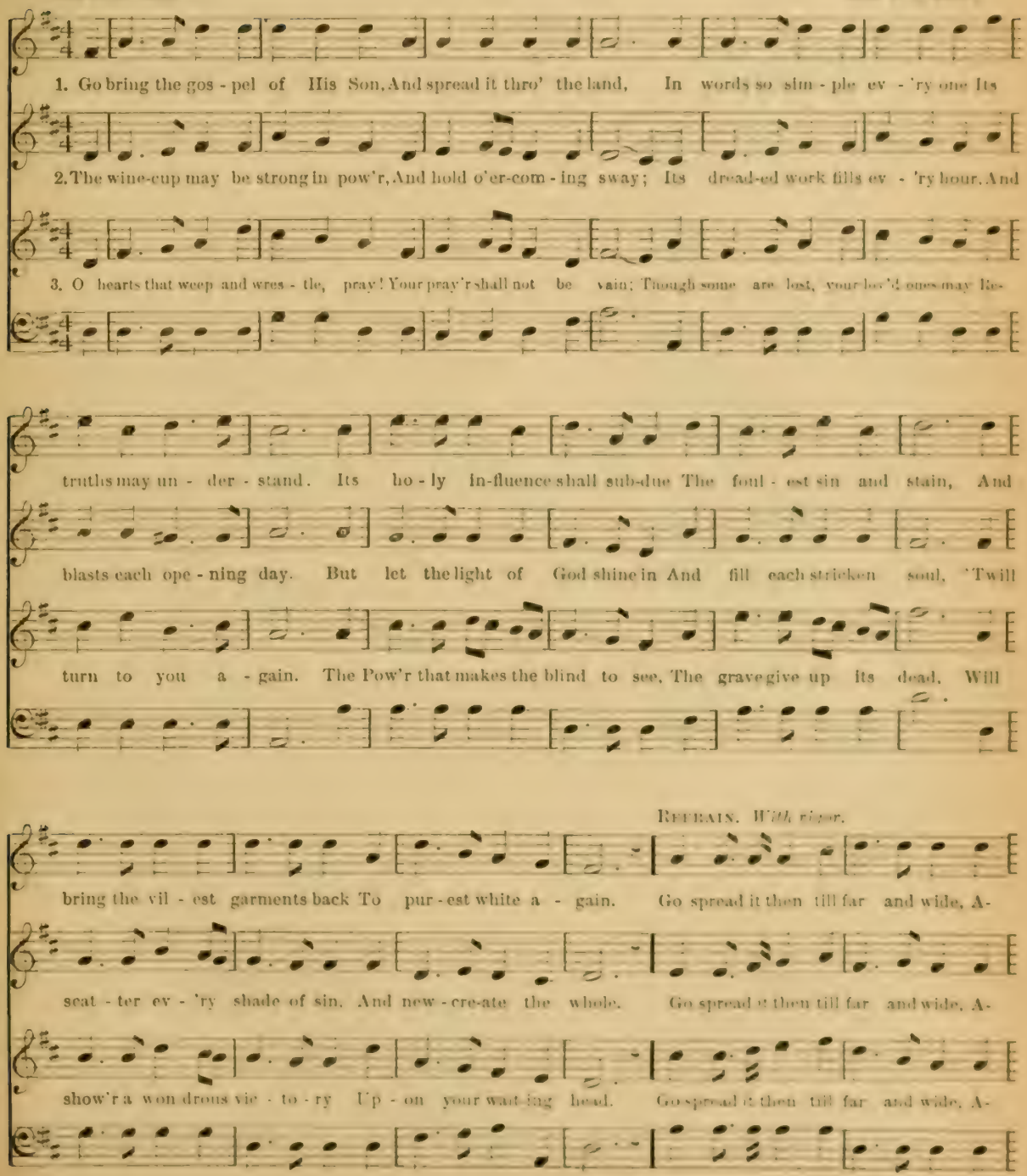
"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him who heals the drunkard's woe,
Praise Him who leads the temperance host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

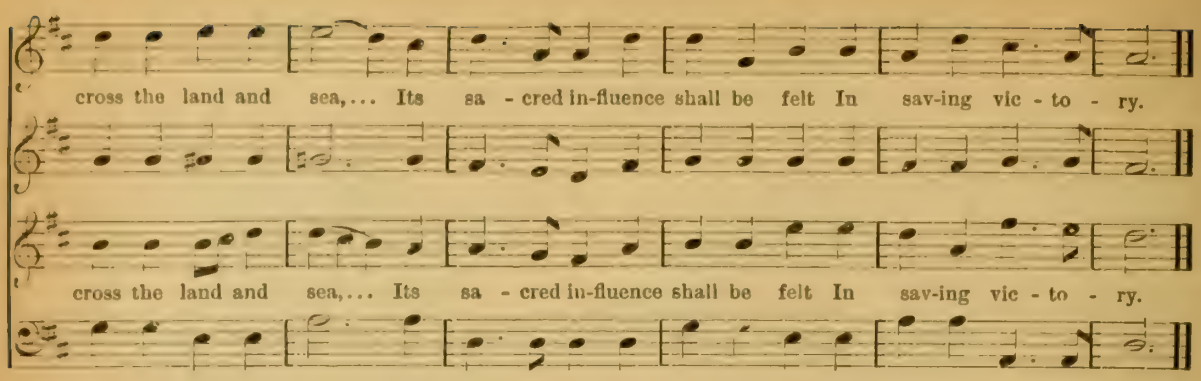
GO, BRING THE GOSPEL OF HIS SON!

From the "Royal Anthem Book," edited by MRS. C. H. SCOTT.

CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE.

MRS. M. O. PAGE. MRS. C. H. SCOTT.



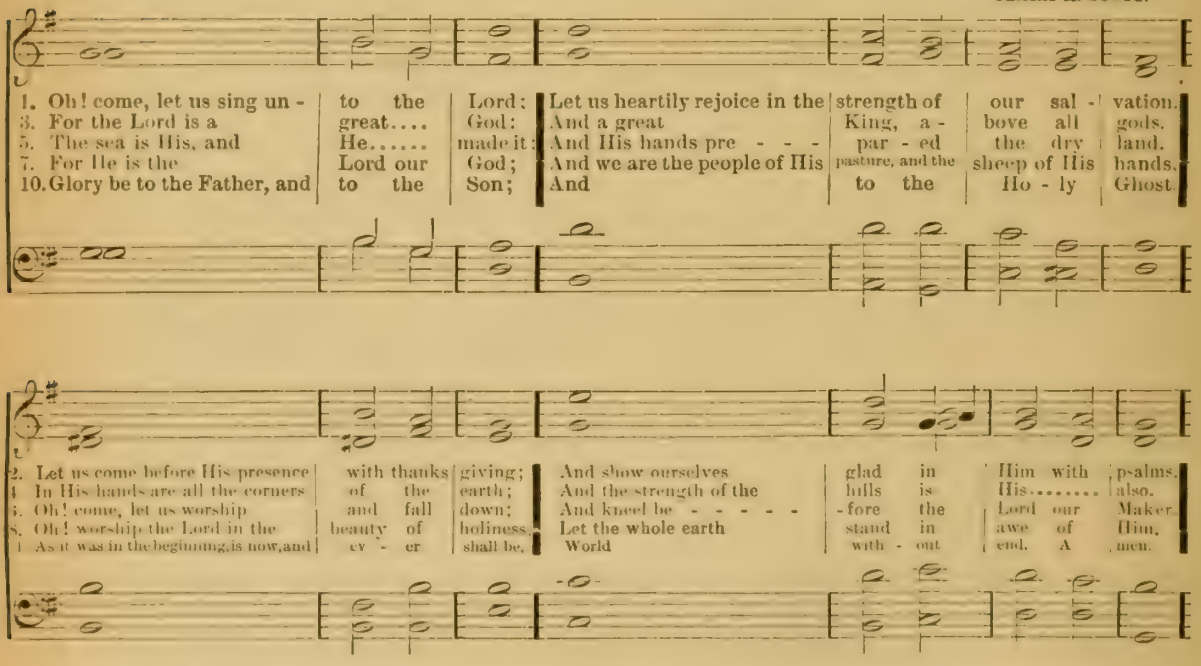


OH! COME, LET US SING. CHANT.

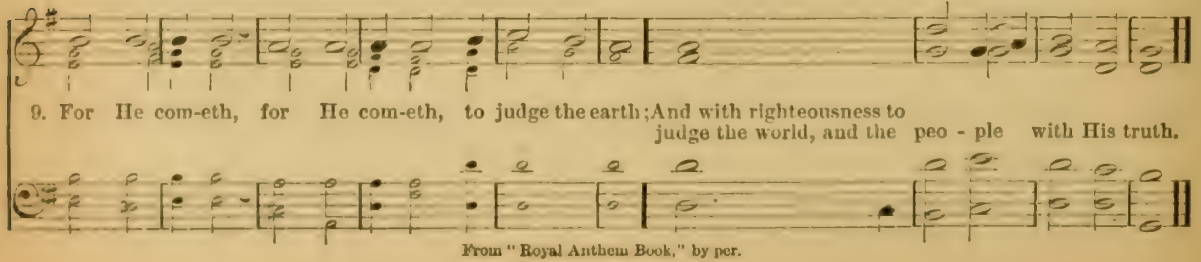
VENITE EXULTEMUS.

(APPROPRIATE TO BE SUNG IN CONVENTIONS AFTER HEARING GOOD NEWS OF THE WORK.)

CLARA H. SCOTT.



Slowly. UNISON.



From "Royal Anthem Book," by per.

INTEMPERANCE.

L. M.

1 When will this monster-demon cease
To wield his sword of scathing flame?
When will men learn that dove-eyed Peace
Flees from this ever-dreaded name?

2 When learn to quench this baleful fire;
Passion and appetite restrain,
And from the depths of base desire
Arise to manly strength again?

3 When know that Truth and Honor fail,
That Love and Purity must fall,
If these dread powers of hell prevail,
And bind the spirit in their thrall?

4 O ye, whose lives are sore beset
By this embattled host of sin;
With girded loins must it be met,
If ye the victory would win.

5 Thy tyrant's power must be o'erthrown;
No quarter given in the strife;
No truce, nor compromise be known;
'Tis deadly conflict, — life for life!

MARY C. WEBSTER.
Rocky Hill, Conn., 1882.

WHAT SHE COULD.

Respectfully inscribed to MRS. LUCY WEBB HAYES.

1 More brave than they who at the stake
Their lives for truth resign,
Is she who from our nation's feasts
Hath dared to banish wine.

CHORUS—With willing hands shall loving hearts
On Fame's bright scroll engrave
The name we honor and revere,
The bravest of the brave.

2 With purpose true she firmly trod
Her God-appointed way;
Nor rank, nor fashion from the right
Could serve her steps to sway.

3 Though custom, old and worldly wise,
A hundred years had reigned,
Dethroned he sits with garments rent,
A captive doubly chained.

4 In future years, when temp'rance hosts
Have final victory won,
Our children's children still shall tell
How nobly she hath done.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS, by per.
Set to music by DR. JAS. R. MURRAY.
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NOTE.—"What She Could" was written at Miss Willard's request, by the hymn-editor of "Temperance Light," and first sung with "The Word Divine," used by permission from "Temperance Light," is published and sold for the benefit of "The Mrs. Hayes Memorial Fund," by Miss M. E. Servoss, Chicago, Ill., who will devote all profits as author and publisher to the above-mentioned fund now being raised to secure a suitable memorial in honor of one of whom it may be truly said, "She hath done what she could."

HOME PROTECTION.

1 Courage, comrades, courage,
Take heart, and struggle on!
The fight will soon be over,
The night will soon be gone;
Our Captain now is leading
His forces to the field,
And well we know His purpose
Can never, never yield.

2 He's testing every soldier,
He is calling him by name;
And the traitor and the coward
Are surely seeking shame.
Soon foes will drop disguises,
And friends step boldly out,
And "Who is on the Lord's side?"
Be proved beyond a doubt.

3 The ranks of God are closing in
With angel hosts attending;
And mercy only stays awhile
The thunder bolts descending.
They vainly strive who strive with God,
The nations now are learning,
And Christian eyes are keener grown
The right from wrong discerning.

4 The valiant ones undaunted press
Close to our Leader's side,
And timid ones grown martyr-like,
Will meet whate'er betide;
And from His mighty, loving heart,
Life strengthens every one
That so in faith and love and truth,
His will on earth be done.

5 Courage, my comrades, courage,
Be strong and of good cheer,
The Conqueror's bands fight bravely,
And have no doubt or fear.
Soon, soon, our hearts rejoicing,
Will hail the glorious hour
When home shall be protected
By Christian love and power.

HELEN MAR MACKENZIE. 1885.

THE SIGNAL LIGHTS.

1 The signal lights are glancing
From mountain top to sea,
And thou the hosts advancing
To set the prisoners free
From bondage worse than ever
Bound negroes with its chain,
For this holds thrall together
O'er body, soul and brain.

2 We have no bugles blending
With tramping on the sod,
But hymns and prayers ascending
To ear of Israel's God,
From lips unsealed by sorrow,
To plead for those they love,
With courage which they borrow
From Source of strength above.

3 Let those who count as nothing,
This singing, praying band,
Recall the seven-days' marching
In Judah's far-off land;
How at the time appointed
By Him who ruleth all,
Through means by Him anointed,
The city's bulwarks fall.

4 We doubt not that His blessing
Goes with the band to-day,
Who are the forts encircling
Where Bacchus holdeth sway.
Though long may be the marching,
There'll come a blessèd hour,
When walls of sin shall crumble
Before Jehovah's power.

MARY E. WARD.
In "Union Signal."
North Danville, Vt., 1885.

OUR BEACON HYMN.

Tune—"*Sweet by and by.*"

"I am come a light into the world."—John xii: 46.

1 There's a light that is beaming above,
And a promise to us hath been given,
From the Father of truth and of love,
That it heralds the kingdom of heaven.

CHORUS.—It will shine more and more,
Till its glory like noontide shall be.

2 It will scatter the darkness away,
From the homes of the poor and oppressed;
It will gather in brightest array,
All the works that our faith has expressed.

3 To our merciful Father of light
Let us offer our humblest and best;
For the hope of the triumph of right,
For the promise of peace and of rest.

ELIZABETH A. LAWSON.
Sept., 1885.

TEMPERANCE RALLY.

1 There is woe in our country, awake, let us rise;
'T is the wail of the drunkard; Oh! list to his cries;
'T is the plea of his children, in pity take heed,
'T is the anguish of hearts that for him ever bleed.

CHO.— Coming, coming, we hear the loud cry,
Coming, coming, the victory is nigh.

2 We will rally in concert, against this grim foe,
His great pow'r to defeat, and his kingdom o'erthrow;
We will rescue from death and from ruin his slaves,
From this deadliest foe, which all nature depraves.

3 We are joined hand in hand, so now let us haste;
For the hours they are fleeing, no time let us waste;
See, our victory is sure, for our cause it is just,
And we take in the conflict our God as our trust.

4 Come, and when the last chain of the drunkard is riven;
We will send up in shouts, our thanksgiving to heaven;
And his heart in rejoicing with ours shall ascend,
While so sweetly his voice with our anthems shall blend.

MRS. MARY L. NATE.
Set to music by DR. R. L. LEONARD.

SHALL RUM OR RIGHTEOUSNESS RULE?

AN APPEAL OF COL. GEO. W. BAIN.

1 From the shore of the mighty Atlantic
To the strand of the "Golden Gate;"
From the peak of our northernmost mountain,
To the coast of the old Gulf State,
There's a burden that weighs on the nation,
There's a duty all must meet;
And who dare, 'neath the eye of Jehovah,
Stand aside with unwilling feet!

CHORUS.
Born of earth's bitterest anguish,
Natured in misery's school,
Was the question each soul must now answer:
"Shall rum or righteousness rule."

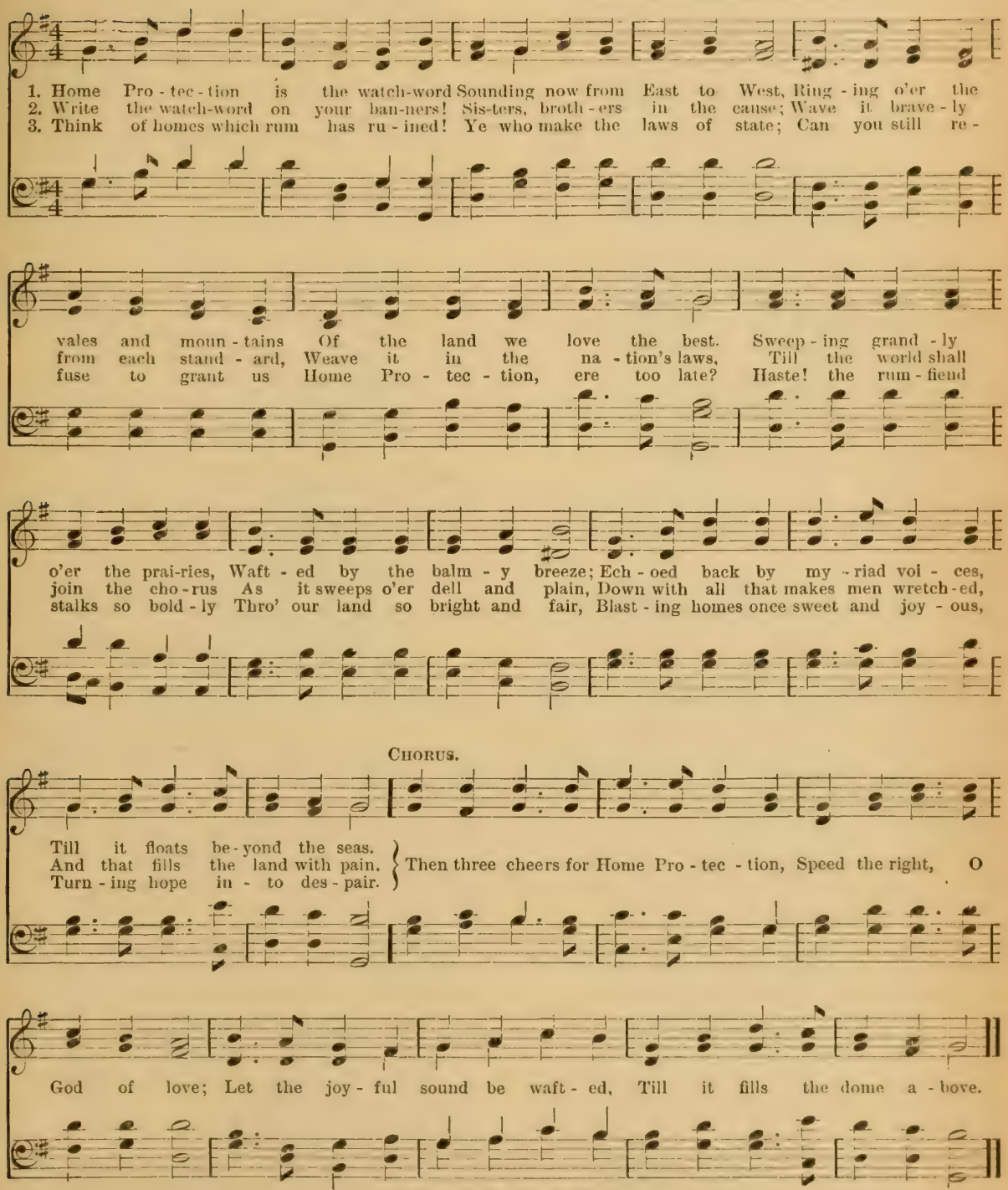
2 Oh! the sorrow that like a fierce tempest,
Spreads destruction o'er homes so fair,
How the flood-tide of anguish is rolling
O'er the earth with its black despair!
How the hearts of the mothers are breaking
As the children plead for bread!
While the fiend o'er his victim is gloating,
For the *law* with his crime is red.

3 Then away with a law so degrading
As to license a man to sin!
If we stand for the right on this question,
We shall surely the victory win.
But the "choose ye this day" has been spoken
To each heart in all the land;
And God's "Whom will ye serve?" must be answered,
For the battle is now at hand.

MISS. M. E. SERVOSS. 1883.
Set to music by E. S. LORENZ, and published in sheet music form by W. J. SHUEY, Dayton, Ohio. By per.

HOME PROTECTION IS THE WATCHWORD.*

Words and Music by Mrs. G. C. S. 1879.



* Copyrighted, 1879, by H. Huck.

OH! HASTE THE DAY.

Tune – "*Happy Day.*"

1 Oh! haste the day, the happy day,
When temperance o'er our land shall sway
A sceptre bright, whose gleaming light
Shall chase the clouds of gloom away.
When men no more shall use their power
And wealth, their breth'ren to enslave.
Nor women weep while loved ones creep
In shame and sorrow to the grave.

2 Oh! haste the day of purest ray,
When guilt no more shall seek a screen;
When honor bright shall seek the light,
And no dull barrier raise between.
O sisters, bring, while children sing,
Kind words to cheer the struggling brave,
Who would unbind the chains that wind
And drag them 'neath the surging wave.

3 Our foes are great, the laws of state
They frame their pathway to defend;
But God doth choose the weak to use,
And on His might our hopes depend.
Toil on, ye brave! the land to save,
Ye earnest workers for the right,
Oh! list the song Hope sings so long:
"The morning cometh after night."

EMILY P. WILLIAMS.
Appleton City, Mo. June, 1882.

Mrs. Sarah M. Sykes-Woodin.

Mrs. Sarah M. Sykes-Woodin was born in Clinton, Oneida Co., N. Y., June 10, 1822. She came of the old Puritan stock, the first one of her father's family emigrating to this new world, from London, in 1630, in the same ship with the first Governor of Mass. (Gov. Winthrop.) She had excellent pious training, and has been a very active Christian worker all her life long. For many years she has been deeply interested in the Temperance cause, and has written numerous rousing songs for the furtherance of the work. Her father's people were Welsh, and she inherited their characteristic of firmness in whatever is considered right, obeying God rather than man, thus rendering her eminently fit to aid in carrying on the various reforms of the present day.

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

"He that glorieth let him glory in the Lord."
"If God be for us who can be against us?"

Tune – "*Coronation.*"

1 What means this great rejoicing throng,
Upon this festal day?
Who leads their ranks, so bright and strong?
What impulse doth them sway?
It is God's army for the right,
Who love and Him obey.

2 It means the world is moving on,
To check intemperance tide;
Determined victory shall be won,
And virtue here abide.
Uphold they thus the cause of right,
Who love and Him obey.

3 Work on! with courage and with song,
Improve thy talent, each hour,
"In God we trust," to Him belong
The glory and the power.
Thus shall we prove 'tis our delight
To love and Him obey.

MRS. S. M. WOODIN, of Detroit W. C. T. U.
Sung at the State Convention of Michigan W. C. T. U., held in Detroit, April 8, 1879.

THE TEMPERANCE WAVE.

Tune—"*To the Work.*"—Gospel Hymns, No. 2.

1 Yes, a wave, another wave
Is now bearing us on
To the shore of the right,
To the land to be won.
We will work, we will pray,
We will sing as we go,
Till we rouse all the nation,
And conquer our foe.

CHORUS—Roll it on, roll it on, roll it on, roll it on,
Let us hope and trust, let us watch and pray,
And labor till the Master comes.

2 Yes, a wave, another wave
Strikes us down as we stand
Idly waiting for work,
When there's work on every hand.
We are down in the valley,
The trough of the sea
Of Intemp'rance, but we rally,
We "pledge," we *will* be free.

3 Roll it on, roll it on,
Blow the breeze of public mind,
Roll it higher and higher
Till a furious gale we find.
Roars the wave to the shore
Where the bark Intemp'rance lies,
And founders it forever,
Safe hid from weary eyes.

MRS. CLARA SMITH.

SOON THE CAUSE OF RIGHT WILL TRIUMPH.

Tune—"*Out of Darkness into Light,*" by Sankey, Gospel Hymns No. 3.
Or "*Memories of Earth,*" Gospel Hymns No. 3, page 76.

1 Soon the cause of right will triumph,
And we'll hurl the tempter down;
Alcohol, the king of ruin,
Soon will lose his gilded crown.

CHORUS—Blesséd Spirit, loving Spirit!
Thou hast said, Go, work, to-day!
Work and prayer soon, soon will conquer,
Thou dost bid us work and pray.

2 Soon for prohibition laws
Our nation's voice will plead;
All our scorners put to flight!
Soon the right shall people lead.

3 Soon shall we, the temperance people,
Be upon the winning side;
In a good time surely coming,
Soon for us will turn the tide.

4 Soon the liquor traffic will be
A livelihood unknown;
Our many prayers be answered,
Soon will spring up seed we've sown.

ELLA M. TRUESDELL.
Hornellsville, N. Y., Feb., 1884.

DEVOTION TO TEMPERANCE WORK.

L. M.

1 To Temperance we will raise our song,
And for its honored work will throng;
Marshall our hosts and take the field,
And never, never, never yield.

2 We'll trust in God, and faithful work;
Leave doubtful thoughts for those who shirk;
With hearts of love will seek the lost,
Ruined by drink and tempest-tossed.

3 God's blessings we most humbly crave;
Help us by Thy great power to save!
May curse of drink not claim our hands,
Freed be our sons from galling bands!

MRS. L. D. W. FERRIS.
Delmar, Iowa. 1883.

FIGHT FOR PROHIBITION.

Tune—"*Ring the Bells of Heaven.*" (B flat).

1 Fight for Prohibition, gird our armor on,
Valiantly we'll march against the foe;
We will wield the scepter till the battle's won,
Till we stay the stream of blood and woe.

CHORUS.—Glory, glory, let the people sing,
Glory, glory, make the welkin ring;
'T is for Prohibition we will take our stand,
Till we drive intemp'rance from the land.

2 Work for Prohibition—now the father calls,
Calling for the safety of his child;
Oh! he loves him dearly, cannot see him fall
By intemp'rance, and by sin defiled.

MRS. J. A. OSBURY.

OUR W. C. T. U. WORKING SONG.

1 How our battle-word inspires our souls, as to the fight we go,—
For our God hath promised victory, and giveth strength, we know;
In His glorious armor panoplied we'll meet "each wily foe,"
As we go marching on.

2 'T is the God of truth and righteousness we love and trust and serve;
With His holy name our watchword, we will from no danger swerve,
For it cheers the fainting spirit and it steels the quivering nerve,
As we go marching on.

3 Lo! a beauteous land extended wide its broad arms to the seas!
Lo! a starry banner floating, fanned by every fresh, wild breeze!
List! a grand old song of freedom, echoing over hills and leas,
As we go marching on.

4 Here is freedom for the good and brave, the noble and the true,
For the willing earnest worker who will bravely dare and do;
But no license here for evil, with its train of want and woe,
For good we're marching on.

5 On this warfare we have entered, and with God at our right hand
We will dauntlessly press forward, and in battle firmly stand!
So ring out our cry of cheer— "For God and Home and Native Land,"
We're boldly marching on.

MRS. L. H. THORNE. 1883.

HOME PROTECTION HYMN.

COMPOSED FOR THE WOMAN'S MEETING AT THE STATE HOUSE, SPRINGFIELD, ILL., JAN. 19, 1881.

Tune—"*Scots Wa Hae.*"

1 Rally at the clarion call;
Praise ye, fathers, mothers, all;
Fight till every foe shall fall;
Set your loved ones free!

2 Join the "Home Protection Band,"
Born to save your Native Land;
Work with will, and heart, and hand,
Till your homes are free.

3 Help the Healing Waters flow,
Broad'ning, bright'ning as they go;
Wash the fallen white as snow,
From their bondage free!

4 Mothers—sisters—hearts that bleed,
In you dire and bitter need,
You must pray, and vote, and plead,
Would you e'er be free.

5 "Who'd be free must strike the blow!"
Mighty words of long ago;
Pealing still, as on they go,
Knells to Tyranny!

6 This the day, and this your hour—
Fearful are the woes that lower;
"Strike with might, with every power,
Thus God makes us free!"

MRS. M. E. WOLCOTT, Ripon, Wis.

PROHIBITION.

1 Wake the song of *Prohibition*,
Swell the chorus loud and long;
Of the anthems of the nation,
Ne'er was heard a nobler song;
It will lift a veil of sorrow,
Many a hearth-fire make more bright,
It will banish giant evil,
It will aid the truth and right.

2 All humanity that suffers,
From humanity may claim
Helping hand when reaching upward
To a better life again.
As we strive to raise the fallen,
May we not do something more,
In removing the temptation
And the tempter from the door?

3 Shall we boast our Schools of Science,
Blended with ennobling art,—
Shall we boast our land of Freedom,
Dear to every patriot heart,
While we harbor in our borders,
Schools which train our youth in vice,
Schools protected by the people,
Chartered, licensed for a price?

4 Raise the flag of *Prohibition*,
Rear the unfurled banner bright,
Over all our favored nation,
Bear it on to victory.
Ours will be a truer people,
Worthier of their birthright, when
To prohibit this vile traffic,
Stand enrolled our noblest men.

MRS. LUCY H. WASHINGTON. 1876.

From a poem entitled "Prohibition," in "Echoes of Song," by per.

WATCH AND PRAY.

1 Christians, seek not yet repose;
Cast thy dreams of ease away;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
Watch and pray.

2 Gird thy heavenly armor on;
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one;
Watch and pray.

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim:
"Watch and pray."

4 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey:
Hide within thy heart His word—
Watch and pray.

5 Watch as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

HELP.

1 Help for the perilled millions
Tossing in dire dismay,
Out on the raging billows,
Yawning for the prey.
Man ye the life-boats quickly,
With the resolute and the strong,
And send o'er the angry surges
A shout to the struggling throng.

CHORUS—Swiftly speed, Oh! swiftly
Out from the safe, warm shore,
For some in the seething waters
Are sinking to rise no more.

2 Carry them food and raiment,
Seek them with loving care,
Cheer them with songs of gladness,
Strengthen them with prayer.
Work with a will together,
Breasting the mighty tide,
Nor stop for the weak dissension,
Turning your strength aside.

3 Ye who may sit untroubled
In beautiful homes of ease,
Come out from your idle dreaming
And look on the boiling seas.
And hasten, quick to the rescue,
Signal or token send,
That you watch in the love of Jesus,
For the life of the drowning men.

4 From the battlements of that city,
The home of the glorious King,
With the ransomed host—He watches
To see if the lost ye bring.
And listen! through all the peril,
And noise of the storm, to hear
The lift of their glad hosannas,
For the help of the toilers here.

MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

In "Union Signal," August, 1884.

A NEW AMERICA.

1 Our country, now from thee
Claim we our liberty
In Freedom's name.
Daughters of patriot sires,
Guarding home's altar fires,
Your zeal our own inspires,
Justice to claim.

2 Women, in every age,
For this great heritage
Tribute have paid.
Our birthright claim we now,
Longer refuse to bow;
On freedom's altar now
Our hand is laid.

3 Our garnered sheaves we yield,
Gleaned from each glorious field
Women have wrought;
Truth's standard raising high,
Ready to do or die,
Enriching life for aye
With deed and thought.

4 Grateful for freedom won,
The noble work begun,
Our sons, by thee,
Ended shall never be,
Until from sea to sea,
Chorused the song shall be,
Women are free.

5 Sons, will ye longer see
Mothers on bended knee
For justice pray?
Rise now, in manhood's might,
With earth's great souls unite,
To speed the dawning light
Of Freedom's day.

ELIZABETH BOYNTON HARBERT. 1884.

MYRIAD VOICES.

WRITTEN FOR THE FIRST ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Tune—"*Hold the Fort*"

1 Hark! the sound of myriad voices
Rising in their might;
'T is the daughters of Columbia
Pleading for the right.

CHORUS—Raise the flag and plant the standard,
Wave the signal still;
Brothers, we must share your freedom,
Help us, and we will.

2 Think it not an idle murmur,
You who hear the cry;
'T is a plea for human freedom,
Hallowed liberty!

3 O our country! glorious nation,
Greatest of them all;
Give unto thy daughters justice,
Or thy pride will fall.

4 Great republic! to thy watchword
Would'st thou faithful be;
All beneath thy starry banner
Are alike to thee.

HARRIET H. ROBINSON.

NEW AMERICA.

1 Our country! 't is for thee
Land pledged to liberty,
We do and dare;
Each man with right imbue,
Each woman's soul endue,
Each child receive anew,
God of our prayer!

2 We lift to Thee the cause
Of honest men and laws!
Lord, guide our ways!
Deliver us from wiles,
From tyranny and spoils
Corruption that assails,
And Thine the praise.

3 The land and homes we'd save,
Their deep foundations lave
In tides of wrong.
Each heart, and voice, and brain,
From coward sloth regain!
Thy servant's cause sustain!
Lord, hear our song!

MRS. G. W. CHAMBERS.
Kirkwood, Mo. Aug 1880

TO-DAY'S BUGLE CALL.

Tune—"*Home, Sweet Home.*"

1 There's a wail in the air from highland to sea,
And it toucheth the hearts of brave men and free;
For God's banner of love is now trailing low;
His hosts are unmarshalled, unconquered the foe.

2 Our country has gathered from near and from far
Its thousands, won hither to Liberty's star,
Who still must die slaves to the lusts that attend
Unless told of Jesus, the wanderer's friend.

3 Our cities, that sparkle like gems on the lea,
Are growing in strength like the waves of the sea;
And now they are reeking with guilt and with sin,
While Jesus, in pity, asks room to come in.

4 Our homes, with their traces of Eden's pure joy,
Have trial and pain, that with shadows alloy;
For some from the roof-tree have wandered away
In sin, and temptation, to evil a prey.

5 Where sunlight first glimmers on far eastern crest,
Where sunlight last lingers on slopes of the west,
From north-land to south-land the echo has come
We're dying;—Oh! tell us of Jesus and home!

6 Wake, brother, wake, sister, Oh! do not delay!
Arise! Christian, the Master calls thee to-day
To work in His vineyard, with heart and with hand
That Christ, the Redeemer, may rule our fair land!

LYDIA M. DUNHAM. 1884.
In "Watchword."

THE WHIRLWIND OF THE LORD.

1 When on the broad Chaldean plain
By Chebar's waters clear,
The heavens broke, and through the rift
Came visions to the seer,

2 The whirlwind of the Lord was there
Enwrapping sheets of flame;
And from the cloud of amber fire,
The living creature came.

3 E'en now to Israel's patient host
The storm of fire appears;
The whirlwind of the Lord alight,
Sweeps back the woe of years.

4 While deep within the fiery breast
As to Ezekiel's eyes,
Fleet footed, winged, and faced four square,
The living creature lies.

MARY B. WILLARD. 1873.

SWELL THE BATTLE-CRY.

1 The Christian army stands arrayed
For duty on the battle-field,
Firm, brave, and ever undismayed,
Gone forth to conquer, not to yield;
And Christ, their Captain, leads them on
The enemy to overthrow,
Through Him the battle shall be won,
And right shall rule instead of woe.

CHO.—Then swell the glorious battle-cry
Till heaven's blue vaults with echoes ring,
The foe we fight shall surely die,
Vile alcohol shall not be king.

2 For want and ruin through our land
The enemy hath scattered wide,
And crime and death go hand in hand,
To seek the homes they may divide;
While young and old on abject knee,
Bow down before this king of woe;
But God who gives the victory
Will bring the cruel tyrant low.

3 We'll scale the battlements of sin
And force the monster from his throne,
And peace and joy shall enter in
Where only sorrow hath been known,
And weary hearts shall find a rest
And sad-faced children learn to smile,
Their homes with innocence be blest,
Where now dwells alcohol the vile.

MISS. M. E. SERVOSS. 1881.
Set to music by GEO. C. HUGG in "Clear Notes."

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE CRUSADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE LADIES OF CINCINNATI, AS THEY WERE ABOUT TO UNDERTAKE THE CRUSADE IN THAT CITY.

1 On the plains for bloodless battle, they are gathering true and strong,
All the hero-hearted women, who have wept in silence long;
At the terrible oncoming of this raven-winged wrong,
Now God is leading on.
CHORUS—Glory, glory hallelujah, &c.

2 They have rallied forth to conquer, and will never beat retreat,
While the banner of the rum-fiend is flaunted on the street,
And his hellish snares are waiting for the all unwary feet,
For God will lead them on;

3 They will pierce the bending heavens, with united prayers and cries,
Till the strongholds shall be shaken, and the foe defeated lies,
Who has slain his many thousands, of the strong ones and the wise,
For God will lead them on.

4 They have looked to law's enforcement, for the help that never came,
Now God hath surely kindled in their hearts undying flame,
And relying on His Spirit, they shall conquer in His name,
For He is leading on.

5 For the future of their dear ones, for their country's power and pride,
Onward moved by bitter memories of the past, whose pains abide,
They are working, weeping, praying, in their weakness side by side,
For God is leading on.

6 Be still, O tongue of caviller, be strong, O heart of fear,
See you not the cloudy pillar, that is ever hovering near?
Know you not an ear is open, that will not refuse to hear?
For God is leading on.

7 Oh! the beauty and the blessing, when the curse is swept away,
That has turned to midnight darkness so many a golden day,
And is throwing weary shadows over many a life-long way,
For Christ is coming near.

8 All the desert and the wilderness shall blossom with the flowers
Of industry and plenty, in this blessed land of ours,
And the grace of God unstinted shall come down in gentle showers
For Heaven will be begun.

MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEE.
Glendale, Ohio. 1873.

THE BLESSED YEAR.

1 O year of night and tempest,
Of dark and troubled sea;
O year of many triumphs,
We praise our God for thee!
Our "temperance ship" went launching,
Fraught with foreboding fear,
To find God's rich fruition
Of blessing, hope and cheer.

2 Oh! our white sail with a shiver
Streamed out o'er seas so dread,
While the lightning glared and quivered
From warring clouds o'erhead;
Our slender mast bent trembling,
Our bark looked small and frail,
But the "shadowy hands" pulled steadily,
And onward sped the sail.

3 Our foes looked out with scorning,
Our friends aghast with fears,
But God's hand sent a harvest
Of seed long sown in tears.
Why did we dread the tempest,
Since He rules on the deep?
At whose rebuke the awful wind
And wave is lulled to sleep.

4 Perplexed toil we in rowing,
He ever draweth near,
If fainting or affrighted
His loving voice we hear.
Oh! courage, "ship of temperance!"
Enough it is to know
That His right hand is on the helm,
Through all the gales that blow.

MRS. MARTHA WINTERMUTE.
Newark, Ohio, June, 1885.

HYMN OF PRAISE AND PRAYER.

OF THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

1 God of Love, of Truth, of Justice, for the wonders of Thy grace,
Our glad hearts we lift in praises, to Thy holy dwelling place;
We have seen Thy great salvation, and the shining of Thy face,
On our loved temperance cause.
CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah, our God is marching on.

2 In Thy name we lift our banner, "Prohibition evermore;"
By the cross of Jesus standing, we will fight this battle o'er,
Till our snow-white flag is waving from the east to western shore,
O'er a land from rum set free.

3 We'll enforce the grand Amendment; let our enemies find flaws
In our noble Constitution, in our State's most righteous laws;
They will stand in vindication of our just and holy cause.
The truth is marching on.

4 Our brave brothers for the Union won a glorious victory;
Now they'll help us with the ballot, that the loved flag of the free
May wave o'er a sober people, from the river to the sea.
Their souls are marching on.

5 Now the crusade fires are burning; there's a stir all o'er the land;
An awakened, outraged people, purer, juster laws demand;
"Home protection," and the ballot in the wife and mother's hand,
The Nation will redeem.

6 The resistless tide sweeps onward, and the God of battle waits
To swing back by hands of Justice, Love and Truth, the golden gates
Of a glorious deliverance for the sisterhood of States.
The liquor traffic's doomed!

7 Thou art coming, King of Glory, whose great right it is to reign;
For a blessing Thou wilt help us use our fruits and golden grain;
Thou wilt heal the broken-hearted, wipe away the Nation's stain;
Thy truth is marching on.

8 Let the Holy Spirit's fullness on Thy waiting children fall;
May a love for Thee, Our Father, so inspire the souls of all,
That with burning hearts we'll rally, while we shout our battle call,
"God, Home and Native Land!"

MARY FLETCHER EVANS.

At the end of the 3d, 4th, 6th, 7th and 8th verses, let us sing the last line instead of "Our God is Marching On."

THE GREAT CONFLICT.

In vision, the battle appears to my mind,
The shout of the captains seems borne on the wind,
Hell's legions are marsh'ling, that claim to maintain,
To kingdoms of earth and their glory, how vain!
The Victor of Edom, behold! He draws nigh,
A name's on his vesture, a name's on his thigh.
Around him are gath'ring the gallant and brave,
Their standard is His who is mighty to save.
Hark!
From closet and hearthstone, I hear Knox's cry,
My country, O God, or Thy servant will die.
And women, like Deborah, watch till at length
Each may say, "O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength."

On then, ye brave hosts of the Lord, press right on.
These forces of evil, o'erthrown, bring the dawn
Of earth's glorious morning, promised so long
In prophecy, gospel, in story and song.
The great "Cloud of Witnesses" they wait all around,
To make the grand Arches of Glory resound
With shouts; Earth with Heaven may keep her glad
tryst,
Her kingdoms are won for "Our Lord and His Christ."

MISS E. M'G. SLOANE. 1884.

OUR BATTLE-CRY.

1 For God, and Home and Native Land!
Did battle-cry more brave, or grand,
E'er move the heart, or nerve the hand,
To do if needs
Heroic deeds?

2 For God! four hundred thousand strong,
His arm! to right a mighty wrong,
We're marching to the Advent song,
Sung happy morn
When Christ was born.

3 For God! for Him whose name is Love,
Our God! who watches from above,
Descend on us, thou Heavenly Dove,
Enter each heart,
Set us apart,

4 That consecrated soldiers, we
May long with loving loyalty,
To haste the promised victory,
Of good o'er ill,
Doing His will.

5 Oh! let us put His armor on,
The girdle and the breastplate don,
The gospel peace our feet upon,
His panoply
So full and free.

6 The shield that wards the fiery dart,
The helmet that makes brave the heart,
With sword to act the gallant part,
And with all prayer
Ourselves prepare.

7 For home, loved home, we also say,
Dear mother guards, watch night and day,
And plead each promise, as ye may.
God covenant keeps,
He never sleeps.

8 The babe that's now upon thy breast,
Shall rise one day and call thee blessed,
Sweet promise, to God's child addressed,
List to the voice!
Mother, rejoice.

9 As plants, grown up in youth, we'll see,
By our God-blessed ministry,
Our sons, from vice and folly free,
Fill useful place
With manly grace.

10 Like corner-stones, of beauty rare,
Fit to adorn a palace fair,
Make daughters given to our care;
We're taught to ask
For well-done task.

11 Yet haunts of infamy and sin
Are peopled by those once within
Some home. Brave rescue corps, go win
All little ones,
Daughters and sons,

12 For Him who said "Forbid them not,
But let them come to Me," and taught
That such His kingdom was, and thought
Children to bless
With sweet caress.

13 And now the cry's for native land;
Dear soldiers, do we understand
How much the times of us demand,
The patriot's zeal,
For country's weal?

14 Our "Ship of State" 's a drifting barque,
The wind is high, the night is dark,
False lights of wreckers lure, and hark!
The breakers roar
'Gainst treacherous shore.

15 Our Ship of State! our Ship of State!
Who is her captain? Who her mate?
What pilot's trusted with her fate?
Is no chart there?
Her compass, where?

16 Hear women mourn, see children weep,
Where 're they, who watch and guard should keep
About the ship? Asleep! asleep!
Oh! who can save
From ocean grave?

17 There's One the elements obey,
He with a word proud waves can stay;
Why own we not the mighty sway
Of King of kings,
That safety brings?

18 O Deborah, awake! awake!
And Esther, with thine all at stake;
Maybe ye're come for country's sake,
Free from her crime
For such a time.

19 Go bid this land, brave prophetess,
Break off her sins, by righteousness,
And may our God the message bless,
And by thy hand
Save native land.

20 And queen, so beautiful and brave,
Coming, resolved to die or save,
To such, the king her people gave.
Gracious as he
Thy King shall be.

MRS E. M'G. SLOANE.
Oakdale, Ill. 1885.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.

INSCRIBED TO THE W. C. T. U.

1 Soldiers, in this earnest battle,
Buckle on your armor bright,
Prayer and work must go together,
If we vanquish in the fight.
Paul must plant, Apollis water,
They their labors must not cease,
Then to prayer and faith awaiting,
God, Himself, gives the increase.

2 Gideon's sword must flash and glitter,
Gideon's arm must brave the foe;
Then the Lord through grace will strengthen,
By our work our faith we show.
And though often faint and weary,
Drooping from the dust and glare,
We should never flag nor falter,
Till the victor's crown we wear.

3 Forward, then, the temperance rally,
Alcohol, in all his might,
On ten thousand fields is tenting
Ready to contest the fight.
Fling abroad our snow-white banner,
Let its folds be seen afar,
Gleaming, where the foe is thickest,
Like the white plume of Navarre.

MRS. E. D. HUNDLEY.
Greensboro, N. C. 1884.

CRUSADE RALLYING SONG.

1 We are marshalling the forces
Of an army true and strong;
We are going forth to battle
'Gainst a Hydra-headed Wrong;
We are marching to the music
Of the "Coronation" song,
And by this sign we'll conquer
Though the fight be fierce and long!

2 Where the bugle calls to battle
We shall go with fearless feet,
Though the proud may deem this service
Both for them and us unmeet:
Keeping step to Right and Duty,
We shall find the pathway sweet;
And from thence ne'er has our Leader
Called a halt or a retreat.

3 From the Rum Fiend's poisoned arrows—
From his fiery, fatal quest,
We are pledged to guard each other
And all those we love the best:—
And the battle cry is, "Forward!
No faltering and no rest
Till Rum's flaunting, mocking ensign
'Neath our conquering feet is pressd!"

4 With hearts all aglow with pity
For the tempted ones who fall,
And with arms outstretched to rescue
Wounded friend, or foe, or all,—
We are pledged to do our utmost
To break down this tyrant's thrall!
Ne'er, "Am I my brother's keeper?"
Be our answer to God's call!

5 See, bright from many a hill-top,
How new camp-fires flash and glow!
Hear from tented fields and valleys
New songs of victory go!
Shout answers shout, till a chorus
Breaks in impetuous flow: —
"All hail!" "What cheer!" "Lo! the morning
Shall dawn on a vanquished foe!"
"The East takes its tint from the glory
That the coming day shall know!"

MRS. MARY A. LEAVITT. 1873.

HOW LONG?

L. M.

1 When musing on the sin and woe
That from intemperance darkly flow,
As some broad river deep and strong,
My heart exclaims, O Lord! how long?

2 How long shall this dark evil reign?
Oh! when shall right the victory gain?
And men arise from slavery free,
In manly, God-like liberty?

3 Once blood was poured like water forth
The slave to free. But South and North
Are sunk in slavery deeper still;
No gift the Tyrant's greed can fill.

4 Oft youth and innocence are given;
The joys of earth, the hopes of heaven,
The peace of home, the love of wife,
The children's bread, the father's life.

5 But still the Tyrant calls for more,
Though thousands fallen in years before
Have given a wild, despairing cry,
To warn the young its snares to fly.

6 Oh! rouse ye, men! and trample down
The monster; let his rayless crown,
This iron crown, be rent in twain;
While right and freedom victory gain.

7 Arouse! arise! and list the cry
Of widowed hearts, that rends the sky!
Oh! check the stream, roll back the tide,
Before ten thousands more have died.

EMILY P. WILLIAMS. 1884

GIRD ON THE ARMOR.

1 Stand fast in the cause of our Master and Lord,
Let truth be our breast-plate, the Bible our sword;
Gird on the whole armor, prepare for the strife,
A conflict with sin, and a battle for life.

2 The Gospel our sandals, and faith for our shield,
Salvation our helmet, the world is our field;
Our foes are without and our foes are within,
Be strong for the Master, the conquest to win.

3 Pray earnest, pray fervent, be always in prayer,
The shaft that will vanquish the tempter is there;
Unheeded and harmless the arrows will fall,
The Saviour has promised to answer our call.

FANNY CROSBY.
Set to Music by A. VAN ALSTYNE.
By per.

IS RUM TO BE KING?

1 Is Rum to be King of the nation,
O sons of your patriot sires?
Will you in the dust tamely grovel
And bend to a Tyrant's desires?
Can you look on the land you inherit,
And barter sweet liberty's smile
While the best and the purest is trampled
'Neath the foot of a despot so vile?
No, no, no, no!
A million brave voices are shouting,
We'll draw our bright swords while we may;
And we'll smite while the great God of battles
Will stand by our side in the fray.

2 Is rum to be King of the nation
That flaunts her proud flag to the world —
Her stars and her stripes, the bright emblems
Tnat liberty long hath unfurled?
Is Rum to be King while the green sward
Is red with the blood of the brave?
When yet o'er the hills ring the echoes
That the shouts of their victory gave?
No, no, no, no!
Sons of freedom, Oh! shout till the echoes
Proclaim to the world evermore
That ne'er shall the foot of a Tyrant
Be planted on liberty's shore.

3 Is Rum to be King of the nation,
The grandest on all the wide earth?
Whose sons and whose daughters were cradled
In times that but fostered their worth?
Can these rivet chains for their children,
And leave but a record of shame?
Can these to their graves go dishonored
And leave so ignoble a fame?
No, no, no, no!
A million brave voices are shouting,
We'll draw our bright blades while we may;
And we'll smile while the great God of battles
Will stand by our side in the fray.

MATTIE F. SMITH. 1883.

FORWARD. MARCH.

TO THE TEMPERANCE WORKERS OF THE UNITED STATES.

(To be recited or sung at an Annual Meeting.)

1 Join hands!
The mists are lifting;
All the east is red.
What though black clouds fiercely shifting,
Mutter overhead;
Storms have come, and storms have vanished,
And the green earth stands
Trusting till her ills are banished.
Friends, join hands!

2 Close ranks!
Across the valleys
See the foemen stand
Massing for the coming rally,
Ready for command.
Ours to meet and check their scourging,
Our reward the thanks
Of the souls the war is purging.
Friends, close ranks!

3 Forward, March!
The field before us,—
Homes we love at hand;
With the God of battles o'er us
Tread we now the land.
March till purity shall level
Safe highway for peace;
March 'gainst hellish rout and revel;
Forward! for release.
March!

AURILLA FURBER.
Cottage Grove. Minn. 1884.

DAUGHTERS OF COLUMBIA.

C. M.

Tune — "*Dundee.*"

"Hear my voice, ye careless daughters."—Isa. xxxii: 9.

1 Shall desolation always rule
Throughout our native land?
Is there no human power to save
The souls by drink unmanned?

CHORUS—O daughters of Columbia!
Arise! arise to-day!
Arise! to shield our own loved homes,
And watch, and strive, and pray!

2 Of small avail are pledge and badge,
Against the tempter's wile,
For, licensed with the "right" to kill,
'T is easy to beguile.

3 How shall we save our little ones,
When on each busy street
The serpent coils in many a den,
And finds a safe retreat?

MISS. M. E. SERVOSS.
Set to music by JAS. R. MURRAY Nov 1879.
From "Temperance Light." By per.

THE NATION'S FOE.

1 There's an enemy at hand,
Shall we forward march, or stand?
While there is within our land a deadly foe;
Foe that charges on the soul,
Lurking in the sparkling bowl,
Luring on to folly, ruin, crime, and woe.

CHORUS—On! on, on, the foe is marching,
Bearing to death a mighty throng:
Let us rally at the call,
Rally bravely one and all,
God is leading in the battle
'Gainst the wrong.

2 'T is a foe with smiling face,
Who with winsome, smiling grace,
Binds his victim first with frailest silken band;
But his power will increase,
He will banish joy and peace,
And he holds with fatal grasp and iron hand.

3 Rally for that noble son,
Rally for the precious one,
Upon whom the light and joy of life depends;
Are thy treasures all secure?
Hast thou nothing to endure,
Rally, then, with tender heart, for neighbor, friend.

4 Rally with the voice of love;
Bear the emblem of the dove;
Seeking safety from the deluge of despair.
Rally, with your banners high,
Waving in the azure sky,
And the eagle's dauntless pinion graven there.

5 Wouldst thou clean from every fold,
Stain of blood and glare of gold,
Placed upon it by the nation's direst foe?
Shun his glittering "reward;"
Heed the mandate of the Lord;
Lest thou come to feel the bitter, burning "woe."

6 Forward, march, without delay,
Or the foe may win the day,
He is raising new recruits on every hand;
Forward, with the battle-cry;
Those we love may surely die,
If we do not rout the foe within the land.

MRS. L. H. WASHINGTON. 1877.

UP FOR JESUS STAND.

1 Soldiers of the eternal King,
Speed the watchword! give it wing,
Let it through the churches ring!
Up for Jesus stand.
Write it on the temple's spire,
Utter it with tongues of fire,
Sire to son and son to sire,
Up for Jesus stand,
Sire to son and son to sire,
Up for Jesus, Jesus stand.

CHORUS—Up for Jesus stand,
Up for Jesus stand,
Speed the watchword! give it wing,
And up for Jesus stand.

2 Label it on every door,
Place it high the pulpit o'er
Let it stand forevermore!
Up for Jesus stand.
Blazon it in mansion halls,
Pencil it on prison walls,
Do and dare as duty calls,
Up for Jesus stand.
Do and dare as duty calls!
Up for Jesus, Jesus stand.

MRS JOS F KNAPP.
In the Cantata, "Prince of Peace."
Set to music by MRS. KNAPP. Used by per.

CRUSADE SONG.

MOTTO: JEHOVAH-NISSI, THE LORD OUR BANNER.

Tune—"*Rally 'round the Flag.*"

1 Let us rally 'round the banner,
Rally once again,
Raising our united voice in prayer;
For we have a precious promise,
That it shall not be in vain;
Then rally with earnest, pleading prayer.

CHORUS—Our brothers forever,
Our joy, and our pride,
Oh! that they may never
Be borne on the tide,
To the fearful, fatal vortex,
Where multitudes have died;
Rally with earnest, pleading prayer.

2 We have turned to Legislation,
But she gave us no redress,
No covert from the dark, deluding snare;
We enlisted Moral Suasion,
She effected even less,—
Now we turn to God, and trust in prayer.

3 We are weak and faint and weary,
But our Advocate is strong,
Then let us call on Him our every care;
With "THE LORD" upon our banner,
We will rally with our song,
Rally with earnest, pleading prayer.

4 Then we'll rally round the banner,
Again and yet again;
Surely the way He will prepare;
He is leading in the battle,
And can turn the hearts of men.—
Then rally with earnest, pleading prayer.

MRS. L. H. WASHINGTON.
In "Echoes of Song." 1877.

LAND OF LIBERTY.

1 Is this a land of liberty?
When, as each yearly cycle rolls,
Are dug the graves, yes, drunkard's graves,
For seven times ten-thousand souls?

CHORUS—O God of righteousness, draw near,
While for our native land we plead;
Oh! free it from the curse of drink,
And then it shall be free indeed.

2 And can we claim this land as free,
When on its streets so oft we find
The slaves of drink, in chains of woe,
And burdened with a demon's mind?

3 Is this a land of liberty?
Then let us firmly take our stand
Against the cruel tyrant, Drink,
And save the honor of our land.

4 Thus, with God's hand to lead us on,
Unflinchingly we'll meet the foe;
Wrest from his power this dying throng,
And check the mighty tide of woe.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.
Set to music by GEO. C. HUGO.
Used by per. HENRY HUCK.

INVOCATION.

C M.
Tune—"*Dundee.*"

1 O Thou great spirit whom we seek
To know, to love and praise!
To Thee in supplication meek,
An earnest voice we raise.

2 A cloud has risen o'er the land
From tears that sorrows give;
In mourning for the stricken band
Who still might "look and live."

3 But Oh! the Tempter in his might
Is fierce and strong to-day!
May we be wise to help the right,
To Thee, O Lord, we pray.

4 Touch every nation with Thy hand
Of fire, O God of might!
Till selfishness, like shifting sand,
Is wasted from the sight.

MRS. M. M. FRAZIER.

TEMPERANCE PRAYER AND HYMN.

1 Give, Lord, Thy gracious, list'ning ear
As we before Thy throne appear;
"O'er us a tide of mercy roll;"
Bless, purify each waiting soul.

2 To our dear cause Thy spirit lend,
Be Thou our present help and friend;
Gird us with strength the sin to fight,
And bid us conquer by Thy might.

3 Thou whom the wind and waves obeyed,
Stop Thou the woe that drink has made;
Unbind the drunkard from his chains;
Vanquish this death, relieve these pains.

4 And as this prayer ascends on high,
O Father, hear the feeblest cry;
May pitying love this cause constrain,
And Thou Thy people's work sustain.

MRS. L. D. W. FERRIS.
Denmar, Iowa. 1884.

WE'LL HELP THE CAUSE ALONG.

1 We must work and pray together,
Working, praying for the right;
We must fight against the evil,
Till we conquer by our might.

CHORUS—We're strong to do, we're strong to dare,
In faith and hope we're strong;
United thus in strength and prayer,
We'll help the cause along.

2 In defence of truth and justice,
Like a bulwark we must stand,
And the soul that's full of courage
Will give courage to the hand.

3 We must work and not be weary,
Though we conquer not to-day;
For the rescue of our brothers
We must work as well as pray.

4 Hark! the crystal streams and fountains
Swell the chorus of our song;
And they seem to be rejoicing
As they help the cause along.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.
Copyright, 1870, and set to music by W. H. DOANE.
Used by per. Biglow & Main.

MY CONFIDENCE.

1 I hold Thy truth, O Lord, within my heart,
Thy law I love;
I hold Thy cross, and try to do my part
My faith to prove;
I hold Thy promise, Lord, and daily pray
"My faith increase,
That I may closer cleave to Thee, the Way,
And have Thy peace."
Yet little joy my holding brings to me,
Because I know
That, though my soul still trusting clings to Thee,
I may let go.

2 But I am held, O Lord; Thou hast my hand,
And Thou art strong;
Throughout my journey in this desert land,
However long,
Thou givest me support. I shall not fall.
Though foes assail
And press me hard, over myself and all
I shall prevail.
Great joy Thy presence and Thy pledge afford,
Because I know
That Thou wilt not, since Thou hast given Thy word,
Of me let go.

SARAH DOUDNEY.
Author of "Nothing but Leaves."

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

"And when He came to it He found nothing but leaves." Mark xi: 13.

1 Nothing but leaves! The Spirit grieves
O'er years of wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reap from years of strife—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain;
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—
Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds—
Then reap with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3 Nothing but leaves! Sad memory weaves
No veil to hide the past;
And as we trace our weary way,
And count each lost and misspent day
We sadly find at last—
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

4 Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

MRS. LUCY EVELINA AKERMAN.
Set to music by SILAS J. VAIL.

WHY STAND YE HERE IDLE?

Tune—"*How firm a foundation*," or "*Home, sweet Home*."

1 Why stand ye here idle? there's so much to do—
The vintage is ready and waiting for you;
The Master is saying, "Go work ye, to-day,
And what ye're deserving I surely will pay."

2 "The fields are all white," saith the Master again;
"Why stand ye here idle? go gather my grain,"
And a crown to the faithful I surely I will give,
For the workman is worthy, by labor, to live.

3 Why stand ye here idle? there's so much to do—
A world is receding, a heaven's in view.
Work while it is day, for the night hastens on,
And the hours ye could profit, in darkness are gone.

4 Why stand ye here idle, Eternity's nigh
And God may be saying, "this night ye shall die."
The grave hath no cunning, no skillful device,
But as the tree falleth, forever it lies.

5 The golden bowl's useless ere ye are aware;
The silver cord loosed, ye can never repair;
The pitcher may break at the fountain to-day,
And the wheel at the cistern is doomed to decay.

6 Why stand ye here idle, when life is so short?
Go cultivate richly the ground of the heart;
'T will bud, aye, and blossom, and ripen above,
In the garden of God, the Elysium of love.

ADELIA C. GRAVES.
Winchester, Tenn. 1883.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

1 The star of hope has risen
For millions doomed to die,
And from the gray horizon,
Ascends the vaulted sky;
O hearts grown weary watching,
For rescue from the grave,
Look up! salvation cometh,
The Lord, the Lord can save.

CHORUS.—The star of hope has risen,
And shineth from on high,
Let every soul be waiting,
Redemption draweth nigh.

2 O slaves of drink, He calleth,
And bids you seek His grace,
That as a Friend and Brother
You may behold His face;
Your shackles shall be broken,
And, by God's powerful hand,
The enemy be vanquished
And driven from the land.

3 The star of hope has risen,
Let every heart rejoice!
And in one glad hosanna
Be lifted every voice.
And tell the dying millions,
That Jesus, by His might,
Can save the vilest drunkard
That Bacchus doth benight.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.
Set to Music by F. L. ARMSTRONG. "In Clear Notes"
Used by permission of Henry Buck.

OUR TRUST.

"Such trust have we through Christ." II Cor. iii: 4.

1 Our trust is in Thy name,
In ev'ry hour of fear;
Thy faithful promises we claim,
And joy to find Thee near.

CHORUS — Our trust is in Thy name,
Our peace alone in Thee;
Thy hand can loose the heavy chain,
And set the captive free.

2 Once when Thy children brought
The sick and blind to Thee,
Thy hand its mighty healing wrought,
And made the blind to see.

3 So to Thy feet to-day
These blind and dumb, we bring;
Open their eyes, O Christ, we pray,
And loose their tongues to sing.

4 Shield them with tender care
When crafty foes assail,
And in Thine arms of pity bear,
When feeble flesh shall fail.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.
Set to Music by WM. A. OGDEN
Published by O. Ditson & Co.

THE SURE RETURN.

Pray; though the gift you ask
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive and wait, and pray.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

HE COMES!

FOR EASTER SUNDAY.

"Thy garments like him who treadeth in winefat."—Is. lxiii: 2.

8s & 6s D.

1 He comes in blood-stained garments;
Upon His brow a crown:
The gates of brass fly open,
The iron bands drop down;
From off the fettered captive
The chains of Satan fall,
While angels shout triumphant,
That Christ is Lord of all!

2 O Christ! His love is mighty;
Long suffering is His grace;
And glorious is the splendor
That beameth from His face.
Our hearts up-leap in gladness
When we behold that love,
As we go singing onward
To dwell with Him above.

CHARITIE LEES BANCROFT.

Mrs. Mayo.

Mrs Mayo, better known as Miss Edgarton, was born in Shirley, Mass., 1819. She became known to the public as a writer in 1837, at the age of 18 years, when she contributed to various prominent religious journals, and soon after became one of the editors of the Ladies' Repository, a monthly magazine published in Boston. She also edited a religious annual, "The Rose of Sharon," for more than nine years. Her poetical works are "The Flower Vase," "The Poety of Woman," &c.,&c. She in 1846 became the wife of Rev. A. D. Mayo, Gloucester, Mass., and died there in 1848. It is said her character was a model of Christian excellence, and her poems and hymns are indeed marked by an elevated thought and expression, a purity and tenderness of feeling which are in harmony with such an encomium. One of her best poems is "The Answered Prayer."—"Am. Female Poets."

BE FIRM.

May be read at meeting, or may be sung to any L. M. by repeating last two lines of tune and omitting the last "Be Firm."

1 Be firm! whatever tempts thy soul
To loiter ere it reach its goal,
Whatever syren voice would draw
Thy heart from duty and its law,
Oh! that distrust. Go bravely on,
And, till the victor-crown be won,
Be firm!

2 Firm when thy conscience is assailed,
Firm when the star of hope is veiled,
Firm in defying wrong and sin,
Firm in life's conflict, toil and din,
Firm in the path by martyrs trod,—
And Oh! in love to man and God,
Be firm!

SARAH C. EDGARTON MAYO.

Mrs. M. A. M. Cramer.

Mrs. M. A. M. Cramer was born in New York City, and went West in her 9th year. When but five years of age, a severe attack of scarlet fever left her totally deaf, an affliction from which she has never recovered. Her education has been received entirely at home, she never having attended a sign school or other kind.

She has, in a degree, retained her speech, conversing with members of her own family, understanding them by lip language. She is considered one of the very best writers in prose and verse among the silent sisterhood, poetry being her specialty, however, and her articles are a triumph over difficulty, indeed. Before the Galaxy was merged into the Atlantic, she contributed very acceptably to its columns.

HYMN TO THE CROSS.

1 O hallowed sign! the holy, the availing,
Thorn-wreathed, yet dear to bosoms sorrow-riven,
When faith grows weak, and human strength is failing,
Thou risest up, a type of promise given.

2 Hope of the wanderer! in a world of error;
Guide of the saint who clings to thee for guiding;
We blindly drift on seas of doubt and terror,
To see the waves around thy base subsiding.

3 When youthful dreams, so fervid in their swaying,
Have faded hence into the unreturning,
And each vain quest for Love, the undecaying,
Is stilled in pangs, and tears intensely burning;

4 We raise our eyes to thee, and peace comes stealing
A healing presence on, through ways of duty,
Till on our vision breaks a light revealing
The sacrifice that wears divinest beauty.

M. A. M. CRAMER.
Written in her 17th year.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

C. M.

1 Our Father who in heaven art,
All hallowed be Thy name;
Honor and praise to Thee belong,
For worthy Thou the same.

2 Oh! help to pray as Christ hath taught,
Thy glorious kingdom come;
And as in heaven, so on earth,
Thy righteous will be done.

3 Give us, this day, our daily bread,
That we die not, but live;
And all our trespasses remit,
As others we forgive.

4 Into temptation lead us not,
Lest into sin we fall;
Evil abounds, O Father, God,
Deliver us from all.

5 The kingdom, and the power are Thine;
And angel host and men
The glory shall ascribe to Thee,
Forevermore. Amen.

MRS. I. M. HARTSOUGH.

IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING.

7s & 6s. D.

1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me —
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

ANNIE L. WARING. 1870.

IF ONE TALENT GOD HATH GIVEN ME.

Tune — "*What a Friend we have in Jesus.*" (F.)

1 If one talent God hath given me,
To my neighbor given two,
Shall I envy him his treasure,
Shall I be less kind and true?
If one talent God hath given me,
To my neighbor given five,
Shall I waste my life complaining,
Shall I, mourning, cease to strive?

2 If with my one little talent,
I my crown through Him have won,
I am blest beyond all blessing,
When I hear the words "Well done."
Ever striving, ever striving,
Be our talents five or one;
We'll not cease the mighty struggle
Till our work below is done.

SELLY BAYLEY
In per D. C. Cook

THE SHIP INTEMPERANCE.

A SONG FOR THE WORKERS.

"Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble." Ps. cvii: 13.

1 A ship comes over the sea of time,
Freighted with human souls;
And out on the billows dashing high
The cry of their anguish rolls;
The masts are broken, the rudder gone,
Sails are all tattered and torn;
And high on the crest of rolling waves
The ship toward the rocks is borne.

CHORUS—Oh! pray to God, who alone can save,
As you never prayed before;
But look to it well that you're ready to help
If any should come ashore.

2 All unseaworthy she left the port,
Colors were flying fair;
A slaver that buys up human souls
And sells them to dark despair!
The ship Intemperance, homeward bound,
Freighted with vassals of drink!
To whirlpools of woe she bears them on;
Oh! must they, her victims, sink!

3 See how she bounds on the sunken rocks
Carried before the blast:
A ship that never could breast a gale,
She'll sink ere the storm is past.
'T is only God who can bring to land
Shipwrecked and perishing souls;
He surely will hear; so on the strand
We'll watch, as each breaker rolls.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.
Set to music by T. O'KANE,
From "Temperance Light." By per.

BITTER-SWEET

Tune — "*Dundee.*"

1 Thank God for labor, ye who press
Life's path of rose and rue;
Thank God for need's impelling stress
The tiresome task to do.

2 Thank God for rest to heart and brain
His least co-worker finds,
Though chilled and chafed by labor's chain,
That frees, the while it binds.

3 Thank God, with every breath, that so
Compelled to do and dare,
No seed within your soul shall grow
Of idle-born despair.

4 True, true, perhaps, on lofty dreams
Life's tyranny may frown;
Yet, still, thank God for light that streams
On toil's accomplished crown.

5 Of honest work, thank God, the rays
Reach to the very skies,
And call the morning stars to praise
The peace that in them lies.

MARY BARNES DODGE. 1885

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer was born in New York, December 18, 1807, and died Nov. 2, 1874. The following quotations are from her memorial published in 1874, and kindly permitted by her devoted daughter, Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp of Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Her writings are a monument to her wonderful industry. 'The Way of Holiness,' 'Faith and Its Effects,' 'Incidental Illustrations of the Economy of Salvation,' 'Promise of the Father,' 'The Useful Disciple,' 'Sweet Mary,' 'Four Years in the Old World,' 'Pioneer Experiences,' and 'Entire Devotion,' are the titles of the books which she wrote. In her early life she commenced to write religious poems, mostly hymns. She wrote the dedicatory hymn of the Mulberry Street Church. She was accustomed at that time to write the anniversary hymns for the Sunday-Schools of the Church, and one of these, 'Blessed Bible,' which follows, was the means of the conversion of several of the scholars. She also composed many other hymns, some of which are very extensively used in our social meetings. At the age of eleven years, on being presented with a Testament, she composed and inserted on the first page the following stanzas, displaying a sure talent in sacred poetry: —

1 This Revelation—holy, just, and true—
Though oft I read, it seems forever new;
While light from heaven upon its pages rest,
I feel its power, and with it I am blest.

2 Within its leaves it grace divine displays,
Makes known the Almighty's will in various ways;
Justice it speaks to those who heaven defy,
And with ungracious lips its truths deny.

3 'T is here the wearied one, in sin's rough road,
May find the path mark'd out that leads to God;
And when oppressed by earth, *all* here may find
Sweet promises of peace to cheer the mind.

4 To this blest treasure, O my soul, attend,
Here find a firm and everlasting friend—
A friend in all life's varied changes sure,
Which shall to all eternity endure.

5 Henceforth I take thee as my future guide,
Let naught from thee my youthful heart divide;
And then, if late or early death be mine,
All will be well, since I, O Lord, am Thine.

This first effort of her pen at that early age seems to be prophetic of her life. She always held the pen of a ready writer, and her heart and hand were dedicated to the service of her Divine Master. To show her love for souls and interest in the temperance work, one illustration is given: —

Once, while waiting at a railway station for the arrival of the train, she saw coming down the road, a man intoxicated. Her passion for soul-saving needed no stirring up; but at once moving towards him, she kindly raised her hand, at which the man stood still. Then addressing him in tones of earnest warning and entreaty, she besought him to seek his Saviour. The man was cheered, conquered; and she said exultingly to me, "I expect to meet that man in heaven."

Her conception of the value of a human soul, and her absorbing love to Christ, is the explanation of this unquenchable zeal. She used to say that if one unsaved soul was at the extreme verge of the universe and it should require the united efforts of all the inhabitants of earth to reach and save that one, the object would be well worth the cost of the vast expedition.

In all her public labors Mrs. Palmer never desired a license to preach. She did not believe that women were called to the regular work of the pastorate. She believed, however, that there was a very wide and high sphere for women's work in the church, and most urgently did she call them to it.

Providence so ordered it that her husband, who fully sympathized with her in her views of duty, could travel and labor with her. And above all, her ardent zeal for God, her interest for the salvation of perishing souls, gave her the highest qualification for this office and work; for neither in the ministry nor in the desk are men and women of much account in the church, until they have a passion for the saving of souls, until they are restless, unless they can see and feel that God is enabling them in some way and by some instrumentality to win souls to Christ. And this with her was a constant inspiration. She was always under the constraining love of Christ, and, moved by that passion, she labored most persistently and earnestly, in season and out of season, to save them.

The editor of a Methodist journal says the following: —

"Her peculiar views of entire sanctification we never tried to understand. We doubt if we could now state, or at any time could have stated, what they were. To our minds this appeared a matter of small moment, though a hot controversy once raged, of which her mode of statement was the exciting cause. The one fact that seemed to us admirable was that here was a Christian who *believed* the Gospel to be the power of God unto salvation, and who was resolved to make its power felt over the world. In this light it was a pleasure to think of the weekly meeting maintained at her own house for many years, and attended by Christians of every name. There are houses opened in this great city for gambling, for drinking, and for sins of every hue; but here was a home open every week where Christians might meet and cheer each other, where the converse was of becoming better through divine help, and of making the world better through the power of Christ's truth. It made one more hopeful of our city's future to remember that there was in it such a centre of light and love whose influence reached a wide circumference."

The spirit of this is kind and commendatory; but the writer seemingly failed to recognize the important fact that the unprecedented success of the "Tuesday Meeting," and Mrs. Palmer's extraordinary labors, was due to the power and truthfulness of her "peculiar views of entire sanctification" which he never even tried to understand. Nor is it a "matter of small moment" what were her "peculiar" views. She was an "acceptable member of a great church," &c. At the burial, Rev. Dr. Parker said—It is my candid conviction that no woman has existed in this or any other land, whose life-labors have been so productive of saving results.

In the memorial sermon at the Allen St. M. E. Church, the eminent Rev. Dr. W. H. Boole remarked — She has stamped a more deeply indelible impression upon the theology and religious life of the church, than any other woman or man of her time. She leaves with the church the record of a larger number of souls sanctified and souls converted, than any living Christian worker, probably.

During the last twelve years she was chief editor of "The Guide to Holiness," which is still issued monthly. (1884).

"In 1859, her husband gave up his profession as physician, and resolved with her to devote their whole life to evangelical work. They went at once to England, and, in labors 'more abundant,' spent four years in the United Kingdom. Thousands were converted to God."

Ex-president Young of the Wesleyan Conference, England, says that in twelve weeks there were added to the church, through the labors of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, in the district of Newcastle, 3, 444 persons. "Holiness," she would frequently say, "holiness is power;" and her life declared it. Mrs. Palmer's spirit, life, and labors answer conclusively the unchristian libel that "professors of holiness make little effort, and have little care for the conversion of sinners."

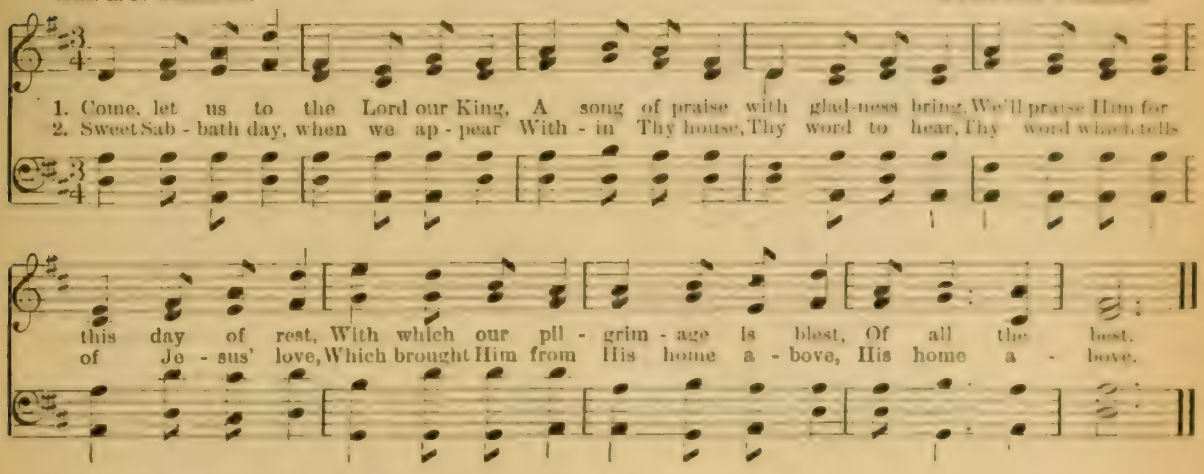
"The meeting she began in her house so many years ago is still continued. Hundreds of believers from all Christian churches gather to it each week. Thousands have been saved through its influence. A great many other meetings have since been established in different parts of the world. Probably not less than one hundred are holding weekly at the present time. Her consecration to this one work led her, in her failing health, to go with her husband to all parts of this land and Canada—to camp-meetings, protracted meetings, and conventions for the promotion of holiness. And now an association has been formed, having as their purpose to spread Scriptural holiness over this nation, and a literature is developing from a hundred pens to meet the increasing demands of the church for light and help. And, under God, we regard her as the mother of all this movement.

You will hardly care now to ask how did she die? She lived God's consecrated servant, she died God's triumphant saint."

SABBATH HOME.

FOR THE SABBATH AFTERNOON GOSPEL TEMPERANCE MEETING.

MRS. E. P. WILLIAMS. MARIANNA WILLIAMS



3 For us His precious life He gave;
His grace our sinful souls can save;
To Him, our fervent hearts we give,
And Oh! may He the gift receive,
The gift receive.

4 Lord, fill our souls with reverence meet,
As bowing lowly at Thy feet,
We feel with joy, and sacred fear,
The Lord is near, the Lord is here!
The Lord is here.

Appleton City, Mo. Nov. 1, 1884.

TEMPERANCE BELLS.

Tune "*Portuguese Hymn.*"

"Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph." II Cor. ii. 14.

1 The glad bells of temperance are joyously ringing
Their sweet strains of triumph out on the clear air,
While souls, once in darkness, hosannas are singing
Thanksgivings of praise to the Hearer of prayer.

CHORUS.

Then lift up your voices in loud exultation,
Extolling the name of the Saviour and King;
The only sure help in resisting temptation:
Oh! praise Him till heaven's blue arches shall ring.

2 And while the sweet bells are proclaiming the story
Of captives set free from the bondage of woe,
Our hearts shall look back on the years that are hoary
And number our victories over the foe.

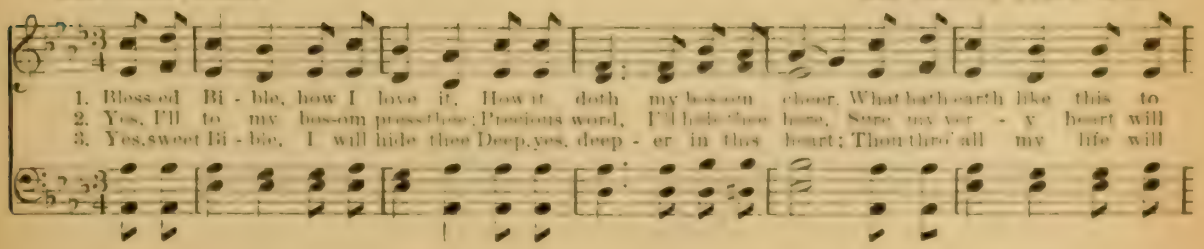
3 Right boldly the tempter once ruled in high places,
While now like a coward he lurks in his den;
And in the near future the drink that debases,
Shall be all unknown to "the children of men."

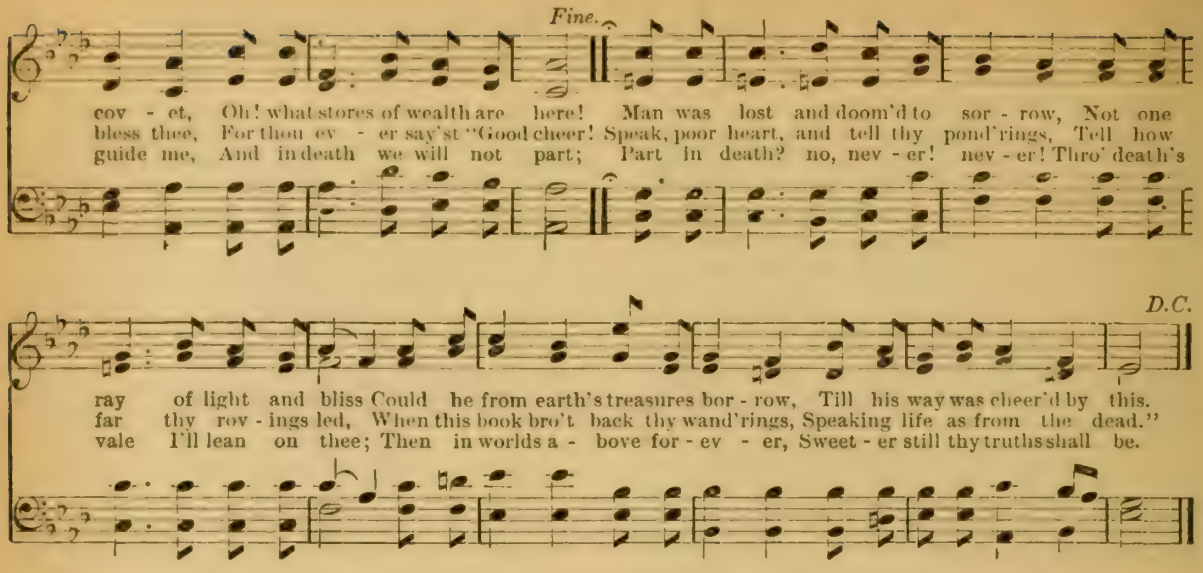
MISS M. F. SERVOSS. By per.

Set to Music by JAS. R. MURRAY Nov. 1879.

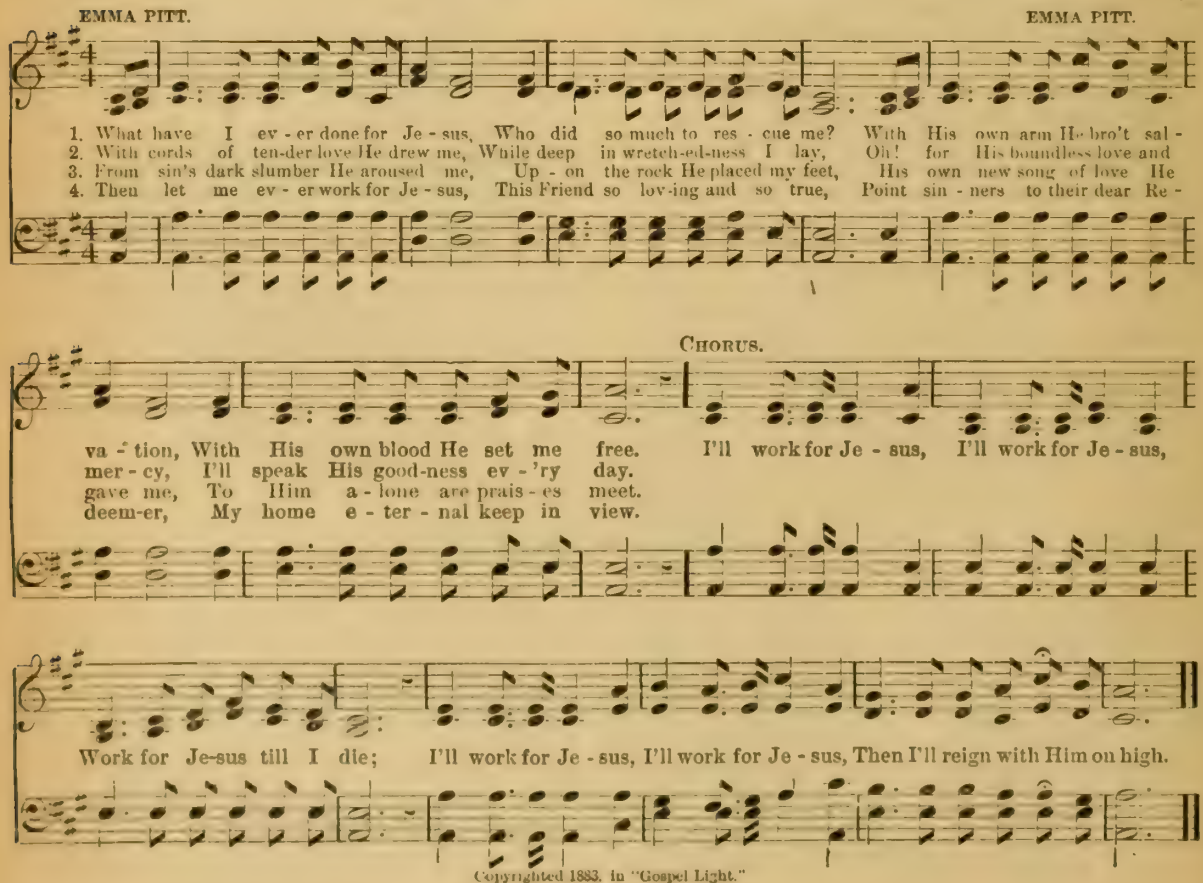
BLESSED BIBLE.

MRS. PHŒBE PALMER. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.





I'LL WORK FOR JESUS.



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A FOE IN THE LAND.

Tune—"*Tramp, tramp, tramp, the Boys are marching.*"

1 "There's an enemy at hand.
Shall we forward march, or stand,
While there is within our land, a deadly foe?"
'T is an enemy of souls,
Lurking in the sparking bowls,
Luring on to folly, ruin, crime and woe.

CHORUS.—
Down, down, down, the maddening potion
Steals to take the sense away,
But we'll toil and watch and pray,
Trusting God each weary day,
Till the temperance cause victorious shall sway.

2 Shall we bow our heads and sigh,
When the remedy is nigh?
Shall we sit and vainly cry "we are undone?"
Sure there's something we can do,
If we're willing to go through
Patiently the glorious work that is begun.

3 Shall the liquor hosts defy
As we prayerfully draw nigh,
In behalf of father, brother, neighbor, son?
Though they scornfully deride,
God can turn the fearful tide
Of destruction, that is swiftly rolling on.

CHORUS.—
Shout! shout! shout! the boys are turning,
Cheer up, loved ones, they will come
With a heart true, brave and light,
With a step that says "all right,"
Bringing gladness to each well-beloved home.

EMMA E. ORENDORFF.
Delavan, Ill. 1877.

SIGN THE PLEDGE.

"Tune.—*Battle-hymn of the Republic.*"

1 Sign the pledge, my youthful brother,
Sign the temp'rance pledge tonight,
Give not slumber to your eyelids
Ere you choose the path of right.
Life's highway is full of danger,
Pitfalls lie on every side.
Sign the pledge and give your promise,
Taking Jesus for your guide,
Sign the pledge and give your promise,
Taking Jesus for your guide,
As we go marching on.

2 Sign the pledge, my manly brother,
You whom laurels wait to crown,
As you tread the hill of action,
Seeking honor and renown.
Oh! how full of fierce temptation
Is the path you proudly tread!
Sign the pledge and may God's blessing
On it light and gladness shed.
Sign the pledge and may God's blessing
On it light and gladness shed,
As we go marching on.

3 Sign the pledge, my aged brother,
Tott'ring on life's earthly brink;
God will guide you through the struggle,
He will never let you sink.
Sign the pledge,—the blessed angels
Wait to chant the glorious song
Of another captive brother,
By God's grace redeemed from wrong.
Of another captive brother,
By God's grace redeemed from wrong,
As we go marching on.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH.
Boston, 1884.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

1 Sparkling and bright, in its liquid light,
Is the water in our glasses;
'T will give you health, 't will give you wealth,
Ye lads and rosy lasses.

CHORUS—Oh! then resign your ruby wine,
Each smiling son and daughter;
There's nothing so good for the youthful blood,
Or sweet, as the sparkling water.

2 Better than gold is the water cold,
From the crystal fountain flowing;
A calm delight both day and night,
To happy homes bestowing.

3 Sorrow has fled from the hearts that bled
Of the weeping wife and mother:
They have given up the poison'd cup,
Son, husband, daughter, brother.

MRS. MARY B. DANA, 1840.

THE INEBRIATE.

1 Brother! stay thy rash design;
Let not passion thee control!
Poison lurks beneath the wine,
Sparkling in the festive bowl.

2 From thy lips, the mad'ning stream
Quickly dash! 't is death to thee!
Do it now, while reason's beam,
Comes again thy light to be.

3 All too long wert thou the slave
Of a cruel demon's will;
Buried darkly in the grave,
Would'st thou leave thy talents still?

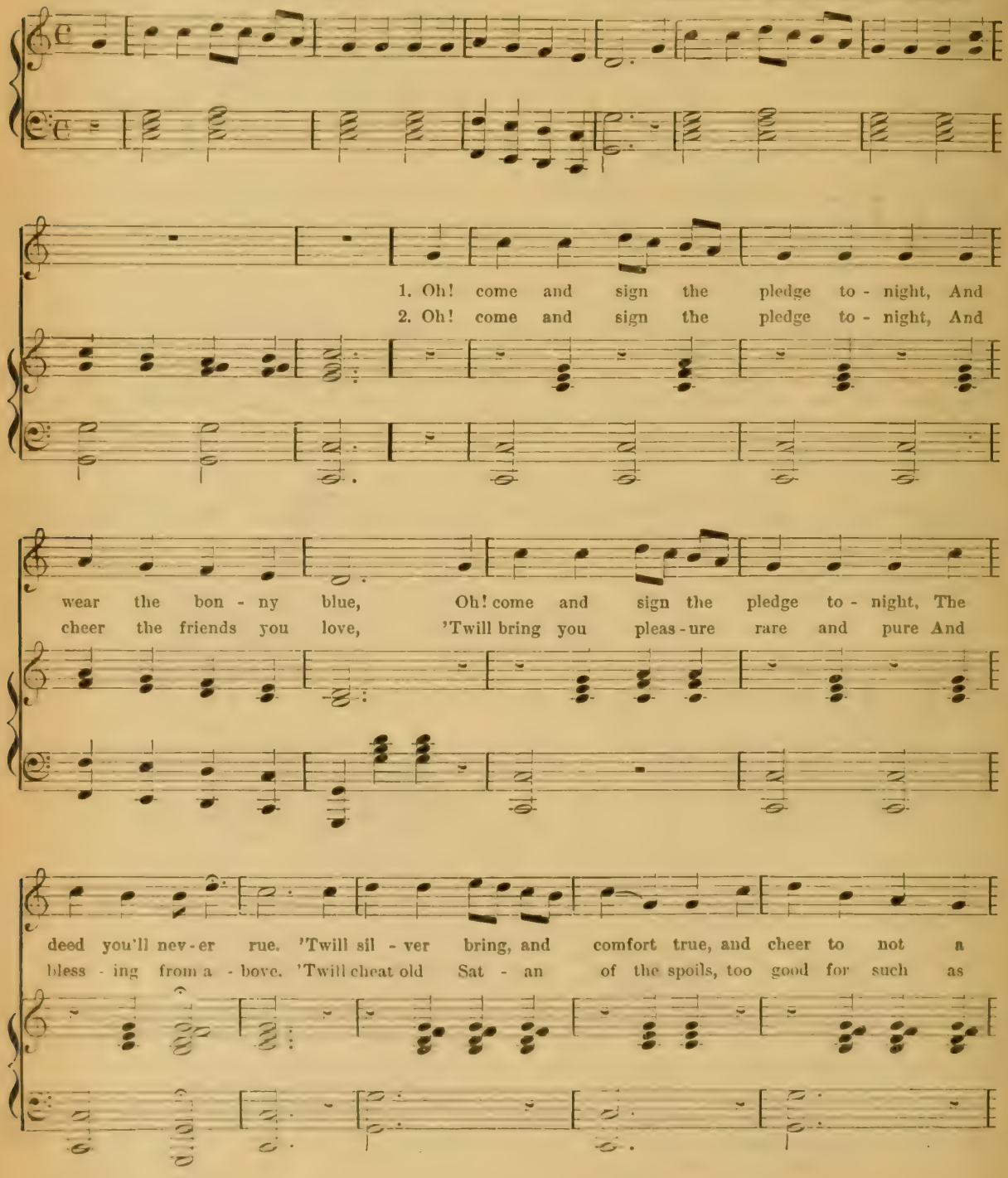
4 Rouse thee from this fatal sleep!
Rend the tyrant's iron chain!
Let not sin thy senses steep!
Rise and be a man again!

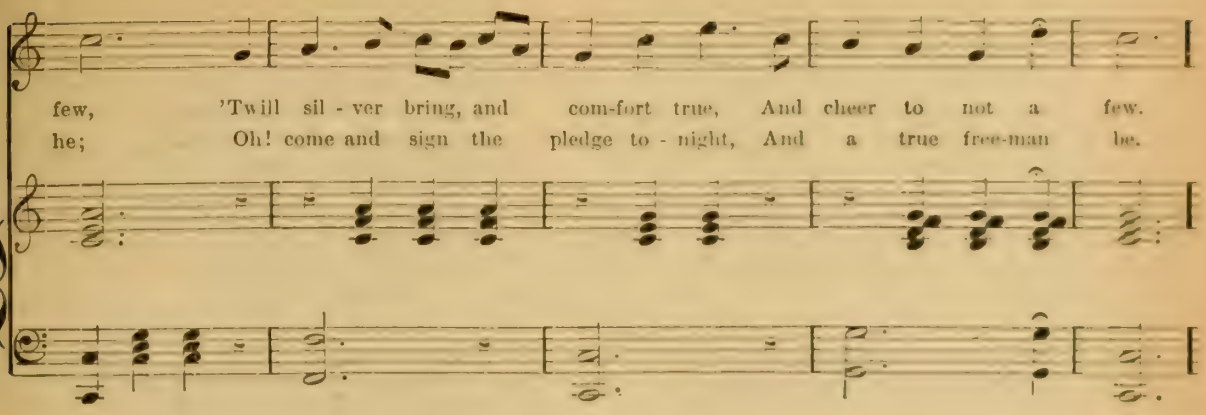
MARY [illegible] WEBSTER.
Rocky Hill, Conn. 1883.

OH! COME AND SIGN THE PLEDGE, TO-NIGHT.

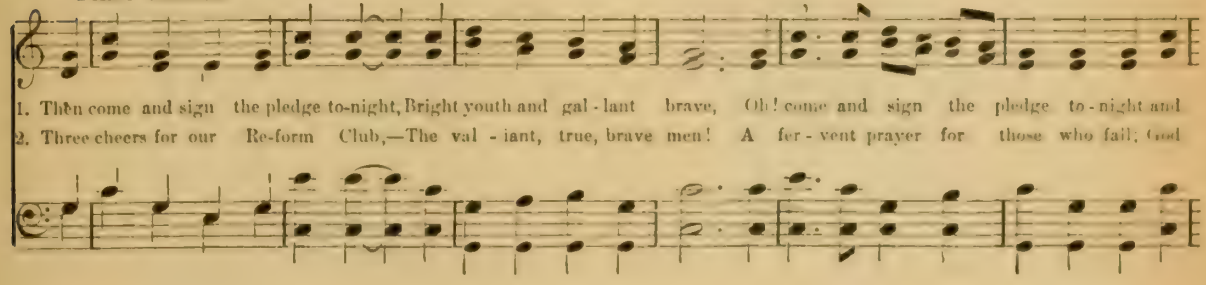
Dedicated to the Reform Club, Springfield, Ill. 1880.

Words and Music by Mrs GEO. CLINTON SMITH.

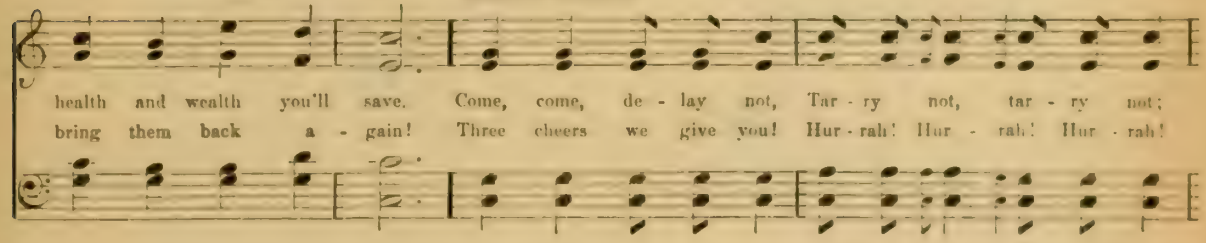


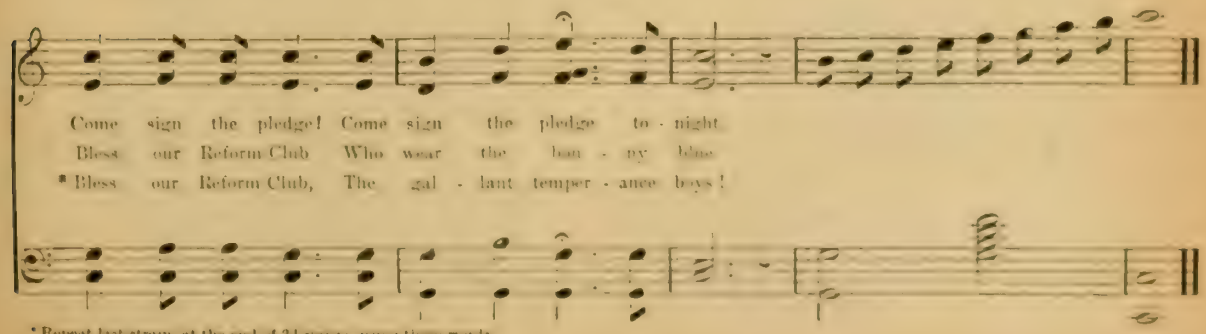


First Chorus.



Second Chorus.





* Repeat last strain, at the end of 2d stanza, using these words

LOOK NOT ON THE WINE WHEN IT IS RED.

1 "Look not on the wine" which gloweth
With its ruddy crimson light;
Though 't is crowned with sparkling jewels,
Dash it from your yearning sight.

2 Though it seem to thee like nectar,
"Touch not, handle not, nor taste;"
"It will bite thee like a serpent,"
And thy life blood it will waste.

3 Think not thou canst with it dally,
And its brief enchantment sip;
It will "sting thee like an adder"
If thou raise it to thy lip.

4 Trust thyself not—in thy weakness,
Let *this* be thine earnest plea:
"Lead me, Father, from temptation,
Keep me from this evil free."

5 He is "mighty to deliver,"
He will hold thee with His arm;
And though fierce may be the struggle,
He will keep thee safe from harm.

6 Look not on the cup, then, brother,
Join the temp'rance ranks to-night;
Men and angels wait to bless thee,
And our God will help the right.

SUSIE V. ALDRICH. 1884.

THE INVERTED GLASS.

"Look not upon the wine."—Prov. xxiii: 31.

Respectfully inscribed to Ulysses S. Grant, who, in his tour around the world, though feted by monarchs and emperors, invariably inverted his glass when wine was on the table.

1 There are soldiers who have battled
To save our native land;
Who where the shot fell thickest,
Were bravest to command;
But when a friend or comrade
A foaming draught would brew,
They had not strength to chide him,
Nor courage to be true.

CHORUS—Oh! give us men, brave men,
Who right 'gainst custom bring,
And dare invert the proffered glass,
Though offered by a king.

2 There are firesides cold and cheerless,
Where children plead for bread;
Where hope is clad in anguish,
And joy and peace have fled;
Oh! whence this shame and ruin,
Which blight of wars surpass?
'T is Satan's plenteous harvest,
His seed the "friendly glass."

3 Then all honor to the hero
Who, tempted, stands aloof,
And offers 'gainst intemperanne
A silent, firm reproof.
O ye who would be noble!
Whate'er your rank or class,
Rebuke the subtle tempter
With an inverted glass.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.
Set to music by GEO. C. HUGG
In "Temperance Light."

GOD HELPING ME.

Tune—"*Varina*," or "*Dundee*."
C. M. Double.

1 God helping me, I promise now
To break the fetters strong,
That woven slowly, day by day,
Have held me fast so long—
To dash aside the mad'ning cup
That's darkened heart and brain,
And climb, if need be, painfully
Up to the heights again,
God helping me.

2 Out of the darkness toward the light,
Writing a record new—
Winning my manhood back again,
Loyal and brave and true.
Turning to bless the loving hearts
Whose weary watchings end,
Redeeming as I may the name
Of Father, Brother, Friend,
God helping me.

3 Standing erect, with brow upturned,
And purpose firm and strong,
Yet struggling fiercely every hour
With fetters worn so long:
Oh! ye whose feet have never trod
The downward, deadly way,
Ye cannot know how much we need
With every hour to pray,
God helping me.

4 Oh! tend'rer than a brother's love
The heart upon the throne,
That bends with pitying, watchful care,
To catch the faintest tone;
That's touched by our infirmities,
That heed's the sparrow's fall;
O tempted one, fear not but He
Will heed thy slightest call,
God helping me.

ELLEN M. STORRS.
Hannibal, Mo.

GOD HELPING ME.

Tune—"*Old Hundred*."

1. God helping me, I'll yield the cup,
And help to lift my brother up;
God helping me, I'll flee its pain,
And from intemperance abstain.

2 God helping me, I'll live and move
My word and honor thus to prove;
From the inebriate's bondage free,
I'll keep this pledge, God helping me.

3 God helping me, I'll firmly trust
My heavenly Father, kind and just;
God helping me, I'll yield my will,
Through Him life's duties to fulfill.

MRS. S. A. GORDON.
Hannibal, Mo. 1883.

MY WORD AND HONOR.

WORD—Titus i: 9—"Holding to the faithful word."
HONOR—Prov. xxix., 23—"Honor sustaineth the humble."

1 By our word we are pledged, friends earnest and true,
To God and to each other spoken,
With our Father's sure help our lives to renew,
By His help, that our pledge be unbroken.
CHORUS—God helping us, we cannot fail;
God helping us, we shall prevail.

2 By our honor we're pledged, friends earnest and true,
With malice to no human brother;
No charity wanting, in all that is due,
That we will encourage each other.

3 God helping us all, in our weakness infirm,
From the cup we will ever abstain!
From the draught that destroys we ever will turn,
Neither touch, taste, or handle again.

4 Whoso trusteth the Infinite Father, alway
He'll sustain in the cause of the right;
So we'll help on each other, that none go astray,
And in righteousness ever delight.

MRS. S. A. GORDON.
Hannibal, Mo. 1884.

Miss Ella M. Truesdell.

Miss Ella M. Truesdell was born at South New Berlin, Chenango Co., N. Y., in 1849. She has written much for the Rochester, N. Y., "Exponent" under the name of Florence Cone, chiefly for the Children's department, and has also contributed to the "Temperance Banner" and other papers.

FOR THEE THE PLEDGE I TAKE.

Tune—"*America.*"

1 For Thee the pledge I take;
Just for a brother's sake
The pledge I take;
Not for *my* love of wine
Draw I so strict a line,
But for my brother, thine,
The pledge I take.

2 For Thee the pledge I take;
For charity's sweet sake
The pledge I take;
Not that I've been astray,
E'er in the drunkard's way;
To help the weak, to-day
The pledge I take.

3 For Thee the pledge I take;
E'en for a nation's sake
The pledge I take;
To save my brothers all,
Come I at country's call;
Men, into line now fall
The pledge to take.

ELLA M. TRUESDELL.
Hornellesville, N. Y., Feb., 1884

TAKING THE BLUE RIBBON.

Tune—"*Portuguese Hymn.*"

1 The past with its blackness I bury behind me,
I stand for my manhood in honor and truth,
I sunder the cords of the satans that bind me,
And take as my emblem this ribbon of blue.

2 To the hopes of my father, the prayers of my mother,
To the trust of my friends, to the dreams of my youth,
To that love and devotion no sorrow could smother,
With the help of my God I will henceforth be true.

3 I take for my shelter my Conqueror's power,
I bless the strong arm that hath dealt me the rod,
I battle with weapons He giveth this hour,
And wear for my breastplate the ribbon of blue.

4 To the want of the world with its white harvest lying,
Await for the workers who gather for God,
To the call of the falling, the cry of the dying,
In the strength of my Saviour I dare to be true.

5 When tempted by appetite, crowded by evil,
In hand to hand fight with the forces of sin,
'Gainst the league of the flesh, the world and the devil,
I bear at my banner this ribbon of blue.

6 To the law of the Lamb that true freedom secureth,
To the voice of the peace-giving spirit within,
To the self that is real, to the life that endureth,
O Lord of my soul, I rejoice to be true.

AURELLA FURBER.
Cottage Grove, Minn. 1884

FOOTPRINTS OF JESUS.

INVITATION TO ACCEPT CHRIST.

1 O Thou who hast sinned, come wash and be pure,
Come, travel within the path that is sure;
Dear Jesus has trod this desolate way;
Come, journey to God, come, join us to-day.

CHORUS.
Footprints, bright footprints of Jesus I see,
Jesus has left them for you and for me;
Hear Him say, "Follow me," Jesus, I come,
Since Thou hast loved me so, lead me safe home.

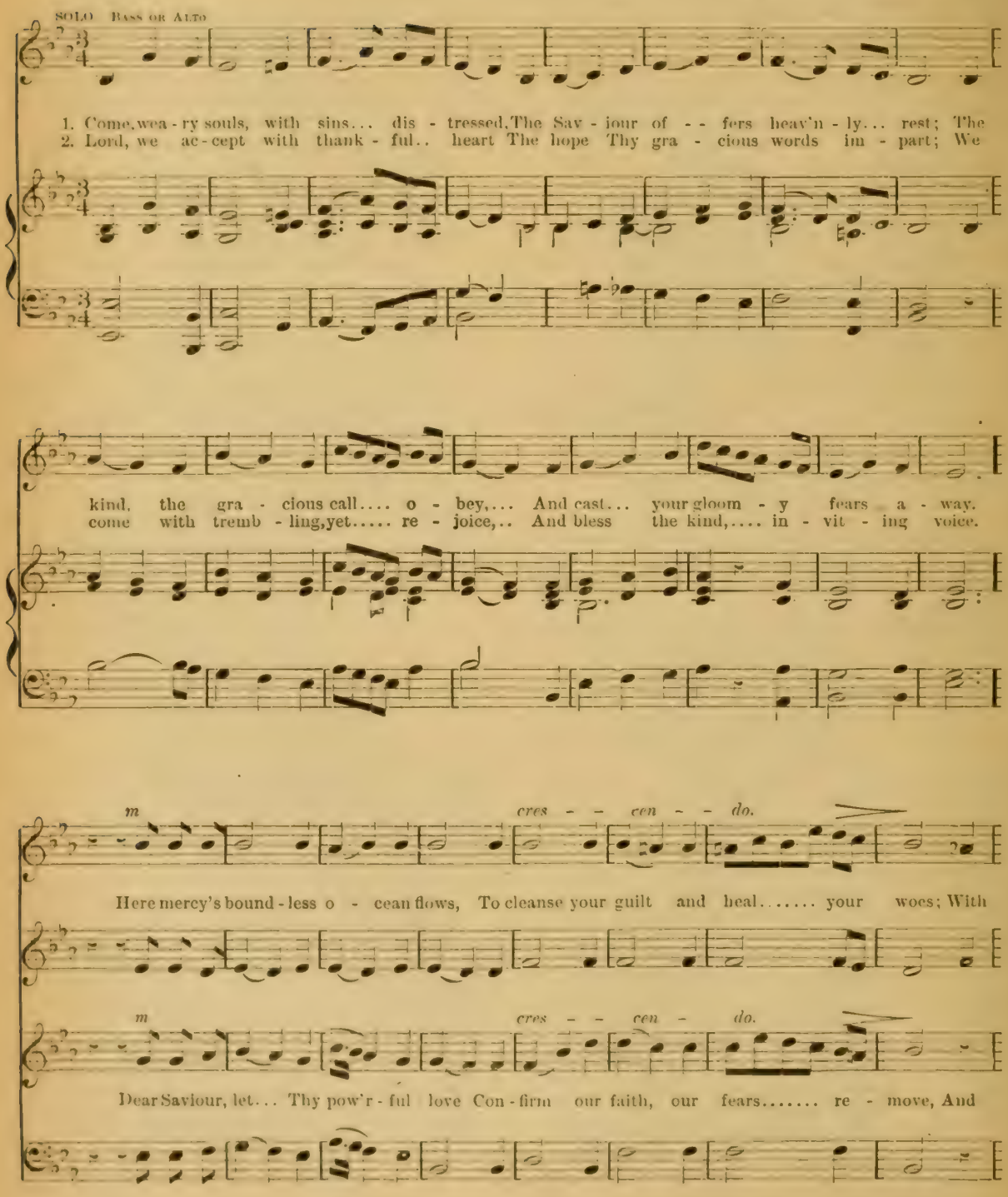
2 Oh! earth was so dark, men roamed in despair,
When Jesus came down, our burden to bear,
Now over the wild, bright footprints I see,
Worn, grieved and reviled, Christ made them for me.

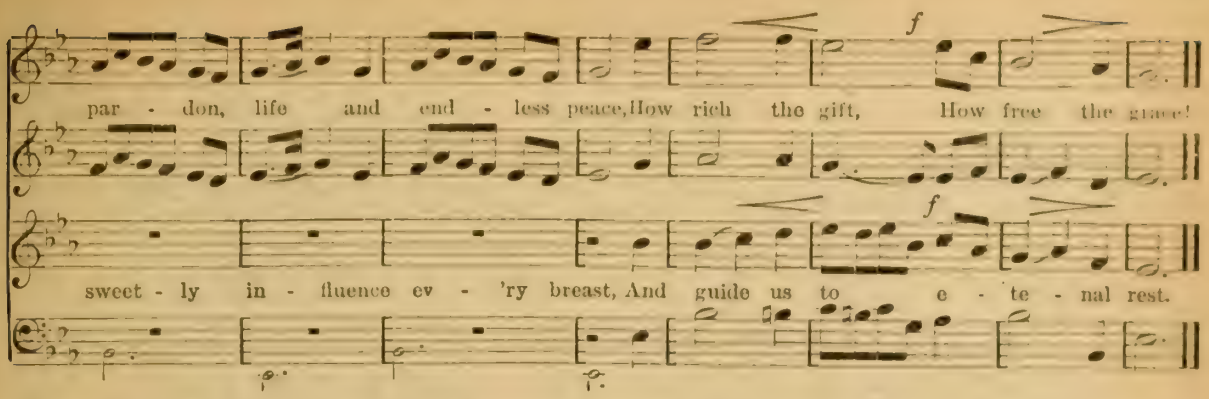
3 Now, earth may be dark, sin's pitfalls abound,
See each shining mark, our pathway is found;
Safe, safe, o'er the way, e'en children may go,
With Jesus to stay, washed whiter than snow.

MRS. J. B. THOMPSON
Set to music by C. E. FOLLETT. By [illegible] D. C. Cook.

COME, WEARY SOULS.

ANNE STEELE. 1760. CLARA H. SCOTT.
In "Royal Anthem Book." By per.





SLAY NOT THY SAVIOUR.

1 Waiting soul, what canst thou say,
Turning from Thy Lord away?
He hath called and He hath sought thee;
By His precious blood hath bought thee;
And is asking thee to-day:
Soul, wilt thou Thy Saviour slay?

CHO.— Do not Thy Redeemer slay;
Seek, Oh! seek His grace to-day!
He hath sought thee, He hath bought thee;
Oh! do not Thy Saviour slay.

2 On the cross He once was slain,
Bearing, guilty soul, thy pain;
By His loved ones left to languish
'Neath thy bitter doom and anguish.
Sinning soul, slay not again
Him whose blood can cleanse thy stain.

3 Dying soul, reject not one
Who so much for thee hath done;
But, as day by day 't is nearing,
Gather fruit for His appearing;
For the vintage hath begun,
And the "heir" is God's own Son.

MISS. M. A. BAKER.
Set to music by DR. H. R. PALMER. And used by per.
Chicago. 1871.

HE KNOWS.

8s & 7s. D.

Yes, He knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame,
Knows that hand and heart are weary;
He in all points felt the same.
Look to Him, and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn,
Peace once more thy heart shall brighten;
Rise: He calleth thee: return.

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

1 Take my hand and I will guide thee,
Pilgrim through a weary land;
I will save, whate'er betide thee,
If thou'lt only take my hand.

2 Take my hand, O child of weakness,
Trust not to thy strength to stand,
Trust Me, child; my love will aid thee,
If thou'lt only take my hand.

3 Take my hand and I will guide thee
Through this weary, doubting land,
To the crystal stream of gladness,
If thou'lt only take my hand.

NEVA E. PARKHILL. 1875
In the "Conqueror."

COME UNTO ME AND REST.

Tune — "*Boylston.*"

1 Why should I long for rest,
Since Jesus bids me "Come!"
And cast on Him my soul oppressed
And find His heart my home?

2 Who giveth rest in toil;
Who giveth joy in tears;
Who maketh light the burdened soul
And turns to praise our fears.

3 Why should I weary roam,
And anxious vigil keep?
My Saviour calls my spirit home,
To find sweet peace and sleep.

4 "Come unto Me and rest,"
He tenderly doth plead.
Stay not away, with heart oppressed,
In all thy helpless need.

MRS. MARTHA WINTERMUTE. 1885.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

1 You've been seeking through life, O my brother,
The pleasures this world can bestow;
But Oh! where are the joys you have garnered?
And what is the peace that you know?

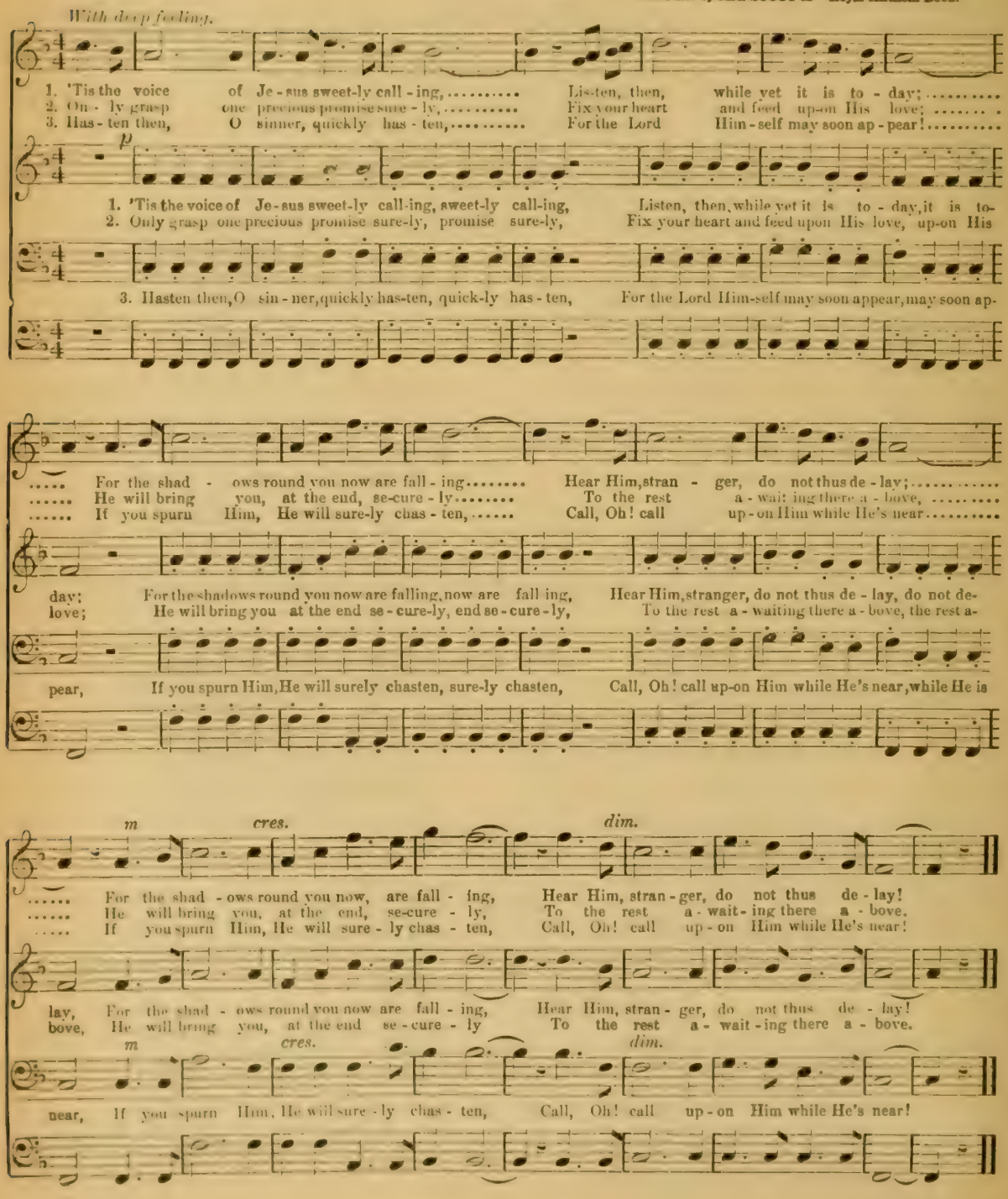
2 Earthly joys, like earth's flowers, my brother,
A moment will gladden the eye;
But like rose-leaves their fragrance must perish,
Their beauty must wither and die.

Oh! then turn thee to Heaven, my brother;
Its joys through eternity bloom;
And the fruits of its hope shall be gladness,
Its light chase the shades from the tomb.

CALLIE MCINTOSH.
Harp's Grove, Ohio. 1884.
In "Gems of Poetry."

THE VOICE OF JESUS CALLING.

Mrs. MARY O. PAGE. FOR MALE VOICES. Adapted from the German.
And arr. by Mrs. SCOTT in "Royal Anthem Book."



WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

1 "I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That that thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave My life for thee—
What hast thou done for Me?

2 "I spent long years for thee
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou mightest know;
I spent long years for thee,
Hast thou spent one for Me?

3 "My Father's house of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
I left them all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for Me?

4 "I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I suffered much for thee,
What dost thou bear for Me?

5 "And I brought down to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation, full and free,
My pardon and My love;
Great gifts I brought to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

6 "Oh! let thy life be given,
Thy years for Me be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Give thou thyself to Me
And I will welcome thee!"

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

AT THE THRESHOLD.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

1 Hearts of pride! unbar your portal!
Cast aside the bolts of sin!
He is waiting at the threshold;
Let the blesséd Master in!

CHORUS—Open to the dear Redeemer,
He hath suffered for thy sin:
All He asketh is a welcome;
Let the blesséd Master in.

2 He hath carried all our sorrows,
He hath borne our griefs alone;
Now, in tender love and mercy,
He hath come to claim His own.

3 Open wide for Him the portal!
Shall He longer ask in vain?
If within thy soul He dwelleth,
Thou shalt full salvation gain.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

Set to music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

From "Welcome Songs." Published by F. H. Revell.

COME TO CHRIST.

1 Weary, trembling, burdened one,
Come to Christ, God's only Son;
He will cheer thee on thy way,
Lead thee up to perfect day.

2 Oh! how precious is His name,
Yesterday, to-day the same;
Come by faith, no other plea
He will ask, poor soul, of thee.

3 Earth is not thy resting-place,
Freely now accept His grace;
All thy worthless toil forsake;
To a better life awake.

4 Great the promise of His love,
Angels chant the theme above;
Come, no longer cease to live;
Christ His love will freely give.

5 Love so pure, so rich and free,
God bestows on you and me;
Gladly of this love partake,
For the dear Redeemer's sake.

6 Yesterday, to-day, the same;
Oh! how wondrous is His name;
Light in darkness, joy in pain;
Overcome, and with Him reign.

MISS M. M. FITCH. July 27, 1884.

FAULTLESS.

1 "Faultless in His glory's presence!"
All the soul within me stirred,
All my heart reached up to heaven
At the wonder of that word.

2 "Able to present *me* faultless?
Lord, forgive my doubt," I cried;
"Thou didst once, to loving doubt, show
Hands and feet and riven side.

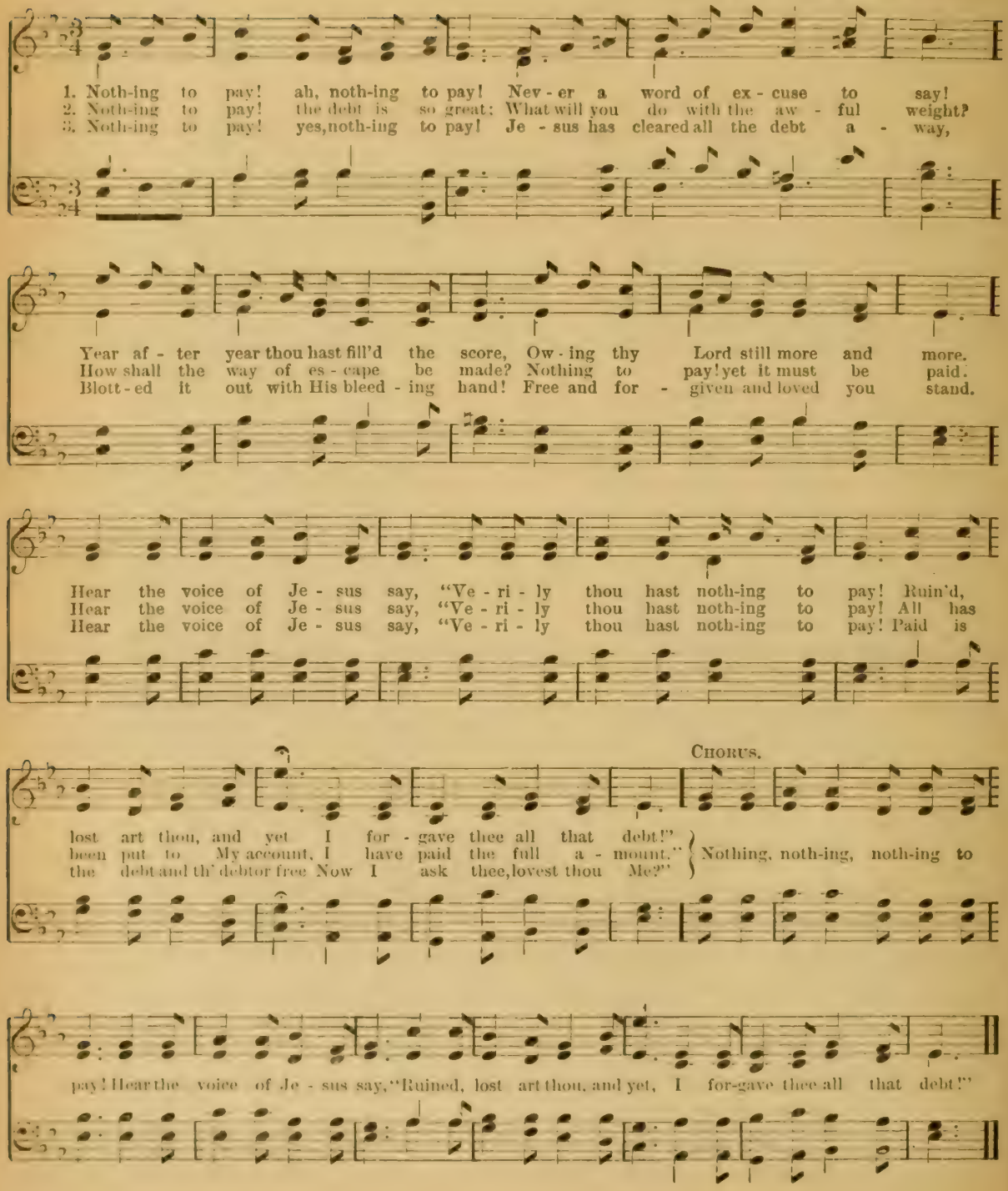
3 "Oh! for me build up some ladder,
Bright with golden round on round,
That my hope this word may compass,
Reaching Faith's high vantage-ground!"

MRS. DR. HEELOCK JOHNSON.

Chicago, Ill., 1881.

NOTHING TO PAY.

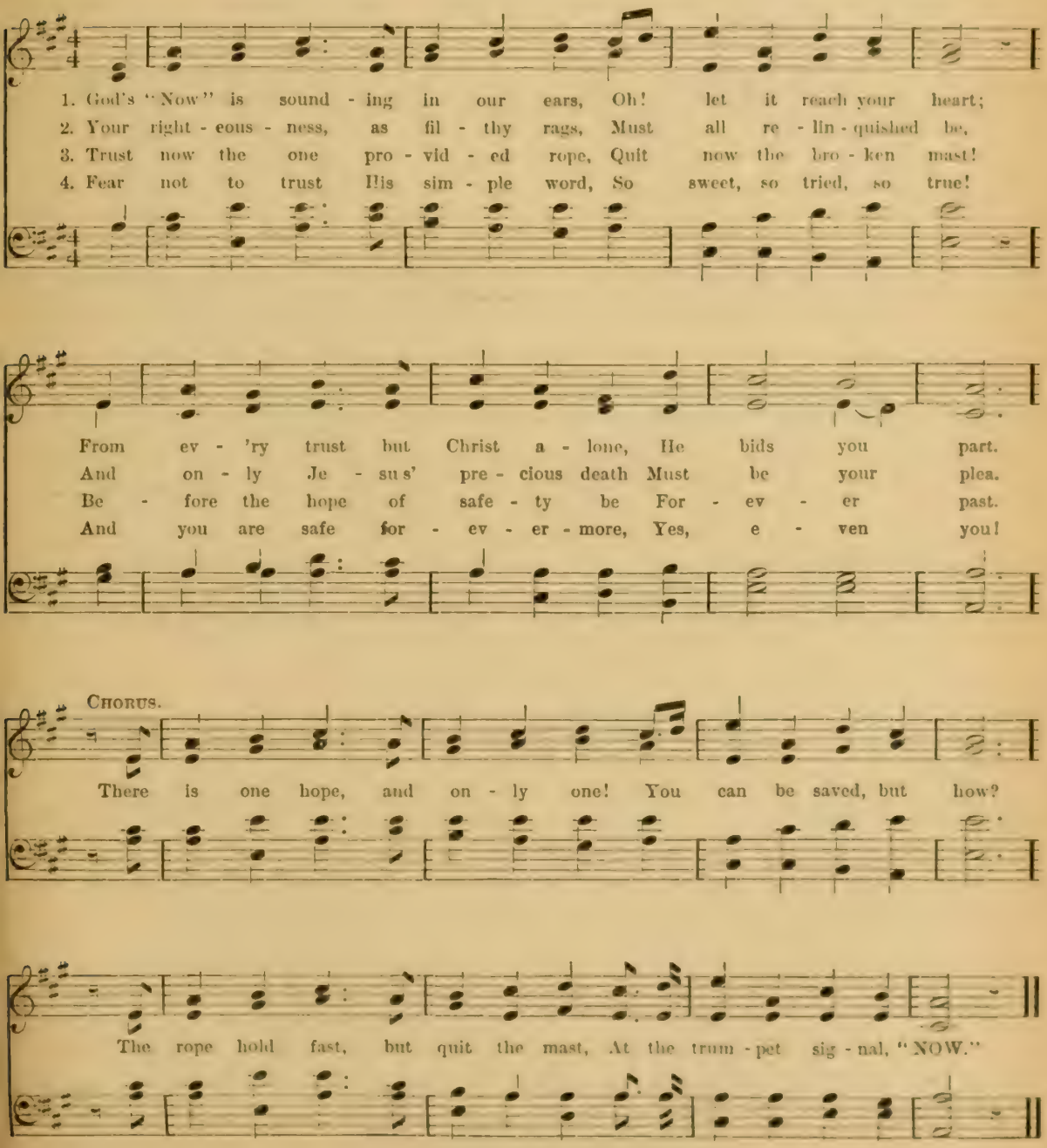
Words and Music by Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.



"NOW."

Five sailors were clinging to the broken mast of a sinking ship in Dublin Bay. A rope was thrown to them. At the trumpet signal "Now!" they were to loose their hold of the mast and trust themselves to the rope. Four did so, and were hauled safe to shore. The fifth hesitated to let go, and was lost!

Words and Music by FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

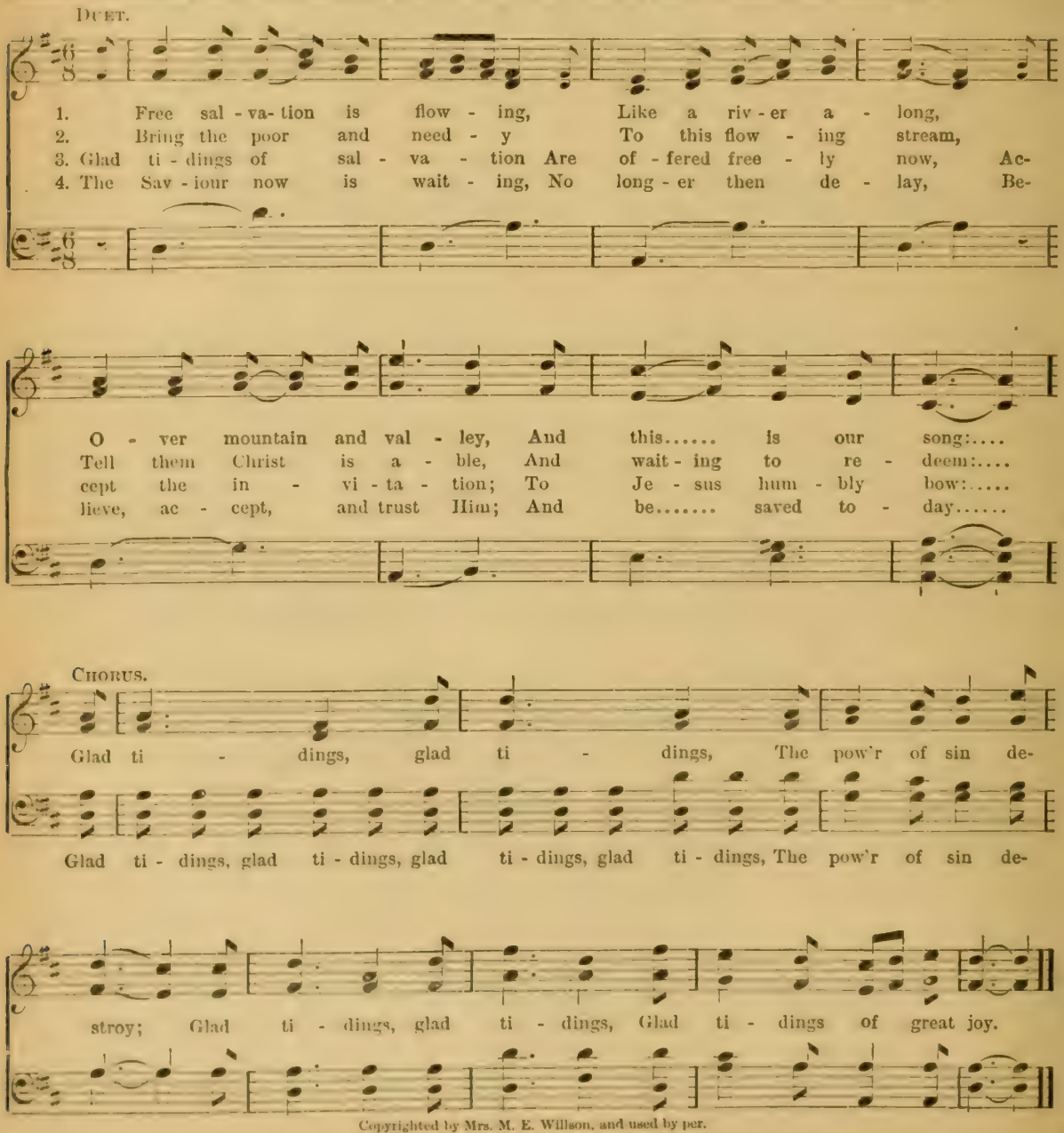


GLAD TIDINGS.

"Behold I bring you tidings of great joy."

Words and Music by Mrs. M. E. WILLSON. 1881.

Mrs. M. E. Willson is a sister of the lamented P. P. Bliss. She has composed extensively for a number of years; and her gospel songs appear in several collections. Glad Tidings is taken from the popular song book, "Great Joy." Mrs. Willson ably assists her husband in his evangelistic labors.



Copyrighted by Mrs. M. E. Willson, and used by per.

MERCY BEFORE SACRIFICE.

"Come unto me and I will give you rest."

Tune—"*Webb*," *or* "*Missionary Hymn*."

1 Come to the clear deep river,
Come where the pastures call;
Give to the great good-Giver
The trust that is thy all.
From want eternal fleeing,
Come to an endless store;
Bring thy whole famished being,
For He wants nothing more.

2 If thoughts of thine appall thee,
Oh! lean on His and live!
To sacrifice they call thee,
While He is here to give.
Accept thy Father's measure
Of need that He can see;
The heart to do His pleasure
Is in His love for thee.

3 He will not now refuse thee,
Weak hands and vision dim;
For something He will use thee,
But first thou wantest Him.
The spirit worn with straying,
Will find His judgment best;
Oh! hear what He is saying,
And yield thyself to rest.

4 For one transporting minute
The beckoning word obey:
There is a power within it
To bear thee on thy way.
That voice of mercy speaking,
Is God the Saviour's might,
And all thy heart is seeking
Lies safely in its light.

ANNA L. WARING.

THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

1 Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in—
That wonderful Redemption,
God's remedy for sin!
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon!

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

CATHERINE HANKEY.

Cecil Frances Alexander

Is the daughter of Major Humphreys, of Strabane, Ireland. In 1850 she married the Rev. W. Alexander, now Bishop of Derry. She has published numerous books, chiefly poetry. Of one of these, "Hymns for Little Children," about a quarter of a million copies have been sold. She has also written for "The Dublin University Magazine" and "The Contemporary Review."

THE BLEEDING HAND.

1 When wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'T is Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief;
His heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord;
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER.

Mrs. Mary Lowe Dickinson

is the writer for the new Prohibition paper in New York. If everything in the columns reached the altitude of her department it would soon come to the front as a power indeed. "The Signal"

The Editor of WOMAN IN SACRED SONG had the pleasure of meeting the distinguished poet, Mrs. MARY L. DICKINSON, at that grand National Convention of W. C. T. U., workers, held in St. Louis, beginning on the 22d of Oct. 1884. Although she says she does not consider that her forte lies in addressing an audience, she did so at Pickwick Theatre, upon urgent solicitation, and of all the speakers during the four evening meetings held there, no one interested the audience more, or kept them longer laughing with brilliant sallies of wit and humor, than did Mrs. Dickinson.

It was she who said, in regard to boxes, while making an appeal for funds to aid the local Union in St. Louis: "If any one wishes to leave before the contribution box reaches him, he is at liberty to do so, since he will find a nice little lady with a nice little box, at the door, waiting to receive his donation. It is unnecessary to say, perhaps, as all are aware of it, that women are fond of boxes,—band boxes, lunch boxes, candy-boxes, money-boxes; and," added she in a subdued tone, stepping back, in a half frightened manner, "some of us a good *many* of us, are — beginning — to believe we should — like the — ballot-box." It is needless to say this completely brought down the house.

Mrs. Dickinson has a remarkably fine personal appearance; she has long been consecrated to Christian work; but it was not until a more recent date that she felt *specially* called to work for Home Protection. Her addition to the workers in temperance reform, was considered a very desirable accession.

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

"Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

1 "As a little child, as a little child!
Then how can I enter in?
I am scarred, and hardened, and soul-defiled,
With traces of sorrow and sin.
Can I turn backward the tide of years
And wake my dead youth at my will?"
"Nay, but thou canst, with thy grief and thy fears,
Creep into My arms and be still."

2 "I know that the lambs in the heavenly fold
Are sheltered and kept in Thy heart;
But I—I am old, and the gray from the gold
Has bidden all brightness depart.
The gladness of youth, the faith and the truth,
Lie withered or shrouded in dust."
"Thou'rt emptied at length of thy treacherous strength;
Creep into My arms now—and trust."

3 "Is it true? can I share with the little ones there
A child's happy rest on Thy breast?"
"Aye, the tenderest care will answer thy prayer,
My love is for thee as the rest.
It will quiet thy fears, will wipe away tears—
Thy murmurs shall soften to psalms,
Thy sorrows shall seem but a feverish dream,
In the rest—in the rest in My arms.

4 "Thus tenderly held, the heart that rebelled
Shall cling to My hand, though it smite;
Shall find in My rod the love of its God,
My statutes its songs in the night.
And whiter than snow shall the stained life grow,
'Neath the touch of a love undefiled,
And the throngs of forgiven at the portals of heaven
Shall welcome one more little child."

MARY L. DICKINSON.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT BELIEVE.

1 Come to the fountain of mercy and live,
Come, and a pardon receive;
Drink of the water that Jesus will give,
Freely to those that believe;
Weary and burdened with sorrow,
Sweet is the message to thee;
Learn of the meek and the lowly,
Come, heavy-laden, to Me.

CHORUS—Come to the clear, flowing river,
Drink of its waters forever,
Hungry and thirsty, Oh! never,
Blessèd are they that believe!

2 Happy the nation whose God is the Lord;
Hearing in meekness and love
Counsels of wisdom and truth in His word,
Looking for comfort above;
He is their rock and salvation,
He is their strength and their song,
Onward from glory to glory,
Leading them gently along.

3 Look unto Jesus, ye regions of earth,
Victor of death and the grave,
Though He was humble, and lowly His birth.
He is the mighty to save.
Why should we wander in darkness?
Why to the world should we cling?
Hope, like a bird, is before us,
Pluming her beautiful wing.

FANNY CROSBY.

Set to Music by W. H. DOANE. By per. Biglow & Main.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

1 Jesus by the well-side sitting,
Weary, thirsty, sad and lone,
To the wondering, erring stranger,
Said in gentle, tender tone,
"Whoso drinketh of this water,
He will thirst, and thirst again,
But the Water of Salvation
Will the weary soul sustain."

2 Thirsty ones, come to this Fountain,
Christ your Saviour still is nigh,
And this clear and "Living Water"
Can your deepest needs supply.
Turn away from poisoned fountains
That bring sorrow, woe and pain;
These sweet waters, pure and healing,
Will give health and joy again.

3 We still hear Thy voice, dear Saviour!
Oh! our thirsty souls supply
With those cooling drops, so precious,
From that Fountain never dry.
We have drank from earthly cisterns,
And perhaps the poisoned bowl,
Now we seek the "Living Waters"
For the weary, fainting soul.

4 That pure Fountain will not fail us,
Wheresoe'er our footsteps stray,
Whether in the crowded city,
Or along a lonely way.
For the streams of "Love Eternal"
Wash away all sin and strife,
And bear up our joyful spirits
Into "Everlasting Life."

MARION HUNTING. 1883.

ACQUAINT THYSELF WITH HIM AND BE AT PEACE.

1 Acquaint thyself with Him;
So shalt thou find release
From every battle waged within,
From every fetter forged by sin;
Perplexing doubts shall cease,
Faith's angel brood where strife has been,
And white-robed Peace.

2 Acquaint thyself with Him,
The tender heart and true,
Learn what His love to man hath wrought,
The piercéd hand that victory bought;
So shalt thou read anew
Life's records with keen suffering fraught,
And goodness too.

3 Acquaint thyself with Him,
His wisdom-tempered love;
Till sin and want and sorrow seem
Swift phantasms of a morning's dream;
His rainbow arch above
Flooding the darkness with its gleam,
His goodness prove.

4 Acquaint thyself with Him,
Child of the dust;
Thy cares and burdens day by day
Bring boldly at His feet to lay;
All merciful and just!
So shalt thou bear a song away
Of perfect trust.

5 Acquaint thyself with Him,
So discord all shall cease,
So faith shall Eden build again
Above earth's weariness and pain,
And every mystery shine plain
In God's complete release;
Acquaint thyself with His sweet reign
And be at peace.

MISS M. E. WINSLOW.

GOSPEL INVITATION.

Gen. vi: 3.

1 Say, sinner! hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard, in time, the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist His love to grieve,
May never hear His voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps, this very day,
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! shouldst thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

MRS. A. B. HYDE.

LET HIM ALONE!

1 'T is your Maker, O mortal, whose voice of woe
Is bidding farewell to your heart;
He has pleaded for entrance in accents low,
But ever you bade Him depart;
Oh! grieve not the Spirit, lest this be its moan:
"He is joined to his idols, let him alone."
Let him alone.

2 The dear Saviour is standing outside your heart
And knocking, still knocking in vain;
He is waiting in patience and love, apart,
Your bidding to come and remain;
Oh! answer the summons, or hear this sad moan:
"He is joined to his idols, let him alone."
Let him alone.

3 He has woo'd you so often with promises sweet,
To freely forgive and to bless,
Had you only been willing to kneel at His feet,
All the sins of your soul to confess.
Oh! believe and accept Him, for sad is the moan:
"He is joined to his idols, let him alone."
Let him alone.

4 You are clinging to idols which God bids you leave,
Earth's treasures and cares fill your breast;
Yield to Jesus the homage He waits to receive,
And seek for your soul life and rest.
Shall eternity echo, forever, this moan:
"He is joined to his idols, let him alone."
Let him alone.

ELLEN GLEVE. 1876.

Set to music and copyrighted by REV. S. [illegible]. Used by per.

WHERE ARE WE DRIFTING?

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment." - Rev. iii : 5.

1 The sea of life, — it is deep and wide,
And countless the treasures that 'neath it hide;
The currents of life are full and strong,
With counter currents of right and wrong.
Let us ask ourselves, as we float along,
Where, Oh! where are we drifting?

2 Ah! who the billows can safely ride?
What craft has the power to breast the tide?
The maelstroms of life are strong and deep,
And some on the edge of the vortex sleep;
Let us ask ourselves, as our watch we keep,
Where, Oh! where are we drifting?

GRACE H. HORR.

Set to Music by ASA HULL, in "Golden Sheaf."

SOWING THE SEED.

9s & 7, with Chorus.

1 Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night:
Oh! what shall the harvest be?

CHO.—Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah! sure will the harvest be.

2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil:
Oh! what shall the harvest be?

3 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,
Gladly to gather the harvest home:
Oh! what shall the harvest be?

EMILY S. OAKEY.

THE WORD DIVINE.

"Nor drunkards....shall inherit the kingdom of God."—1 Cor. vi: 10.

1 No pearly gate on hinge of gold
Shall ever swing ajar for those
Who just for drink their birth-right sold,
To heav'nly joy and sweet repose.

CHORUS—O ye who tarry at the wine!
Yet think to see that land so fair,
Remember 'tis the word divine,
No drunkard e'er shall enter there.

2 No heav'nly street with golden pave,
Nor Tree of Life, with healing leaves;
Nor harp, nor crown, hath been prepared
For one who thus the Master grieves.

3 No welcome voice will greet his ear
From loved ones who have crossed the strand;
In vain they'll wait his coming home;
His eyes shall ne'er behold that land.

4 Then hear the Father's voice to-day;
And, lest to-morrow prove too late,
Make now thy choice, forsake the glass,
And pardon seek at Mercy's gate.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS.

Set to Music by JAS. E. MURRAY Nov., 1879.

From "Temperance Light," published by Oliver Ditson & Co., by per.

THY BROTHER'S BLOOD

Genesis iv : 10. Psalm ix : 12.

L. M.

1 Thy brother's blood! thy brother's blood!
It crieth to me from the ground;
And when unerring search is made,
Where shall its crimson stain be found?

2 It may not call from lonely field,
From forest dark, or rocky dell;
The cry may sound from village street
Or crowded thoroughfare as well.

3 There is a woe to him who builds
A town with violence or wrong;
Who proudly sets his nest on high,
And in his neighbor's spoil grows strong.

4 There is a woe to him who puts
The bottle to his neighbor's lips;
Who seeks to cover guilt with gold—
His sun shall find a sure eclipse.

5 From blighted homes comes up the cry,
From starving orphans bursts the call,
From ruined manhood's reeling step,
From tempted childhood's fatal fall.

6 With step erect, and fame untouched,
In robes by fellow-men held fair,
Above his victim's blood-stained path,
His foe may walk without a care.

7 But when he comes whose practiced eye
Inquires for blood, 't will then be vain
To cover o'er or seek to cleanse
From red-hued skirts the fatal stain.

8 Thy brother's blood! thy brother's blood!
It crieth to me from the ground;
And when unerring search is made,
Where shall the crimson stain be found?

JULIA P. BALLARD. 1881.

THE GOLDEN SCEPTER.

1 By the law condemned to perish,
Vain for help I cry;
Is there none to hear my pleading?
Must I surely die?

CHORUS—See the scepter! precious promise!
Jesus help can give;
By the hand of love extended,
All may touch and live.

2 Will He take a soul in trouble,
With no other plea
But a need of love and pardon?
Will He, even me?

3 May I come with all my ruin?
All my sorrows bring?
Can I thus approach the Saviour?
Thus address the King?

MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Set to Music by W. I. HARTSHORN. By per. David C. Cook.

PEACE! BE STILL!

"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!" Mark iv. 39.

1 Master, the tempest is raging!
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,
No shelter or help is nigh;
"Carest Thou not that we perish?"
How canst Thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threat'ning
A grave in the angry deep?

2 Master, with anguish of spirit
I bow in my grief to-day;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled;
Oh! waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul;
And I perish! I perish! dear Master;
Oh! hasten, and take control.

3 Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast;
Linger, O blessèd Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbor,
And rest on the blissful shore.

MISS M. A. BAKER.

Set to Music by DR. H. R. PALMER, and used by per.

THE PRODIGAL.

1 My Father, if these lips defiled
May call Thee by that sacred name,
A weary wanderer, once Thy child,
Comes burdened with his years of shame,
A wrecked and wasted life to cast
Upon Thy love at last, at last!

2 From years of pain and poverty,
From barren wastes of dark despair,
I stretch my helpless hands to Thee;
Deny me not a refuge there!
Deny me not the one retreat
For peace and pardon at Thy feet.

3 I cannot ask Thee to restore
The years of canker and of blight,
For Thou hast called me o'er and o'er,
And sought me through the long, dark night;
I cannot ask it, Lord, but see,—
I bring a broken heart to Thee!

4 And Father, though my heart be dead,
A look from Thee shall bid it rise;
I feel upon my bended head
The holy pity of Thine eyes;
The waste and wilderness are past—
My Father's house at last, at last!

MARY A. LATHBURY.

New York, 1887.

SHOW ME THE FATHER.

1 "Show me the Father," Lord,
Thine all-pervading love reveal,
My harp in every chord
Hath loss, if Thou Thy heart conceal.
Frozen but for Thy sun,
Blind to all good but for Thy light,
Helpless, at sea, alone,
If Thou illumine not my night.

2 On all my being lies
The great seal of the Sovereign Soul!
I blindly recognize
My King! and bow to His control.
Bind me by dearer ties,
My heart finds in Thy love its sun,
Dawn on its waiting eyes,
O infinitely mighty One.

3 Where art Thou, Father, where?
I call Thee both by prayer and song;
Thy power and love and care
Shall circle all my groping wrong.
Thy sore-pressed child fears not
If but Thy strong right hand is here;
The sorrowfullest lot
Finds sacredness when Thou art near.

ISABOLL GILBERT JEFFREY.

Chicago, 1883.

SHOW ME THE WAY.

1 Show me the way that leads to the true life,
I do not care what tempests may assail me;
I shall be given courage for the strife;
I know my strength will not desert or fail me;
I know that I shall conquer in the fray,—
Show me the way.

2 Show me the way up to a higher plane,
Where body shall be servant of the soul;
I do not care what tides of woe or pain
Across my life their angry waves may roll,
If I but reach the end I seek some day,—
Show me the way.

3 Show me the way above all little aims,
All foolish sorrows and belittling pleasures,
Above small triumphs over little gains,
Above vain grieving for unworthy treasures,
Up to those heights where these things seem child's play,
Show me the way.

4 Show me the way to that calm, perfect peace,
Which springs from inward consciousness of right,
To where these conflicts with the flesh shall cease,
And self shall radiate with the spirit's light.
Though hard the journey and the strife, Lord, pray,
Show me the way.

ELLA WHEELER.
Madison, Wis., 1883.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

"The whole head is sick and the heart faint." Isaiah.

1 Thou healer of the broken heart,
Helpless we come to Thee for aid:
Leprous with sin we stand apart,
Distressed, sore tempted and dismayed.

2 Our feeble thought scarce knows the right;
Our wayward will consents to sin,
We have no wisdom, power, nor might,
Debased without, defiled within.

3 Yet doth Thy long compassion wait,
With yearning pity to forgive,
To save us from our lost estate,
To bid us turn again and live.

4 Still with the dew Thy locks are wet,
Thy feet are travel-stained and sore,
Thy weary eyelids fail, and yet
Behold, Thou standest at the door!

5 Create, O Lord, our hearts anew;
Shine on the chaos of the soul;
In us the power of sin subdue,
Till we are every whit made whole.

MRS E. E. MARCY
Evanston, Ill. 1883.

I WILL ARISE AND STAND.

This day I will arise and stand, lift up my face,
Stand soul and body at my highest height;
True to my loftiest thought, and from my place
Will clamor for the soul's divinest right—
The right to trust itself and face the light.
I cannot lend to you a helping hand,
I only show you that a soul may stand,
That you may say, "One stands as weak as I;
I will arise and stand beside him there."
Then it shall come to pass some other day,
That from the ground the lowest and the least
Will clamber up and smiling on us say,
"Lo! Man hath risen to his own estate;
Behold! The dust of death hath blown away."

HELEN WILMANS.
In "Woman's World." 1885.

THE MOURNING WANDERER.

"The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways."

1 Oh! could I feel and know again
The joy of sins forgiven;
That living faith that works by love,
And points the soul to heaven.

CHORUS—I will arise, no more delay,
I'll seek a Father's face;
My sins confess, His pardon ask,
And fly to His embrace.

2 My burdened heart to Jesus, then,
Could tell its every care;
Could lean confiding on His breast,
And find a blessing there.

3 Why did I lose the guiding star
That cheered me on my way?
Why did I heed the tempter's voice,
And cease to watch and pray?

4 Dear Father, take the wanderer back,
Thy erring child forgive;
Restore me to Thy love once more,
And teach me how to live.

FANNY CROSBY. In "Singing Pilgrim."
Copyright, 1866, and set to music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.
Used by per.

CALLING, CALLING, DO WE HEAR?

Tune — "*Knocking.*"

1 Calling! calling! do we hear?
Calling! calling! Oh! how near.
From poor souls by sin benighted,
From sad homes by sin made drear,
Ask that prayer may be availing!
For a blessing to appear.

2 Calling! calling! lovest me?
Calling! calling! tenderly;
How we need the Christ you're loving,
Want to serve the God you fear;
See the sunshine of His grace
Saviour of a ruined race.

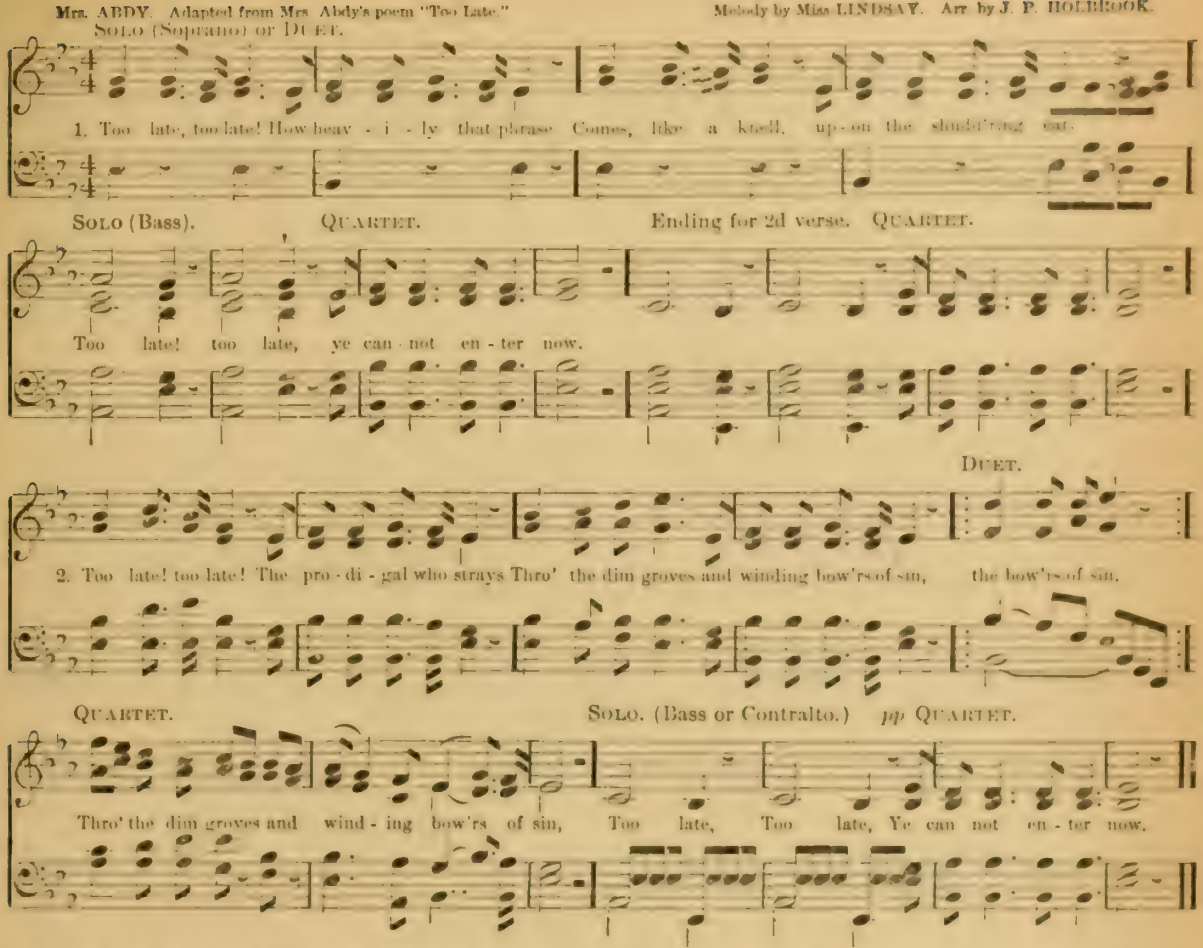
3 Calling! calling! Oh! how clear;
Calling! calling! yes, 't is near;
Oh! for peace which is divine,
For that hope which may be mine,
For a taste of life that's sweet,
For a place at Jesus' feet.

4 Calling! calling! let us heed;
Calling! calling! strange indeed!
Sin-sick soul with error rife,
With no hope for blesséd life,
Infinite love the answer gives,
Prayer by faith, in heaven lives.

MRS. L. D. W. FERRIS.
Delmar, Iowa. 1884.

TOO LATE.

Mrs. ABDY. Adapted from Mrs Aldy's poem "Too Late." Melody by Miss LINDSAY. Arr by J. P. HOLBROOK.



3 Too late—too late! O dark and fatal ban,
Is there a spell thy terrors to assuage?

4 Too late—too late! O sinner, hasten now,
Thy Saviour seek, and sweet redemption find.

TOO LATE.

1 Too late—too late! How heavily that phrase
Comes, like a knell, upon the shuddering ear,
Telling of slighted duties, wasted days,
Of privileges lost, of hopes once dear
Now quenched in gloom and darkness. Words like these
The worldling's callous heart must penetrate;
All that he might have been in thought he sees,
And sorrows o'er his present wreck—too late.

2 Too late—too late! The prodigal who strays
Through the dim groves and winding bowers of sin;
The cold and false deceiver, who betrays
The trusting heart he fondly toiled to win;
The spendthrift, scattering his golden store,
And left in age despised and desolate,
All may their faults confess, forsake, deplore,
Yet struggle to retrieve the past—too late.

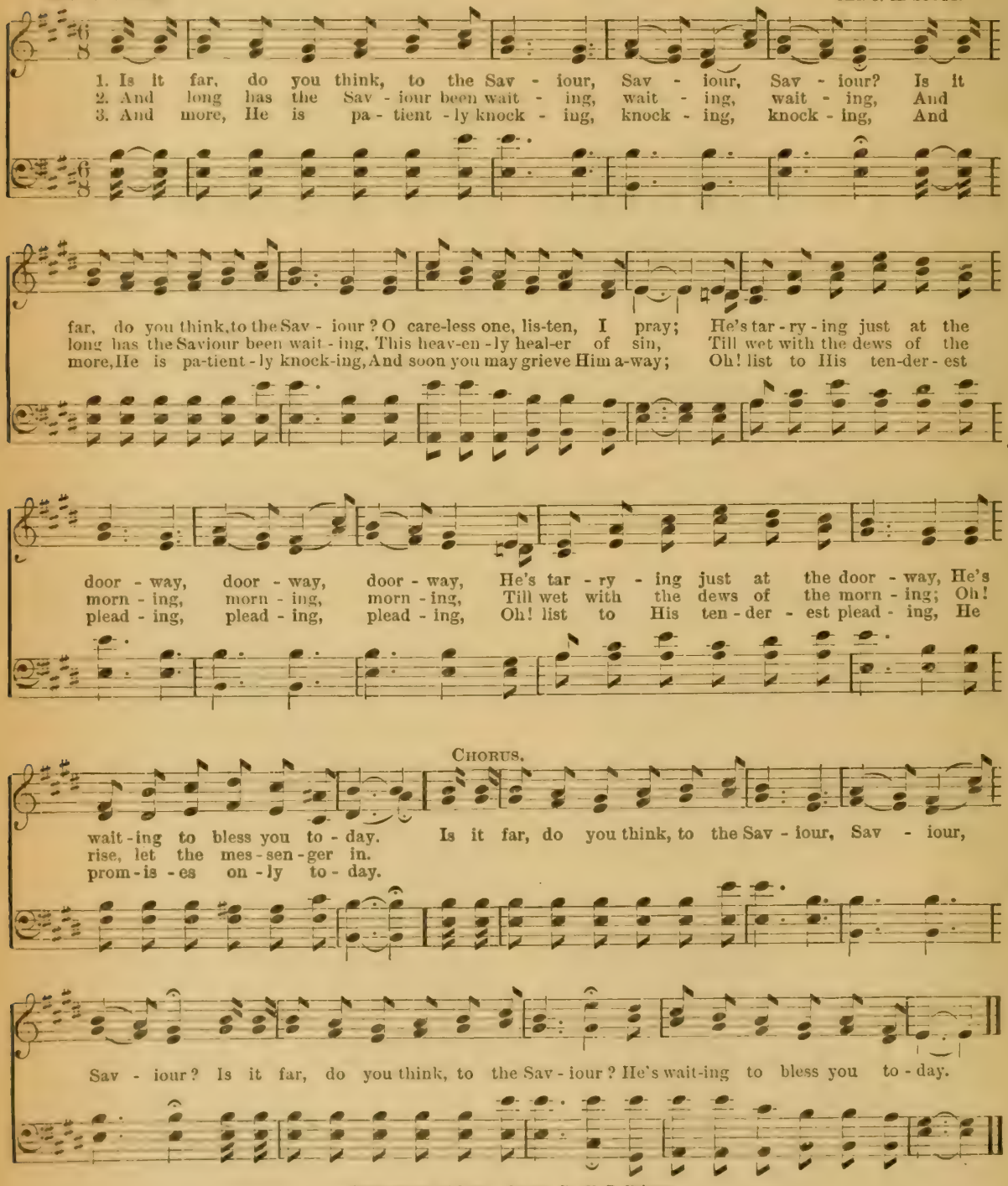
3 Too late—too late! O dark and fatal ban,
Is there a spell thy terrors to assuage?
There is, there is! but seek it not from man:
Seek for the healing balm in God's own page;
Read of thy Saviour's love, to Him repair;
He looks with pity on thy guilty state;
Kneel at His throne in deep and fervent prayer,
Kneel and repent, ere yet it be—too late.

4 Too late—too late! That direful sound portends
Sorrow on earth, but not immortal pain;
Thou mayst have lost the confidence of friends,
The love of kindred thou never regain;
But there is One above who marks thy tears,
And opes for thee salvation's golden gate;
Come then, poor mourner, cast away thy fears,
Believe and enter—it is not too late.

Mrs. Abdy 1863.

IS IT FAR, DO YOU THINK, TO THE SAVIOUR?

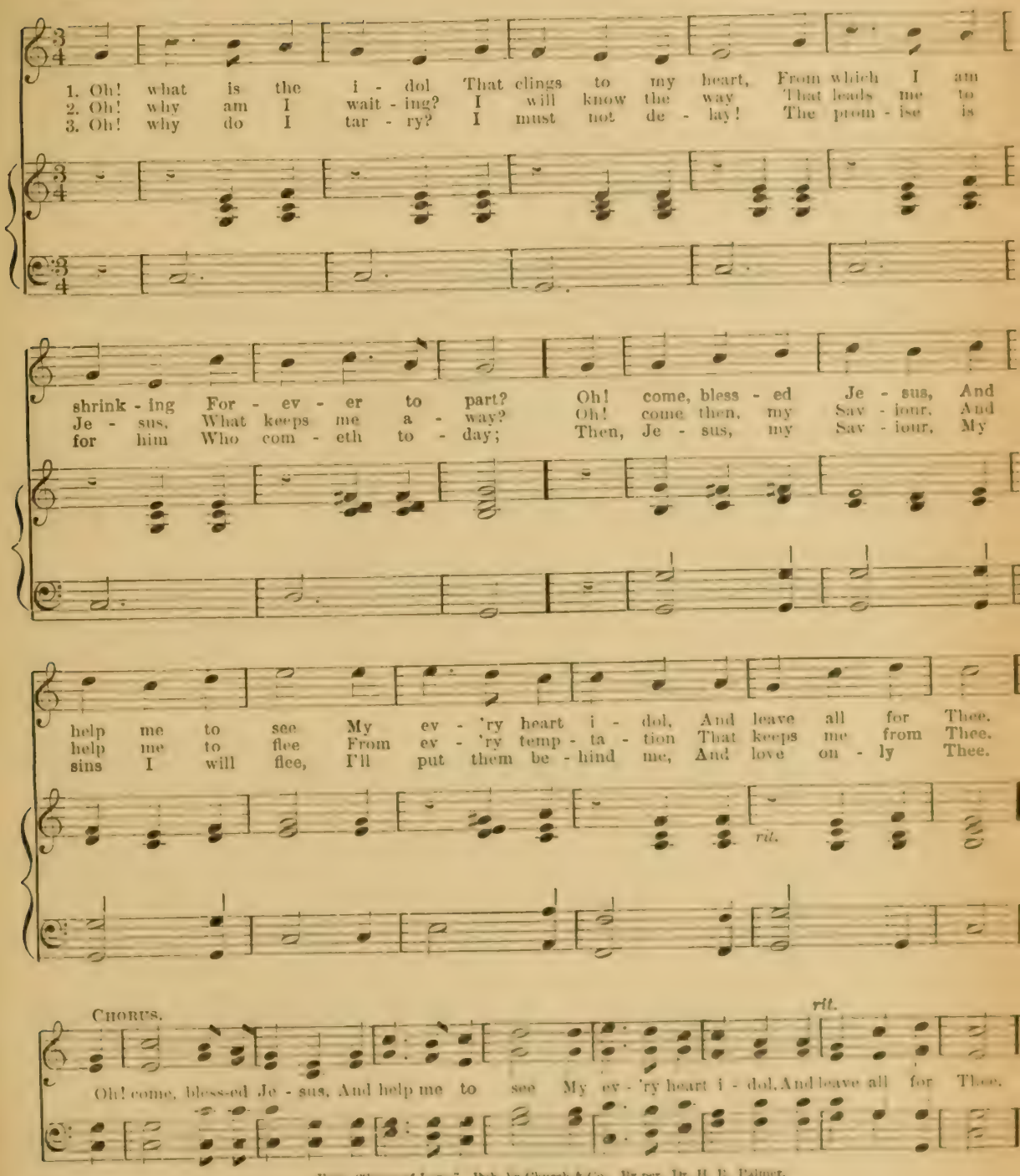
Mrs. M. O. PAGE. Mrs. C. H. SCOTT.



From "Songs of Love," By per. Dr. H. R. Palmer.

WHAT IS MY IDOL?

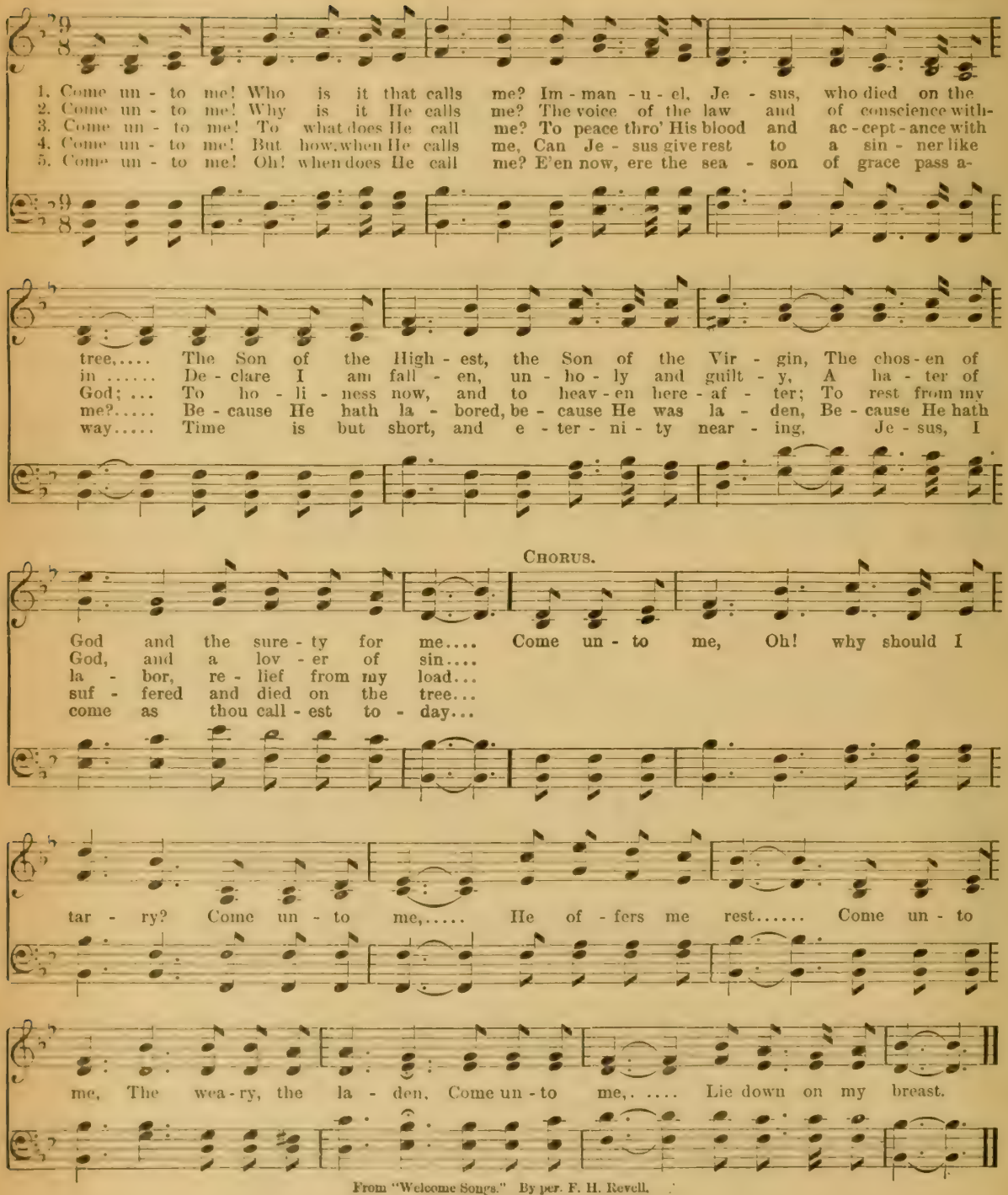
Mrs. M. O. PAGE. Mrs. C. H. SCOTT.



From "Songs of Love." Pub. by Church & Co. By per Dr. H. R. Palmer.

COME UNTO ME.

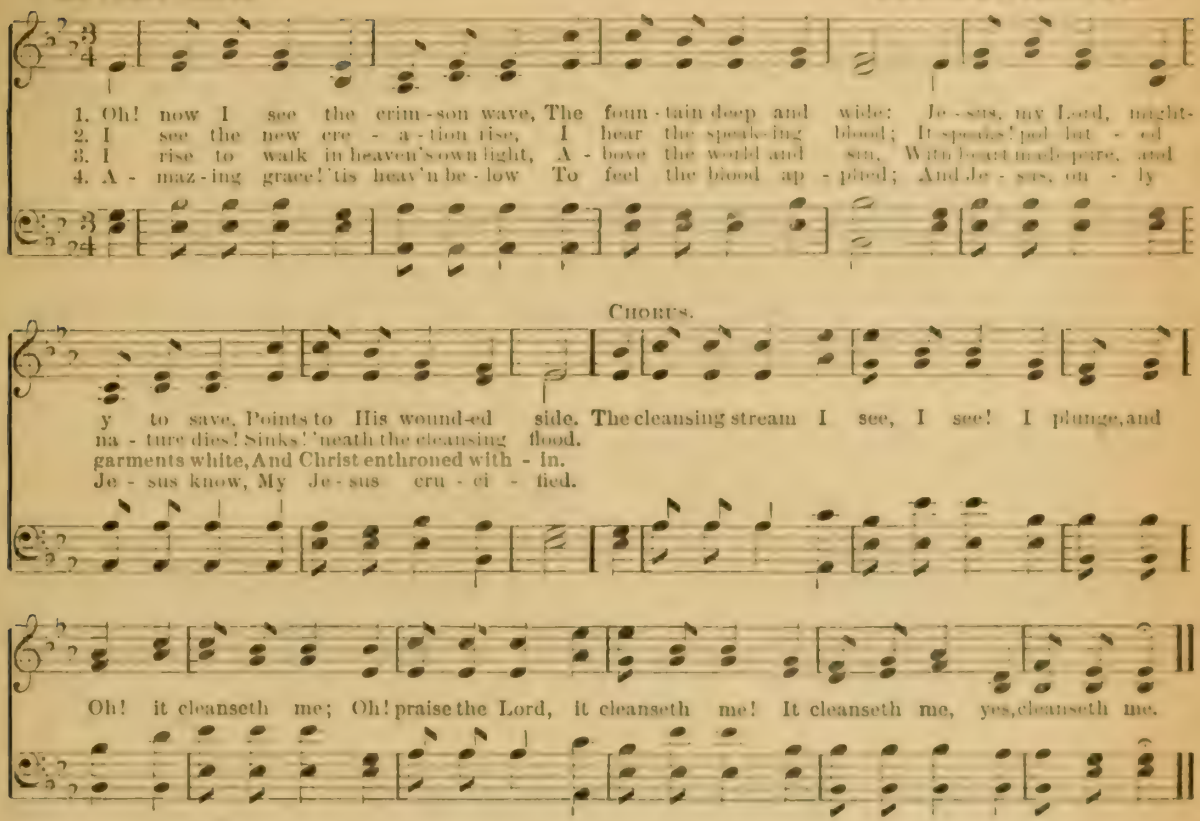
J. S. Mat. xi: 28. EMMA L. MORTON.



From "Welcome Songs." By per. F. H. Revell.

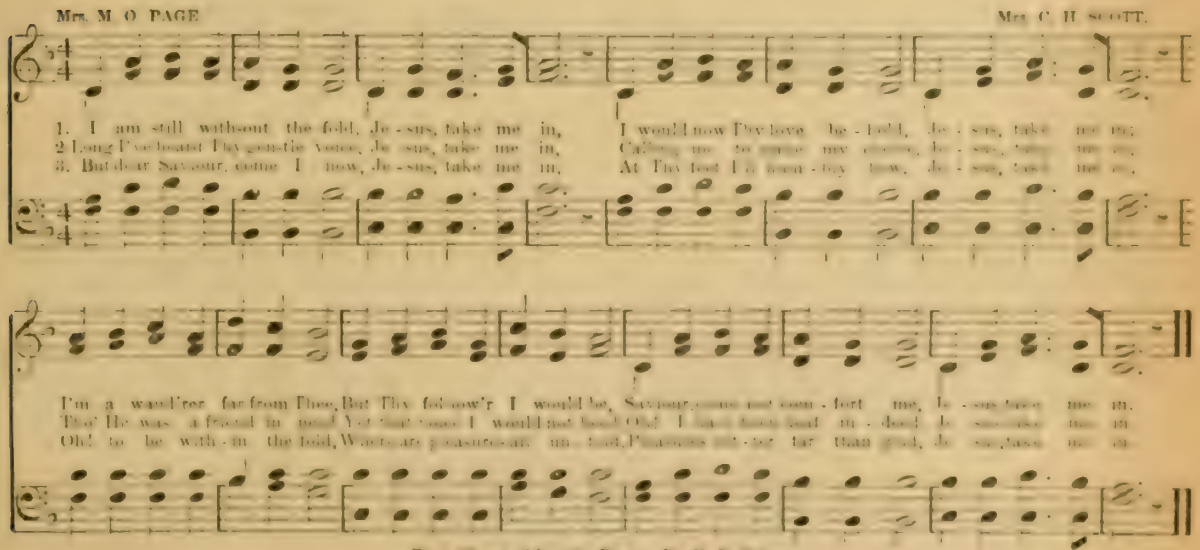
THE CLEANSING WAVE.

Mrs. PHŒBE PALMER. Mr. JOSEPH F. KNAPP by per



JESUS, TAKE ME IN.

Mrs. M. O. PAGE Mrs. C. H. SCOTT.

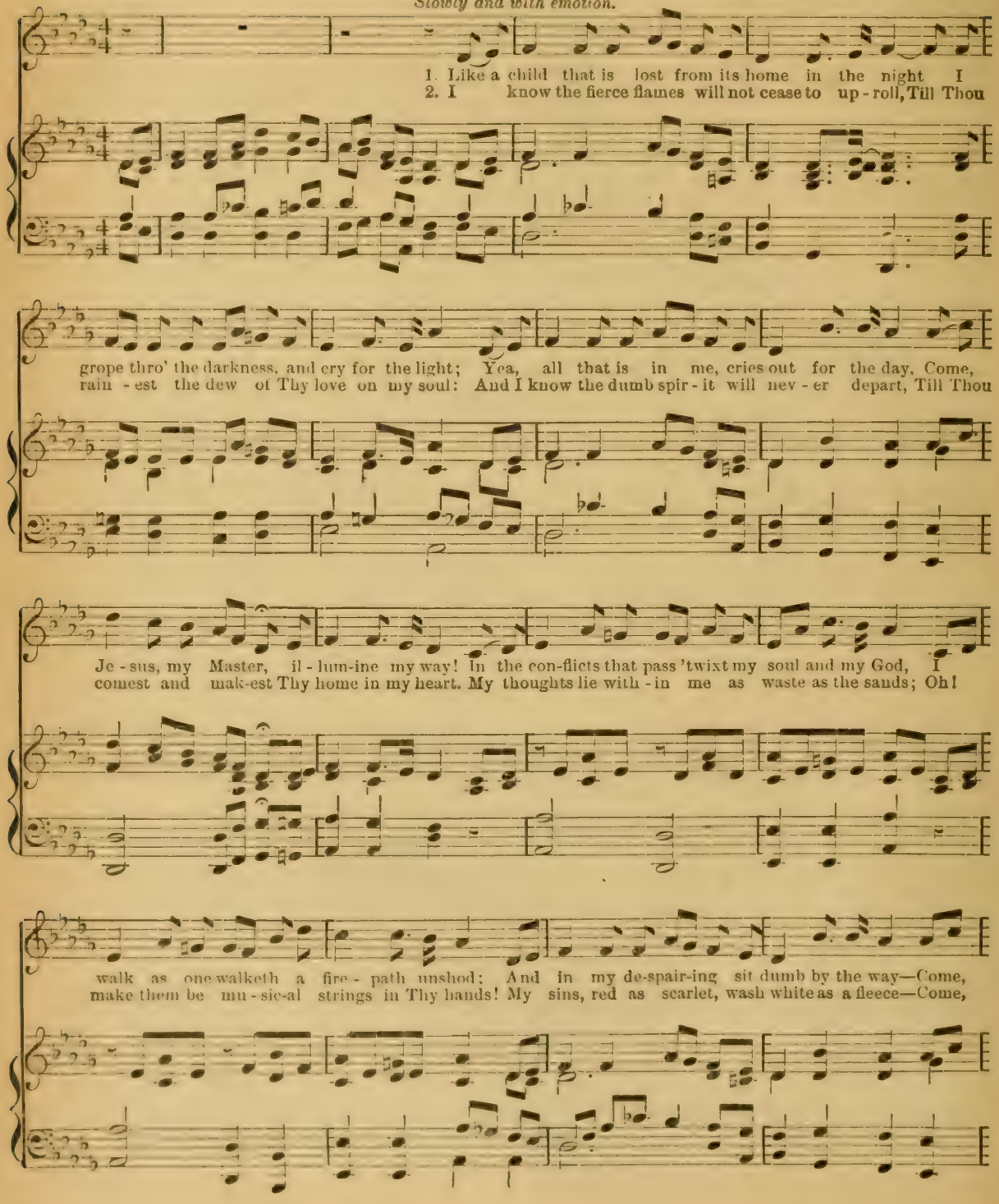


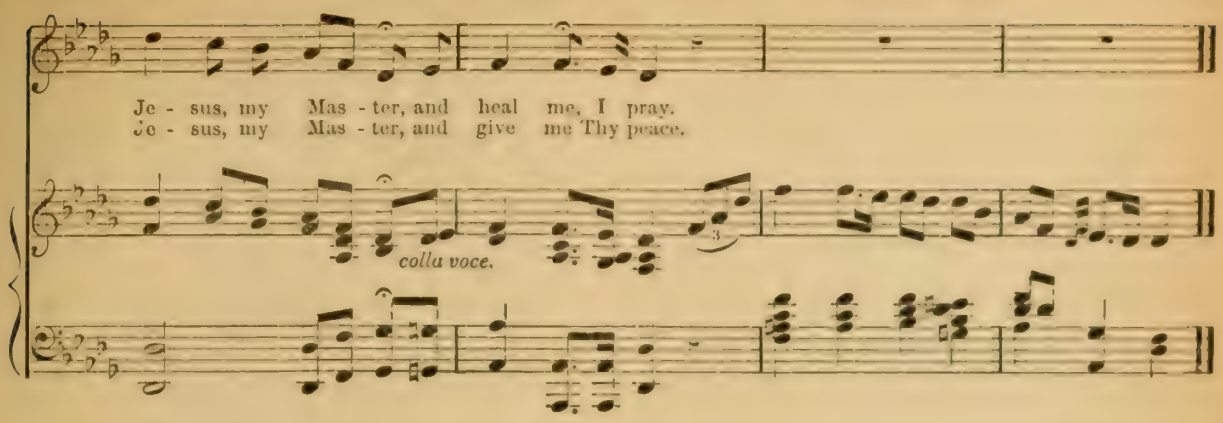
From "Songs of Love." By per Dr H R Palmer

JESUS, MY MASTER.

Miss ALICE CARY. Mrs. C. H. SCOTT. In "Royal Anthem Book," by per.

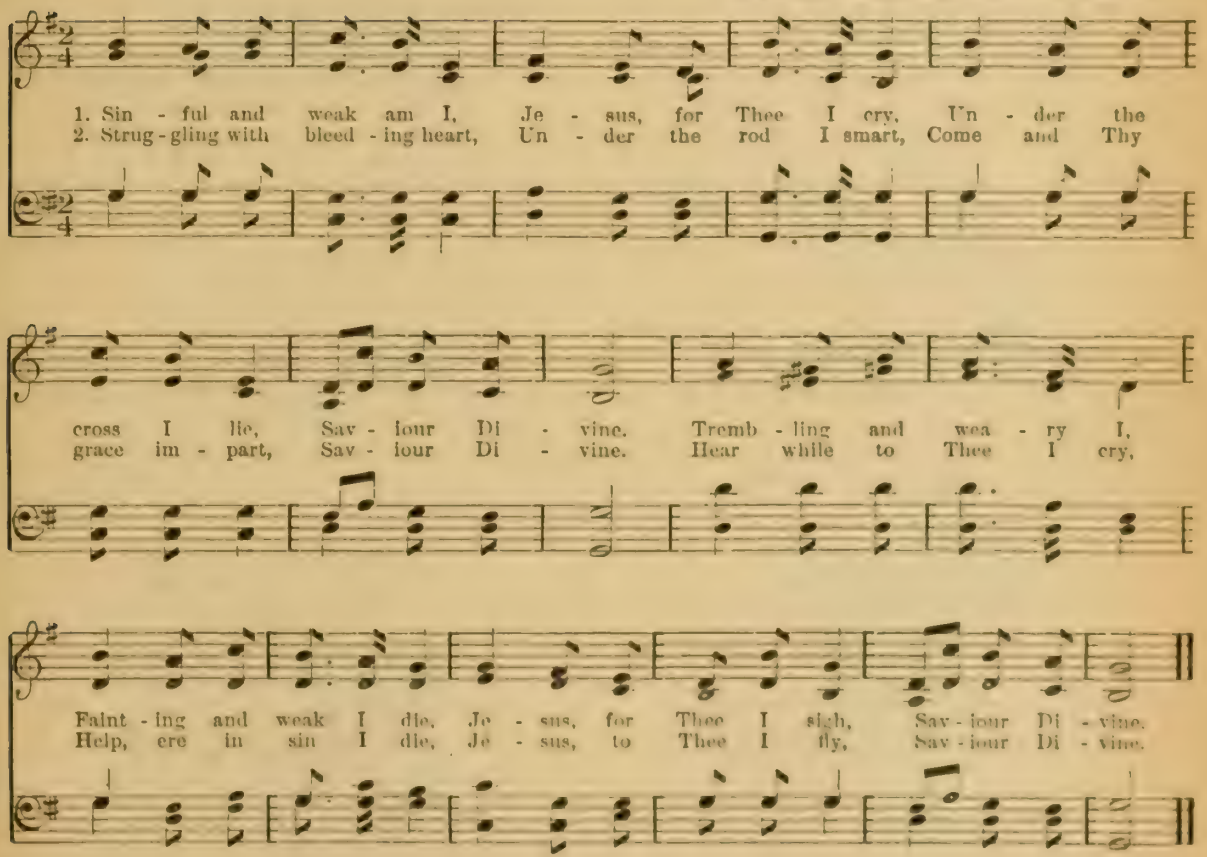
Slowly and with emotion.





SAVIOUR DIVINE.

Words and Music by ABBY NEWHALL EVERETT.



By permission.

LAMB OF GOD.

Tune — "*Children of the Heavenly King.*"

1 Lamb of God, with bleeding feet,
Standing at the mercy-seat,
Pleading those dear wounds of love,
For our sins, with God above,
Thou art strong our souls to save,
Victor over cross and grave.

2 Thou art gone the vail within,
Bearing ransom for our sin,
Blood of sprinkling to atone
At the Father's altar-throne!
Lamb of God, by sinners slain,
Plead for me Thy bitter pain.

3 With a glory streaming now
From the thorn-prints on Thy brow,
And Thy priestly vesture dyed
With the blood from out Thy side,
Thou who once on earth didst bleed,
Livest still to intercede.

4 Through Thy blood our souls draw nigh
To the throne of God most high;
Bold through Thee, our hands lay hold
Of that altar, which of old
None could touch; but Thou hast died,
God, through Thee, is reconciled.

EDITH R. WILSON.

Set to Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE. By per D. C. Cook.

WILL YOU DECIDE FOR JESUS?

"Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, Thou art the Guide of my youth?" — Jer. iii: 4.

1 Will you decide for Jesus?
Will you decide for Him?
Who gave His life so precious,
Thy lost life to redeem?
No other friend can love thee
With love as great as His;
To spurn Him is eternal woe;
To love eternal bliss.

2 Will you decide for Jesus —
You who have grieved Him long?
He knows that heart so faithless,
And yet His love is strong.
Thy sins it was that pierced Him,
Thy sins for which He died.
Can you reject His pardon?
Oh! why not now decide?

3 Will you decide for Jesus? —
For Him to live and die?
Has Satan satisfied you?
Why then still serve him, why?
Oh! banish indecision,
From that weak, wavering mind,
And decide for Jesus,
And in Him pardon find!

4 Will you decide for Jesus?
Will you decide to-day?
Christ beckons thee, O sinner,
Why wilt thou turn away?
Beside thee now He standeth —
He may not call again;
Why dost thou spurn His mercy?
Why give Him so much pain?

5 Will you decide for Jesus?
Will you decide just now?
Oh! yield to His entreaties —
Now, now before Him bow!
The Spirit now is pleading,
The Bride just now says "come,"
To-morrow they may leave thee,
Why should you longer roam?

6 Will you decide for Jesus?
Time passes swiftly by,
The long, long home is nearing,
And you will have to die;
Will have to leave earth's pleasures,
Earth's emptiness and woe.
Oh! ask yourself the question,—
And where shall I then go?

7 Will you decide for Jesus?
He asks it now of thee.
Thy heart must give an answer;—
What shall the answer be?
Oh! ere the Christ has left thee,
Oh! while heaven's gates stand wide,
While yet the Spirit pleadeth,
Cry — "Lord, I will decide!

8 "I will decide for Jesus,
I will decide for Thee!
Just now I take the pardon
Which Thou dost offer me.
I will decide for Jesus,
For Him to live and die;
Now I am Thine, Lord Jesus,
For Thou hast heard my cry!"

FAIRLIE THORNTON.

In "Herald of Mercy."

OPPRESSED BY SIN.

Tune — "*Jesus, lover of my soul.*"

1 Weary, weak, by sin oppressed,
Father, come I now for rest,
Profligate and vile I've been,
Foremost in the ways of sin.
Father, I no more will roam;
Humbly, now I seek Thy home,
Thy forgiveness I implore;
Help me that I sin no more.

2 Worthy not of any place
With the children of Thy grace,
Be a servant's portion mine,
Since I've slighted love like Thine.
Hast Thou come to meet Thy child,
Wretched, poor, by sin defiled?
Surely Thou wilt hear my plea,
And be merciful to me.

MRS. J. HITCHCOCK. 1879.
Set to Music by A. J. ABBEY.
Used by per. D. C. Cook.

WHITE AS SNOW.

1 "White as snow!" Oh! what a promise
For the heavy-laden breast,
When by faith the soul receives it,
Weariness is changed to rest.

2 "Red like crimson," deep as scarlet,
Scarlet of the deepest dye,
Are the manifold transgressions
Which upon my conscience lie.

3 God alone can count the number,
God alone can look within;
Oh! the sinfulness of sinning;
Oh! the guilt of every sin.

4 Heavy-laden, worn and weary,
To the promise let me go:
"Though your sins may be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow."

CATHARINE HANKEY
Set to Music by WILLIAM JOHNSON.

THE CRY OF THE PENITENT.

Tune—"*Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us.*"

1 Father, I have heard Thee calling
In sweet accents, "Come to me;"
Very far away I've wandered,
But I'm coming now to Thee.
CHORUS—Father, Father, I am coming,
Nevermore from Thee to roam.
While I hear Thy sweet voice calling,
Father, I am coming home.

2 Long Christ's spirit has been pleading
At the throne of God for me,
But I'm coming now, my Father,
All unworthy though I be.

3 In Thy loving-kindness, Father,
All my trespasses forgive;
Jesus, who hath died for sinners,
Teach, Oh! teach me how to live.

4 Oh! my Father, all unworthy
Am I of Thy tenderest love,
By which Thou wouldst draw Thy children
To the heavenly home above.

ELIZA SHERMAN.
Set to Music by W. I. HAUTSHORN.
From Sab. School Quarterly. D. C. Cook.

PENITENCE.

Tune—"*Portuguese Hymn.*"

1 Listen, Oh! listen, our Father all holy!
Humble and sorrowful, owning my sin,
Hear me confess, in my penitence lowly,
How in my weakness temptation came in.

2 Pity me now, for, my Father, no sorrow
Ever can be like the pain that I know,
When I remember that all through to-morrow
Missing the light of Thy love I may go.

3 For Thy forgiveness, the gift I am seeking,
Nothing, Oh! nothing I offer to Thee!
Thou to my sinful and sad spirit speaking,
Giving forgiveness giv'st all things to me.

4 Keep me, my Father, Oh! keep me from falling,
I had not sinned had I felt Thou wert nigh;
Speak when the voice of the tempter is calling,
So that temptation before Thee may fly.

5 Tho'ts of my sin much more humble shall make me;
For Thy forgiveness I'll love Thee the more:
So keep me humble until Thou shalt take me
Where sin and sorrow forever are o'er.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.
In "Good Times."

DESIRES.

1 More faith, dear Lord, more faith!
Take all these doubts away;
Oh! let the simple words, "*He saith,*"
Confirm my faith each day.

2 More hope, dear Lord, more hope!
To conquer timid fear,
To cheer life's path, as on I grope,
Till heaven's own light appear.

3 More love, dear Lord, more love!
Such as on earth was Thine;
All graces and all gifts above,
Unselfish love be mine.

MRS. E. C. KINNEY
Summit, N. J. 1884.

"LORD, I BELIEVE, HELP THOU MINE UNBELIEF."

1 Lord, I believe Thy gracious Word,
Thy promise full of love I claim,
And at Thy footstool bowing low,
Adore Thy holy name.

2 All, all I now resign to Thee,
Oh! make my life and soul all Thine,
Me cleanse from every sin and stain,
And save through grace Divine.

3 Trusting, I cast my hopes and fears
On Thee, my Saviour and my King;
Believing, rest in sweet repose,
While to Thy Cross I cling.

4 Helpless and weak I come to Thee,
Oh! let me trust Thee more and more,
Till I shall gain the perfect day,
When doubts and cares are o'er.

5 Thus firm in faith and hope and love,
Let me still find in Thee relief;
Oh! let me never doubt Thee more,
Help Thou mine unbelief.

MRS. LAURA PRICE.
New Orleans "Christian Advocate," 1884.

DO NOT PASS ME.

1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at Thy throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom on earth have I beside Thee,
Whom in heaven but Thee!

MRS. F. C. VAN ALSTYNE,
Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Used by per. Biglow & Main.

PRAYER FOR PURITY.

Romans viii: 8.

1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is Thine, Almighty Spirit! Thine
To form the heart anew.

3 'T is Thine the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'T is Thine alone to give.

5 Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be Thine.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

PRAYER FOR FORGIVENESS.

1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of His word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls—"Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn:
Oh! take the wanderer home!

3 And canst Thou,—wilt Thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak Thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, Thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
A heart so vile as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
Oh! keep me at Thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more!

ANNE STEELE.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

C. M.

Tune- "*Dundee.*"

1 The prodigal, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

2 "I starve," he cries, "nor can I bear
The famine in this land,
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 "With deep repentance I 'll return
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I 'll ask a servant's place.

4 Far off the Father saw him move,
In pensive silence mourn,
And quickly ran, with arms of love,
To welcome his return.

5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tuned their harps anew,—
The long-lost son is found!

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

BRINGING ALL TO JESUS.

1 I bring my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansèd be
In Thy new-opened Fount.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
The burden is too great for me.

2 My heart to thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read;
A faithless, wandering thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.

3 To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But bear it all for me.
O loving Saviour, now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.

4 I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrows laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, now to Thee.

5 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love hath given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven!
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
For Thou hast purchased all for me.

6 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone.
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

HIS GRIEF.

"And it grieved Him at His heart."—Gen. vi: 6.

1 Does it grieve Thee, precious Saviour?
When I wilfully refuse
All Thy love, so freely offered,
In the gospel of "good news?"

2 Does it grieve Thee — art Thou saddened?
Can it be Thou carest so?
When, to quench my soul's great thirsting,
I to "broken cisterns" go?

3 And when, in low and thrilling tones,
I hear Thee whispering "come,"
Does it hurt Thee if I linger,
Darkness drear to hasten from?

4 Yes, I know I wound Thee ever,
By my folly, blindness, sin.
And I know my soul is blackness
Until Thou shalt enter in.

KATIE B. LAMPTON. 1883.

AT THE DOOR.

1 The mistakes of my life are many,
The sins of my heart are more;
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But I come to the open door.

2 I am lowest of those who love Him,
I am weakest of those who pray;
But I'm coming, as He has bidden,
And He will not say me "Nay."

3 My mistakes His love will cover,
My sins He will wash away;
And the feet that shrink and falter,
Shall walk through the gates of day.

4 If I turn not from His whisper,
If I let not go His hand,
I shall see Him in His beauty —
The King in the far-off land.

5 The mistakes of my life are many,
And my soul is sick with sin;
And I scarce can see for weeping,
But the Lord will let me in.

UNA LOCKE BAILEY.

SEEKING FOR REST.

1 All weary with the cares of life,
And sore distrest,
Bending beneath thy daily toil,
Seeking for rest,
Open, my soul, to Him who fain
Would be Thy guest.

2 Ah! He will bring thee calm relief
From every pain;
He knows each grief — each sin He calls
By its true name;
And He alone can point the path
His peace to gain.

3 And, ever thus, He waiteth now
Thy friend to be,
If thou but lift thy heart in faith,
His face thou'lt see,
Fuller of love than mother's smile
E'er beamed on thee.

MARY TOWNLEY. 1880.

TIRED.

1 Tired, so tired of waiting
For peace that still delays;
Tired, so tired of halting
Between the two pathways,
Tired, so tired, O Saviour!
Teach me to walk Thy ways.

2 Tired, so tired of treading
The dark, rough path of sin;
Tired, so tired of having
This restless heart within.
Tired, so tired, O Saviour!
Thy peace I fain would win.

3 Tired, so tired of wandering
Hungry and faint and sore;
Tired, so tired of standing
Outside the blesséd door.
Tired, so tired, O Saviour!
Keep me from straying more.

ELLEN OLIVER.
Troy, Penn. 1882.

I'LL GO.

1 Why perish with cold and with hunger?
There's plenty for all and to spare
In the beautiful home of my Father,
And a welcome awaiting me there.

2 I'll go, and I'll say to my Father,
"I've sinned against heaven and Thee;
I'm not worthy a place 'mong Thy children;
Thy servant I gladly would be."

3 My Father is waiting to greet me
With tender and loving caress;
He will see me afar, and will meet me,
Forgive, and restore me, and bless.

MISS M. A. BAKER.
Set to Music in "Song Herald." by DR. H. R. PALMER, and used by per.

COME.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. xi: 28.

1 O word of words, the sweetest,
O word, in which there lie
All promise, all fulfillment,
And end of mystery;
Lamenting, or rejoicing,
With doubt or terror nigh,
I hear the "Come" of Jesus,
And to His cross I fly.

2 O soul! why shouldst thou wander
From such a loving Friend?
Cling closer, closer to Him,
Stay with Him to the end.
Alas! I am so helpless,
So very full of sin,
For I am ever wand'ring,
And coming back again.

3 Oh! each time draw me nearer,
That soon the "Come" may be
Naught but a gentle whisper,
To one close, close to Thee;
Then, over sea and mountain,
Far from, or near my home,
I'll take Thy hand and follow,
At that sweet whisper "Come!"

MRS. JAMES GIBSON JOHNSON.
Set to Music by JAMES M'GRANAHAN.

MAKE THY WILL MINE.

1 Prince of peace! control my will,
Bid this struggling heart be still;
Bid my fears and doubtings cease,
Hush my spirit into peace.

2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
Opened wide the gates of God;
Peace I ask, but peace must be,
Lord, in being one with Thee.

3 May Thy will, not mine, be done;
May Thy will and mine be one;
Chase these doubtings from my heart,
Now Thy perfect peace impart.

4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall,
There my life, my God, my all;
Let Thy happy servant be
One forevermore with Thee.

MARY A. S. BARBER.

YIELDED TO GOD.

1 Yielded to God in body, soul and spirit,
I rest upon His promised truth alone,—
Promise that all things I shall yet inherit,
My heart His altar consecrate,—His throne.

2 Yielded to God! and self no longer weareth
The tyrant and usurper's regal crown;
He who my sorrow, sins and frailties beareth,
Doth at His feet cast every idol down.

3 Yielded to God! No shaded chambers linger
Where foul imaginings in ambush hide;
The light which entered with His cleansing finger
Has brought His love forever to abide.

4 Yielded to God! For service, or for bearing
What burden love upon my life may lay;
His cross, His toil, His hallowed tear-drops sharing,
His cloud-wreathed path up to His perfect day.

5 Yielded to God! From mine own wisdom turning,
His guidance sure my onward footstep leads
In cloud by day, by night in fiery burning
Across the desert sands, or o'er the meads.

6 Yielded to God! No care awaits the morrow,
No sleepless nights, no toilsome days have I;
Need is supplied and sunshine kisses sorrow,
As in His arms encircled safe I lie.

7 O Soul! that in uncertainty and sighing
Hast all thy pilgrim journey thus far trod,
Peace, rest and constant joy await thee, lying
Yielded and wholly yielded unto God.

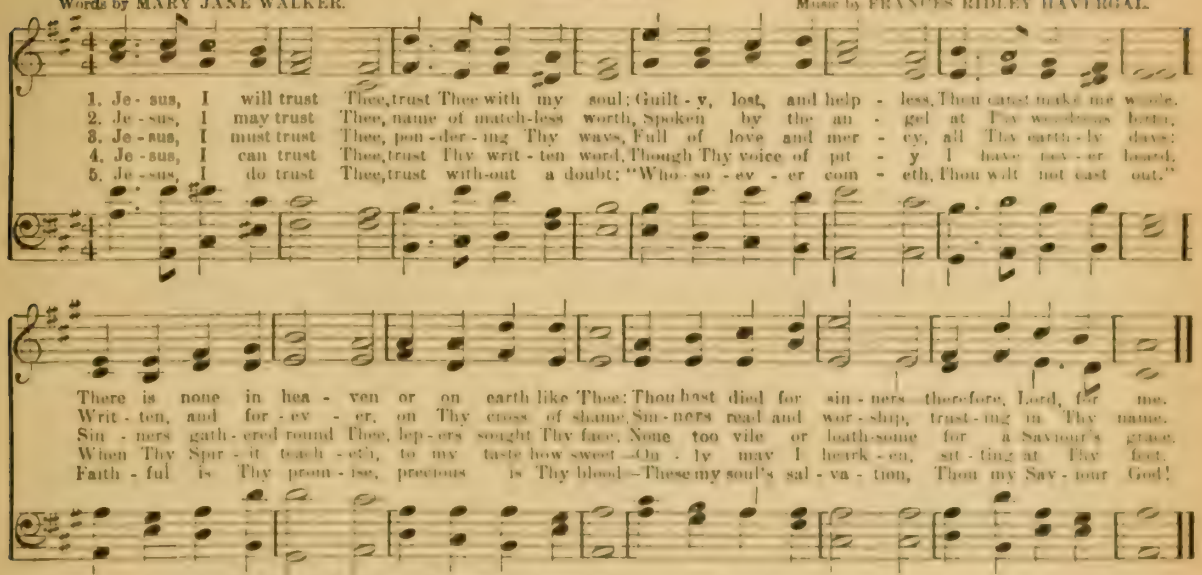
MARGARET E. WINSLOW.
Saugerties, N. Y. 1881.

JESUS, I WILL TRUST THEE.

"I will trust in Thee." Psa. lv. 23

Tune "*Hermas.*"

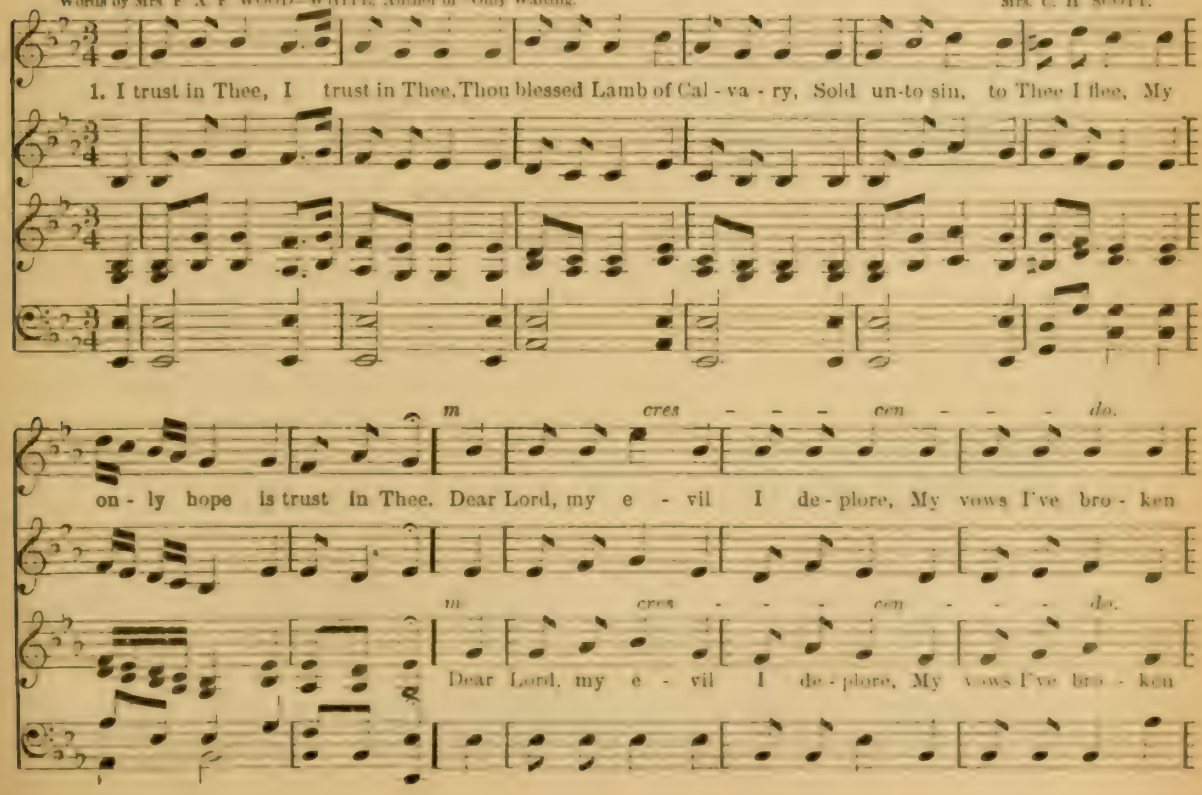
Words by MARY JANE WALKER. Music by FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

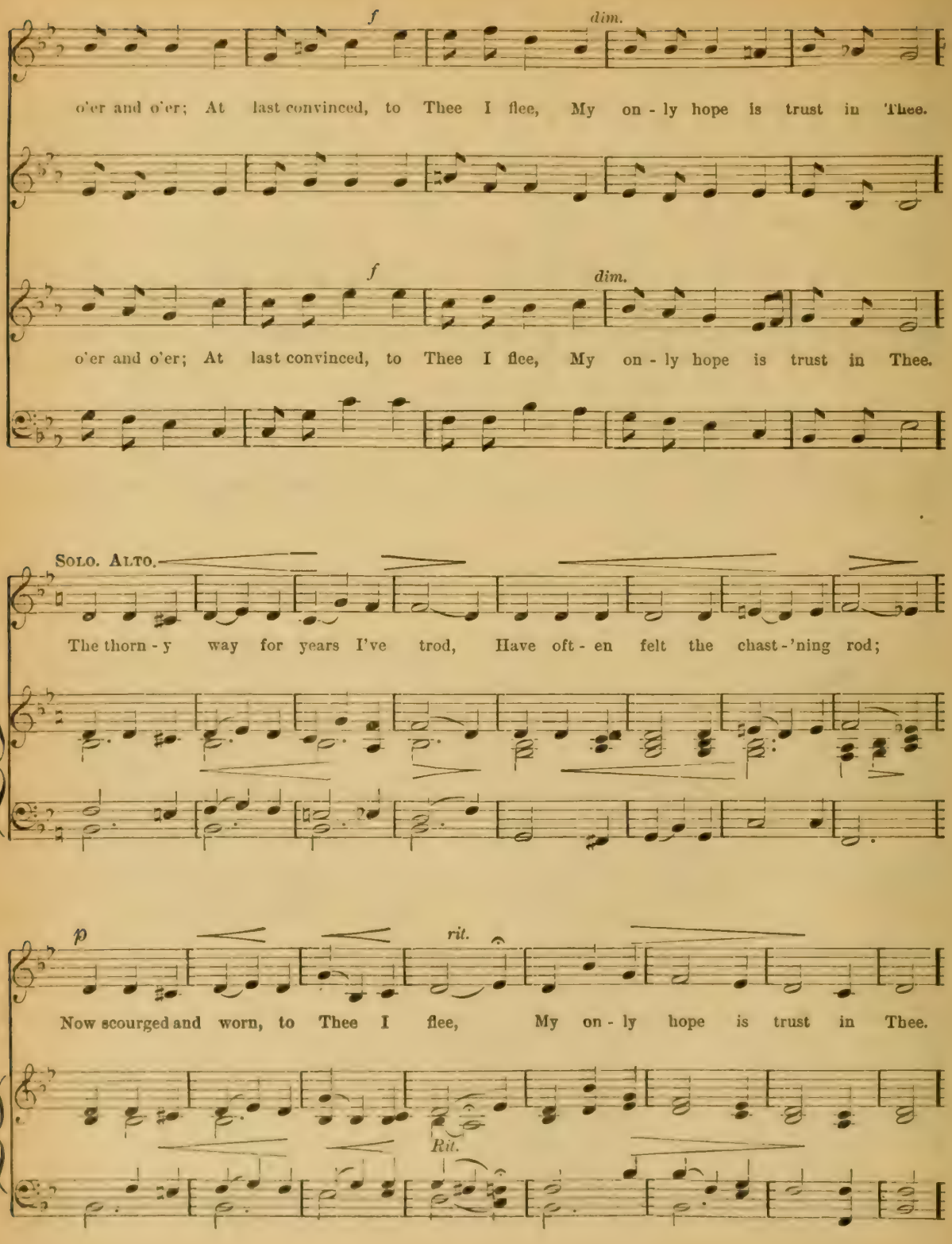


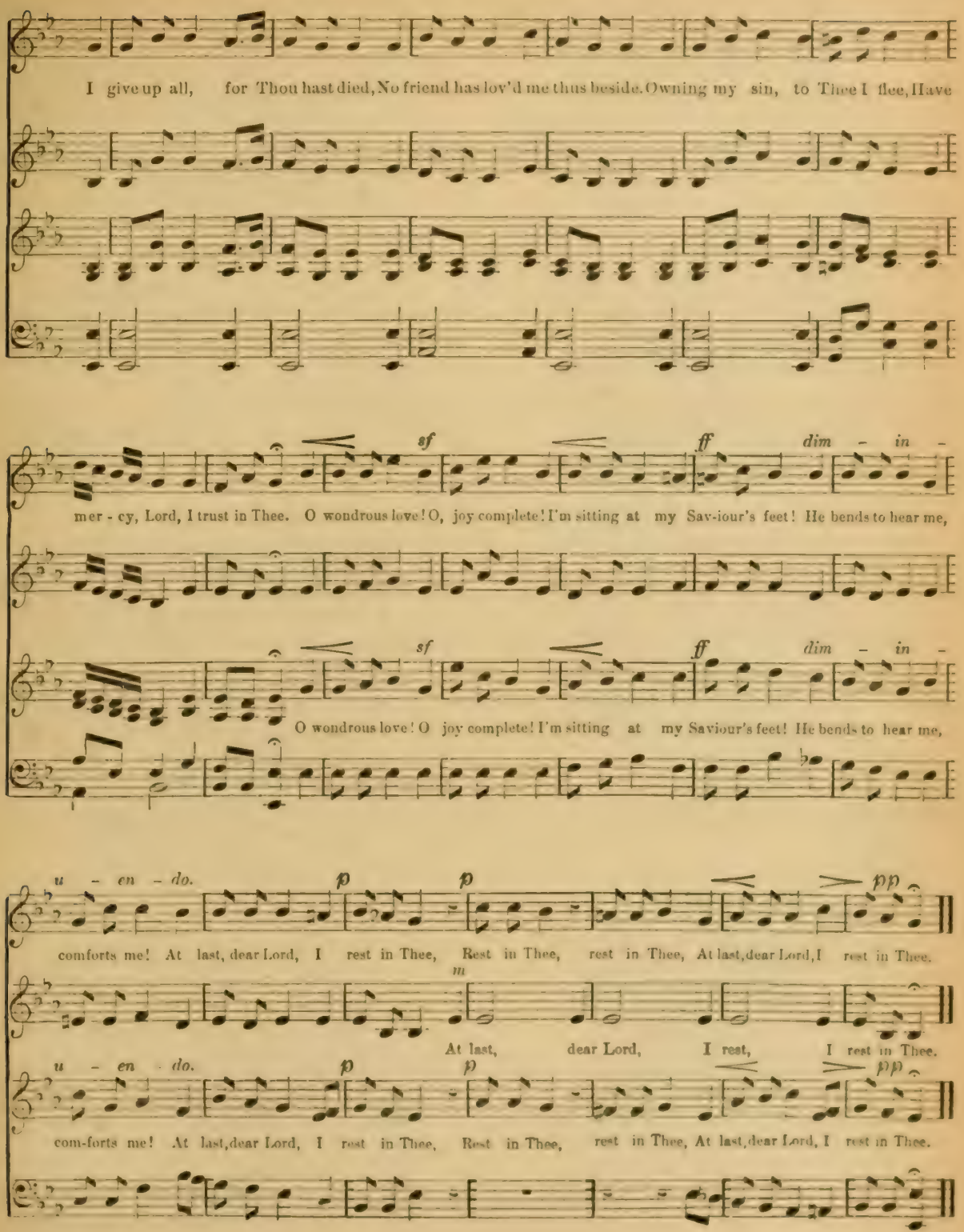
(Ten minutes before her departure at 2 a. m. June 3, 1879, Frances Ridley Havergal sang the first verse of this Hymn clearly and sweetly to this tune.)

HYMN ANTHEM. I TRUST IN THEE.

Words by Mrs. F. A. F. WOOD—WHITE, Author of "Only Waiting." Mrs. C. H. SCOTT.




f
dim.
o'er and o'er; At last convinced, to Thee I flee, My on - ly hope is trust in Thee.
f
dim.
o'er and o'er; At last convinced, to Thee I flee, My on - ly hope is trust in Thee.
Solo. Alto.
The thorn - y way for years I've trod, Have oft - en felt the chast - 'ning rod;
p
rit.
Now scourged and worn, to Thee I flee, My on - ly hope is trust in Thee.
Rit.


I give up all, for Thou hast died, No friend has lov'd me thus beside. Owning my sin, to Thee I flee, Have
sf ff dim - in -
mer - cy, Lord, I trust in Thee. O wondrous love! O, joy complete! I'm sitting at my Sav-iour's feet! He bends to hear me,
sf ff dim - in -
O wondrous love! O joy complete! I'm sitting at my Saviour's feet! He bends to hear me,
u - en - do. p p pp
comforts me! At last, dear Lord, I rest in Thee, Rest in Thee, rest in Thee, At last, dear Lord, I rest in Thee.
m
At last, dear Lord, I rest, I rest in Thee.
u - en - do. p p pp
com-forts me! At last, dear Lord, I rest in Thee, Rest in Thee, rest in Thee, At last, dear Lord, I rest in Thee.

HYMN OF REJOICING.

1 Blesséd be the Lord of nations,
Strong to help and strong to shield.
He hath heard our supplications,
And to us His power revealed.

2 In His care rejoicing ever,
Love shall overcome all wrong;
Peace will follow your endeavor,
Holy lives will sweeten song.

3 In His promises abiding,
We may trust and fear no ill,
All our interests confiding
To the Love that guards us still.

4 O Thou wanderer! benighted,
In the paths of sin astray,
Look to where that love hath lighted
Precious beacons for thy way.

5 Blesséd be the Lord forever!
Shout hosannas to His name;
Thrones may fall, and kingdoms sever,
But His power is still the same.

CAROLINE DANA HOWE.
Portland, Maine, March, 1885.

CHRIST HEALETH ME.

"Jesus Christ maketh thee whole."—Acts ix: 34.

Tune—"*Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.*"

1 If Thou wilt, my loving Saviour,
Thou canst heal me, this I know;
Only touch me, I will trust Thee,
Save me from my pain and woe.
None can heal my sore affliction,
Blesséd Jesus, none but Thee,
Humbly now I come before Thee,
If Thou wilt, I shall be free.

2 Unto Thee the power is given,
Now, as in the olden time,
To restore the weary sufferer,
Raise him by Thy hand divine.
When Thou wilt, will flee the darkness,
Cease the foaming billows' roll;
If Thou wilt, will cease my anguish,
Still the tempest in my soul.

3 Of Thy power and mercy tender,
Oft with gladness I have heard;
Now I come to claim the healing,
Take Thee, Saviour, at Thy word.
Ah, Thou wilt; I own the blessing,
Surely 'tis the Lord who heals;
Praises, praises for Thy goodness,
For the joy Thy love reveals.

MARIA STRAUB.
By permission David C. Cook.

TRUST.

Tune—"*Varina.*"

1 Father, we know Thy tender hand
Doth guard Thy children here:
Then may we cast on Thee our care,
And conquer every fear.

CHORUS—Give us, O Lord, a perfect trust,
Whatever life may be;
Safe 'neath the shadow of Thy wing,
We'll trust our all to Thee.

2 When in the ages of the past
Thy people trusted Thee,
Thou heardst their cry, and Thou alone
Didst set the captive free.

3 Oh! then, when care and sorrow come,
And death seems very near,
Call thou with faith upon thy God,
And He will surely hear.

LANTA WILSON.
By permission D. C. Cook, 1883.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

1 Alas! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way;
To heaven I fain would lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray,

2 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Nor let me be dismayed.

3 Do Thou increase my faith and hope,
When fears and foes prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

4 Oh! keep me in Thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and Thee.

ANNE STEELE.

PERFECT TRUST.

L. M.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

1 Trust Thee! though all life's hopes Thou slay,
I'll trust, I'll love Thee! yea, alway!
Through storm and sunshine, sickness, health,
In direst poverty or wealth.

2 To whom else, Jesus, can I flee?
There is no peace except in Thee.
All human help, like broken reed,
Doth fail us in our greatest need.

3 Looking to Thee from hour to hour,
Endued with superhuman power,
Mountains are levelled by the way,
As we fight on from day to day.

4 Armed with the panoply of prayer,
What may we not, or do or dare?
The worst that life can offer me,
Shall draw me closer unto Thee.

5 As ocean to a shallow stream,
Thine to all human love doth seem;
Thy love alone can satisfy,
Possess me, Saviour, or I die.

6 Encompassed, held, by love divine,
"All things in heaven and earth are mine;"
What more can death do unto me,
Then draw me closer unto Thee?

ANNA H. MERCUR.
Towanda, Penn. Jan. 1883.

GOD'S PROMISES.

Tune — "*O happy day that fixed my choice.*"

1 That He will always us befriend,
His loving language doth portend;
Then, who can willingly mistrust
The only faithful Friend and just?

2 His promises are ever sure,
His love will to the end endure;
Though doubts distress, and fears assail,
His gracious words will never fail.

3 Where is the earthly friend who would
Have patiently our sins withstood,—
In all our own ungratefulness,
With gentle arms again caress?

4 Not wholly pure can we e'er be;
While on the earth, His blood will free
All earnest souls from sin and stain,
Making them fit with Him to reign.

5 If to His promises we cling,
Safe refuge 'neath His sheltering wing
Will He vouchsafe, our journey through,
As we the rugged path pursue.

6 Oh! is it not well worth our while
To teach our hearts to war with guile,
That, when the joys of earth be past,
Those greet us which forever last?

7 With graciousness He often pleads,
Supplieth all our daily needs;
If then our conduct is amiss,
He's not discouraged e'en at this;

8 But o'er and o'er extends His love,
To draw our hearts to Him above:
Oh! how can hearts such love refuse?
Such kind entreaties, too, abuse?

9 It is by cherishing their sin,
Neglecting careful watch within,
Which makes all evil habits strong,
So hard the strife to conquer wrong.

10 Oh! cause us, cause us, Saviour dear,
Each faithful promise to revere;
Cause all Thy children grace to seek,
To imitate Thy spirit meek.

HAZEL WYLDE. 1883.

FAITH IN JESUS.

Tune — "*Memories of Earth.*" Gospel Hymns.

1 When my faith lays hold of Jesus,
With confiding trust in Him,
He my groaning heart releases,
From the guilt and power of sin.

2 When my faith lays hold of Jesus,
Waiting long with anxious fears,
And my trembling soul approaches
Calvary, He dries my tears.

3 When my faith lays hold of Jesus,
Then His righteousness is mine;
For He died the death to save us,
Give us peace and life divine.

4 Yes, when faith laid hold on Jesus,
Then came with it life and joy,
And the song of love He teaches
Does my heart and tongue employ.

5 As my heart lays hold of Jesus,
I am justified by faith,
For His blood awaits and cleanses,—
Life springs freely from His death.

KATE R. ODEN.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

1 O name of Jesus, blesséd name!
Highest in earth or heaven,
Foundation of our faith, for which
No other name is given;

2 Name sung by saints and angel host
In all the realms above,
Prevailing plea of sinners lost,
Blest synonym of love.

3 Solace of every sorrowing soul;
Our refuge from despair;
Sure anchor when strong billows roll;
Our pledge of answered prayer.

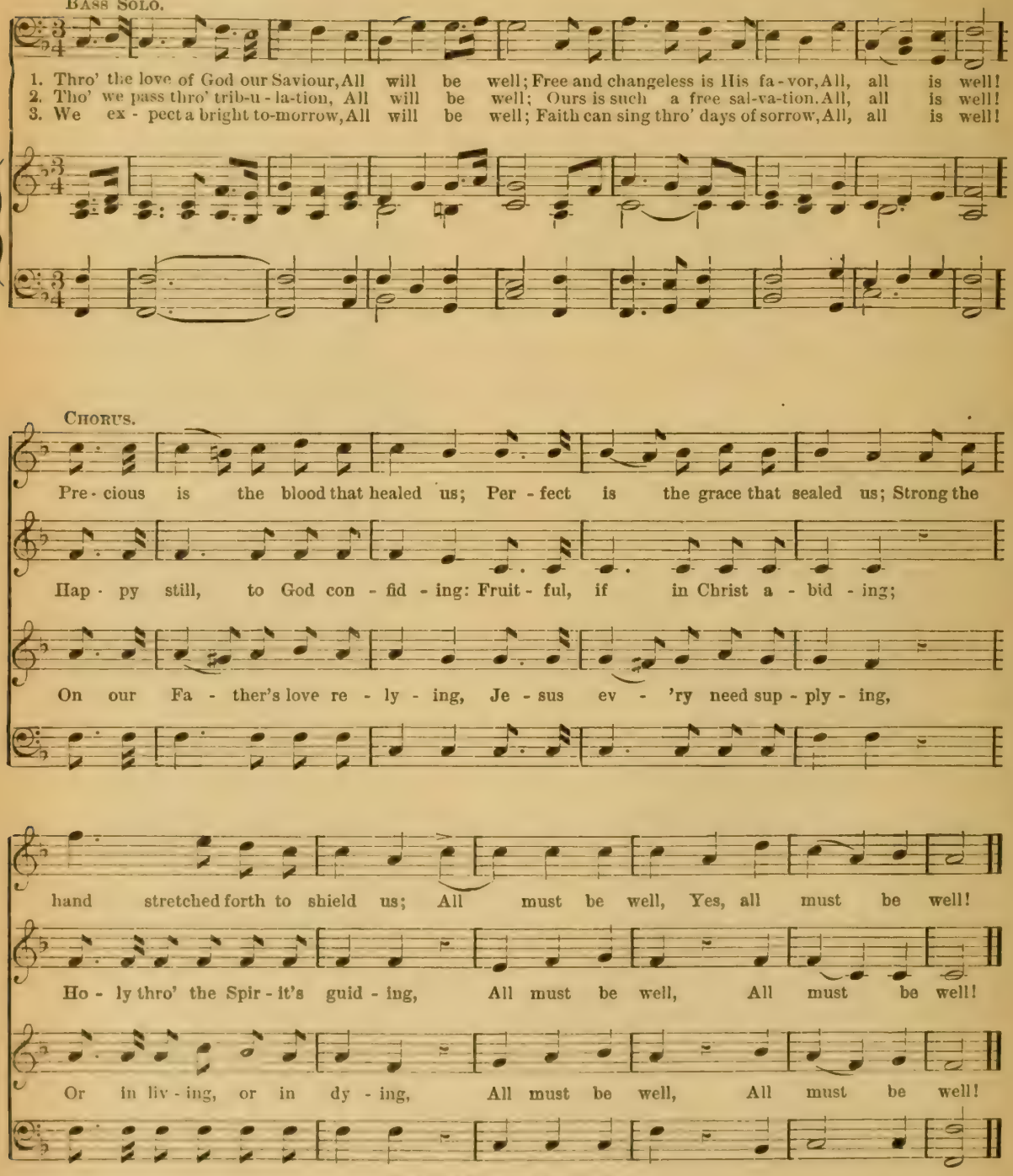
4 Unending praise to Him who came
To save from guilt and fear;
O Jesus, let no other name
Be to our hearts so dear.

LUELLA CLARK. 1883.

ALL WILL BE WELL.

Mrs MARY PETERS. Andover, Mass.
Born, England, 1813. Written 1847
Died 1856

Mrs. C H. SCOTT.



From "Royal Anthem Book," by per.

HE MAKETH ALL THINGS NEW.

1 Old sorrows that sat at the heart's sealed gate,
Like sentinels grim and sad,
While, out in the night damp, weary and late,
The King, with a gift divinely great,
Waited to make me glad;

2 Old fears that hung like a changing cloud
Over a sunless day;
Old burdens that kept the spirit bowed,
Old wrongs that rankled and clamored loud—
They have passed like a dream away.

3 In the world without and the world within
He maketh the old things new;
The touch of sorrow, the stain of sin,
Have fled from the gate where the King came in,
From the chill night's damp and dew.

4 Anew in the heavens the sweet stars shine,
On earth new blossoms spring;
The old life lost in the Life divine,
"Thy will be mine, my will is Thine,"
Is the new song which the new hearts sing.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON.
New York, 1885.

Miss Jennie F. Davies

was born in Athens, Bradford Co., Pa., Feb. 27, 1831, and in 1859 was married to Mr. A. O. Snell, in the same house where she first drew breath. Very early in life she gave her heart to the Saviour, and united with the Presbyterian Church. Naturally of a bright, sunny disposition, she soon displayed poetical and musical talents, and from childhood, was wont to fill the air with song, composing both words and music as she went along, seemingly as readily as she breathed. Some of her hymns have been set to music by Mr. Bierly in "Great Joy." A "Christmas Carol" is among her best gems of poetical expression. Her prose articles have also appeared in various papers and periodicals. When she married and left home, her father exclaimed, "The sunshine is gone away."

SWEET INCENSE OF PRAYER.

1 On the altar of love,
Lit with fire from above,
I will offer the incense of prayer;
To Jesus my King
I'll my sacrifice bring,
Ever trusting His mercy and care.

2 For gleaming afar
Is the bright Morning Star,
Through the cloud-rifts it ever shines fair.
In reverence sweet
I fall at His feet,
And offer the incense of prayer.

3 Oh! how holy the place
Where we see Thy dear face,
As we offer the incense of prayer!
Where His Spirit Divine
Leaves its impress on mine,
To be moulded alike in sweet prayer.

4 In the darkness of grief
I will find sweet relief,
When I offer the incense of prayer;
With this blessing is given
A foretaste of heaven,
To feel the sweet spirit of prayer.

5 Keep me ever, dear Lord!
A child of Thy Word,
Upheld by Thy wisdom and care.
Each moment this theme
To the Saviour supreme,
Shall be the sweet incense of prayer.

MRS. JENNIE F. SNELL.
Seven Oaks, 1884.

Mrs. Asenath Woodburn Davies,

wife of Thomas R. Davies, Esq., of Athens, Penn., was one of the sweet spirits of earth. Her Gospel hymns are numerous and some of them are set to music in "Great Joy" and other collections. As early as the age of three years, she evinced a deeply pious turn of mind. A little testament was given her, and every time she found the name Jesus, she would kiss it, for said she—"I love Jesus."

In 1883 she died at the ripe old age of upwards of 80 years, leaving among her six daughters and one son, one gifted in sacred song—Mrs. Jennie F. Snell, several of whose hymns appear in this volume. Her husband followed her to the better land in seven months after her demise.

VICTORY.

1 Be one with "Our Father" who loves you,
Be one with the friends that you love;
Be one with Humanity 'round you,
And one with the angels above.

2 One fault at a time you must conquer,
One by one your passions subdue,
One by one weed out the old errors,
One by one plant Truths that are "new."

3 "The kingdom of heaven is within you,"
If the victory over self you have won;
While laboring in kindness for others,
Your life-work is faithfully done.

4 Then one with "Our Father" who loves you,
Then one with the friends that you love;
And one with Humanity 'round you,
And one with the angels above.

MRS. THOS. R. DAVIES.
Athens, Penn., May, 1878.

HEAR THE VOWS WE MAKE TO THEE

Tune—"*Greenville.*"

1 Tell me, O ye gentle zephyrs,
Sighing through the lonely vale,
Tell me now where sleep the echoes
Sounding once o'er hill and dale;
Voice of prayer, all music-laden,
Childish laughter, gladsome tread;
Hopes, fond hopes so rudely severed,
All your bloom and beauty fled.

2 Many are the sad hearts mourning
For the erring ones to-night,
Many are the hearth-stones lonely,
In the shadow's misty light;
God in heaven, God our Father,
Hear the vows we make to Thee,
Ne'er to cease our cries and pleading
Till our rum-cursed land is free.

3 Free! O weeping wives and mothers;
Free! ye children born to shame;
Free! ye husbands, sons and brothers,
From the tyrant's galling chains;
O ye winds and waves of ocean,
Waft the tidings o'er the sea,
God, our God has heard our pleading,
All the world shall yet be free.

HATTIE SHEPHERD, 1884.

THE DRUNKARD'S PRAYER.

Tune—"*America.*"

1 My Saviour, if to Thee
With all my strength I flee,
Will danger die?
Thou didst for Peter pray,
While fiends around his way
Like vultures o'er their prey
Exulting cry.

2 Each day I seem beset
With bristling bayonet,
And strength is fled;
My foes without, within,
Like giants armed to win,
And goading on to sin,
And hope is dead.

3 O Christ! O help divine!
Stronger than strength of wine,
Help me to win!
To win my manhood back,
Give all the force I lack
To drive from off the track
This vampire, Sin.

4 And if this trembling form
Can stand beyond the storm,
Close by the throne,
I'll sing of love divine,
Stronger than love of wine,
Which saved this soul of mine,
By grace divine.

MRS. H. A. DUBOIS, 1884.

OH! SPEAK TO ME, DEAR JESUS.

1 Oh! speak to me, dear Jesus,
This world is wide and cold,
And something in its weary round
Makes sad the heart and old;
Then speak to me, dear Jesus,
Some tender word of Thine,
Till all the soul within me,
Leaps up with Life divine.

2 Oh! speak to me, dear Jesus,
When wild temptations rise;
Tear from my heart each idle hope,
These refuges of lies;
Build me upon Thee, Jesus,
Lest slipping I should fall;
I shiver 'mid the darkness,
Be Thou my all in all.

3 Speak Thou to me, dear Jesus,
As once, in olden times,
Thou didst in lonely Patmos isle
In visioned brightness shine
Before the loved Apostle,
Till all his sadness fled,
As standing there in glory,
In spirit he was led.

4 Then whisper to me, Jesus,
Deep, deep within my soul;
And thus, the actions visible,
By hidden springs control.
Each day must have an ending,
Each day however long;
Time's notes e'en now are blending
With heaven's eternal song.

MRS. J. STREET.
Set to Music by J. W. PRATT,
In "Good Will." Pub. by S. W. Straub.

THE CHRISTIAN ARMOR.

Dedicated to MRS. WM. H. SIMMONS, Hornesville, N. Y.

"Wherefore, take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand."—Eph. vi: 13.

1 Standing in the fiercest battle
Girt with Truth, in God our trust,
We shall never, never falter,
For our God will fight for us.

CHORUS—Having on the Christian armor,
Israel's God will fight for us.

2 Righteousness shall be our breast-plate,
Jewels, set with deeds of love;
Gleaming brighter, ever brighter,
Till we reach the courts above.

CHORUS—Having on the Christian's armor,
Israel's God will fight for us.

3 Shield of Faith, to quench forever
Fiery darts by Satan hurled;
Keep us, safely, blessèd Saviour
From the evil of the world.

CHORUS—Having on the Christian's armor,
Israel's God will fight for us.

4 Let the helmet of Salvation,
Christ, the light, the living way,
Guard us, guide us, and sustain us,
While we watch, and wait, and pray.

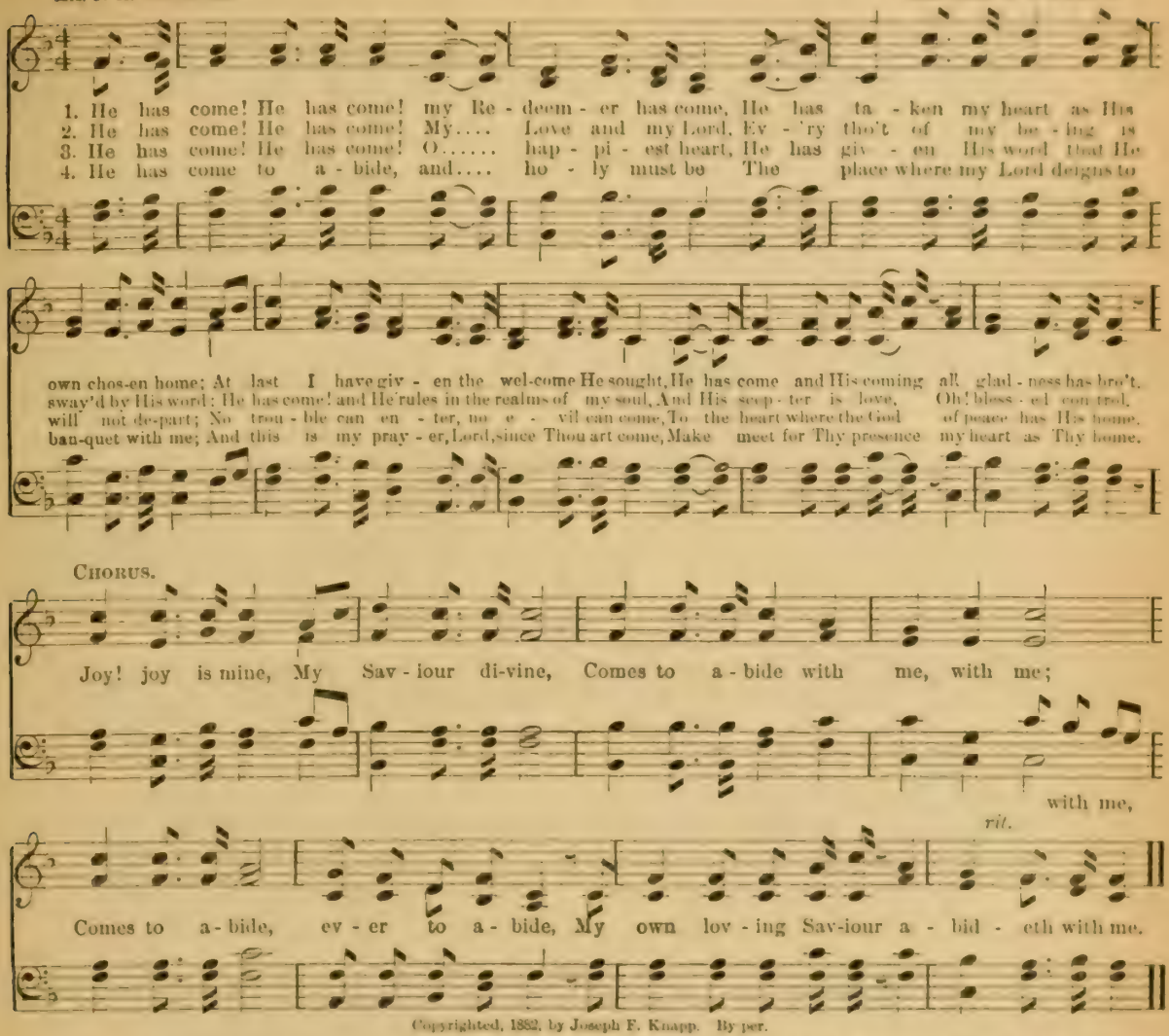
CHORUS—Having on the Christian's armor
We can never go astray.

MRS. JENNIE F. SNELL.
Milan, Feb. 3. 1879.

HE HAS COME.

"Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; * * * behold, thy King cometh unto thee." – Zech. ix. 9.

Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP



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THE NINETY AND NINE.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost." –

1 There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine:
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: This of mine
Has wandered away from me:
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost;
Out in the desert He heard its cry —
'Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die.

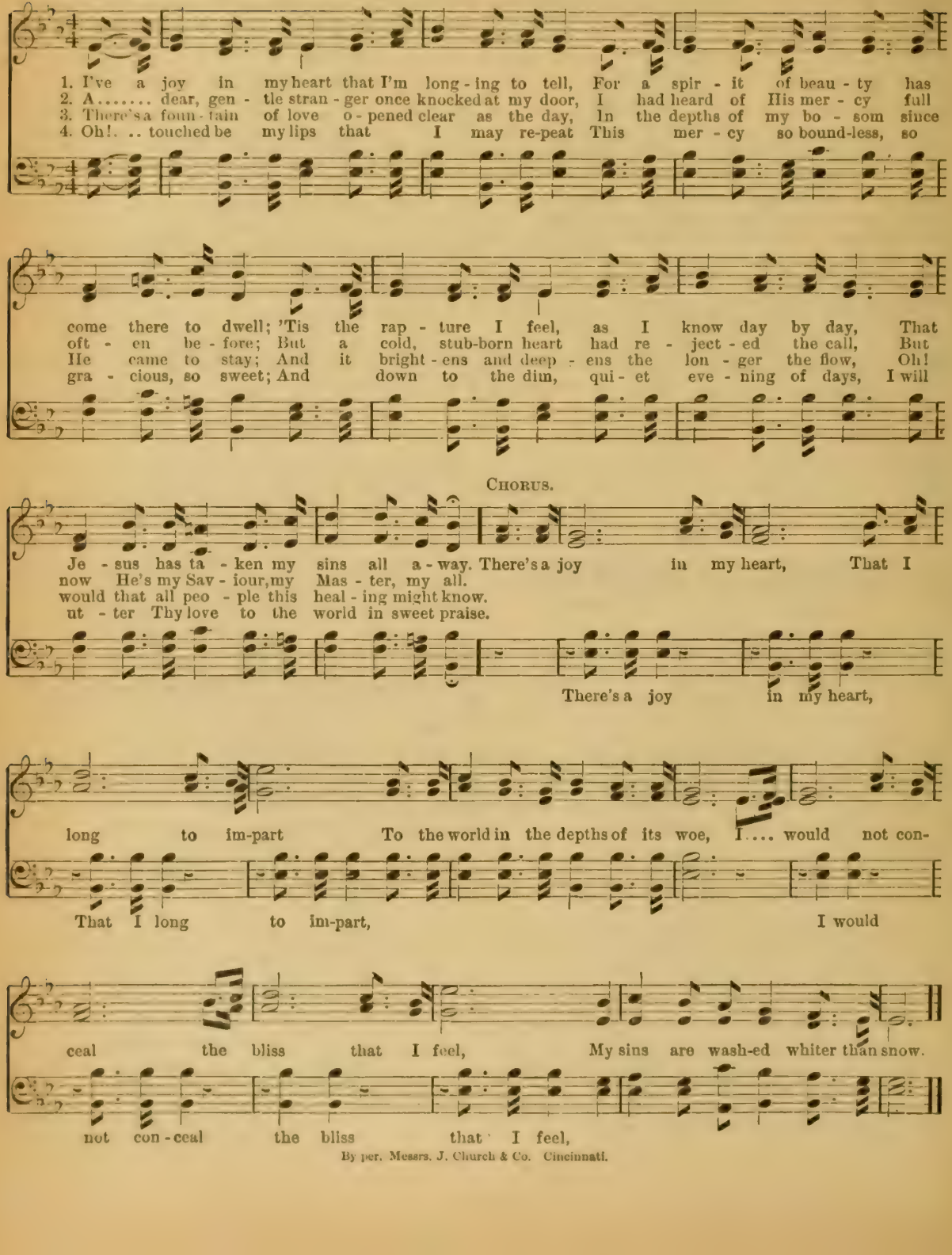
4 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE
Scotland, 1874.

Set to Music by Ira D. Sankey

I'VE A JOY IN MY HEART.

Mrs. M. O. PAGE. Mrs. C. C. CASE.



By per. Messrs. J. Church & Co. Cincinnati.

ANGELS ROLLED THE STONE AWAY.

Tune — "*Lyons.*"

1 We're happy, dear Saviour, and shall we not sing
A song of thanksgiving to Jesus our King?
We sought for His presence through sorrow's dark way,
And angels of glory the stone rolled away.

Chorus—We're happy in Jesus, we're happy to-day,
For angels of glory the stone rolled away.
We're happy in Jesus, we're happy to-day,
For angels of glory the stone rolled away.

2 The grave could not hold Him; on pinions of love
The bright seraphs bore Him in triumph above;
A conquering Saviour, heaven crowned Him that day,
For angels of glory the stone rolled away.

3 Rejoicing in Jesus our union is sweet;
As heirs of His kingdom each other we greet.
Together we love Him, together we pray,
For angels of glory the stone rolled away.

4 We'll sing of salvation through Jesus the Lamb,
Till we on Mount Zion before Him shall stand;
Forever with Jesus, forever to stay,
For angels of glory the stone rolled away.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. 1863.
Set to Music by W. H. DOANE.
By per. Biglow & Main.

ACCEPTED.

1 Accepted, Perfect and Complete,
For God's inheritance made meet!
How true, how glorious, and how sweet!

2 In the Beloved, by the King
Accepted, though not anything
But forfeit lives had we to bring.

3 And Perfect in Christ Jesus made,
On Him our great transgression laid,
We in His righteousness arrayed.

4 Complete in Him, our glorious Head,
With Jesus raiséd from the dead,
And by His mighty spirit led.

5 O blesséd Lord, is this for me?
Then let my whole life henceforth be
One Alleluia song to Thee!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

THE SONG MESSAGE.

1 Sing it out! sing it out! with a shout!
The Lord is upon our side,
Send it forth on the air,
Breathe it low as a prayer—
That Jesus, the Saviour, has died.

2 Sing it out! sing it out! that to-day
As Redeemer and Helper *He lives:*
That all sin with its stain,
And all grief with its pain,
Are slain by the power which He gives.

3 Sing it low, in a hymn to the heart,
That the Saviour forever is nigh;
That He stands at the side
Of the sinful and tried,
And waits for the penitent's cry.

4 Sing it softly at eve to the soul
That is seeking and longing for rest—
How that Christ will abide
Through the storm and the tide,
Till the heart with His peace shall be blest.

5 Sing it gladly and freely to all,
That Jesus is waiting to save—
That the sinful and lost
Have been bought at the cost
Of His blood, which has vanquished the grave.

6 Sing it out! sing it out with a shout!
That the Word of our God is true!
That Christ is the way
Leading into the Day
When the old shall be lost in the new.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.
In "English Leaflet."

SATISFIED.

Psalms xxxvi. 38.

1 All my life long I had panted
For a draught from some cool spring,
That I hoped would quench the burning
Of the thirst I felt within.

Cho.—Hallelujah! I have found it—
What my soul so long has craved!
Jesus satisfies my longings;
Through His blood I now am saved.

2 Feeding on the husks around me,
Till my strength was almost gone,
Longed my soul for something better,
Only still to hunger on.

3 Poor I was, and sought for riches,
Something that would satisfy,
But the dust I gathered round me
Only mocked my soul's sad cry.

4 Well of water, ever springing,
Bread of life so rich and free,
Untold wealth that never faileth,
My Redeemer is to me.

MISS CLARA TEARE.
Set to Music by E. E. HUDSON.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

"Who His own self bare our sins." — 1 Peter ii. 24.

1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small:
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.

Chorus—Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe:
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL.
Set to Music by JOHN T. GRAPE.

LOST BUT FOUND.

"Was lost and is found."—Luke xv: 32.

1 Oh! the joy that fills my heart!
Oh! the grateful tears that start,
When I think of Jesus' love,
How He came that He might bear
All my weight of sin and care,
How He came from heaven above.

CHO.—Endless praise, endless praise
To the Lord my soul shall raise;
Lost but found, O happy strain!
Dead but now I live again.

2 Lost but found, oh! wondrous thought!
To His fold in mercy brought;
Saved by grace, His grace divine;
Heir with Him of bliss untold,
Soon His glory I'll behold,
What a blesséd hope is mine.

3 Lost but found! I now can sing
Victory through my Saviour King,
Victory every day and hour;
Victory still will be my song
When I join the ransomed throng,
Victory o'er the tempter's power.

4 Oh! that all the world would prove
How a pardoning God can love,
How He waits for all who come!
Oh! that all the world might see
What His grace hath done for me!
How He welcomes wanderers home.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Set to Music by JNO. R. SWENEY, in "Quiver."

It said that Susan Coolidge, whose real name is Miss Woolsey, has never had a manuscript returned to her. All are accepted by the publishers to whom they are sent.

ARISE, SHINE, FOR THY LIGHT HAS COME.

Tune—"*Arise and Shine.*" (Gospel Hymns.)

1 Long time in sloth, long time in sin,
Contented with thy dark estate,
Hast thou a boat, O soul of mine;
Now dawns the morning, fair though late;
Her sunny tides are sweeping in;
Thy light has come, arise and shine!

2 The sheathéd bud which all night long
Has folded close its purple up
Upon the morning-glory vine,
At the first rose-flush, the first song,
Unrolls its petals, rears its cup,
And, light being come, makes haste to shine

3 It cannot clasp the whole bright day,
Nor the wide-brimming sea of dew
Within its curve exact and fine;
Of countless beams a single ray,
One little freshening sip or two
It takes, and so is glad to shine.

4 Make ready likewise, O my soul,
God's blesséd day has dawned, partake!
Anoint thy head with oil and wine;
From the great sum, the mighty whole,
Thy little crumb and portion break,
And, giving thanks, arise and shine!

SUSAN COOLIDGE. 1883.

VIA CRUCIS.

1 Without, life's shadows darkly fall,
Gloomy, and gray, and chill:
Within, the air is all aglow—
Within, my spirit's ill
Is healed by Holy will:
Without, I ne'er could find a balm
To heal the wounds it bears;
Within a Heavenly strength and calm
Heals all my grief and fears.

2 And yet I know that praise and prayer
Are not the whole of life:
The soul must gird its armor on
And go amid the strife
With fiery dangers rife;
Be strong to meet life's common fate
Of sorrow, pain and loss;
Must fight its way to Heaven's gate,
A soldier of the Cross.

MRS. E. S. EATON LOOMIS.
In the "Weekly Magazine," Chicago, Ill. 1884.

O CHRISTIAN, AWAKE.

"Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having the breastplate of righteousness."
Tune "*Lyons*" or "*Home, Sweet, Home.*"

1 O Christian, awake! for the strife is at hand,
With helmet and shield, and a sword in thy hand;
To meet the bold tempter, so fearlessly go!
And stand like a brave with thy face to the foe.

2 Whatever thy danger, take heed and beware;
And turn not thy back, for no armor is there;
The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst overthrow,
Then stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.

3 The cause of thy Master with vigor defend,
Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end;
Wherever He leads thee, go, valiantly go,
And stand like the brave with thy face to the foe.

4 Press on never doubting, thy Captain is near,
With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer;
His love, like a stream, in the desert will flow.
Then stand like a brave with thy face to the foe.

FANNY CROSBY.
From "Singing Pilgrim" by per. Philip Phillips.
Set to Music by him.

GOD OF MERCY.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord."
Tune "*Mercies.*"

1 From the depths, O God of mercy!
Up to Thee I sent my cry;
Thou didst bend Thine ear in pity,
Thou didst hear me from on high.
Through the awful shade of darkness,
Circling round Thy matchless form,
Thou didst make the wind to guide me,
Thou didst ride upon the storm,

2 From the depths Thy hand hath brought me
To a bright and living way;
Crowned my head with richest blessing,
Turned my darkness into day.
Safely on the "Rock of Ages,"
Still to Thee my voice I'll raise;
Thou didst give me joy for sadness,
And for mourning songs of praise.

FANNY CROSBY.
From "Singing Pilgrim." Set to Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.
By per

FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT.

1 Fight the good fight, Christian soldier,
'Gainst hatred, oppression and wrong;
With faith for a shield and a breast-plate,
Go forth in God's might and be strong.
Go forth at the first call of battle;
Meet bravely the giant of sin;
But not in thine own strength or valor,
For faith, and faith only can win.

CHORUS—Fight the good fight, Christian soldier;
The foe hath come forth in his might;
But thine is the sword of the Spirit;
Go bravely and strive for the right.

2 Fight the good fight, Christian soldier;
Enlist in God's army for life;
And under God's loving protection,
Like David, go forth to the strife;
And He who hath called thee to battle
Will strengthen thy hand for the fray;
For wrong by the right must be conquered—
The spirit of truth win the day.

3 Victory is thine, Christian soldier,
If thou but endure to the end;
For God will direct thee and keep thee,
His angels thy steps will attend;
And up in the glory eternal,
Beyond heaven's pearly white gates,
Where dwelleth thy King and Commander,
Thy crown of rejoicing awaits.

MISS M. J. SLEVOSS.
From "Overcoming Triumphs"
By per F. A. North & Co.

THREE TIMES THE SAME WORDS.

Too weak, I cried, am I to bear life's pain!
Its troubled waters so against me beat,
With refluent, maddened waves, I feel my feet
Lose hold of Faith's firm rock; useless again
To struggle, crying forth to God, "Sustain!"
It is a breath-worn cry, and is it meet
To mock His patience? Wherefore now entreat
New strength, as surely to be spent in vain
As that last given? But to my failing heart
Sounded a sweet voice, with instrength'ning thrill:
"Knowest thou not what conflict was thy Lord's?
He in thine every struggle hath borne part;
Though oft thou fall, He will uphold thee still.
Lo! three times prayed He, saying the same words."

SUSAN C. STALLETT.
In "The Independent."

OH! SAY, SHALL WE MEET YOU ALL THERE?

1 Where do you journey, my brother,
Oh! where do you journey, I pray?
Where do you journey, my sister?
For stormy and dark is the way.
We're journeying onward to Canaan,
Through suff'ring, and trial and care,
And when we get safely to glory,
Oh! say, shall we meet you all there?

2 What is your mission, my brother?
What is your mission below?
What is your mission, my sister,
As journeying onward you go?
Our mission is practicing mercy,
Sweet charity, patience and love,
And following the footsteps of Jesus,
That lead to the mansions above.

3 Oh! yes, you will meet us, my brother,
God helping our weakness and sin;
Bearing the cross, we, my sister,
The crown will endeavor to win.
We'll walk through the vale and the shadow,
Through suff'rings, and trials and care,
And when you get safely to glory,
You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there!

MINNIE WATERS. 1863.
Set to Music by SILAS J. VAIL.
Used by per. Philip Phillips.

TRUE SERVICE.

Tune—*"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah."*

1 Whatsoever be our danger.
Still to God we must be true:
We must brave the rage of rulers,
If the Master's work we do.
"Faithful unto death," he bids us,
Promises the crown of life
If we waver not, nor fail Him,
In the fierce and bitter strife.

2 Steadfast must we be as Stephen,
Speaking truth unto the death;
And like him with pure forgiving
Pray for foes with wasting breath.
Suff'ring pain and condemnation,
Without murmuring or moan,
Keeping bright, through persecution,
Visions of the heavenly throne.

3 May we not be found consenting,
Like impetuous, erring Saul,
When the world condemns the righteous,
For their faith and zeal to fall?
Give us, Saviour, strength and courage,
Through all ills, thy law to keep;
And may we, when life is ending,
In thy service fall asleep.

ELLEN OLIVER.
By per. D. C. Cook.

'TIS JESUS, ONLY JESUS.

Tune *"Ho, reapers of Life's Harvest."*

1 Not for its walls of jasper,
Nor for its golden street,
Nor for its pearly gateways,
Is heaven to me so sweet;
Nor for its garnished towers,
Its clear and crystal sea,
Nor for its sure foundations,
Is it so dear to me.

CHORUS— 'T is Jesus, only Jesus,
O purest, sweetest bliss!
We then shall look on Jesus,
And see Him as He is.

2 Within the holy city,
There's never any night;
No need of sun or candle,
For Jesus is its light.
Then with His saved and ransomed,
He'll make His own abode,
And we will be His people,
And He will be our God.

3 And naught impure can enter,
Nothing defiled therein;
Nothing that leads to folly,
Nothing that tempts to sin.
O pure and holy city,
Abode of Christ my Lord,
This is the strong attraction
That draws me thitherward.

ANNIE CUMMINGS.
Set to Music by J. M. STILLMAN, in D. C. Cook's "Manual."

THE CROWN OF GLORY.

"Ye shall receive a crown of glory." - 1 Pet. v: 4.

C. M.

Tune - *"Christmas."*

1 Go forth! young soldiers of the cross, the battle-hour is nigh,
And ye have bound the armor on, for Christ to live or die;
Our bugle ne'er shall sound retreat, while Jesus leads us on,
We will not lay our weapons by, until we wear the crown.

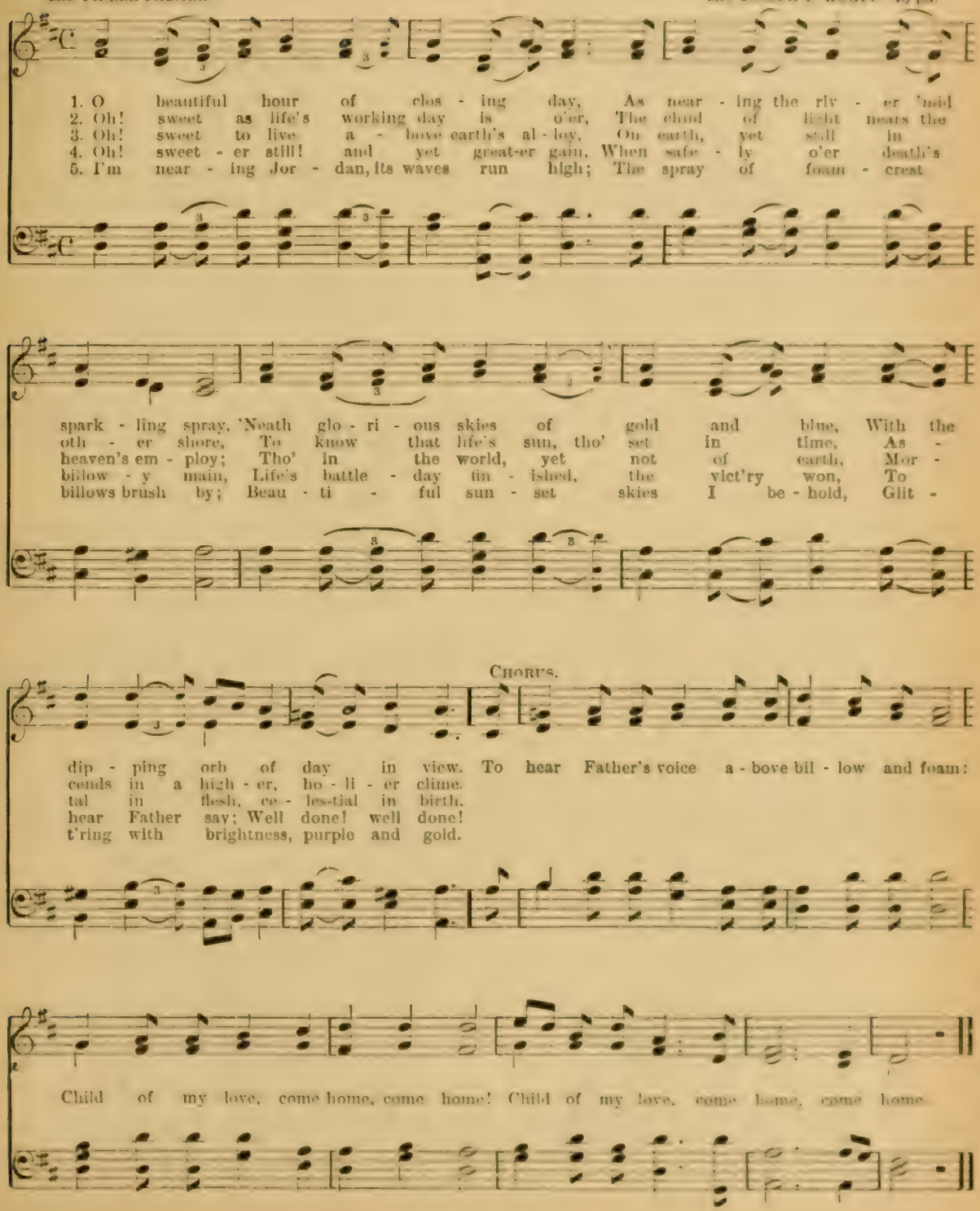
2 Be watchful! army of the cross, the foe is lurking nigh;
A soul must be the mighty loss, if but one soldier die;
Whene'er you dare the hostile ranks, forget not that within
There hides a most terrific foe, the wily inbred sin.

3 Rejoice! young soldiers of the cross, the victory is sure;
The harp, the palm, are waiting all who to the end endure;
Your weary feet shall walk the street, all paved with gold on high,
And He who wore a crown of thorns will crown you in the sky.

MRS. E. M. SANGSTER.
Copyright, 1862, in "Golden Shore." Used by per. Biglow & Main.

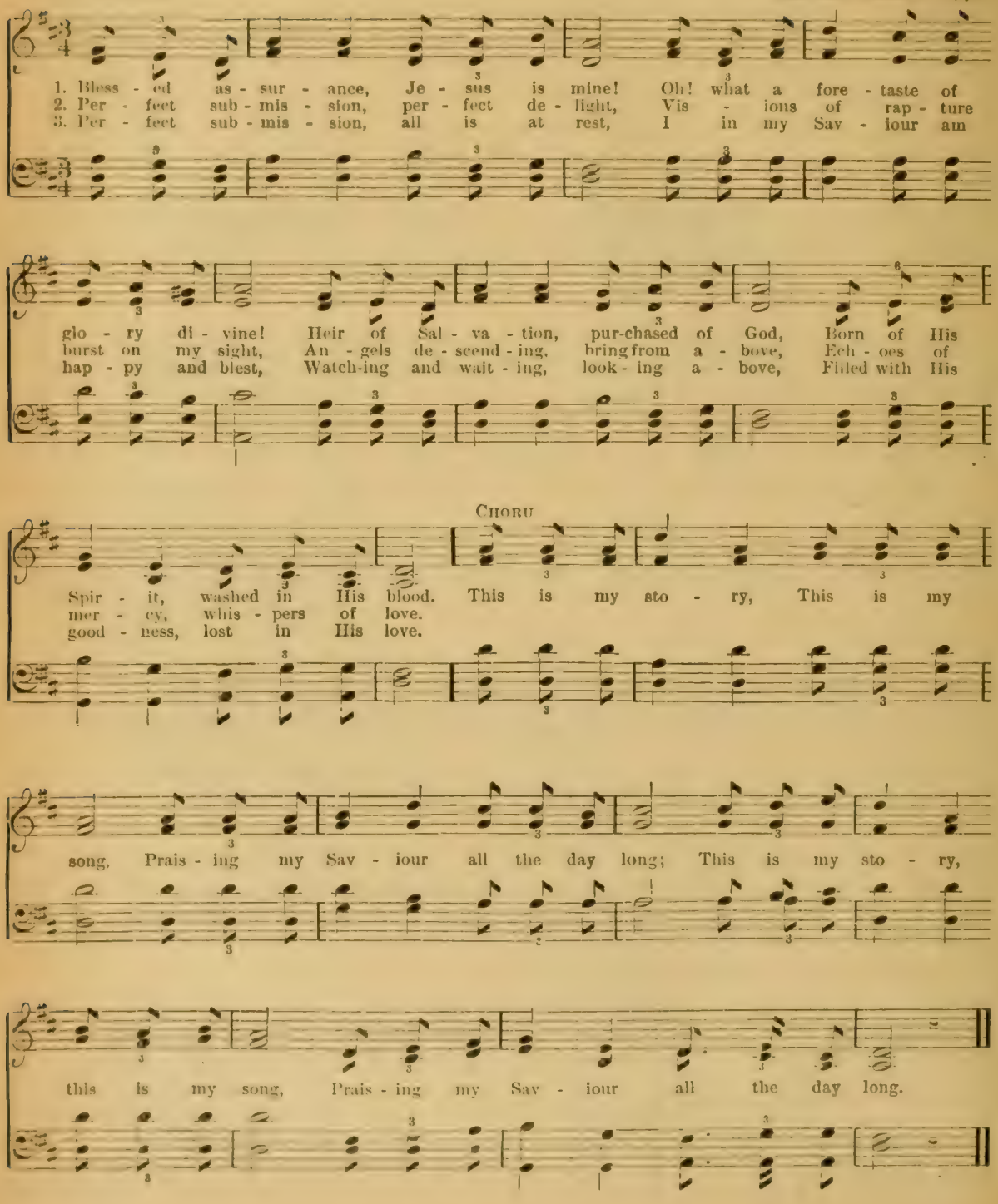
BEAUTIFUL HOUR.

Mrs. PHŒBE PALMER. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.



BLESSED ASSURANCE.

FANNY CROSBY. Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.



THE CROSS-BEARER.

1 When I set out to follow Jesus,
My Lord a cross held out to me,
Which I must take, and bear it onward,
If I would His disciple be.
I turned my head another way,
And said, Not this, my Lord, I pray!

2 Yet, as I could not quite refuse Him,
I sought out many another kind,
And tried among those painted crosses
The smallest of them all to find.
But still the Lord held forth my own;
This must thou bear, and this alone.

3 Unheeding then my dear Lord's offer
My burdens all on Him to lay,
I tried myself my cross to lighten,
By cutting part of it away.
And still the more I tried to do,
The rest of it more heavy grew.

4 Well, if I cannot go without it,
I'll make of it the most I may;
And so I held my cross uplifted,
In sight of all who came that way.
Alas! my pride found bitterly,
My cross looked small to all but me!

5 And then I was ashamed to bear it,
Where others walked so free and light,
And trailed it in the dust behind me,
And tried to keep it out of sight,
Till Jesus said, Art thou indeed
Ashamed to follow as I lead?

6 No! no! Why this shall be my glory—
All other things I'll count but loss;
And so I even fashioned garlands,
And hung them round about my cross.
Ah, foolish one! such works are dead,
Bear it *for me*, the Master said.

7 And still I was not prompt to mind Him,
But let my self-will choose the way;
And sought me out new forms of service,
And would do all things but obey.
My Lord! I bless Thee for the pain
That drove my heart to Thee again.

8 I bore it then, with Him before me,
Right onward through the day's white heat;
Till with the toil and pain o'ermastered,
I fainting fell down at His feet.
But for His matchless care that day,
I should have perished where I lay.

9 But Oh! I grew so very weary
When life and sense crept back once more!
The whole horizon hung with darkness,
And grief where joy had been before;
Better to die, I said, and rest,
Than live with such a burden pressed.

10 Then Jesus spoke: Bring here thy burden,
And find in me a full release;
Bring all thy sorrows, all thy longings,
And take instead My perfect peace.
Trying to bear thy cross alone!
Child, the mistake is all thine own.

11 And now my cross is all supported,—
Part on my Lord, and part on me:
But as He is so much the stronger,
He seems to bear it—I go free.
I touch its weight just here and here,—
Weight that would crush were He not near.

12 Or if at times it seemeth heavy,
And if I droop along the road,
The Master lays His own sweet promise
Between my shoulder and the load:
Bidding my heart look up, not down,
Till the cross fades before the crown.

ANNA B. WARNER.
Author of "Wide, Wide World," sister of Elizabeth Warner.

RECEIVE ME TO GLORY.

1 Receive me to glory!
That beautiful land!
Shall I in that kingdom
All glorified stand,
And sing with the ransomed
At Jesus' right hand!

2 Receive me to glory!
No angel can know
The height of my rapture
As onward I go,
Redeemed for His kingdom!
Washed whiter than snow!

3 Receive me to glory!
O beautiful thought!
The blesséd redemption
That Jesus hath wrought
To glory, bright glory,
My soul shall be brought.

4 Receive me to glory!
O Jesus, my Lord,
I cling to Thy promise,
I trust in Thy word.
On earth and in heaven
Thy name be adored.

MRS. F. A. F. WOOD-WHITE. Nov. 21, 1875.

AT EVENTIDE.

L. M.

1 My flesh is weary; but the way
Lies nearer to the vales of rest,
And slowly, slowly creeps the day
Down to the threshold of the west.

2 Dear Father! if Thy love should send
Some angel full of pity sweet
To nerve me for the coming end,
He'll track me by my bleeding feet.

3 I think, O Father! though my sight
Discern no sign of help around,
Thou wilt not hold my striving light,
Nor give me any needless wound.

4 Thou wilt not blame the trusting heart
That witless, blindly reaching out,
No blossom from its thorn could part
When thorns were set with flowers about.

5 Thou'lt lead me from this evening land,
And with a morning crown my night,
What time my victor soul shall stand
Erect, transfigured in Thy sight!

MRS. LAURA REDDEN SEARING. (HOWARD GLYNDON.) By per.
From "Sweet Bells Jangled."

SONG OF THE CONVERTED BLUE RIBBON ARMY.

Tune—"*Battle Hymn of the Republic.*"

1 We are here a band of pilgrims marching on to heaven above,
'Neath the broad and starry banner of a Saviour's deathless love;
We have joined Immanuel's army, and from Him we'll never rove,
With hope we're marching on!
CHO.—Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
In hope we're marching on.

2 O Thou Christ, our blest Redeemer! Thou the risen crucified!
Who once, in meek humility, didst on earth in flesh abide!
From tempting sin to save us, keep us ever near Thy side,
As we go marching on.
CHO.—Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
In meekness marching on.

3 With the helmet of salvation, may our heads be ever crowned,
And the shield of faith encompass every waiting heart around;
Feet white-sandalled with the Gospel, thus equipped, may we be found;
As we go marching on.
CHO.—Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
In faith we're marching on!

4 Lead us on to bloodless vict'ry, over sin and every snare,
By the cross and love-starred banner, by the might of fervent prayer;
Till we reach the land of promise, till our feet shall enter there,
With courage marching on.
CHO.—Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
With courage marching on!

5 Shed abroad Thy holy Spirit, O Thou blessed Prince of Peace!
Bidding man's wild warring passions and his deadly hatred cease;
So may all the tender virtues and sweet charities increase,
And joy go marching on.
CHO.—Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
With joy we're marching on!

5 Speed the day, we pray, good Father, when the nations of the world
Nevermore in shock of battle shall each to each be hurled;
When the olive branch shall flourish, and the flag of war be furled,
And love go marching on.
CHO.—Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
With love we're marching on!

MARY C. WEBSTER.
Rocky Hill, Conn. 1884.

MY CUP RUNNETH OVER.

FOR A READING.

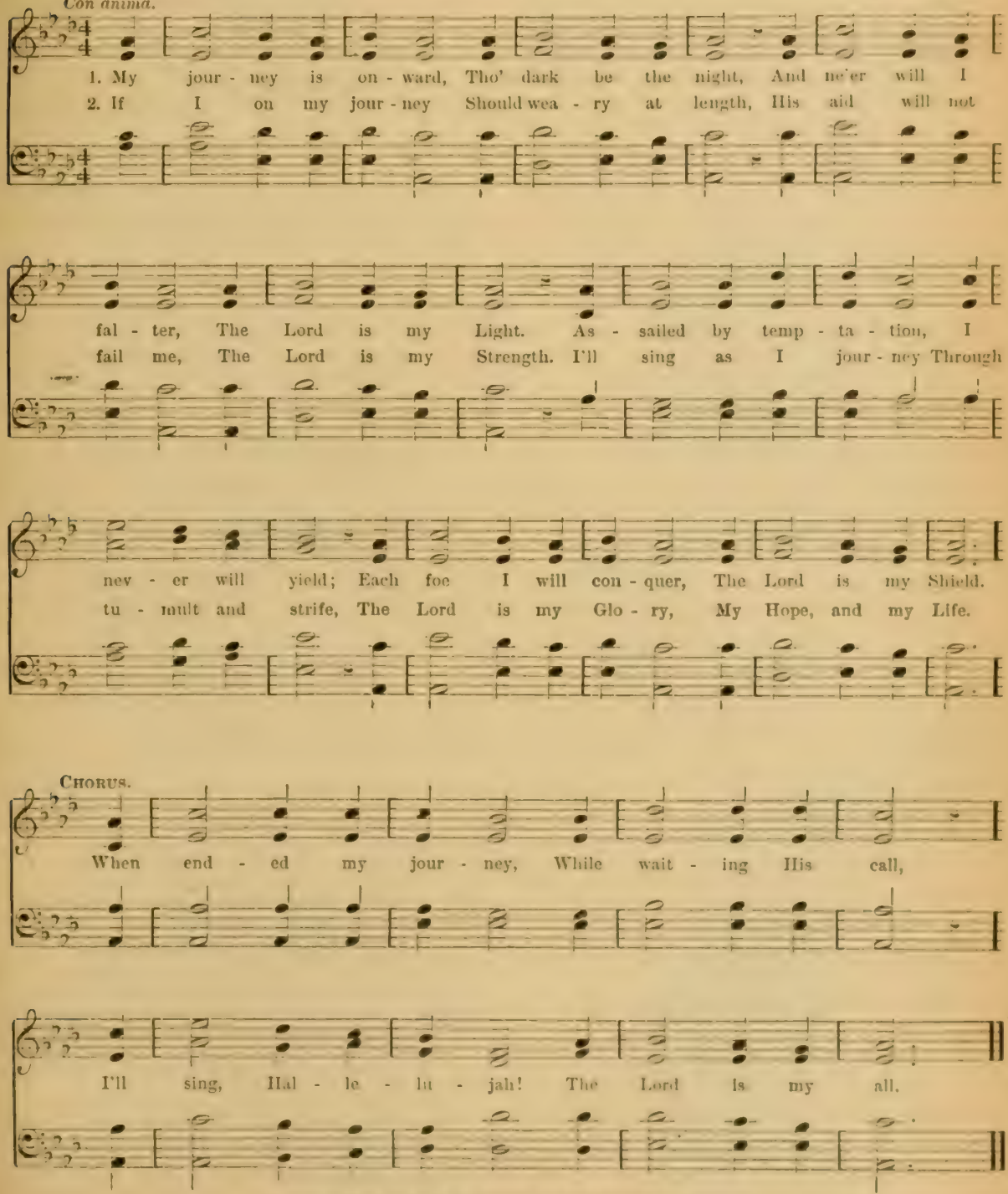
Wherefore drink with me, friends! It is no draught
Of red intoxication; at its brim
No vine-wreathed head of Bacchus ever laughed—
This pilgrim-cup of mine, now worn and dim
With time's rough usage; no bright bubbles swim,
Or foam beads sparkling over. Have ye quaffed
The waters clear that through green pastures glide,
Where they who love the Shepherd follow Him?
Brimmed with His peace, my soul is satisfied;
Cooler are my feverish fancies, calmed the stir
Of dreams whose end was only bitterness.
Healed at this fount our inmost ail would be.
Did we but health above disease prefer.
My cup is filled at wells whose blessedness
A world's thirst cannot drain. Friends, drink with me.

LUCY LARCOM.

ONWARD.

BELLE MONTICELLO. Psa. xxvi: 1-6; xxviii. 7. Mrs S W SPENCER.

Con anima.



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THE SHADOW OF THE ALMIGHTY.

"Because Thou Lord, hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice." Ps. lxiii: 7.

Tune—"*Manoah*".

1 Because Thou, Lord, hast been my help,
I will rejoice and sing;
Retreating to my refuge sweet—
The shadow of Thy wing.

2 How safe I am from Satan's power;
He cannot here alarm;
And if he hurl his fiery dart,
Thy wing protects from harm.

3 When weary in the way, dear Lord,
I here refreshment find,
Thy word my shield and buckler is,
Yea, rest for heart and mind.

4 Here would I ever sing Thy praise
With all my heart and voice,
And though the fiery trial glow,
I can— I do rejoice.

5 I would abide while life shall last
Beneath Thy wings, my Lord,
And trust in Thy Almighty grace
This "covert" doth afford.

6 And when I come where death's low vale
Its shadow o'er me flings,
'T will be the shadow to me dear,
"The shadow of Thy wings."

ELIZABETH C. GREEN.
Born in Foxboro, Mass.
June 20th 1824.

Brooklyn N. Y. 1884.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

"The Angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear Him." Ps. xxxiv: 8.

Tune—"*Contrition.*"

1 Praying, always praying,
Father, I should be,
Drawing daily, hourly,
Needful strength from Thee,
Holy Father, help me
Ev'ry task to greet,
Safely from all danger
Guide my wand'ring feet,

CHORUS—Praying, always praying,
Humble though I be;
Even while I'm calling,
Thou dost answer me.

2 Praying, always praying;
There are darksome ways,
Where a tempted brother
Sometimes thoughtless strays;
I would come then quickly,
And with trust complete
Lay his cause before Thee,
At Thy mercy-seat.

3 Praying, always praying,
'T is no matter where:
Thou, O God, wilt meet me—
Thou art ev'rywhere.
I can never wander
From Thy watchful eye;
Thou wilt ever hear me
When to Thee I cry.

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH.
By per.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder

Who has written so acceptably for more than twenty years, lost her husband Ellis U. Kidder in the service of his country, during the late civil war. She resides in New York, and still writes many beautiful hymns that are doubtless productive of much good.

DID YOU THINK TO PRAY?.

1 Ere you left your room this morning
Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ, our Saviour,
Did you sue for loving favor,
As a shield to-day?

2 When you met with great temptation
Did you think to pray?
By His dying love and merit,
Did you claim the Holy Spirit
As your guide and stay?

3 When your heart was fill'd with anger,
Did you think to pray?
Did you plead for grace, my brother,
That you might forgive another
Who had crossed your way?

4 When sore trials came upon you,
Did you think to pray?
When your soul was bowed in sorrow,
Balm of Gilead did you borrow
At the gates of day?

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.
By per.

A PRAYER.

Tune—"*Martyn,*" or "*Refuge.*"

1 Jesus, when my barque is sailing
Lightly o'er the sea of life,
When the joyous is prevailing
Of life's mingled joy and strife;
Let me, faithful to my mission,
Still pursue the heavenward way,
Till I reach its full fruition,
'Mid the port of endless day.

2 Jesus, when the storm-cloud, pending,
Spreads afar in sullen gloom,
When the joys that seemed unending
Find, alas! an early tomb:
Let my sad heart fondly cherish
Hopes of joys that ne'er shall end;
And, though earthly friendships perish,
Be Thou my eternal Friend.

* ELLEN C BARNETT.
New Haven, Conn., April, 1883.

* Miss Barnett was born in Westville, Conn. and is the daughter of one of the old time Methodist ministers, who was a member of the old New York Conference a long ago as 1814. In 1875 she was elected State President of Conn. W. C. T. U., and afterwards State Treasurer. She now resides with a sister in Danville, Ill.

NEED OF JESUS.

Tune "*Webb.*"

7s & 6s. D.

1 I could not do without Thee,
O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed me,
At such tremendous cost.
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be
My only hope and comfort,
My glory and my plea.

2 I could not do without Thee,
I cannot stand alone;
I have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of my own.
But Thou, belovéd Saviour,
Art all in all to me;
And weakness will be power,
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee;
For Oh! the way is long,
And I am often weary,
And sigh replaces song.
How could I do without Thee?
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest and Thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee;
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon, in solemn loneliness,
The river must be passed.
But Thou wilt never leave me;
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

F. R. HAVERGAL.

KEEP ME SECURE.

Tune "*Robin Adair.*"

1 Lead Thou my heart aright, O Saviour true!
Let ev'ry morning light my strength renew,
And Thy deep peace descend with early evening dew.
Guide Thou my heart aright, O Saviour true!

2 Keep Thou my spirit pure, O Saviour dear!
The flesh draws sharp and hard, the earth is near,
And heaven seems often far to those who are sincere.
Keep Thou my spirit pure, O Saviour dear!

3 Save Thou my soul secure, O Saviour strong!
Close press, when least bethought, dark powers of wrong;
I yield not, let me hear the heavenly seraphs' song;
Hold Thou my soul secure, O Saviour strong!

AURILLA FURBER.

Cottage Grove, Minn., Aug., 1883.

(The day that the mother of Mrs. Howe was borne to her last resting place she (Mrs. H.) took up the well-worn Bible the dear old lady had loved so much, and studied so faithfully, to see if some word of comfort in her loneliness could not be found. Some word of life to help her to live. It opened at the fifteenth Psalm. The fifteenth verse was marked with a cross. "Call upon me in the day of trouble." It was the only verse marked anywhere, and was as if she had spoken to her bereaved daughter, who now felt calmed and comforted. That mystical cross, intensified the promise, and pointed deeper meaning for her. Out of this episode grew the following tender song, which has a sacredness to the author that no other of her compositions can claim.)

IN THE DAY OF TROUBLE.

1 Call upon me, saith the Lord,
In the day of trouble, call;
When fierce tempests are abroad,
When loud thunder-tones appall!
Then will I deliver thee,
Walking closely by thy side,
Calming life's most troubled sea,
Holding back its angry tide.

2 Lord, we hear Thee and obey;
We are weak, but Thou art strong;
Shine Thou, star-like, on our way,
Safely guiding us along.
Never, Lord, wilt Thou forsake
Any soul that trusts in Thee;
Every fetter come and break,
Set our sin-sick spirits free.

3 Upward lift we pleading hands,
For Thy blessing, hour by hour;
On each soul that waiting stands
Let Thy love descend with power.
Trusting Thee our hope revives,
While we lean upon Thy word,
In our hearts, and in our lives,
Glorifying Thee our Lord.

CAROLINE DANA HOWE.

Portland, Maine.

HE'LL GUIDE ME STILL.

Tune—"*Nearer, My God, to Thee.*"

1 My Saviour feels for me;
He knows my heart—
He'll bid temptations flee,
Satan depart.
He trials did endure,
Tempted and yet was pure;
He'll keep me from all ill—
He'll guide me still.

2 Though fierce temptations rise,
Gloom and dismay;
Though clouds o'erspread the skies,
And dark the way,
Jesus will near me stay,
Drive all the clouds away;
With love my heart He'll fill—
He'll guide me still.

3 He'll lead me day by day
Where'er I go;
From Him I need not stray
To sin and woe,
If I but trust His power,
In dark temptation's hour,
He'll help me do His will—
He'll guide me still.

MRS. M. E. DINGLE.

Set to Music by W. S. MARSHALL, in "Sabbath School Manual," David C. Cook.

MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER.

Tune—"*America.*"

1 With morning light I say,
"I will be strong to-day,
God helping me;
Strong in the true and right,
Striving with all my might
To follow Christ aright,
And faithful be."

2 At evening time I pray,
"For all my sins this day,
Dear Lord, forgive:
Weak where I should be strong,
So weak 'gainst sin and wrong,
How long, O Lord, how long,
Shall I so live?"

3 Lord, let Thy perfect strength
Make morning joy at length,
Touch even night;
Oh! hasten Thou the day
When perfect love shall sway
This heart of mine alway
Towards truth and right.

CARRIE A. BREESE.

DO HIS WILL.

Tune—"*Precious Promise.*"

1 When the morn awakes in beauty,
May the tempter's voice be still
Let us wake to trust and duty,
Strive to do our Father's will.

CHO.—Shun the tempter, shun the tempter,
From his dark devices flee,
If thou turn from sin to duty,
God thy strong defence will be.

2 Sorrow, anguish, woe and sadness
In the wine-cup hidden lie;
We will take the cup of gladness
From the brooklet rippling by.

3 Let us keep His precepts holy,
Then from evil we'll be free,
Walk with Him! the meek and lowly,
Who will bid the tempter flee.

MARIA STRAUB

Set to Music by REV. SAMUEL ALMAN. Used by per.

Anna Holyoke Cutts,

Daughter of Hon. Hampden Cutts, was born in North Hartland, Vt., June 17, 1835. In Aug, 1861, she married A. T. Howard. Much of her life she has been a teacher, being with her husband, principal of a boarding school near New York for several years. From an early age she has written prose, poetry and music contributing most acceptably to various periodicals. She is one of the most zealous workers of to-day, in the temperance cause and all charitable works.

Mrs. Howard is at the present time one of the most brilliant contributors to Mrs. E. T. Housh's excellent journal "The Woman's Magazine," Brattleboro, Vt

Her father and mother were both fine prose writers. The latter published a volume entitled "Life and Times of William Jarvis"—her father. He (Mrs. Howard's grandfather) was noted in his day for his patriotism, honesty and other sterling qualities. He was a personal friend of Jefferson, and during his administration was minister to Portugal, and consul to Lisbon. It was characteristic of him that he never would consent to receive any remuneration from Government for the valuable services he rendered, saying, "The Government needs it more than I do." Mrs. Howard's children are all gifted, and her eldest son bids fair to become prominent as a writer and a poet, thus doing credit and honor to his accomplished, Christian mother, so active in all good works.

THE SURE REFUGE.

John xiv: 23. Ps. xlvi: 1-2—lxi: 4—cxliv: 2.

1 Jesus! dear Saviour, come, dwell in my breast;
When Thou art with me I'm ever at rest;
In trouble and sorrow be Thou ever near,
If Thou art my helper what harm need I fear?
If darkness distrust and temptation assail,
The Lord is my refuge, His strength shall prevail;
I'll ask for His blessing and trust in His grace,
And He'll show me the light of His glorious face.

2 If poverty pinches, with hunger and cold,
Remember the lot of our Saviour of old;
The foxes have holes—e'en the bird hath its nest;
But never a home had our Saviour for rest.
The glorious Redeemer and Saviour of all,
Yet He stoopeth to listen whenever we call;
Our strength and salvation, our guide and our friend,
Who'll be with us to help us and love to the end.

3 When clouds gather round us He makes the way bright,
He fills us with joy, with love and with light;
Oh! whatever befalls us we never need fear,
Since in joy or in sorrow He ever is near.
Jesus! dear Saviour, come, dwell in my breast,
When Thou art with me I'm ever at rest,
In trouble and sorrow be Thou ever near,
If Thou art my helper what harm need I fear?

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD.

A PRAYER.

L. M.

1 O Son of God! Redeemer Thou,
Ascended to Thy glorious throne;
Subjected unto Him alone,
Before whom all with all shall bow.

2 Be ours to follow, ours to love
The pure example Thou hast given,
To lead us to that blessed heaven,
Begun below, complete above.

3 Keep us, we ask, from placing trust
In aught save that Thou dost reveal;
Believing Thou would naught conceal,
That we shall know, children of dust.

4 When life's great mysteries appall,
And darkling doubts come sweeping o'er,
Our sky, above this mortal shore,
Till blind we grope, or stagg'ring fall;

5 Thine be the arm our souls to raise;
Thine be the power to heal our sight;
And lead by pleasant paths of light,
Thro' earth's oft-shadow'd, 'wild'ring maze.

6 When heavily the hand of grief
Upon our quiv'ring heart-chords lie,—
As with the loved, our spirits die,
And nothing human yields relief;—

7 Shine Thou serenely on our sight,—
A star unfurling,—o'er the tomb;
Dispelling all its sad'ning gloom,
Flooding its portal drear, with light!

8 Thy Spirit ever be our guide;
Through Thee to learn the Father's love;
Through Thee, Oh! may the Holy Dove
Within our souls fore'er abid!

MARY C. WEBSTER.
Rocky Hill, Conn. 1883.

THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

1 Oh! sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep
Like tempests down over the soul.
CHORUS—Oh! then, to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

2 Oh! sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessèd shadow how sweet!

3 Oh! near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale;
Then quick to the Rock I can fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON.
Set to Music by W. O. FISCHER, in "The Sheaf," pub. by Asa Hull.

LO! I AM WITH YOU ALWAY.

Matt. xxviii: 20.
Tune—"*How firm a Foundation.*"

1 Jesus! my Saviour! I know Thou art near us,
Watching Thy children with tenderest care,
Waiting to bless us, and ready to save us
From sin and from harm, if we seek Thee in prayer.
CHO.—Jesus is watching us! Jesus is loving us!
When we remember this can we do wrong?
Jesus is watching us! Jesus is loving us!
Jesus is near to us all the day long!

2 Spirits of evil are round us to tempt us,
Trying to lure us from virtue and peace;
Say, shall we yield? No! for Jesus is near us,
Speak but His name and temptation will cease.

3 Powers of hell vainly lure us to evil,
Trusting in Jesus alone we are strong;
Satan is strong, but our Jesus is stronger,
And He is near to us all the day long.

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD. 1883.

RENUNCIATION.

Tune—"*Jesus Loves Me.*" omitting Chorus.

1 Angel beautiful, yet stern,
Evermore of thee I learn;
I have placed my hand in thine:
Sign my forehead with thy sign!

2 Lead me onward: fearlessly
I am vowed to follow thee
O'er the desert—to the strife,
Waving back the joys of life.

3 Love-wreathed blossoms, from each stem
See I pluck and scatter them!
Buds my heart hath cherished much;
Let them wither at thy touch!

4 Phantoms that before me glide
In thy presence are defied—
What can cloud the soul, or chill,
Learned by thee to conquer ill!

5 Go before me mutely calm,
In thy hand the victor-palm,
And with lips of still disdain
Smiling on the spectre pain.

6 So my soul must learn to smile,
Struggling on through Life's defile,
Ere I gain the higher steeps
Where eternal starlight sleeps.

MRS. M. A. M. CRAMER. 1884.

LORD, HELP ME WATCH.

Tune "*Just as I am.*" (E flat.)

1 Lord, help me watch with constant care,
Lest thoughts of hate and envy start,
For he that hateth must beware
Lest guilt of murder stain his heart.

2 Lord, make my heart so much like Thine,
There shall be room for love alone;
May I not grieve when Thou hast blest
My brother's life above my own.

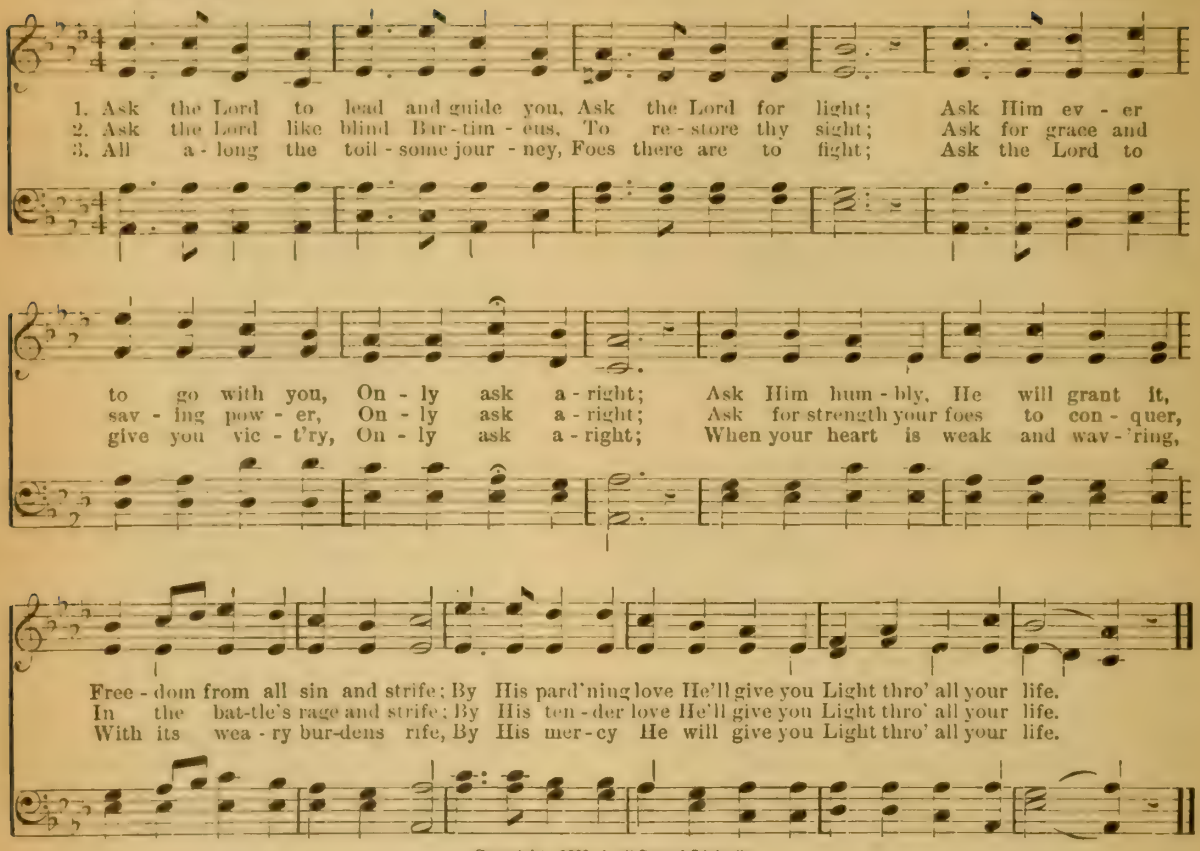
3 Thy home, dear Lord, is one of peace,
No sound of strife, no stain of sin;
And none that envy, none that hate,
And none that kill can enter in.

SUSAN M. DAY. 1880.
Set to Music by JOSEPH HARRISON, and by per D. C. Cook.

ONLY ASK ARIGHT.

"Ask and it shall be given you."

MRS. D. E. KNOWLES. EMMA PITT.



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THE MOUNT.

1 When anxious cares corrode the breast,
And sad forebodings rise;
When sore temptations me molest,
And sorrow robs me of my rest;
Jesus! I trembling look to Thee,
And tearful turn to Calvary.

2 When griefs assail and trials come,
When anguish aims its dart;
When earthly hopes have found a tomb—
Sweet thoughts of heaven dispel my gloom—
For, Jesus! then I look to Thee,
And prayerful turn to Calvary.

3 When foes are fierce, friends found untrue,
When all is dark and drear,
I think on grace, and glory, too—
How conquest out of conflict grew,
And, Jesus! then I look to Thee,
And prayerful turn to Calvary.

4 When feeble pulses, beating slow,
Warn of life's waning hour;
Then, Jesus! may I joyful know,
That Thou canst dying grace bestow;
That not in vain I've looked to Thee,
And turned in faith to Calvary.

5 What rapture o'er the soul will steal,
When through eternity
This Jesus shall His love reveal,
Who died the heart's deep wounds to heal!
Salvation's stream still flows from Thee,
O sacred, blood-stained Calvary!

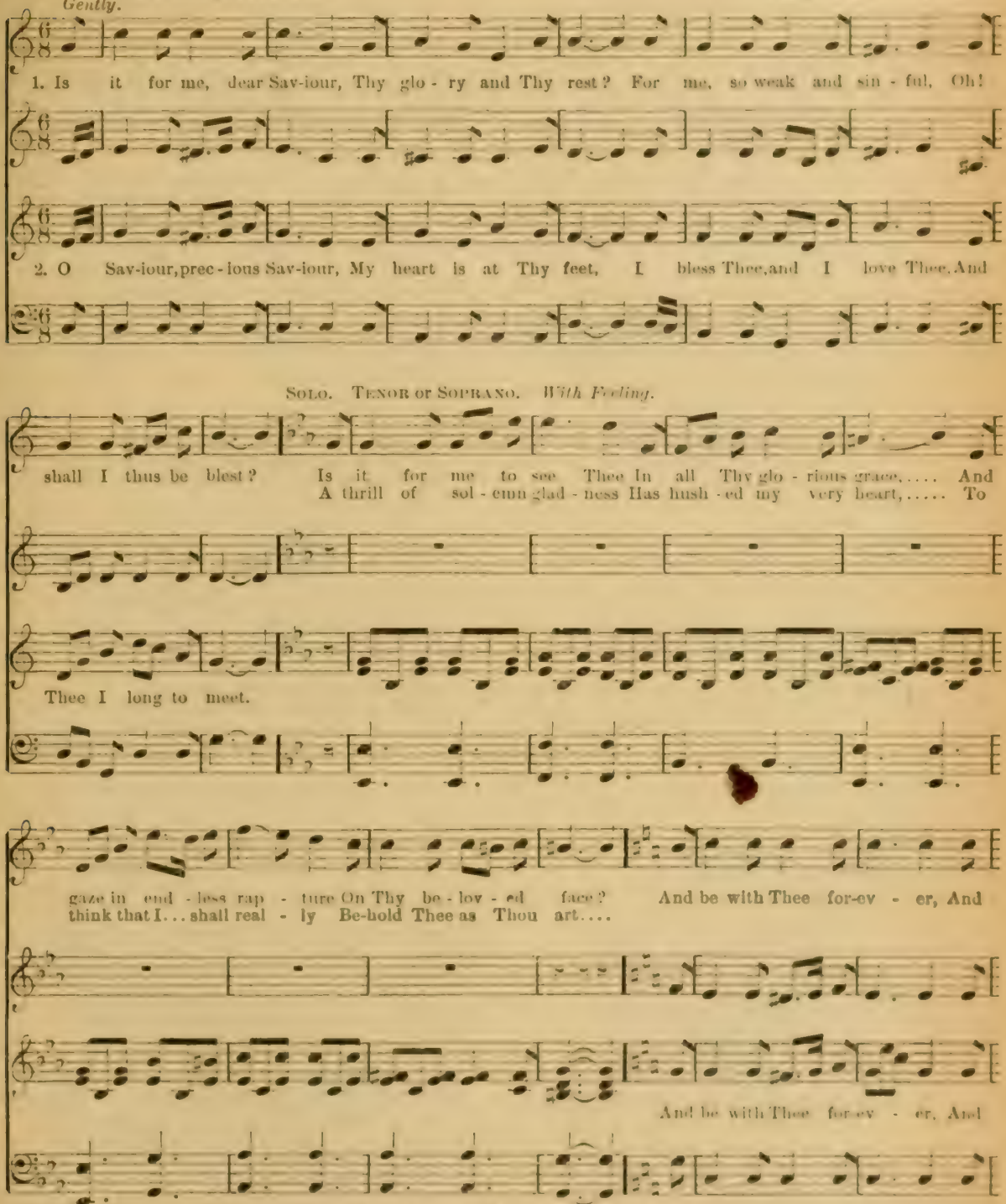
6 Thou Holy Mount! from thee we learn
Our daily cross to bear:
When burdens press to Thee we turn,
And find new zeal within us burn;
Then never let forgotten be
The debt we owe to Calvary.

MRS. ANNIE LANMAN ANGIER.

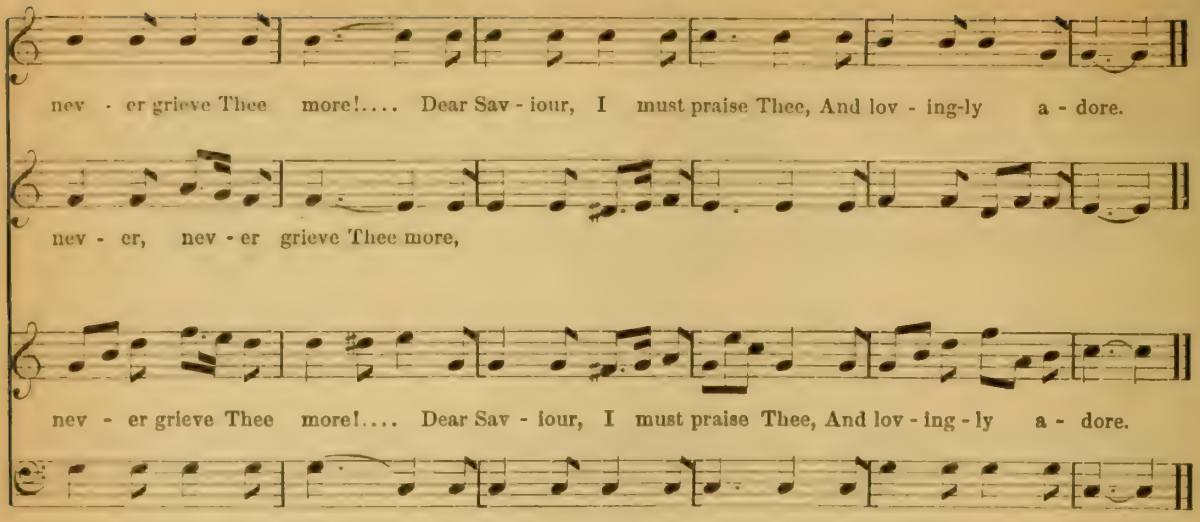
IS IT FOR ME, DEAR SAVIOUR?

Miss FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. Mrs. KATE J. BRAINARD.

Gently.



From "Royal Anthem Book" by per. Mrs. C. H. SCOTT.



CALVARY.

Tune—"*Mercy's Free.*" Gospel Hymns, No. 3.

1 Methinks I can my Saviour see
Bearing His own heavy cross;
Bearing that shameful cross for me;
All for me, all for me.
Now weeping o'er a guilty race,
With tender pity in His face;
Struggling up Mount Calvary,
All for me, all for me.

2 I see that bruiséd thorn-clad brow,
All for me, all for me;
I see the giddy rabble[illegible]w;
All for me, all for me.
I see the Prince of glory die
For all the race of sinners vile;
Creation trembles at the view,
All for me, all for me.

3 The sun withdraws herself from sight;
All for me, all for me.
Earth clothes herself in blackest night,
Drearily, drearily.
I hear a voice from Calvary,
The Son of God in agony,—
"Hast Thou, my God, forsaken me?"
All for me, all for me.

4 Many the blessed words He spoke,
All for me, all for me.
The chains of death and hell He broke,
All for me, all for me.
'T is finished!" sinful man is free;
Hark! hark! those words from Calvary,
The Son of God has died for me,
Even me, even me.

5 Stripped of sin's galling chains and strength,
Can it be, can it be?
The sons of earth are freed at length,
Even me, even me.
All heaven rejoices, now, to know
That God's own Son did love us so,
Ransomed us on Mount Calvary;
Praise to Thee! praise to Thee!

MRS. M. L. WRIGHTMAN.
Harper City, Kas. 1882.

WHAT CLAIM HAVE I?

1 With such a groveling heart how shall I dare
Ask Thee, my Lord, to make Thy dwelling there?
Because the Bethlehem stable Thou didst share.

2 With restless passions surging like a sea,
How can I think to find repose for Thee?
Because Thy voice hushed stormy Galilee.

3 With guilt's defilement stained without, within,
How may I hope Thy cleansing grace to win?
Because Thou saidst, "I have forgiven thy sin."

4 With soul-affections stony-cold and dead,
What claim have I to plead for life instead?
Because in Joseph's tomb was laid thy head.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

OPPRESSED WITH SIN.

1 Oppressed with sin and woe,
A burdened heart I bear;
Opposed by many a mighty foe,
Yet will I not despair.

2 I feel that I am weak,
And prone to every sin;
But Thou who giv'st to those who seek,
Wilt give me strength within.

3 I need not fear my foes,
I need not yield to care,
I need not sink beneath the woes,
For Thou wilt answer prayer.

4 In my Redeemer's name
I give myself to Thee,
And all unworthy as I am
My God will welcome me.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

SOUGHT OUT.

Isaiah lxii: 12.

Tune—"*Martyn*" or "*Refuge.*"

1 Can it be that Jesus sought *me?*
Yes; His word I must believe.
Loved me, chose me ere I knew Him.
Sought that I might Him receive.
Chose me, sought me, called me to Him,
When a child, His voice I heard.
In my youth He found and saved me,
Through His blesséd, gracious word.

2 But how sad the truthful story!
I from Him did turn away;
Sought in human love my pleasures;
From His heart I thus did stray,
Yet, O wondrous, truthful story,
Faithful still He followed me,
Sought to win me — loving Shepherd,
Called me in His fold to flee.

3 Praise His name! again He found me,
Held me closely — kept me near,
More and more His grace bestowing,
While He grew to me more dear.
Then there came a time so precious,
When He gave Himself to me,
Whispering, I have ever loved Thee
Now betrothéd Thou shalt be.

4 It was months He had been waiting
For this blesséd, glorious hour,
Moving me to wholly meet Him,
Yield to Him my every power.
Oh! the bliss of that one moment
When He whispered, "Thou art mine!"
Spirit, soul and body, gladly
I to Him did there resign.

5 Then He made me His forever,
With His Spirit set the seal;
Love and faithfulness effulgent,
While Himself He did reveal;
From that hour He has been seeking
How to fill me with His love,
Like His image to conform me,
Fit me for His home above.

6 As I think of all, I marvel.
Oh! how patiently He sought
To bestow His grace upon me,
Through the ransom He had wrought!
If I look at all my stumbling,
All the failures I have made,
At the poor, imperfect lessons,
And the debt of love unpaid,

7 I should sink with shame and sorrow;
But I'll lift my eyes to Him
Who has bought me, owns me wholly,
(Jesus, let them ne'er grow dim,)
And I cry, with heart o'erflowing,
Unto Him be all the praise,
Who redeemed me soul and body,
And has sought me all my days.

ELIZABETH C. GREEN. March, 1884.

SEEN OF GOD.

1 When in Life's most sunny path
Blessings rich my spirit hath,
And my cup o'erflows with joy
Pure and sweet, without alloy,
Thou, God, seest me.

2 When in buoyant health I go
With firm footstep to and fro,
And no pain or suffering bear,
Shielded by my Shepherd's care,
Thou, God, seest me.

3 When my faltering footsteps press
On the thorns of sharp distress,
And, o'erwhelmed with grief, I cry,
"Help me, Saviour, or I die!"
Thou, God, seest me.

4 When I shall have passed the vale
Where earth's fondest helpers fail,
And within the Glory-Land
Saved, before Thy throne shall stand,
Blessed Lord, see me.

5 Bid me serve Thee there alway,
Through Eternity's glad day;
Thee, whom now I love unseen,
Thee, without a cloud between
Thy bright face and me.

FRANCES E. TOWNSLEY.
Maywood, Ill., 1880.

ORDERED IN ALL THINGS, AND SURE.

II Sam. xxiii: 5.

1 "Ordered"—ah! just what I am wanting;
So weak and dark my mind,
That in my wavering and my wandering,
What's best I fail to find.

2 "In all things"—this will give me resting
In body and in soul.
For there's no counting things perplexing
In life's mysterious whole.

3 "And sure." This crowns and seals the blessing,
Now need I only *faith*
To still all gloom, all sad suggesting,
With—"thus my Saviour saith."

BELLA A. NASSAU.

THE OPEN DOOR.

1 A little child, with garments thin and old,
Stands shivering by the rich man's stately door;
His lips are blue, and numb his hands with cold,
His eyes with bitter tears are brimming o'er.

2 He sees within the comfort and the light,
He thinks it must be heaven to be there.
Can he not enter? Oh! to have the right!
To breathe but once that warm and perfumed air!

3 His timid summons opes the massive door,
A moment he is wrapped in warmth and light;
He stands within the glow!—a moment more
It shuts, and leaves him in the bitter night!

4 Father, when cold and darkness wrap me round,
And earthly sorrows crowd upon my sight,
I turn my gaze beyond this finite bound,
And stretch out hands of longing towards Thy light.

5 I stand beside Thy portal, weak and poor,
And hear Thy sweet voice say to me, "Behold,
I set before thee now an open door,
Come in, my child, and shelter from the cold."

6 "An open door!" It is the door of grace,—
"No man can shut it," says the heavenly voice,
There stands no warder stern, with frowning face,—
We only have to enter and rejoice.

7 Surely our "little strength" may serve for this,
To bear us through the portal open wide,
Where just before us is unending bliss,
And entering brings us to our Father's side.

8 O tempted brother, out in sin's dark night,
O weary mourner, tossed in grief's cold storm,
Look up to where the beams of heaven's own light
Stream from the open portal bright and warm.

9 "No man can shut" the door God's love holds wide,
No voice "forbid" those whom he bids to "come";
The veil was rent in twain when Jesus died;
"He is the door," enter and find thy home.

MISS J. E. GARDNER.

SAINT STEPHEN.

1 O blesséd martyr, dying for the Lord!
We envy him the glory of his fate,
Though all that men most shrink from (burning wood
Of bitterest slander, hiss of scorn and hate,
More cruel than the heavy stones they cast,)
Made storm about him as his spirit passed.

2 We envy him the peace that kept his heart
In all the shock of that mad passion-war,—
We, whose watched doors of patience fly apart
So often at temptation's lightest jar;—
The peace that made his countenance to shine
Like Moses', hearing mysteries divine.

3 Full of perfect love he knelt to die!
He prayed his enemies might be forgiven,
And from the height of that great ecstacy
He looked in through the open gates of heaven!
He saw the Lord! Pain o'er him had no power,
Entering to be with Christ forevermore.

4 The first to die for Jesus! Oh! how sweet
To die for love of Jesus! This we say,
And straight toward Golgotha we turn our feet
With faces like a flint; but on our way
We meet the little crosses we must take,
And bear upon our shoulder for His sake.

5 And so we shrink, and falter, and turn back,
Or with complaints and murmurs take them up,
The small denials, neither scourge nor rack;—
We sigh to sit with Ease and drink her cup,
And walk Sloth's level gardens;— we, who fain
The stature of Christ's martyrs would attain!

And can it be, dear Lord, that souls so weak,
Remiss in watching, dastard in the fight,
Shall walk upon the eternal hills, and speak
With Stephen, bearing palm and robed in white?
Ashamed, in tears, we come for help to Thee,
Triumphant Captain, Lord of victory!

URANIA LOCKE BAILEY. 1882.

WORLD-SICKNESS.

1 Of all the maladies that fret men's hearts,
And paralyze men's souls, can any show
Such crowds of victims rushing to and fro
For help, as this dire ailment? The best arts
That wisest skill of pharmacy imparts
Have failed of cure. The vaunted healing flow
Of Nature's springs—alas! how well we know
They cannot anodyne these inward smarts!

2 And yet, O fevered and world-jaded soul,
Consumed with deadly thirst thou canst not quell,
There is a living draught can make thee whole:
Take from the hand of Christ the crystal cup
Of His pure grace—that Holy Grail filled up
With sacramental wine—drink, and be well!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.
"Faith and Works."

IN CONVENTION.

1 We come from the hilltop, we come from the valley;
From our shops in the mart, from our farms on the lea;
In the name of our God, for our hearthstones we rally,
That the land of the brave be the home of the free.
From our homes by the lake, from our homes by the river,
From the mansions of wealth, from the cottage's low door,
We gather in council, and pledge that we never
Lay down the dear cross till rum triumphs no more.

2 As we tended our flocks in the valleys of pleasure,
Or watched o'er their pastime from hillsides of toil,
We heard the base wolf, who had threatened our treasure,
Exultingly laugh o'er the lambs in his toil.
And he growled, as he grinned o'er their wretched debasement:
"You give me your lambs, and I pay you the gold!"
Then motherhood sprung from her vine-tangled casement,
And rushed out to rescue the wolf-haunted fold.

3 Men say, with a frown and a wag of the finger:
"You never can win in this race that you run!"
But what need we fear, except that we linger
When the Father of thunderbolts bids us go on.
Has God's ear grown heavy that it cannot attend us?
Or is His hand shortened that it cannot save?
If we call upon Him His right arm will send us
The garments of vengeance for clothing the brave.

4 We come from the hilltops, we come from the valley;
From our shops in the mart, from our farms on the lea;
In the name of our God, for our hearthstones we rally,
That the land of the brave be the home of the free.
From our homes by the lake, from our homes by the river,
From the mansions of wealth, from the cottage's low door,
We gather in council, and pledge that we never
Will lay down the cross till rum triumphs no more.

AURA PERKINS. 1885.

THE TWO MARTYRS.

(MARGARET MACLAFLIN.—MARGARET WILSON, May 1685.)

1 Aye, the sea is God's, He made it,
Set its bounds of rock or sand:
All its depths and all its billows
He hath measured in His hand;
Time, that marreth all things human,
Cannot touch the raging sea
Till the flame from heaven descendeth,
And the earth shall cease to be!
On the Frith of Forth, how brightly,
Twice a hundred years ago,
Rose the sun of bonny Maytime,
Kissing all the waves aglow.

2 What is man? A shadow flitting
O'er the sunny fields of dawn,
Seek again the place that knew him,
He forevermore has gone.
Yet our Master's least disciple,
Following Him with faith sublime,
Shall out-live the mighty ocean,
Changeless through the wreck of time.
With the hand too weak for striving,
God shall overthrow the strong.
Heavenly arches all are ringing
With the martyr's triumph song.

3 Two hundred years ago, come marching
Down from Edinborough, a crowd;
Two pale women, led by soldiers,
Many followed, weeping loud.
Margaret Maclaflin, bowing
With the griefs of many years,
And her wrinkled cheeks still dewy
With her little grandson's tears,
Sons and daughters pressing 'round her,
With farewells and weepings sore;
They must miss her love and counsel,
Miss her prayers, forevermore.

4 And (our first White Ribbon leader!)
Margaret Wilson, frail and fair,
With a snood of snowy ribbon
Binding back her golden hair.
"Dinna greet sae, Jimmy," plead she
With her brother young and dear;
"I'll hear your sobs, an' no the angels,
When they came to whisper cheer!"
At the Frith of Forth, all halted,
Loud the blackbirds piped their lay,
And the thrushes in the thornrows
Sang for gladness of the May.

5 Two tall stakes rose strong and grimly,
Where the sand and seawaves meet.
There they bound the helpless women,
How the waves laughed at their feet.
"Pray now for the king, your master!
You are taught to pray for all!"
"Not when profligates are bidding!"
The Maclaflin's brave tones fall.
Then they lifted calm eyes heavenward,
While the morning waves rolled up;
Weak the flesh, but their strong spirits
Shrank not from the Master's cup.

6 Young indeed was Margaret Wilson,
Scarce eighteen, and very fair;
How her mother's heart would mourn her,
How the children miss her care;
Such loveliness and sorrow blending,
Made the magistrate relent.
"Still I'll save you from the waters,
If you'll break the covenant."
"Nay, it was my ain hand signed it,"
Proudly lifting up her head.
"By grace o' the God o' the covenant,
I'll keep it aye," she said.

7 So the cruel waves crept landward,
In the happy light of May.
Hid the wrinkled hands meek folded,
Hid the snowy hands away.
With no fear and no dismaying,
Prayed they who for Truth must die;
And above the troubled waters
Heaven was throbbing with their cry.
Slept the white head, angel cradled,
On the ocean's heaving breast,
Then the glimmering golden tresses
Faded from the billows' crest!

8 Though the prayer of these weak women
By the mighty was denied,
Though the weak hands of these martyrs
Could not stay the ocean's tide,
While the priests and all their counsels
Lie forgotten in the dust,
Ever sounding through the ages,
Men shall hear thy prayer of trust.
And when all the surging waters
By the flames are swept away,
Countless souls shall love and bless them,
For the faith they kept that day!

9 Sisters! ours the snow-white symbol,
Ours our leader's dauntless faith,
We a covenant have witnessed,
And we keep it unto death!
Vowed to save the young and tempted,
From the drunkard's endless loss;
Vowed to banish Mammon's temple,
From the Shadow of the Cross.
Doubtless, when earth's mighty slumber,
Long forgotten in the dust,
Shall our Master's true disciples
Praise Him, that we kept our trust!

M. E. H. EVERETT.
Condersport, Pa. 1885.

THE FALL AND THE RESCUE.

1 Temptation assailed him; he yielded and fell;
A spell was o'er him, a fearful spell.
In weakness he yielded to rum's control,
Though it maddened his brain and debased his soul,
Till the noblest powers of his mind were crushed,
And the voice within was almost hushed;
And many stout hearts gave up in despair
When they saw the fearful wreck that was there.

2 Yet some there were of the good of earth,
Of the noblest hearts, of the highest worth,
Whose faith was strong and whose hearts were brave,
Who knew the power of love to save.
They besought him to join their noble band,
And kindly they took their brother's hand,
While with all the fervor of love they spoke,
And helped him to break the tyrant's yoke.

3 *He signed the pledge*, and the angels then,
Who were looking down to the homes of men,
Struck a higher note on their harps of love,
That resounded long through the courts above;
And the holy soul-enrapturing strain
Was caught on earth and prolonged again,
For they saw that love's omnipotent power
Could conquer and save in the darkest hour.

4 *He signed the pledge*, and his grief-worn wife,
Who a living death had known in life,
Who had seen her youthful hopes all wrecked
By him who had sworn to love and protect,
Yet forsook him not in that dark, dark hour,
When his soul was bowed by the demon's power,
Was now blessed with the joy that none can know
But those who have felt the like deep woe.

5 *He signed the pledge*, and his children dear,
Who were wont to shrink with a sudden fear
From his dread approach, as he used to come,
Now welcome their own dear father home;
And the spot once known as the drunkard's hearth
Is changed by the pledge to a heaven on earth;
And the father now kneels with his loved ones there,
And pours out his soul to the Hearer of prayer.

6 Oh! lives there one on earth's wide domain
Who would tempt him to drink of that cup again?
Who would strive his noble resolve to shake—
Would tempt him his holy pledge to break?
Who would ever bring back that rescued soul
To bondage again, to rum's control?
Sure such beings on earth must be very rare;
If one can be found, Oh! where is he, where?

RUTH C. THOMPSON.
Southbridge, Mass., 1882.

REGRET.

1 A beautiful day without,
A careless day within—
Thou 'rt guilty again, poor soul,
Of failure and of sin.

2 This morn thou didst promise God
With earth in tune to keep;
Sweet music the earth has made,
And thou—ah! go and weep.

KATE Y. SILL.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

1 Cruelly beaten with many stripes,
Cast out on the world's highway
By the hand that it knew and loved the best,
The heart of a woman lay.

2 Robbed of its treasures of youth and love;
Its beautiful raiment in trust
Was rent in twain by the spoiler's hand,
And soiled with the blood and dust.

3 Writhing with pain in the noonday's heat,
Too weak to moan and too proud to cry,
Despised, forsaken and scorned by all,
It only cared to die.

4 The Pride, by chance, like the Jewish priest,
Came down where the poor heart lay,
But seeing its wounds from afar, he turned
And went by another way.

5 And Hope, Like the Levite, came and looked,
Then faintly the faint heart cried
And prayed for help from its early friend—
Hope passed on the other side.

6 But Song, like the good Samaritan,
Was kind to the woman's heart,
Bound up its wounds with a tender hand,
And healed it in every part.

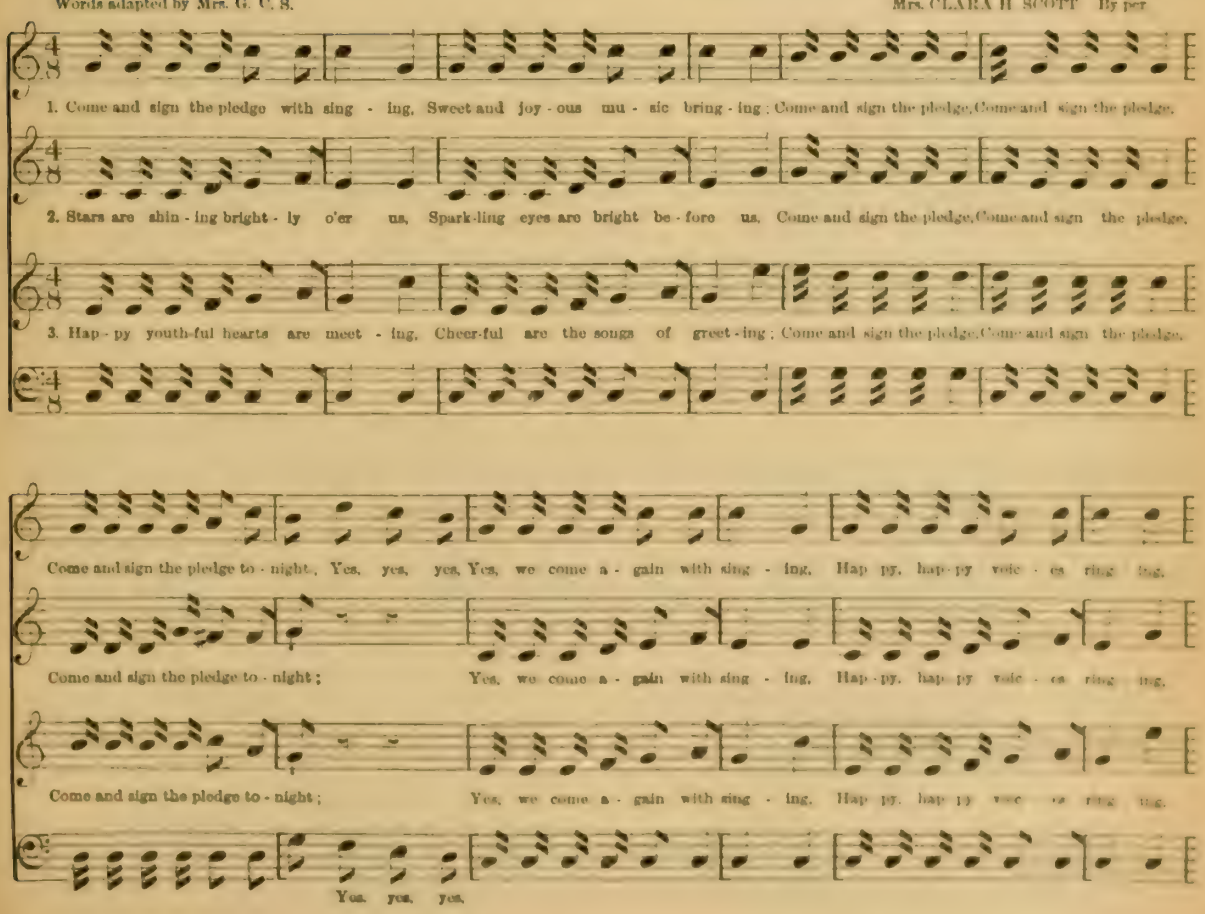
7 And sitting low at the feet of Song,
The meek heart learned to sing
Such beautiful, heavenly melodies,
That they reached the ear of the King.

8 And calling the poor, forsaken heart,
With Song He bade it go
And bind up the broken and bruised who faint
In the world's wide Jericho.

"Pearl Rivers."
MRS. E. J. NICHOLSON (formerly Mrs. Halbrook).
New Orleans, La., March, 1885

COME AGAIN WITH SINGING.

Words adapted by Mrs. G. C. S. Mrs. CLARA H. SCOTT By per



1. Come and sign the pledge with sing - ing, Sweet and joy - ous mu - sic bring - ing; Come and sign the pledge, Come and sign the pledge,

2. Stars are shin - ing bright - ly o'er us, Spark-ling eyes are bright be - fore us, Come and sign the pledge, Come and sign the pledge,

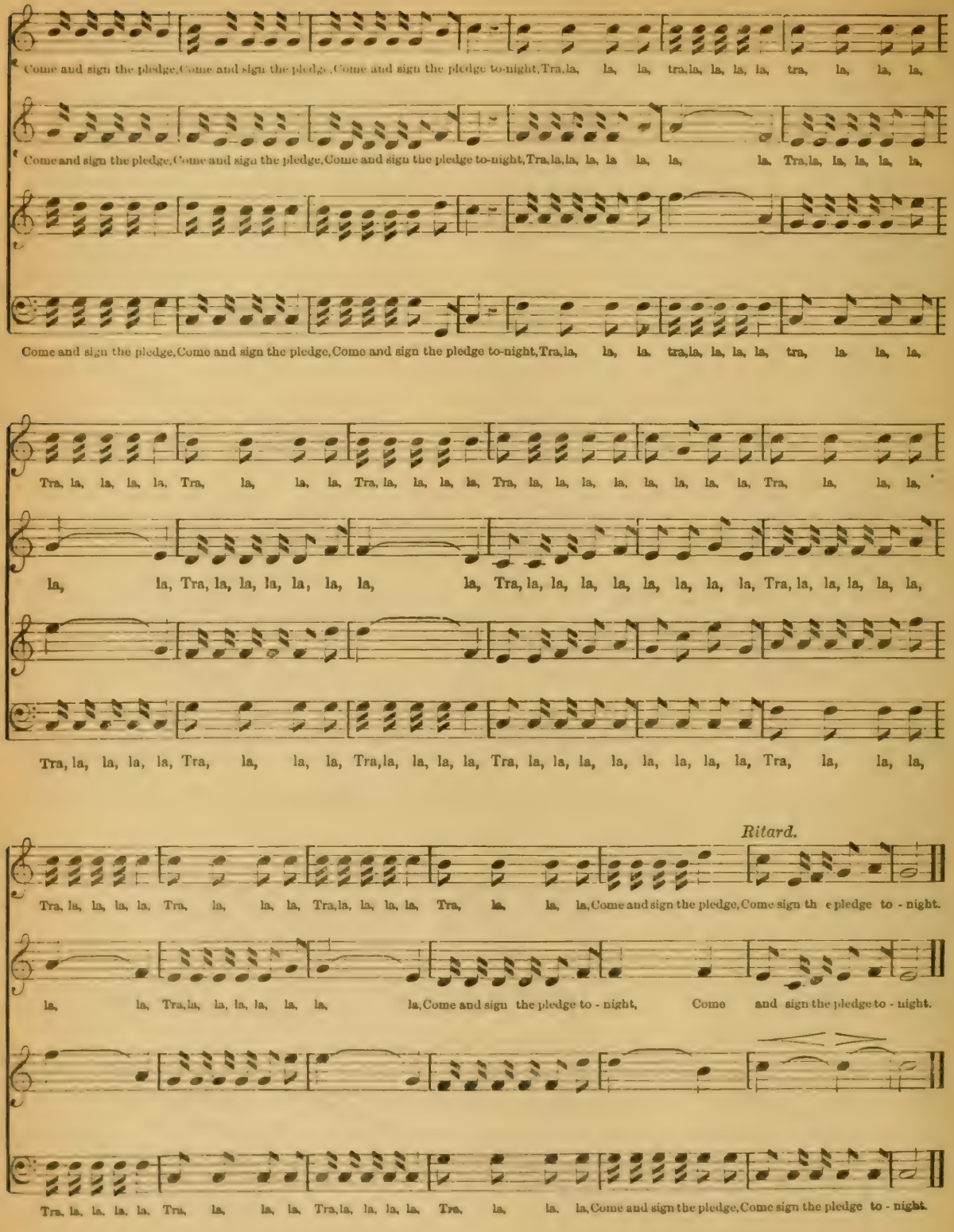
3. Hap - py youth-ful hearts are meet - ing, Cheer-ful are the songs of greet - ing; Come and sign the pledge, Come and sign the pledge,

Come and sign the pledge to - night, Yes, yes, yes, Yes, we come a - gain with sing - ing, Hap py, hap - py voic - es ring ing,

Come and sign the pledge to - night; Yes, we come a - gain with sing - ing, Hap - py, hap py voic - es ring ing,

Come and sign the pledge to - night; Yes, we come a - gain with sing - ing, Hap py, hap py voic - es ring ing,

Yes, yes, yes,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Ritard.
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la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, Come and sign the pledge to - night, Come and sign the pledge to - night.
Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, Come and sign the pledge, Come sign the pledge to - night.

BE PATIENT.

1 The words came 'mid my weeping,
Like angel's soothing numbers—
"He holds thee in His keeping,
Who sleepeth not nor slumbers;
Oh! deeply doth He cherish
Thy life, thou soul oppressed:
Fear not to faint or perish,
Thou whom the Christ hath blessed!

2 He sits beside thee waiting,
He watcheth all the sorrow!
The fires are not abating—
They may endure to-morrow;
Yet never from thy grieving
The Saviour's looks are moved,
Lest thou shouldst be receiving
Too strong a flame, beloved!

3 And whilst His care enfoldeth
Each hour of His designing,
His face the Lord beholdeth
Within His silver shining;
Then hath He sweet assuring—
Thy God, down-bending o'er thee—
That thou, through much enduring,
Hath entered to His glory.

4 The trial-fires shall soften
Beneath that daylight splendor,
The pain that racked thee often
Shall die to hushing tender;
And He who all in yearning
Choose once thy long, long testing,
Shall stay the heat and burning,
And give the weary resting.

MARGARET HAVERAFT.
In the "Quiver," for April, 1885.

THE DEAR OLD HOME.

Melody — "*Tenting on the old camp ground.*"

1 I'm thinking to-night of the home I had,
Cherished in years gone by;
Filled the love of each heart so glad,
How bright each laughing eye.

CHO.—Many are the hearts that are clouded to-night,
Longing for the curse to cease,
Many are the hands working for the right,
To bless the land with peace.
Dreaming to-night, dreaming to-night,
Dreaming of the dear old home.

2 Oh! long, long ago that home was mine,—
Scattered and perished all;
I tell you 'twas lost in the blood-red wine,
Drinking has caused the fall.

3 But lightly at first came the tempter's spell,
Growing so fast and sure;
Till sadly the darkness of midnight fell
On loved ones, fond and pure.

4 Ah! lost, lost to me are the joys of home,
Honor and hope all gone;
An outcast, a wretch, far away I roam,
All friendless and forlorn.

5 But show me a hand, a helping hand,
To turn me to the right;
And, wreck that I am, I'll take my stand,
And sign the pledge to-night.

FANNIE CHADWICK.

MRS G. C. SMITH:—I notice in "Woman's Journal" your call for additional "hymns" on temperance and missions. You may like the above, written by a sweet, chastened spirit while a patient in our County Hospital. She afterwards died of consumption in the Consumptives' Home in her native Massachusetts. The poem was called out by the experiences of her room-mate and fellow-sufferer.

Yours truly,
MARY J. TELFORD.
Denver, Colorado. 1883.

SIGNALS.

TO THE "UNION SIGNAL," THE ORGAN OF THE NATIONAL W. C. T. U.

1 We looked, at evening, from the town
O'er Casco, many-islanded,
And saw through clouds the sun go down,
A ball of vivid red.

2 The fisher's wife stood still and white
Upon the shelving sand,—
Her eyes against the level light
Were shaded by her hand.

3 Her little child stole up behind,
And held her by the dress,
With grieved lip, wondering to find
Nor welcome nor caress.

4 The crested tide-waves from afar
Came in as coursers run,—
The sullen breakers on the bar
Boomed like a minute-gun.

5 A lion wakened from his lair,
The stormy east wind blew,
And 'round the form still watching there
The early darkness grew.

6 Sonorous through the heavy damp
A bell tolled out the hour,
And suddenly the signal-lamp
Blazed from the light-house tower.

7 A lengthened beam the beacon cast
Across the seething foam,
And up that path of light at last,
We saw the boat come home.

8 O wife! to hear with speechless bliss
The pebbles graze its keel;
O little child! a father's kiss
On cheek and lip to feel!

* * * * * * * *

9 The New Year strikes! More cruel rise
The rocks our coast that line!
On seas o'er hung by stormier skies
Brave UNION SIGNAL, shine!

10 Thy steady flame was lit on high
From home's own altar-fire,
And fed by love's pure ministry
May not its flames expire.

11 While yet one sin-tossed soul afar
By fierce temptation driven,
May see it beam—a gentle star,
To guide to Home and heaven!

MARY A. P. STANSBURY.
Appleton, Wis. 1883.

RAGNAR'S DAUGHTERS.

(The standard of the Danes was a blood-red flag, on which was embroidered the figure of a black raven, a bird for which they had great veneration. The banner was believed to be enchanted, and when, waved by the wind, the raven seemed to flutter its wings, they hailed it as a sure harbinger of victory. Ragnar's three daughters are said to have embroidered it in a single afternoon.)

1 Oh! fair were Ragnar's daughters,
Blue-eyed, blonde and tall;
They dwelt by the North Sea waters,
Where Thor let his hammers fall.

2 In a certain noon-tide golden,
A magic banner they wrought!
So runneth a legend olden,
From the myths of Norseland brought.

3 With many a prayer to Odin,
Leaning on Frieja's heart,
With woman's faith and foreboding,
They plied her gentle art.

4 They wrought for their sturdy yeomen
A dark, mysterious bird,
Whose wings of good were an omen,
If they by the winds were stirred.

5 But if close to its side the raven
Let its folded wings appear,
Each bold heart turned a craven,
Each face blanched white in fear.

6 The outspread wings were a token
Of good to the Vikings' arms,
But, if closed, their ranks were broken,
And routed by dire alarms.

7 Thus, in Ragnar's rude dominion,
His fair-haired girls took part,
For the rise of the Raven's pinion
Gave the losing Vikings heart.

8 And they fought in the old Norse manner,
Kings of the very sea,
Inspired by the magic banner
Wrought by those maidens three.

9 O maids of these later ages,
There's a sterner strife in view,
And a grander conflict wages,
Than the blue-eyed Norsemen knew.

10 The tents of our foemen tarry
In hamlet, city and town;
Thick fly the darts that carry
The flower of our manhood down.

11 At home in the noontide golden,
Afar from the combat's din,
Faint hearts it is yours to embolden,
The battle help to win.

12 They need in this contest tragic,
No bird's embroidered wing;
Outgrown are the days of magic,
And the hopes that omens bring.

13 But they need your prayers, sweet girlie,
Your tears and your Godspeed true,
In the pink of the morning early,
In the noon-tide's gold and blue.

MATILDA A BLACKMAR.
Grand Rapids, Mich. 1883.

AS I HAVE LOVED YOU.

"This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you."
—*Words of Jesus.*

1 For the purest hope that's human,
For the good of man and woman,
For the upright soulhood holy,
For the great heart strong, yet lowly,
For the best good of thy brother,
As I've loved you, love each other.

2 For the tender pity, bending
Over one who needs befriending,
For the love that draws with winning
Gentle tenderness the sinning
From the evil wings that cover,
As I've loved you, love each other.

3 For the possible great beauty
That will blossom out when duty
Grows to love of what is holy,
(Though the heart seems baseness solely,
There is good that hate would smother)
As I've loved you, love each other.

4 For the thoughts by sinning fettered,
For the brain that may be bettered,
For the heart that needs refining,
For the soul that may grow shining,
Do not spurn thy fallen brother,
As I've loved you, love each other.

5 Love them as I've loved you, dear ones,
Hunger, weep and suffer, near ones,
Leave them not, although they spurn you,
For your prayers but hate return you
(Slowly love all hate shall smother),
As I've loved you, love each other.

6 For the grandeur of the human,
For the Godlike men and women,
For the race with holy faces,
For the soul's still latent graces,
For the peace that's like no other,
Love, as I have loved my brother.

7 For the glad concordant nations,
Brought to love's divine relations,
For the joy in God's creation,
For His plan's great consummation,
For the best good and thy brother's,
Love, as I have loved all others.

FANNIE BOLTON, 1884.

PEACE, BE STILL.

1 A fearful night, with great storm clouds
Piled high against the angry sky,
A little vessel madly tossed
'Mid foaming billows mountain high.

2 Her helm is gone, her sails are rent,
Her oars the waves have swept away,
And o'er her now with dire intent
The winds and waves impetuous play.

3 Tossed like a cork upon the waves,
The groaning ship and frightened crew
With all hope gone in faith that saves,
Before the furious tempest flew.

4 Asleep upon the upper deck
The Saviour all unmindful lies;
Unmindful of the threatened wreck
And of His children's anguished cries.

5 A hand upon His arm is laid,
While drooping forms around Him weep,
"O Master, wake, we are afraid,
Oh! must we perish in the deep?"

6 The Master rose and looked upon
Those drooping heads and blanching cheeks;
One look of sad reproach He gave,
And then in mild reproof He speaks:

7 "Why are ye fearful? I am here,
The storm can work to thee no ill."
Then standing forth among them there
He bade the tempest "Peace, be still."

8 Peace, like the wings of a white dove,
Spread wide o'er all the troubled lake,
Enwraps the stately ship, while love
Fills every heart for His dear sake.

9 With rapture, beauty, keen delight,
Which ne'er before their hearts had known,
They gaze with awe and timid fright
On one who makes the storm His own.

10 How blest to have so strong a friend,
A friend whose love is firm and deep;
Whose kindness soothes the bursting heart,
As troubled waters fall asleep.

11 What boundless comfort in the thought,
When passion's waves in fury roll,
To know that there is one strong arm
That can the wrath of fiends control.

12 O blessed gift! this precious friend,
And blessed they who fear no ill,
But look to Him whate'er may tend,
And bid the passions, "Peace, be still."

ANNIE A. CARTER, 1881.

IOWA TO ILLINOIS—GREETING!

Tune—"*Hold the Fort*"

1 Brothers, sisters, we are coming,
Sailors true and tried,
On our good ship, "Prohibition,"
Weathering wind and tide.
Don't you see our colors flying
For the grand work done?
Don't you hear our shouts of triumph
For the victory won?

2 See! we keep the pledge — our compass —
Fastened to our mast;
With the cross of Christ above it,
By His Word held fast.
Do you wonder that we battle
Bravely 'gainst the wrong,
Sheltered by the Rock of Ages
As we move along?

3 "Only women — only children!"
Passed from lip to lip
When we launched; but now our numbers
Fill a mighty ship.
Crowded in and running over,
Barges on each side,
Men and boys from every quarter
Come to take a ride.

4 Temperance boys, to make the fathers
In the years to come;
Temperance girls, to be the mothers,
Each of happy home,
Wheel in line for the Amendment,
With the Hawkeye State,
And we'll help you free your "man-traps"
Of their deadly bait.

KATE HAVELINGTON,
Ft. Madison, June 30, 1882.

TWO LIVES

1 A woman's hand, white, soft and small,
With rose-tipped, taper fingers,
Extended with a witching glance,
Whose memory with me lingers,
Offering to me a brimming cup
Of sparkling wine! Ah, ruin
Waited upon that graceful act!
It was my soul's undoing.
To-day I, staggering down the street,
Passing her unmarked, but knowing;
I wonder, does she dream what fruit
Is gathered of her sowing?

2 A woman's hand, embrowned and hard
With toil, but true and tender,
And yet more beautiful to me
Than lit with diamond's splendor.
I was a lonely lad, sore tried
By many a strong temptation.
That gracious hand with cordial grasp—
It was my soul's salvation.
"O God, bestow on her all good
From Thy rich bounty flowing!"
Cries many a soul from ruin saved,—
Rich fruitage of her sowing.

META E. B. THORNE.
"The Signal." 1883.

Miss Lynch

Was born in Burlington, Vt. Her father wasan Irish patriot, who at an early age accompanied Emmett to this country after the struggle of '98. Her mother was a daughter of Col. Grey, a brav soldier and distinguished officer of the American revolutionary army. With such blood in her veins she inherits that pure fervent patriotism, that genuine love for the just and the free, and that indignant scorn for oppression and tyranny which so often distinguishes her poems. Her productions show that finish of form and condensation of idea which is never attained but by well-disciplined minds, and although many of them are so vigorous in expression they are yet delicately beautiful, oftentimes, and portray a deep feeling and religious, moral power. In 1849, the first volume of her poems was published in New York, by G. Putman.

THE WOUNDED VULTURE.

(This incident is beautifully related in Miss Brewer's diary.)

1 A kingly vulture sat alone,
Lord of the ruin round,
Where Egypt's ancient monuments
Upon the desert frown'd.
A hunter's eager eye had mark'd
The form of that proud bird,
And through the voiceless solitude
His ringing shot was heard.

2 It rent that vulture's pluméd breast,
Aim'd with unerring hand,
And his life-blood gush'd warm and red
Upon the yellow sand.
No struggle mark'd the deadly wound,
He gave no piercing cry,
But calmly spread his giant wings
And sought the upper sky.

3 O wounded heart! O suffering soul!
Sit not with folded wing,
Where broken dreams and ruin'd hopes
Their mournful shadows fling.
Outspread thy pinions like that bird,
Take thou the path sublime,
Beyond the cruel shafts of sin,
Beyond the wounds of time.

4 Mount upward! brave the clouds and storms;
Above life's desert plain—
There is a calmer, purer air,
A heaven thou too mayst gain.
And as that dim ascending form
Was lost in day's broad light,
So shall thy earthly sorrows fade,
Lost in the Infinite.

ANNE CHARLOTTE LYNCH. 1848.

FOLLOWING THE CLOUD.

The Lord of Hosts hath made for me
A pathway through the troubled sea;
The great, dim, hungry sea,
The black and plunging sea,
The Lord divides for me.
With lifted rod and outstretched hand
He pointeth out the solid land;
And while the unknown path I tread,
His guiding cloud moves overhead.
Black waves heap high on either side,
With night and darkness far and wide.
The cold east wind comes damp with spray,
Yet there is light on all my way.
The cloud in sunset skies unrolled
Held only gloom within its fold.
Now towering high, transfused with light,
It streams, a beacon on my sight.
My cares, and doubts, and fears are gone,
The signal leads, I follow on,
Assured no harm shall come to me,
Although my path lies through the sea.

FLORA A. SANBORN.
Windsor, Mo.

GOD'S CARE.

The fishermen of Brittany (so the story goes) are wont to utter this simple prayer as they launch their boats upon the deep: "Keep me, my God!—my boat is so small, and Thy ocean so wide."

1 O Bark of mine! fierce grows the tide
Thou art so small, the sea so wide;
No shelter near; nor light, nor guide;
So frail thou art, where canst thou hide?
Thou doubting one, clasp thou the Hand
That rules the wave; at His command
The storm shall cease, and safe and grand
Thy fragile boat shall reach the strand.

2 O Heart of mine! so long the way
Alone, unaided, thou must stray;
There comes no light, no welcome ray,
To tell the dawn of Hope's glad day!
Thou foolish Heart, thy sorrow take,
And from thy grief a blessing make:
Forget thyself! Awake! awake!
The night is past; soon day shall break.

3 O Soul of mine! 'tis fierce and long
That thou must battle with the wrong:
Thou art so weak, the world so strong.
How canst thou gain the victor's song?
Thou faithless Soul, accept the test;
Keep joy aglow within thy breast,
And He who doeth all things best
Shall lead thee on to peace and rest.

ANNA DEMING. 1882.
In the "Evangelist."

Miss Anna A. Gordon

Is a resident of Auburndale, Mass. She is private secretary to Miss Frances E. Willard, and well beloved by all who know her.

Perhaps no one has done more for the Juvenile and Young Woman's work in Temperance than any one person. She has written considerably, for one so young, and her productions are always of a high order. Her numerous friends and admirers expect much of her, for the future. At present, she is at work compiling a song book for use in Bands of Hope, which promises to be very useful. (Aug., 1884.)

AFTER DARK, THE STARS.

"The Eternal Stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough."

1 A tired child, restless, as the night came on,
Wond'ring at twilight where the day had gone,
Watched at the window with a weary sigh,
Till heaven should hang its star-lamps in the sky.

2 "Why don't they come, mamma?" she questioning said;
Then looking up, "Come, pretty stars!" she plead.
Deeper the shades of night around her grew,
While patiently she peered the darkness through.

3 At last with shout of joy, a star she spied.
"I see one now! Why not before?" she cried.
The mother kissed her eager lips and smiled:
"Because it was not dark enough, my child."

4 So shine the Eternal stars in sorrow's might:
The deepest gloom but serves to show their light.
Take courage then, O heart that most hath bled,
God's stars of hope are shining overhead.

ANNA A. GORDON,
Evanston, Sep. 1884.

WAKING.

1 I have done at length with dreaming;
Henceforth, O thou soul of mine,
Thou must take up sword and garments,
Waging warfare most divine.
Life is struggle, combat, victory;
Wherefore have I slumbered on
With my forces all unmarshalled,
With my weapons all undrawn?
Oh! how many a glorious record
Had the angel of me kept,
Had I done instead of doubted,
Had I warred instead of wept!

2 Never in those old romances
Felt I half the sense of life
That I feel within me stirring,
Standing in the place of strife.

3 O my soul, look not behind thee,
Thou hast work to do at last;
Let the brave toil of the present
Overarch the crumbling past:
Build thy great acts high, and higher,
Build them on the conquered sod,
Where thy weakness first fell bleeding
And thy first prayer rose to God.

CAROLINE A. BRIDGE.

THE WITHERED HAND.

1 Behold! the hand is withered,
For no work has it done,
To help the burdened, friendless,
Their weary journey on;
And the hand has dwindled
And wasted all away,
Because it has done nothing
For the Master every day.

2 The hand, it is all withered,
No more work can it do,
Because it has not labored
And been to others true.
Both hand and soul together
Are wasted all away,
For in the Master's service
Naught has been done each day.

3 How many hands are withering?
And wherefore should they not,
When deeds of love and kindness
They never once have wrought?
Oh! let us rather wear out
Than waste our life away,
And see that we do something
For the Master every day.

MRS. S. M. S. WOODIN. 1884.

"FACE TO FACE."

1 Once, at the pleasant twilight hour, when chill
And frosty grew the air without our home,
The cheery blaze had drawn the children in,
Well pleased beside its warmth and glow to come.

2 But one is missed — for papa is not there —
And soon with eager eyes they haste to gaze
From the clear window pane, for one so dear,
His presence brightens all the wintry days.

3 But as they stand together looking out,
Their quickened breath spreads over the fair glass,
And makes it dull and misty — so in vain
Their wistful glances strive through it to pass.

4 The youngest tries to wipe away the stain,
But unskilled fingers only soil the more;
She grieves, "I cannot see my papa now,"
Her loving eyes with tear-drops brimming o'er.

5 'T is thus we look, or think we look for God;
We dim the glass through which we "darkly see,"
Then wonder why our upward looks and cries
Bring to us little of His grace so free.

6 The world, alas! oft comes before our eyes,
And dazzled with its glitter and display,
We gaze with longing on its offered good,
And from the lowly Saviour turn away.

7 Perhaps we dim our vision with the tears
Our blesed Lord would gladly wipe away;
Nor see the "silver lining" of the cloud
That breaks above our heads for one brief day.

8 The idol we enshrine within our hearts,
Be it whate'er it may, will dim the pane
Through which we seek our Father's face to view,
And mark our souls with many a soil and stain.

9 So, groping 'mid the shadows and the glooms,
And burdened heavily with self-made cares,
Struggles within, temptations fierce without,
Quickly our day from morn to evening wears.

10 And in that quiet twilight hour, when fast
The things of earth are fading from our sight,
Our idols shattered, our temptations o'er,
We look while dawns the glorious heavenly light.

11 All intervening clouds shall be withdrawn,
And "face to face" our Saviour we shall see;
Forgetting all these mists and doubts and fears,
Forever with our Father we shall be.

MRS. E. A. WILSON.
In "Labor of Love." Springfield, Ill., 1880.

OUR NATION.

1 The clang of arms, the clash of steel,
Incited by the rolling drum,
Resounded loud for woe or weal;
And tongues were mute, and lips were dumb,
As watching from afar, they saw
The smoky wave surge to and fro,
With trembling hearts, and filled with awe,
They watched, one hundred years ago.

2 And aching hearts grew faint and sick,—
For long and dreadful was the fray.
But when at last, so densely thick,
The smoke and clouds had cleared away,
Upon the graves that strew'd the land,
Was found a thing in embryo.
A nation, beautiful and grand
Sprung up, one hundred years ago.

3 Since then, old Father Time has sown
The seeds of death, with angry frown,
And with his ruthless scythe, hath mown
His thousands upon thousands down.
And yet she lives! Our nation lives!
To bless the day that gave her birth;
She reaches out her hand, and gives
A "welcome home," to all the earth.

4 But shall our banner, grand and fair,
The ensign of a nation free,
Look down on human souls, that wear
The galling chains of slavery?
More dreadful far than any wrought
From iron ore, in furnace fires;
For while they bind the victim caught,
They fill the soul with base desires.

5 O nation grand! O people free!
How long shall rum dominion hold
And blot out the divinity
God stamped on man so strong and bold?
How long will ye so idly stand,
And view the wrecks of human lives
That broadcast lie throughout the land,
While rum, the dreadful demon, thrives?

6 Arise! in all the strength and pride
Of freedom and a holy cause,
Till our loved land be purified,
And joy abound through righteous laws.
Then with glad anthems shall we sing,
Justice and truth have met below;
And to the skies the chorus ring,
"Praise God from whom all blessing flow."

AMELIA M. STARKWEATHER. Oct. 1884.

HOME-BREWED BEER.

1 The harvest of rich and golden sheaves
Had been safely gathered in
From the well-tilled fields of Farmer Brown,
And the feast and mirth began.
There was good roast beef, there were puddings rich,
And plenty of wholesome cheer;
But the glasses were filled from the crystal spring,
Instead of with home-brewed beer.

2 And visitors wondered to see the change;
For William Brown's farm-house
Had long and far been famed for the skill
Of his clever and thrifty spouse.
And specially was it whispered round,
In homesteads far and near,
That none to beat her could be found
In her tap of home-brewed beer.

3 "I'll tell you my friends," the farmer said,
As he met inquiring eyes,
"Why water, instead of home-brewed beer,
To-day each glass supplies.
My first-born son, dear to my heart—
Words cannot tell how dear—
To-day a homeless wanderer roams
Because of our home-brewed beer.

4 "He learned to love it whilst a boy,
And the taste grew with his years;
I saw his danger when too late;
I sought with bitter tears
To win my boy, my first-born, back
From the power of the deadly snare;
But all in vain — he cared for naught
But to quaff the accursed beer.

5 "One day, when drink had made him mad,
And passion had made me wild,
I struck him, and he returned the blow,
And I savagely fought my child.
I cast him forth from his childhood's home,
I banished him — though 'twas here
He had learned to love the dangerous taste
Of his mother's home-brewed beer.

6 "But Oh! since then my stricken heart
Hath enlightened my once dark eye
To see my folly, and though too late,
To choose a course more wise.
No child of mine again shall learn
From father or mother here,
Nor servant be taught by me to love
The taste of home-brewed beer.

7 "And Oh! may God to my yearning heart
The wanderer bring again!"
And from many a quivering lip was heard
A fervent, deep "Amen!"
The feast was over, the guests dispersed,
With sober heads and clear,
Acknowledging they were none the worse
For want of the home-brewed beer.

MRS. E. A. C. ALLEN.
In "Church Union" 1884.

(This might also be read the "Homemade Cider" How many a life is wrecked, the first downward steps of which can be traced to the cider barrel in the cellar at home.) - ED. "Amendment Herald."

TEMPERANCE APPLICATION OF THE "BLUE AND THE GRAY."

1 Asleep in their honored graves,
For home and country they fell;
Alas! for boys who march
In the ranks that lead to hell!

2 Marching down, day after day,
Boys once noble and true,
Going to death, the Gray,
To drunkard's graves the Blue.

3 Hearts that beat high with hope;
Eyes that were fixed on the goal;
Hands once pure, grasping the cup
That is death to the priceless soul.

4 What are you doing to-day?
Must we look in vain to you
To break the chains of the Gray,
To free the limbs of the Blue?

5 Better a thousand times
Our boys in battle should fall,
Than live as the victims of Rum,
Bound in its fatal thrall.

6 To the rescue, O good and true,
Souls are in peril to-day;
Sweep the curse from reach of the Blue,
Save from its taint the Gray!

MRS. GEORGIA HULSE M'LEOD.

A TALE OF LONG AGO.

Now hark, ye friends, to my story—
A story of long ago,
When the dark queen, Bloody Mary,
Was filling the land with woe;
When the glowing sun of morning
Seemed to blush with a deeper red,
As it mingled its crimson rays
With the blood of the noble dead;
When the silver moon of evening
Grew pale and sad at the sight
Of dark acts and fiendish horrors,
Wrought under cover of night;
When strong men, aye! and fair maidens,
Died without murmur or moan,
And joined the ransomed spirits
Around their Redeemer's throne.

'T was evening; the glow of sunset
Had passed from the western sky,
And the moon with borrowed splendor
Shone gentle and calm on high.
On the dark edge of a forest
A beautiful maiden stood.
With her fair face toward the highway,
Her back to the lonely wood.
She pushed back the clinging bushes
Which hindered her nimble feet,
And stepped out into the highway;
The air was astir with the sweet,
Low music of night-winds singing
In the rustling tree-tops near—
The prelude of sweeter music,
Which her soul was soon to hear.
Then she clasped her slender fingers,
And lifted her soft, brown eyes;
She thought of her loving Saviour—
Of that home beyond the skies;
That home where troubles are ended—
That home of the pure and blest—
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."
O maiden! bow in reverence,
And strengthen your soul with prayer,
The angels e'en now are waiting
To carry your bright soul there.

She threw back her flowing tresses,
And walked up the winding way;
While the moonbeams playing round her
Made her road seem bright as day;
As her swift feet bore her onward,
Her thoughts flew back to the glen
Where her old father was hidden—
Aye! hidden from the fierce men
Who had threatened him in anger,
And driven him from his home.

But why does she start and tremble,
While her cheeks grow pale as death?
"Oh! I hear the tramp of horses!"
She whispers with abated breath;
"I hear—O Thou good God, help us!
The troopers! they come this way!
My father, my poor, poor father!
Lord, keep him safely, I pray!"

She stands there motionless, silent;
  She hears on the quiet air
The tramp, tramp, tramp of the horsemen,
  But her feet refuse to stir.
And now she sees, winding slowly
  Up the road, an angry band;
Those willing servants of Mary,
  Who had filled with woe the land.

Shall she flee? Ah! they have seen her,
  And with shouts of savage glee
They spur their horses to meet her.
  Back in the shadow draws she,
Half hoping that they may pass her,
  Yet feeling her hope is vain;
On they come! still on! They reach her,
  And each rider draws his rein.

"Ah, ha! the young cub is cornered,
  And mark me, her sire is near.
Now take ye her, men, and bind her
  Lest she should escape. I fear
She will not be glad to answer
  The questions we ask her. Come,
Ye need not weep, my fair damsel,
  We're not as tender as some
You've seen, and tears will not move us;
  If you would save your life, tell
Us where your father is hidden,
  And trust me, all will be well."

The girl stepped forth from the shadow,
  While tear-drops flashed in her eye;
Thus spake she to the gruff leader:
  "Hark ye! I fear not to die;
Your soldiers need not to bind me—
  I will not escape their hand;
I know 'tis to find my father
  Ye're seeking now through the land;
Ye call him 'Heretic,' 'Madman,'
  'Teacher of errors and lies.'
I know he is true and Christian—
  Heir to a home in the skies.
What! tell you where he is hidden!
  Betray my father to you?
'T were far, far better to suffer
  For that which is good and true."

"She takes of her father's spirit,"
  So muttered one of the train;
But their leader, full of anger,
  Flung far to the ground his rein,
And sprang adown from his saddle,
  And stood by the gentle maid;
"Now tell where your father hideth,
  Or, by St. Patrick," he said,
"I'll pierce thy heart with this dagger;
  I will show no grace to thee."
"It is well," replied the maiden,
  "As God willeth, let it be."

"And sayest thou so, proud damsel?
  Will you throw your life away?
Once more, only once, I ask thee—
  Come, girl! will you tell me? Say!"

"No, never. God is my witness."
  And she meekly bowed her head.
A steel blade flashed in the moonlight—
  A sigh—and she sank down dead;
To the place of "many mansions,"
  Another pure soul had fled.

A silence came o'er those horsemen,
  Gazing on the dead girl there,
With moonbeams forming a halo
  Of glory around her hair;
Then each man turned him round swiftly,
  And rode from that forest wild,
Forgetting the hidden father
  In their murder of his child;
And there, 'neath the stars of heaven,
  With night winds kissing her brow,
Lay sweetly the martyred maiden—
  Her troubles all ended now.
The moon sank low in the heavens;
  The wind moaned hymns o'er the dead;
The grave-owl watched the dead maiden
  From the leafy bough o'erhead.
Oh! grand was the cause she died for,
  And bitter the death she died;
But glory and peace forever
  She found on the "other side;"
And Oh! may the noble courage
  Which burned in that young girl's breast,
Find life again in our bosoms,
  Till our souls at last find rest!

ELIZA CARROLL SNELL. 1880.

THE PURE IN HEART.

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

1 I asked the angels in my prayer,
  With bitter tears and pains,
To show mine eyes the kingdom where
  The Lord of glory reigns

2 I said "My way with doubt is dim,
  My heart is sick with fear;
Oh! come and help me build to Him
  A tabernacle here!

3 "The storms of sorrow wildly beat,
  The clouds with death are chill;
I long to hear His voice so sweet
  Who whispered, 'Peace, be still!'"

4 The angels said "God giveth you
  His love—what more is ours?
And even as the gentle dew
  Descends upon the flowers,

5 "His grace descends, and as of old,
  He walks with men apart,
Keeping the promise as foretold,
  With all the pure in heart.

6 "Thou needst not ask the angels where
  His habitations be;
Keep thou thy spirit clean and fair,
  And He shall dwell with thee."

ALICE CARY.

THE NEW DAY.

1 Silent has been the night, and Oh! so long!
With weary moon forever sailing west;
Save that a bird at midnight trilled a song,
A dream of daylight, from his moonlit nest.

2 The hills lay couched in slumber, range on range;
The earth was floating in a silver web,—
That mystery of calm before a change;
That lull of waters at the lowest ebb.

3 Some drowsy notes were all the bird could sing,
Soft as the scattered drops of summer dew;
Then, hushed within the quiet of his wing,
He sang no more; but now the dream comes true.

4 A thrill runs through the spaces of the night,
And flutters on the wavy eastern line;
Beyond the stars dilates a distant light,
The luminous outflow of a day divine.

5 With slow approach it deepens into bloom,—
Faint jasmine yellow, with a flush of rose;
And, brightening till it makes the stars a gloom,
O'er all the long uncertainty it flows.

6 What though the perfect day is yet unborn!
Sweet was the carolled vision of the bird;
Glad are the tidal colors of the morn,
And Heaven is pledged without a single word.

7 The waves of light are breaking on the shore,
Pulsing in cadence to a mightier flow,—
The strong uplift of nobler hopes before,
The great new future rising in the glow.

8 Above the hill surges the day at last,
The longed-for day, effulgent, high and wide;
Turn, turn, gray earth, and leave the darkened past,
And swing thyself upon the incoming tide!

LOUISA BUSHNELL.
In "Atlantic Monthly."

PATIENT WITH THE LIVING.

1 Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone,
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor,
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing,
What tender ruth shall we have gained,
Alas, by simply dying.

2 Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill-path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

3 Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience—e'en when keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

4 'T is easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamour;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE HEART UPON THE THRONE.

Oh! tend'rer; than a mother's love,
The heart upon the throne,
That bends with pitying, watchful care,
To catch the faintest tone;
That's touched by our infirmities,
That marks the sparrow's fall.
Oh! tempted one, fear not, for He
Will heed thy slightest call.

MISS E. M. STORRS.
Hannibal, Mo. 1884.

THE UNSEEN KINGDOM

Daniel ii: 44; Luke xvii: 20.

1 The gifted tell, in song and history,
How went the game of nations ages gone;
Who lost, who won, as crowned ones play at war.
They tell us how Assyria's glory waned,
How Persia found decay, how Egypt fell,
How Greece forgot her valor, and how Rome
Became as iron mixed with miry clay.

2 Keen men look through the riot, eagle-eyed,
And to the surface-gazers bare the springs,
The secret, strong, electric springs that move
The mad machinery that makes the earth
In all her nerves to tremble, and the thrones,
The ancient principalities and powers,
The cherished institutions, old as sin,
To fall like Lucifer.

3 They show us these,
And yet, and yet they do not see His hand,
The humblest 'mong the children marks so well;
The Hand Omnipotent, that works through all,
And ever for that kingdom without end
He hath set up on earth.

4 The years move on,
And then the centuries; men rage and strive;
They lift the voice for passion, power, and fame;
They will and do, and through and by them, still
Unrecked of and unknown, He wills and does,
And slowly and most surely in this world
His kingdom groweth on!

5 Lift up your heads,
Ye brazen gates that long have shut Him out!
Be lifted up, O everlasting doors,
And let the King come in! Most glorious time
When Jesus shall be King, and He alone!
When Mars shall die and Mammon hide her face;
Oppression, Bribery, and bitter Wrong—
The false gods and usurpers!

6 Lord, how long?
How long before Thy saints, the meek of earth,
Beneath the whole broad heavens shall reign with Him?
Our souls are faint with waiting, while the blood
Reaches the horses' bridles! So we cry;
But Thou art calm on Thine eternal Throne;
Thy patience wearies not; Thy word is sure;
And though the vision tarry, it will come;—
The kingdoms of this world shall all become
The kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ!
Rejoice and break out into singing, Earth!
Forever and forever He shall reign!

UNA LOCKE BAILEY,
In "Star Flowers."

DESERT.

"Who being dead, yet speaketh."

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile."—Mark vi: 31.

Here in this silent, barren place I lie,
And hide my head, and hush my breath, and stop
My ears, and shut the light out from my eyes;
O Master, Master, hear my lonely cry!
I am so parched, so weary unto death,
With weariness not gentle, languid, soft,
That lulls one like a child on mother's lap,
But that falls back upon me—brain and heart
And soul, and stifles out the very breath
With which I cry for rest.
Dear Master, I
Have run for Thee,—outstripped Thy utmost word;
Toiled, struggled, yearned and pleaded—fought with wrong,
And wrestled for the right—poured out my soul
Like rain, for all earth's anguished and oppressed.
How oft I longed to sink upon the way!
But bitter cries of helpless human souls,
All blinded, starving, tortured, and enchained,
Still lured me on, and I was fain to give
Light, help and comfort, though my own hands faltered—
My own soul gasped for breath.
I was alone:
I, though unworthy, had to lead Thy host—
Had to be strong and brave, and face the storm,
Though flesh and heart oft failed, and those I led
And those I toiled for, turned and wounded me.
But what am I, that I should weakly moan?
What were such toil and loneliness to Thine,
O lowly, lonely Saviour of us all!
Supreme in love, in suffering and grief,
And (let me rest myself upon the thought,)
Supreme in power and patient wisdom too.
O Master, turn Thy face and speak to me!
Let me creep humbly to Thy blessed feet.
I am not fit to touch Thy shining robe,
To lean upon Thy breast, as one of old,—
But let me only hide, lowly and still,
In some soft shadow by Thy footstool cast;
Content to lie and hush myself so near
The radiance and the fragrance of Thy throne.

MRS. MARY L. GRIFFITH.
Tamaqua, Penn. 1885.

JOHN HAS LOST IT.

1 "You are late to-night, John, do you know it?
The supper is cold. I'm afraid,"
And the wife scanned appearance and features,
And earnest the quest that she made.

2 "Why, Mary, no need to be anxious—
The supper, I'm sure, is all right;
But there's something I'm wanting to tell you,
Before I can eat it to-night.

3 "I'd a nice job to finish this morning,
I'd been at it three or four days;
And I hoped, when 'twas done, that the master
Would think it deserving some praise.

4 "I'd just put the finishing touches,
When the master's voice came to my ear,
And I'm sure, you can hardly believe it,
The words that I couldn't help hear.

5 "'Yes, Jones is the workman will suit you,
He's the very best one I have got,
He's steady, clear-headed, and skillful,—
The best one in all of the lot.'

6 "'T was that wealthy young Rogers, with master,
That's bought the Ford mansion and mill;
And that's building the big manufactory,
Just down at the foot of the hill.

7 "Well, I rushed from the shop in a hurry,—
I reeled, as if drunk as a fool;
But I kneeled and thanked God for His goodness—
Then, I rose up, collected and cool.

8 "And when I came back, they were standing
Just by the last job I had done,
And Rogers was saying to master,
'You're right, sir, that Jones *is* the one.

9 "'You say that he always is busy,—
You know that he don't drink a drop,'
'Why, he's not lost a day in a twelvemonth,—
And's the soberest man in my shop.

10 "Says master, and afterwards added:
'I don't know which way I'm to turn;
You are able to pay better wages,—
I can't pay him what he can earn.'

11 "Well, the long and the short of it all is,
We're to move to Ford place, right away;
There's a cottage, a garden and pasture,
Rent-free, just as long as we stay.

12 "It's a first-rate machinist is wanting
For the mill and the factory to care;
I shan't have much time to be idle,—
But the wages 'll be pretty fair."

13 Then the wife sobbed aloud in thanksgiving,
With a joy to her heart's very core;
"You have lost it! O John! you have lost it;
Thank God! you will have it no more."

14 "Why, what have I lost? my dear Mary—
I'm sure I've not lost — I have found
For the very best job I have gotten
In all the whole country around."

15 "O John, you remember the winter" —
And her voice was a pitiful sob,
"That we had neither victuals, nor firing,
For no one would give you a job;

16 "You had gotten a bad name for drinking,
And the needed work had to be done
By a cool head, a hand that was steady,—
We suffered, for you could get none.

17 "You've been sober now more than a twelvemonth,—
Nigh two of them — three! if a day,
And you've lost the bad name you had gotten,—
When we're happy, how time slips away!"

18 "Well, Mary, in your way of losing,
I've lost a great deal more than that:
Ragged pants, and a coat all in tatters,
Torn shirt, and a shocking bad hat."

19 "And may be, you, too, have lost something,—
Just think if you haven't, dear wife;
Poor clothing, poor food and poor housing,
And a torture gone out of your life.

20 "Ah, Mary! I'm sure if God's blessing
Will guide me in future aright,
You'll be always as hopeful and happy
As we're both of us feeling to-night?

21 "And now you may put up the supper,
We shall gratefully eat it to-night,
Every morsel will have special relish!
Our hearts are so cheerful and light."

ADELIA C. GRAVES.

Mary Sharp College, Winchester, Tenn. 1883.

THOSE LITTLE SHOES.

1 You think I choose a subject
That's strange to speak on here?
You think it has no reference
To rum, or wine, or beer?
Just listen, while I tell you
A story sad and true;
It seems to me so touching,
Perhaps it may touch you.

2 I heard it from a father
Who knew the power of drink,
And felt he had been rescued
From destruction's awful brink
He told it in a meeting
Much like this here to-night,
He told it hoping thus to lead
Some one to choose the right.

3 He said: "I once was wealthy,
My father's pride and joy;
He thought that nothing was too good
To lavish on his boy.
The finest education
That this land can afford
He gave me, and then sent me
To spend a year abroad.

4 "T was there I learned to tamper
With wine and lager beer;
Oh! never touch a drop of them,
I beg each young man here.
I came back to my home again,
Nor dreamed of any harm,
Old Alcohol knows well the way
To keep us from alarm.

5 "I studied a profession
And married a dear wife,
With sweetest of fair roses
I meant to strew her life.
I felt so strong to battle
With all ills for her sake,
Yet day by day was forging
Those chains so hard to break.

6 "I need not stop to tell you
How, as the months went by,
King Alcohol grew stronger,
And weak and weaker I.
It only takes a few short years
For a drunkard to grow poor;
When once the wine-cup chains him,
His ruin is most sure.

7 "I fell as many another
Is falling every day:
In youthful days in sorrow
My wife's brown hair turned grey.
We moved from our fine house
To a hut both poor and small,
I scarcely earned a shelter
For my family at all.

8 "One bitter night last winter,
I had gone to the old inn
Where I spent my evenings, then,
In reveling and sin;
My wife with bitter agony
Said, 'Leave me not alone';
But I heeded not the pleadings,
Nor my little baby's moan.

9 "As I passed through the bar-room
A sound fell on my ear
Of childish laughing joy,
A sound most sweet to hear;
The landlord's little daughter
Looked up and me espied,
'Oh! see my pretty, shiny shoes,
My new, nice shoes!' she cried.

10 "Then like a flash of lightning
It darted through my brain
That I, who brought my loved ones
But pain and want and shame,
Was with my money buying shoes
For other children's feet,
And leaving my own darling's bare
To walk through snow and sleet.

11 "I rushed out of that bar-room
To my own home once more;
I found my children huddled
In a heap upon the floor;
I clasped my baby's naked feet
Close in my warm, hard hand;
Oh! how their cold pierced to my heart,
No one can understand.

12 "I vowed that from that hour,
With the help of God on high,
No one should ever listen
To my little children's cry
Because their feet were aching
With the bitter, bitter cold,
While I was spending for strong drink
My hard-earned, precious gold.

13 "And my vow has ne'er been broken,
Though it's been a dreadful fight,
As all who see my face can tell,
As I stand here to-night,
But I thank my heavenly Father
For the warning sent that night
By those little shiny shoes,
To lead me to the light."

14 O fathers, are you spending
Your money at the bar?
Oh! let this simple story
Live as a guiding star,
To lead you back to virtue
And paths of truth and right;
Then shall I not have spoken
In vain to you to-night.

"DOT." 1882.

THE FIRST INSPIRATION OF COLUMBUS.

STATUE IN THE HALL OF THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON.

1 Hush! softly tread, and let no word of thine
Dissolve the spell that lingers round that form,
That seated figure, while a thought divine
With promise grand the childish heart doth warm.

2 The half-shut book, perchance a volume lent,
Holds greater charm than many an ancient scroll;
What wondrous words within that book have sent
The thought electric pulsing through the soul?

3 His eyes are fixed upon the western main,
As though he saw the glorious outline rise
In all its plenitude of hill and plain,
Of that New World his inner sense descries.

4 The waves, unheeded, dash against his feet;
So, unsubdued, he saw in after years
The thousand obstacles that rose to meet
A scheme like his, so fraught with hopes and fears.

5 That prophecy, in grand fulfillment now,
Throughout this broad, fair land, our eyes may view;
That inspiration waits with holy glow
To thrill each heart with hope and faith anew.

6 Although four times a hundred years have flown,
That lesson echoes still with accents clear:
"Whatever bars before us may be thrown,
Success is sure to those who persevere."

ALICE C. JENNINGS. 1884.

From a Poem Entitled

THE NEED OF THE HOUR.

There's a mighty temptation, the growth of age,
Deep set in the life of to-day;
There is falsehood, that staineth the world's printed page,
That leadeth in dishonor's way.
To be true to the best that lies in our power,
To be true to the right, is the need of the hour.

ELLA DARE.

ROLL ON, TEMPERANCE TIDE.

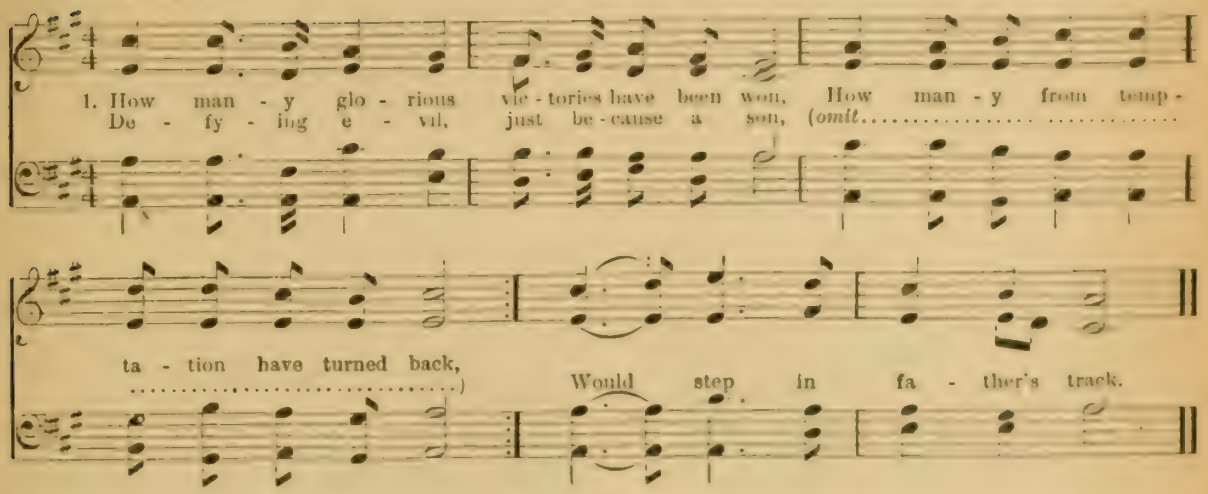
1 Roll on, temperance tide!
Let thy soundings be deep, let thy reachings be wide,
Out of that ocean that circles our earth,
Boundless and mighty thy movings had birth;
Sweep o'er the fens of pollution and wrong,
For the cleansing of body, salvation of soul,
For the help of the weak and the joy of the strong,
For a pathway of peace let thy clear crystal roll.

2 Roll on, temperance tide!
For the waters of life in thy billows abide;
Over the low sands of dry barren need,
Over the rough rocks of hardness and greed;
For the raising of life that in darkness has lain,
For the helping of heart, for the saving of home,
For the healing of nation from plague spot and stain,
From the hand of the Lord let thy full flooding come.

AURILLA FURBER.
Cottage Grove, Minn., Aug., 1883.

STEPPING IN FATHER'S TRACK.

LOUISE S. UPHAM. M. FRANCES ENGLISH



2 How should you walk, O fathers, lest too late
You strive to call some erring wanderer back!
For precepts best on those examples wait
That leave the brightest track.

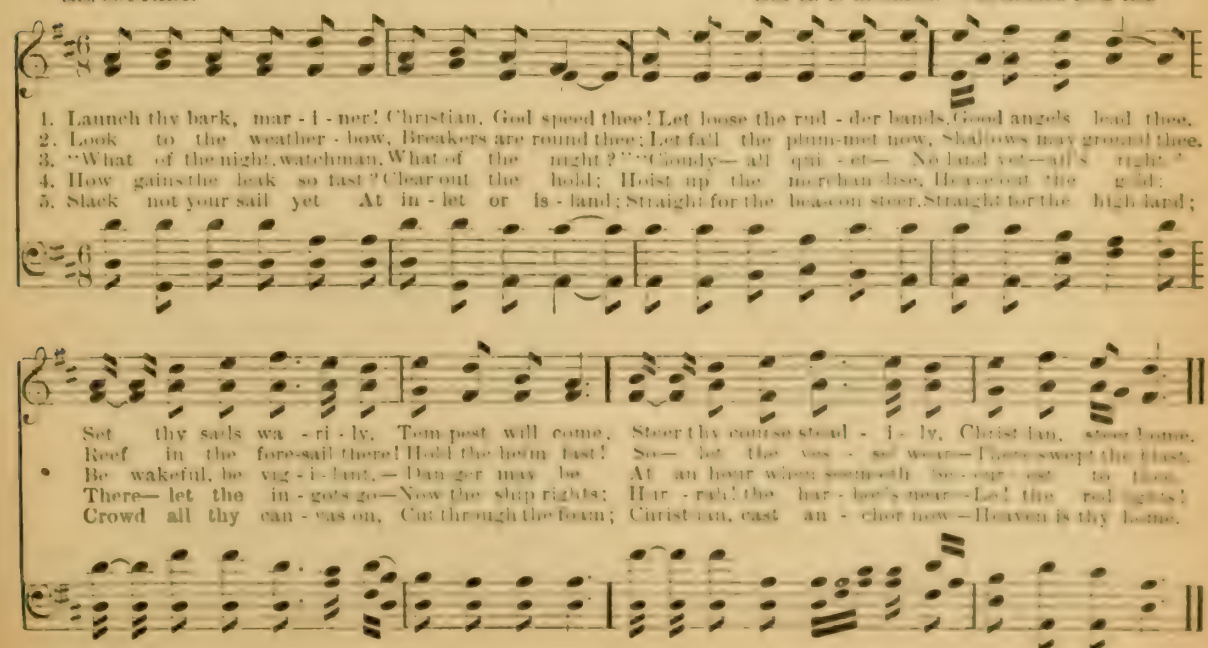
3 So live that when the deepening snow of age
Shall hold your failing strength in bondage back,
Your children's best and noblest heritage
Shall be your shining track.

4 And when the household and the hearth are gone,
And tender looks and tones may not come back,
Your mantle long may rest upon the son
Who steps in father's track.

LOUISE S. UPHAM. 1883.

MARINER'S HYMN.

Mrs. SOUTHEY. Miss M. F. ENGLISH. West Mitchell, Iowa, 1884.



JUBILATE.

"The advisory board of the Grand Army of the Republic, which is to encamp on a grand scale in Denver, this summer, met one day last week, in that city and decreed that no liquor should be sold on the grounds to tempt the seventy thousand soldiers who will share in the pleasures of the reunion. They even went so far as to make efforts to secure jurisdiction over as much adjacent ground as possible, for the sake of encircling the 'boys in blue' with a wide sweep of temptationless territory." The "Union Signal" of May 3, 1884.

1 O wives, who in agony measured the years,
Till your fainting hearts caught the far echo of cheers,
And from out of the death-damps the loved ones returned
To the welcoming arms that so sorely had yearned;
O mothers, whose sons out of war's crimson rain,
Came with battle-scars grim to the home-nooks again,

2 Ye may bid them go forth at the bugle-call now,
With a song in your heart and a smile on your brow.
For no ambush awaits them, no batteries hide,
With their engines of death, the far "camp-fire" beside;
And the shields that they bear from the shelter of home,
All unsullied and stainless shall back to you come.
Thank God for the men who are brave and true!
No snares will be set for the "boys in blue."

3 Though no deadly foe assail you,
Heroes brave to do or dare,
Comrades, rally! The reveille
Sounds once more upon the air!

4 Once again in midnight solemn
Be the camp-fire's stories told;
Once again the mighty column
Muster, as in days of old.

5 While you cheer the star-gemmed banner
Proudly waving overhead,
While through all your glad hosanna
Wails a requiem for the dead;

6 We at home, your wives and daughters,
Sisters, mothers, on our knees,
Hearts athrob with love you've taught us,
Thank the Lord for men like these.

ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

LIGHT ON THE HILLS.

1 Light on the distant hills!
While we in shadow rest,
O light that gleams through broken clouds
That sail from east to west;
That break and move and drift apart,
Revealing clearest blue,
And silver edges bright and clear
Where gleams the sunshine through.

2 Light on the distant hills!
Where pure on winter days
The white snow lies against the skies;
Where autumn's robes of haze
Fall round her sandaled feet,
Where summer grasses creep;
On which the years with dying tears
Pass onward to their sleep.

3 Light on the distant hills!
Beyond whose farthest rim
Are loving friends, whose trust and truth
Through changes grow not dim;
And homes where welcome warm awaits
And pleasures wing the hours;
And graves where faithful hearts are still
Beneath the grass and flowers.

4 Light on the distant hills!
That clearly, calmly rise,
Though weary grow the youthful feet
And dim the love-lit eyes;
The calm, grand, everlasting hills,
That ever changeless stand,
Though nations mourn their ruler's fall
And war sweeps o'er the land.

5 Light on the distant hills!
The light of truth and right;
The years sweep on, the nations move,
And goodness gathers might.
The winds of God shall sweep the clouds
Away across the sky,
And all the shades shall be dispelled
That in the valleys lie;
And though these shadows linger still,
The heart with rapture thrills,
And while we wait and work and pray,
The light shines on the hill.

ELIZA O. PEIRSON.

AT EVENING TIME.

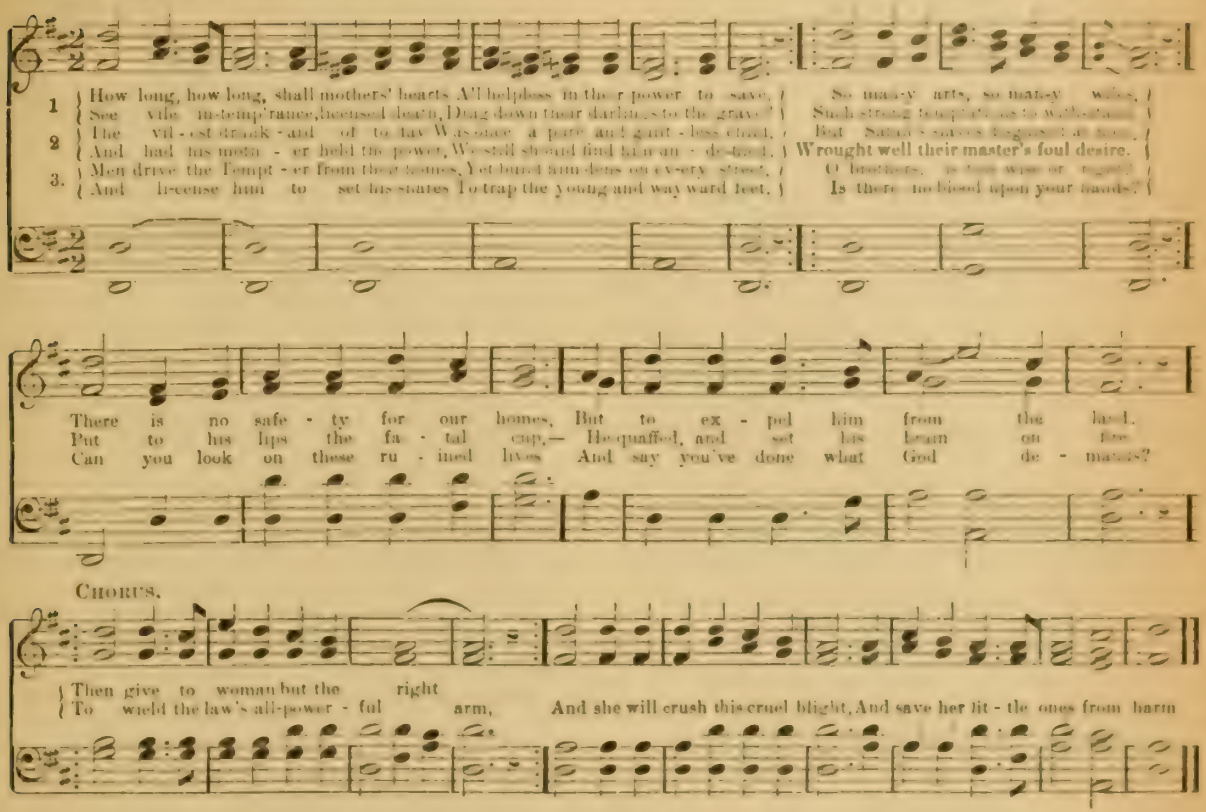
1 When fades the sunlight in the western sky,
When dimly shadows fall on sea and land,
When breezes whisper of the day gone by,
And home the blackbirds fly, a chattering band,
Then, lonely heart, faint not, but be thou strong,
Thy life shall also have its evening song.

2 Shoreward at dusk the sea-gull takes her flight,
And slowly all the briny tide-waves break;
Homeward the skiffs return again at night,
And fishing dories safest harbor make.
'T is evening hours that bring the wanderers home;
Take courage, heart, thine eve shall also come.

JULIA MEREDITH.

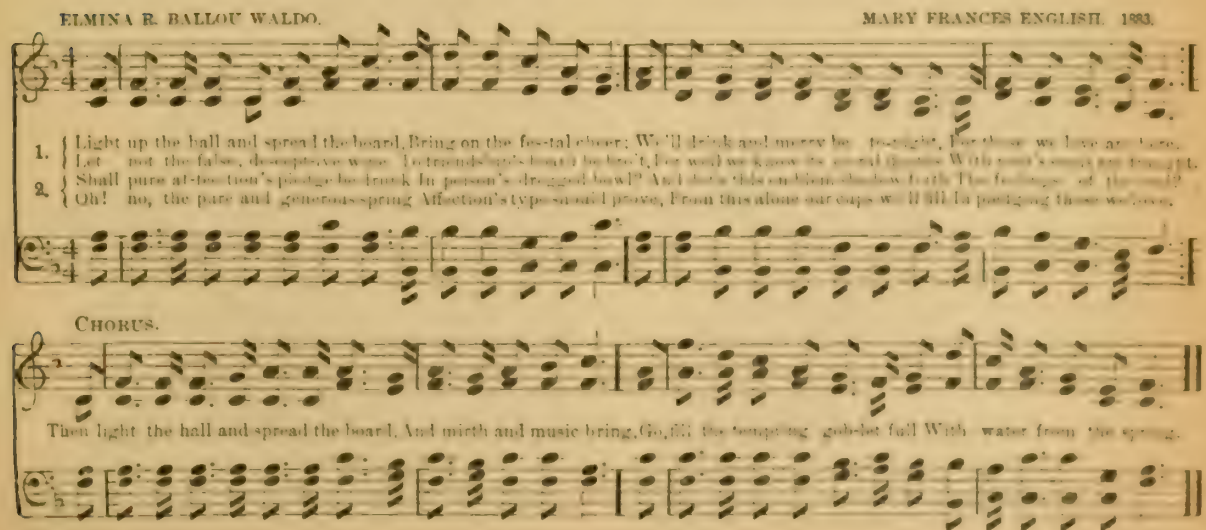
HOW LONG?

Miss M. E. SERVOSS. Mrs GEO. CLINTON SMITH. 1879.



THE SOCIAL CUP OF FRIENDSHIP.

ELMINA R. BALLOU WALDO. MARY FRANCES ENGLISH. 1883.



THE DEAR OLD SPRING.

1 We quaff a cup of water cold
In honor of our cause to-night;
And in its strength our hearts are bold
To conquer all the foes of right.
Fill high the crystal goblet to its brim,
There's health and strength and joy within.

2 Oh! I remember the clear, mossy spring
Far away among the evergreen hills,
Where the wild bird dips its purple wing,
And the violet its azure chalice fills—
Where the bright, sparkling water bubbled up
From the glittering sand to fill my cup.

3 Long ago, ere the white man made here a home,
The grand old trees were monarchs of the soil,
And dusky warriors with their sweethearts roam—
(The hunter's fearless art, their only toil—)
They came to the spring to slake their thirst
Where the doe and her fawn had quenched theirs first.

4 They hollowed the trunk of a beechen tree,
The sylvan tube they sunk in the shining sand,
And the gushing waters in laughing glee
Bubble over the rustic curb, on every hand,
And flowing away formed a brooklet clear—
That brook to my childish heart so dear.

5 Oft when I was yet a careless child,
Through the meadows green I strayed,
Wreathing my crown of blossoms wild,
Culled along the pathway where I played;
And bore my pitcher to the dear old spring
Whose cooling draught might please a king.

6 There were blossoming trees, and singing birds,
And dragon-flies strange, with their gauzy wings;
And whispering tones, like spoken words,
Came to my soul from flitting things,
That hither and hither around me flew—
Whence came, or whither bound, I never knew.

7 There were cowslips, with their cups of gold,
Violets that seemed fallen from the sky;
Hepaticas, in their simple beauty told,
And fragile innocence, so strangely shy;
And sweet May pinks — oh! so thick they grew,
As if crowding the path to peep at you.

8 The path, in a sociable sort of a way,
Went in and out among the grass,
Following the curves of a brook at play,
Or trying its threads of silver to pass,
Among the grass and flowers — still I dream
Are playing bo-peep both path and stream!

9 Following their windings, with fancies wild,
Day by day, I bore my pitcher to the spring,
And the questioning soul of the lonely child,
Found company strange in everything—
Filled more than my pitcher at the fountain clear,—
And the draught grows sweeter year after year.

10 Whence the spring threw up its crystal rain,
Like a liquid laugh on the summer air,
I traced the brooklet's silver skein
Writing strange, sweet music everywhere;
And the viewless wind caught up the sound,
And bore the soft whisper far around.

11 Oh! I'd like to drink from that dear old spring,
From my cups of leaves, as in days of old,
To hear the same old birds in gladness sing,
And catch the butterfly's wing of gold!
But the pure, bright water sparkles everywhere,
And the gifts of our Father are free as air.

CELESTIA RICE COLBY.

NOT ONLY THESE.

1 Not only harbors filled with ships,
That come and go across the seas,
Weighed down with commerce on their trips,
The fruits of traffic and the keys
To motives, actions, and of aims,
That move the forces of the race
To wealth and lust of larger gains—
To greed of power and higher place.
Not only these our country asks to-day,
That she may lead her children on alway;
That she may hold within her strong, right hand
The subtle, secret force, that shall command
The coming ages to unfold to view
New forts of progress, met, and conquered too.

2 Not only crowded streets of trade,
Filled full with noise, that stuns the sense,
That makes the timid sore afraid
To find their way through throngs so dense.
Not massive granite piles, that reach
From earth to greet the sky above,
Not merchant's wares, that haste to preach
The times' great sermon, of "real push and shove."
Not only these, our country needs this hour,
But knowledge of these vital truths, that shower
Their blessings down on people who must learn,
That private word and public faith must earn
The bounteous harvest of enduring wealth,
And of a growing nation's prosperous health.

3 Not only fashion, with its show,
Nor slothful ease, nor love of self,
Nor vain ambition, nor the flow
Of glittering streams, of golden pelf,
That rush along the ways of life,
That numb the sense and craze the brain,
That change the mother and the wife
To courtiers of a gew-gaw train.
Not only these, our country fain would own,
But women of a sovereign heart, whose home
Is made in virtue's great stronghold,
In love of right and honor's mold.
Where children trace the truth along each day,
And build it in their lives and tread the way
Of royal souls whose honest work at length
Shall yield our country's life its needed strength.

ELLA DARE.
In "The Inter-Ocean." 1884.

COULD WE BUT KNOW.

1 Could we but know the secret cares
That lurk in every mortal breast,
We ne'er by thoughtless word or deed,
Would add one pang to that unrest.

2 Could we but know of cruel wounds
That throb and beat in many a heart,
How would we strive, by tenderest touch,
Some balm of healing to impart.

3 Could we but know what thorny paths
Full many weary pilgrims tread,
Would we not count it blessèd boon
Sweet flowers on such dark paths to shed!

4 We cannot know. But if we list
To what the whispering angels say,
We, to our fellow-men, will be
Gentle and merciful alway.

5 To help the needy—cheer the sad,
And give the erring kindly care;
This, this will make the unseen cross
Of heavy hearts less hard to bear.

EMELINE SHERMAN SMITH.

CHRIST'S PATIENCE.

Ah, how His patience shames our discontent!
How foolish all our fretfulness appears!
Did He not love us all those weary years?
And yet His days in quiet toil were spent.
He knew the cause whereunto He was sent;
His world stood waiting, and there were anguished tears
For Him to wipe, the dead upon their biers
To be awaked, and men called to repent,
And little children to be blessed, the hill
Of Calvary to climb; yet day by day,
Unrecognized, He calmly worked until
The time was come. O blessed Lord, we pray
That by Thy life we may take pattern still,
And in Thy path may follow patiently.

ELEANOR A. HUNTER.
In "S. S. Times."

WISHING AND PRAYING.

The following, written by a former pupil of Rockford, Illinois, Seminary, will find a responsive echo in the hearts of very many good women who have not yet entered into active service in any field of the Master's work for His children. May all such dear sisters be reminded that the time is short. "Soon the night cometh wherein no man can work."

1 Give me a heart that is pure and true,
Free from all selfish thought;
Grant me a power in this world to do,
That I live not for nought.

2 I was praying this in wistful tone,
Wrapped in the darkness there,—
By my window, looking into the night,
Wishing my life were fair.

3 Aloft Venus hung her yellow lamp,
And blood-red Mars was seen;
Jupiter too, with his clear white light;
Sirius lovely green.

4 The heavens were all alight with stars;
The earth with shadows deep,
Seemed the fit place for me to live,
A soul with its life asleep.

5 I know there is some good in me,
For often, as on this night,
A weary longing seizeth my heart,
A longing to use my might.

6 But when comes the beautiful morning,
All purpose sinks to sleep;
The morning so bright to the worker,
The waving fields to reap.

7 I see then the number of lab'rers
Are few and far between;
I know that the fields are all ready,
Waiting the gathering in:

8 But selfishness says to me list'ning,
"Let others the hard task do,
Let them break away from their self-thoughts,
And work the hot day through."

9 I'm strong as the strongest in wishing,
In work the most remiss;
Oh! give me a heart that its longing
Means something more than this.

NELLIE O. RICE.
Belvidere, Ill. 1883.

THE UNSEEN GUARD.

1 To his courtiers spake the monarch with trouble in his eye:
"Will ye tell us who among us is a traitor and a spy?
My stratagem is baffled, my ambush set at nought.—
Who tells the King of Israel the secret of my thought?"
Then answered back a courtier: "'T is none of us, O King;
But a prophet dwells in Israel who maketh known the thing;
Conferrings in thy council with chosen friends apart,
Thy words within thy chamber and thy thoughts within thy heart."

2 Then spake the King in anger: "Go, spy where he may be;
Take chariots and horsemen and bring him back to me.
The servant of Elisha rose up at break of day,
And lo, about the city the host of Syria lay!
He sought in haste his master, his lips were white with fear:
"Alas, for we are taken! the Syrians are here!
How shall we do, my master?" Elisha calmly smiled
Like one who sees, untroubled, the terror of a child.

3 "Fear not," he answered kindly, "for they that be with us
Are more than our besiegers;" he lifted, speaking thus,
His aged hands to heaven: "Lord, open Thou his eyes!"
The prayer had instant answer, and starting with surprise,
The young man saw the mountain as 't were with fire alight,
And a vast and wondrous army flashed glory on his sight.

4 With white, resplendent horses went chariots and the cars,
And the gems upon the bridles had the splendor of the stars;
Of the color of the lightning were the chariots every one,
And they that stood within them wore armor like the sun!
And the triumph of their music thrilled the listener like a shout,
For legion upon legion of the hosts of God were out!

5 "O blind and foolish Syrians! Return the way ye came!"
Bewildered and mistaken they think they see and know;
The prophet thus they follow as sheep to slaughter go;
He leads them to Samaria, to the army of their foe.
"My father, shall I smite them?" the King of Israel said.
"Nay, nay," Elisha answered, "but set before them bread,
And thus refreshed, the captives back to their master send."
So did the king of Israel,—and so the war had end,

6 Full oft we read the story as something passed away
All in the vanished ages,—unheeding that to-day,
Invisible and countless, with flashing swords of flame,
The host of God encampeth 'round those that fear His name.

URANIA LOCKE BAILEY. 1880.

BLIGHT—BLOOM.

1 Life hath its barren years;—
When blossoms fall untimely down:
When ripened fruitage fails to crown
The summer toil: when nature's frown
Looks only on our tears.

2 Life hath its faithless days.
The golden promise of a morn
That seemed for light and gladness born,
Meant only noontide wreck and scorn,
Hushed harp instead of praise.

3 Life hath its valleys too,
Where we must walk with vain regret,
With mourning clothed, with wild rain wet,
Toward sunlight hopes that soon may set
All quenched in pitying dew.

4 Life hath its harvest moons,
Its tasselled corn and purple-weighted vine;
Its gathered sheaves of grain, the blessèd sign
Of plenteous reaping, bread and pure rich wine;
Full hearts for harvest tunes.

5 Life hath its hopes fulfilled;
Its glad fruitions, its blest answered prayer,
Sweeter for waiting long, whose holy air
Indrawn to silent souls breathes forth in rare
Grand speech, by joy distilled.

6 Life hath its Tabor heights:
Its lofty mounts of heavenly recognition,
Whose unveiled glories flash to earth monition
Of love and truth, and clearer intuition.
Hail! mount of all delights!

ISADORE C. GILBERT JEFFERY. 1883.

WHY THUS LONGING?

1 Why thus longing, thus forever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

2 Poor indeed thou must be if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw—
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world, through weal and woe;

3 If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten—
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

4 Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world-renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

5 Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

HARRIET W. SEWALL. 1884.

Mary Clemmer.

By her profound conviction of its moral significance, Mary Clemmer has ennobled journalism. Requested to write the poem for the New York Press Association at its meeting in 1881, she responded with her poem entitled "The Journalist," in which these stanzas occur:

THE JOURNALIST.

1 Exalt thy calling! On its spotless shield
Write truth, write honor, valor, first and last,
Cravens may clutch thy stars, and thou not yield;
Love them, and hold them fast!

2 Thus Greeley wrote in fresh, heroic youth;
Thus Margaret Fuller wrote her way to power;
Thus Bowles—unvanquished in a rain of truth—
Went down in manhood's flower.

3 Thus Curtis writes—rare Sidney of the pen—
O'Reilley sings, and Godkin draws his steel;
Thus Schurz his highest honor takes again,
To write the truth we feel.

4 Defender of the People, of the State,
Kindler and quickener of majestic thought,—
Sure of the finest triumph, thou canst wait
The crown thy patience wrought.

5 To serve thy generation, this thy fate:
"Written in water" swiftly fades thy name,
But he who loves his kind does, first and late,
A work too great for fame.

While Mrs Clemmer Hudson is not known as a specialist in reform, she is called upon as a potent force in general advancement.

When the cause appeals to her moral power, she has the full courage of her convictions. Those who are working the cause of political enfranchisement of women; those who are consecrating their lives to temperance, to philanthropy, find in Mrs Hudson not only a sympathizer and the helper, but the inspirer. To her the life is, indeed, more than meat and the meed of one humble human heart is, to Mary Clemmer Hudson, more than the fame or applause of the world.—Boston Traveller.

Since the above letter was written, Mrs Hudson has "fallen asleep." Her earth-work is ended. She departed this life last August 1886, but her memory and her works remain, an enduring sweet incense.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

1 Oh! remember, my friend, though the earth may be bright,
Time drives on its years with untameable flight,
And the deeper its spell round the spirit is cast,
The darker the struggle to leave it at last.

2 Remember that God hath revealed, of His love,
That there is but one heaven, His temple above;
And this is the bliss at which mortals should aim,
To walk in His presence, and honor His name.

3 Alas! that so many, and thou with the rest,
Shouldst dream in this world to be perfectly blest;
With never one thought of His goodness and power,
Whose hand gives the sunshine, and sends down the shower!

4 Oh! pause but an hour in thy careless career,
And let Wisdom but once breathe her words in thine ear;
Let Religion but show thee one glimpse of her light,
And the joys that *now* charm thee will fade into night.

JANE SIMPSON.

THE BITTER WATERS SWEETENED.

Exodus xv: 22–25.

1 A mighty host, inspired by God's command,
On through the thirst-consuming desert press,
With voiceless longing for that goodly land
Whose promise bright their onward path doth bless.

2 No water, with its gladdening coolness, brings
Refreshment to each faint and weary frame;
But see! amid that greenness sure there springs
A living stream, whose healing they may claim.

3 Hope gives new strength to eager foot-steps' toil,
And with new joy desponding hearts are thrilled;
But ah! what means that swift and strong recoil?
The long-sought fount with bitterness is filled.

4 Yet why, O Israel! cloud with doubt thy brow?
Is thine Almighty Lord not still with thee?
Behold, relief He pointeth even now!
And power attends it—"Cast thou in the tree."

5 How oft, like Israel, have we seen some spot
Of promised rest in outlined distance sweet,
With glad relief to cheer our weary lot,
And toward it press with undelaying feet,

6 Only to find that disappointment sere
Doth bid our hopes like autumn leaves to fall!
Yet, as of old, attentive faith may hear
"Cast in the tree"—the Lord's restoring call.

7 While disappointment, sin and pain combine
To bring the Marahs that we may not flee,
Each, all, transfigured by the touch divine,
Are filled with blessing,—"Cast thou in the tree."

8 Bid Christ's unceasing love and boundless power,
Light for each problem, strength for duty bring;
Cleansing for sin, till Heaven's own glorious hour
In sweetness shall dissolve each bitter thing.

ALICE C. JENNINGS. 1884.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

Tune "*Martyn*," or "*Refuge*."

1 While across time's ocean sailing,
Should thy sky adversely lower,
And temptation's waves assailing
Rock thee with alarming power;
When thy faith begins to waver,
And thy strength and hope grow small,
Raise thine arms to heaven, where Jesus
Waits to heed thy faintest call.

CHORUS—Look to Jesus! Look to Jesus!
Whatsoe'er thy trouble be,
Trust in Jesus! Trust in Jesus!
He will prove a friend to thee.

2 Should thy friends most loved and cherished
All desert or wound thee sore,
And fond hopes like snow-flakes perished,
Cheer thy spirit nevermore;
When thy heart is sick with trouble,
And thy mind dark with despair,
Look to Jesus, who regards thee
With the tenderest love and care.

3 All regardless of derision,
Whatsoever may befall,
Though all tear-dimmed be thy vision,
And fresh trials may appall,
Long as life's voyage is tending
Outward, nearest to its end,
Look to Jesus, He will prove thee
An unfailing, precious friend.

ANGIE FULLER. 1883.

LOST TREASURES.

1 If some kind power, when our youth is ended,
And life's first freshness lost in languid noon,
Should stay awhile the doom by Fate intended,
And grant us generously one precious boon—

2 Saying, "With thwartings, bitterness and trial,
Your toilsome days thus far have been oppressed:
Choose now some blessing, fearing no denial,
To light, and charm, and beautify the rest;"

What should we ask? the prize of young ambition?
Fame, power, wealth, and gifts of priceless cost?
Ah! no—our souls would utter the petition:
"Give us—Oh! only give us back our lost!"

4 No visioned bliss, no pleasure new and splendid,
No lofty joy by longing never crossed,
No new light undreamed of, heaven-descended,
Only our own—the treasures we have lost!

5 For, wearied out with strife, and glare, and clamor,
Grown wiser with our years, and clearer-eyed,
No more beguiled by dreams nor charmed by glamour,
We dread the new, and prize the known, the tried.

6 Ah! what a crowd of joys would gather round us,
Could we but have our vanished back again!
The heart unspoiled, the strength and hope which crowned us,
The bounteous life, the ignorance of pain—

7 The innocence, the ready faith in others,
The sweet, spontaneous earnestness and truth,
The trust of friends, the tender eyes of mothers,
And all the rich inheritance of youth—

8 The plans for noble lives, that earth thereafter
Might be more pure; the touch of love's warm lip
And saving hand; the sound of childish laughter,
The peace of home, the joy of comradeship.

9 We had them all; and now that they have left us,
We count them carefully and see their worth,
And feel that time and fortune have bereft us
Of all the best and dearest things on earth.

10 Ah! yes! when on our hearts the years are pressing,
And all our flower-plants are touched with frost,
We ask no more some new, untasted blessing—
But only sigh, "Oh! give us back our lost!"

ELIZABETH AKERS.
"Baldwin's Monthly."

IN THE LONG RUN.

1 In the long run fame finds deserving man,
The lucky wight may prosper for a day,
But in good time true merit leads the van,
And vain pretence unnoticed goes its way.
There is no chance, no destiny, no fate,
But fortune smiles on those who work and wait,
In the long run.

2 In the long run all godly sorrow pays;
There is no better thing than righteous pain;
The sleepless nights, the awful thorn-crowned days,
Bring sure reward to tortured soul and brain;
Unmeaning joys enervate in the end,
But sorrow yields a glorious dividend
In the long run.

3 In the long run all hidden things are known;
The eye of Truth will penetrate the night,
And, good or ill, thy secret shall be known,
However well 't is guarded from the light,
All the unspoken motives of the breast
Are fathomed by the years and stand confessed,
In the long run.

4 In the long run all love is paid by love,
Though undervalued by the hearts of earth;
The great eternal Goverment above
Keeps strict account and will redeem its work.
Give thy love freely; do not count the cost;
So beautiful a thing was never lost
In the long run.

ELLA WHEELER.
"Advance".

OUR EASTER DAY.

1 When is our Easter, nay, nor book, nor creed
Can tell for you nor me;
Though over all the land with joyous speed,
The bells ring merrily.

2 For we may kneel by altars hung with flowers—
Flowers with no thorn's alloy—
And still the lenten sorrow may be ours,
But not the Easter joy.

3 It is that day that soul casts off its chain—
For souls know bond and prison—
It is that day when Doubt and Hate are slain,
And Faith and Love are risen.

4 When to the soul's neglected garden-blot
Comes joy's awakening ray;
When, from the graves that human eyes see not,
The stone is rolled away.

5 When with clear eyes we see the mountain height,
Above the mist that bars;
When through the clouds we see the constant light
Of Truth's eternal stars.

6 And though, because of this no glad bells ring,
Though neither song nor prayer
Are heard of men; though no sweet censers swing
Their odors on the air;

7 Though on no altar builded by men's hands
Bloom violet or rose;
Though all the pulses of the teeming land
Beat softly 'neath the snows;

8 Still do we know, unhelped of book or creed,
Though other lips gainsay,
That we have won our life's supremest need,
Our own true Easter day.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

WHOSOEVER LOVETH ME.

1 Sweet to me are hours of twilight,
When the busy, hurrying day
Lingers, just to softly gather
One by one each golden ray.
Till the mystic shadows mingle
With the fast receding light,
As she folds the soft grey curtains
O'er the portals of the night.

2 When the strange and tender yearnings
Of the soul for all that's pure,
For the solving of life's lessons
Into something higher, truer,
Kindle each of life's ideals
Into fresh and vivid glow,
As the peace, and rest, and sweetness
All our being overflow.

3 When the hope, and faith, and courage,
Scattered through long days and years,
Seem to thrill each inmost fibre
Till the heart is filled with tears,
And we lift each pain and trouble,
All our weariness and care,
All our earthly sin and weakness
In a silent, trustful prayer.

4 Floating down the great forever,
Time has gone but little space,
Since those skies and just such twilights
Left their gentle soothing trace
On the life of our Great Master,
Tracing out with eyes Divine,
Those same starry constellations,
From the hills of Palestine.

5 'Neath fair Lebanon's tall cedars,
Where sweet Kedron seeks the sea,
On the Mount, or in the garden,
By the side of Galilee;
Passing by the eager people,
When the busy day had flown;
When the twilight gathered softly,
Jesus sought to be alone.

6 Oh! the love which took our sorrow,
Pain and trouble, guilt and death;
Lifted them with patient pleading,
Eager, supplicating breath,
Up to eyes of pitying mercy,
To a Father's tender care;
To a Father's faithful promise,
In a hopeful, trusting prayer.

7 We can almost see His coming
From that garden on the hill,
All the love and pain and anguish
Lingering about Him still.
As He tells His dear disciples
Something of the gloom and dread
Something of the storm-cloud gathering
Over His devoted head.

8 As He says, in sad entreaty,
"Whosoever loveth me,
Let him take my cross upon him,
Let him feel earth's misery,
All its hardships, darkness, error,
All its faithless, blind despair,
All its suffering and sadness,
Taking them to heaven in prayer."

9 Daily then this burden, sisters,
Falls on every Christian's heart;
Some one's grief, or guilt, or folly,
Some one's cross to bear in part;
Some small share of life's great errors,
Seeking out your heart and mine,
As our human love and pity
Lead us up to Love Divine.

10 Sisters, we must not be weary,
Lo! the Lord who owns the land,
Has been sending out the message,
"Come and lend a helping hand;"
And the reaper gains sweet wages,
As with patient toil and care,
Precious fruit for life eternal
To the "Harvest home" we bear.

MRS. A. E. BURTON. Nov 1884.

THE SOWER.

1 In the dim dawning sow thy seed,
And in the evening stay not thy hand.
What it will bring forth—wheat or weed—
Who can know, or who understand?
Few will heed,
Yet, sow thy seed.

2 See, the red sunrise before thee glows,
Though close behind thee night lingers still;
Flapping their fatal wings, come the black foes,
Following, following over the hill.
No response;
Sow thou thy seed.

3 We, too, went sowing in glad sunrise;
Now, it is twilight: sad shadows fall.
Where is the harvest? Why lift we our eyes?
What could we see here? But God seeth all.
Fast life flies;
Sow the good seed.

4 Though we may cast it with trembling hand,
Spirit half broken, heart-sick and faint;
His winds will scatter it over the land;
His rain will nourish and cleanse it from taint.
Sinner and saint,
Sow the good seed.

DINAH MULOCH CRAIK.

WHAT IF.

1 We sometimes moan at the weight of care
Which will never let us free,
When we long so much to do and dare
In the broader fields we see.

2 And the days and years keep gliding by,
Whether dark, or dull, or fair;
And give no heed to our piteous cry,
"It is hard, so hard to bear;

3 To see, like a shadowy host, pass by
The possible things of fate;
With only a glimmer of comfort nigh,
And that hardest of tasks—to wait."

4 What if the work we are sighing to do,
Is lying about us now?
What if the edict both wise and true,
Be this? To the present bow,

5 What if God's purposes are fulfilled
In the dreary and barren now?
What if the garland His love has willed,
Be pressing thy aching brow?

6 What if the mist of longing and tears
From our troubled gaze could fall?
And we should see that these pain-marked years
Were valued the most of all?

7 What if the mysteries God can keep,
So hidden from mortal view;
Be surety and strength for the souls that weep,
To carry them safely through?

8 What if the shadows along our way
Some clearer vision endow;
And we shall see in a future day,
That the trial-test is now?

ELIZA M. HICKOK.
Charlestown, Mass., March, 1883.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

1 A new day stretches before me,
A day unlived and untried;
I know not what it will bring me,
What sorrows or joys may betide.

2 It may be some pleasure awaits me;
It may be keen anguish and pain;
Though my morning be pleasant and sunny,
Ere noon the dark clouds may bring rain.

3 How shall I plan for these hours,
One by one, as they come through the day?
How fill them with actions the wisest?
How think of the best things to say?

4 And how can I keep myself safely
From danger and harm the day through?
It awes me to feel I'm so helpless,
With no knowledge of what I should do.

5 An answer seems floating around me:
"No danger of going astray,
While God is your Guide and Protector,
Your refuge and strength all the day.

6 "And though a new day lies before you,
As yet all unlived and untried,
God knoweth what it will bring you;
You are safe while you keep by His side."

EDITH J. STODDARD.
Milford, Mass. 1884.

GOLDEN ROD.

1 Thou hast the glow of the summer sun
In thy beautiful upturned face;
Yet when we ask, "Has autumn come?"
Thou noddest with gentle grace.

2 How came the sunshine to touch thy brow,
And leave there its garland of gold?
Whisper it low, I'm listening now,
To all thou mayest unfold.

3 O Golden Rod, that gladdens all eyes!
Like thee ought our lives to be bright;
And maybe an angel will come from the skies
To touch us with heavenly light.

ANNA A. GORDON.
En route, Sept. 10, 1883.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Elizabeth Barrett was born in London in 1809, but passed a part of her youth near the Malvern Hills, in Herefordshire. She began to write at an early age. In 1826 she published her poem, "Essay on Mind." Whilst residing at Torquay for her health, she had the misfortune to behold the death by drowning of a brother, which threw a shadow on her after life. After this she went to London, and published many poems, which met with great success. In 1849 she married Robert Browning, the poet, after which they went to Italy, where she died, June 29, 1861.

COMFORT.

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet,
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so,
Who art not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet!
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber while I go
In reach of Thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affliction, thus in sooth
To lose the sense of losing. As a child,
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster, that he wept before.

MRS. BROWNING.

SOMEWHERE.

1 How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day;
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

2 What matters it to Him who holds within
The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place.

3 Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim,
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

4 Then all the more, because thou canst not hear,
Poor, human words of blessing, will I pray,
O true, brave heart, God bless thee wheresoe'er
In His great universe thou art to-day.

MRS J. C. R. DORR.
From "Scribner's Monthly." 1874.

SAVE THE BOYS.

"It's too late for me," said a poor old drunkard when urged to reform; "it's *too late for me*, but, oh! for God's sake, *save the boys!*"

1 "It's too late for me," was the poor drunkard's cry;
"I've fallen too low for forgiveness or peace,
For the Demon of Drink holds my soul o'er the brink,
And never can I gain reprieve or release.
I've a ruined frame and a crime-blackened name,
A sunless old age and a desolate even,
In exchange for my life, my home, and my wife,
My childhood's deep trust and my soul's hope of heaven.
If some one had only warned me to beware
Of the first fatal glass that tempts and destroys,
I'd have taken a vow. It's too late for me now—
Too late, but, oh! for God's sake, *save the boys!*"

2 'T is a grand, God-like mission to rescue the souls
That are wandering in mazes of darkness and sin,
To lead them up higher, with courage inspire
Each faint-hearted, struggling one victory to win,
But by far 't is a loftier, holier work
To protect the dear children while yet they are pure.
To bid them beware of the Drink Demon's snare,
Whose glittering meshes their young feet allure.
O mothers and fathers! keep vigilant guard;
The black wolf 's abroad, cruel, treacherous and bold,
And its fangs may devour in one careless hour
Some innocent lamb of your precious home-fold.

3 O Christians and patriots! discern ye not how
God's Church is defied by this demon-beast wild?
How Columbia's proud fame and glory-crowned name
Are tarnished, imperilled, guilt-clyed, and defiled?
Will not great Jehovah's dread thunderbolt crush
The nation that looses this hydra-head beast
'Mong its people to roam, till there's ne'er a home
That is not despoiled for its horrible feast?

4 Avert the dark doom! hunt the monster to death
With weapons God gives for the battle of right!
Preach, teach, vote and pray, wage the war night and day,
Till the last howl is heard from this Moloch of might.
"Too late" it may be for the aged ones now;
"Too late!" is their wail, while the red fang destroys,
And our agonized moan cleaves its way to the Throne:
"God save our Republic by saving the boys!"

MRS. SALLIE H. BEASLEY.
Washington, D. C.

O TIRED HEART.

1 O tired heart,
God knows!
Not you or I,
Who reach our hands for gifts
That wise love must deny.
We blunder where we fain would do our best,
Until a-weary, then we cry, "Do Thou the rest."
And in His hands the tangled threads we place,
Of our poor, blinded weaving, with a shamed face.
All trust of ours He sacredly will keep,
So tired heart—God knows—go thou to work or sleep.

2 O tired heart,
God knows,
Where we but guess,
Of unknown future years,
Their joy or bitterness.
For we are finite, limited, enfurled,
His vision in its sweep reaches from world to world.
Our hidden, complex selves, His eye doth see,
And with exceeding tenderness, weighs equally.
O wisdom infinite! O love naught can o'erwhelm!
Rest, tired heart—God knows, give unto Him the helm.

HANNAH CODDINGTON.

IN PRISON.

SUITABLE FOR FLOWER MISSION DAY ENTERTAINMENT.

1 God pity the wretched prisoners,
In their lonely cells to-day!
Whatever the sins that tripped them,
God pity them! still I say.

2 Only a strip of sunshine,
Cleft by rusty bars;
Only a patch of azure,
Only a cluster of stars;
Only a barren future,
To starve their hope upon;
Only stinging memories
Of a past that's better gone.

3 Only scorn from women,
Only hate from men,
Only remorse to whisper
Of a life that might have been.

4 Once they were little children,
And perhaps their unstained feet
Were led by a gentle mother
Towards the golden street;
Therefore, if in life's forest
They since have lost their way,
For the sake of her who loved them,
God pity them! still I say.

5 O mothers, gone to heaven!
With earnest heart I ask
That your eyes may not look earthward
On the failure of your task;
For even in those mansions
The choking tears would rise,
Though the fairest hand in heaven
Would wipe them from your eyes!

6 And you, who judge so harshly,
Are you sure the stumbling-stone
That tripped the feet of others
Might not have bruised your own?
Are you sure the sad-faced angel
Who writes our errors down,
Will ascribe to you more honor
Than him on whom you frown?

7 Or, if a steadier purpose
Unto your life is given;
A stronger will to conquer,
A smoother path to heaven;
If, when temptations meet you,
You crush them with a smile;
If you can chain pale passion
And keep your lips from guile;

8 Then bless the hand that crowned you,
Remembering, as you go,
'T was not your own endeavor
That shaped your nature so;
And sneer not at the weakness
Which made a brother fall,
For the hand that lifts the fallen
God loves the best of all.

9 And pray for the wretched prisoners
All over the land to-day,
That a holy hand in pity
May wipe their guilt away.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

THE PRISONER'S CHILD.

TO BE USED ON FLOWER MISSION DAY.

1 The dull, chill prison building,
Oh! what a gloomy sight!
It wears in boldest morning
The coward scowl of night.
The warm, fresh light approaches,
And shuddering turns away;
Within its shadow, looming foul,
No joyous thing will stay;
Yet there's a light within my cell,
A lovely light its walls enclose;
My happy child—my daughter pure—
My wild, wild rose.

2 The prison sounds are dreary
To one who hears them long;
The murderer talking to himself,
The drunkard's crazy song.
My prison door grates harshly,
It bodes the jailer's scowl;
The jailer's dog sleeps all the day,
To wake at night and howl.
Yet there is music in my cell,
And joy's own voice its walls enclose;
My heaven-bird—my gladsome girl—
My wild, wild rose.

3 Her mellow, golden accents
O'erflow the air around,
As if the joyous sunshine
Resolved itself to sound.
She carols clear at morning,
And prattles sweet at noon;
And sings to rest the weary sun,
And ringeth up the moon;
And when in sleep she visits home
(My daughter knows the angels well),
She'll fearless rouse the awful night
Her happy dreams to tell.

4 Oh! some have many treasures,
But others, I, have none;
The dear Creator gave me
My blessings all in one.
The wealth of many jewels
Is garner'd in her eyes;
The worth of many loving hearts
Within her bosom lies;
She's more to me than daily bread,
And more to me than night's repose;
My staff, my flower, my praise, my prayer,
My wild, wild rose.

ELIZA L. SPROAT. 1841.

FOR THE "SHUT IN" ONES.

"PIHAHIROTH."

1 The night had spread her curtain
O'er Israel's countless host;
Shut in by sea and mountain,
It seemed that they were lost.
Their cruel foe behind them lay,
How to escape they saw no way.

2 But God, their Guide and Leader,
Was watching day and night;
He knew how to deliver
From Pharaoh's boasted might.
The cloud — His presence stood between,
The foe 't was dark — to Israel sheen.

3 Now while they feared and doubted
Jehovah's word and power
To lead them out of bondage,
Give Canaan for their dower,
Their God His plan was working out—
The morn would hear them victory shout.

4 He stretched His hand Almighty
And lo! the sea turned back;
On each side stood in waiting
And left an open track,
Through which, dry shod, they all passed o'er
In safety to the other shore.

5 That which proved their deliverance
God used to overthrow,
Beneath the Red Sea waters,
His own and their great foe.
Methinks I hear, while falls the rod,
"Be still, and know that I am God"

6 Oh! let us all remember
Our God is just the same;
He knows how to deliver,
"Jehovah" still His name.
Though all around our way is hedged,
To bring us forth His truth stands pledged.

7 What though our foe besiege us
And seek to overcome;
Our Jesus stands between us,
He is our Shield and Sun,
Who suffered, being tempted here,
That He might succor saints so dear.

8 Let us like faithful Abram,
Against all hope believe,
And stagger not, but trust Him—
He never will deceive.
His glory we shall surely see,
And shout aloud, glad victory!

MRS. E. C. GREEN. ("Elsie.")

Brooklyn. 1884.

A ROYAL SERVICE.

DEDICATED TO "THE WAITING ONES" IN THE KINGDOM AND PATIENCE OF JESUS CHRIST.

1 Among the Master's callings of high honor,
One oftentimes we miss,
Because our hearts, in their impatient yearning,
Fail to perceive its bliss.

2 Fail to perceive the grandeur of its service,
The deep, sweet joy it brings,
And deem some other easier or nobler,
With richer harvestings.

3 And so we may not choose, but Christ appoints us
The work of sitting still,
And saith, "My child, in quietness and patience
This service now fulfill."

4 Since all these hours of weariness and waiting
Are precious unto me,
Each one must needs be freighted with some blessing,
Love's perfect choice for me.

5 Then think not thou art kept within the shadow
Of long inactive years,
Without some purpose infinitely glorious,
Some harvest sown in tears.

6 And so there comes a glory and a gladness
Into the weary days,
And in our hearts there shines a solemn radiance,
Inwrought with quiet praise.

7 We learn that we are given this sweet service
Because the Master sees
That thus His delegates must oft be fitted
For higher embassies.

8 We praise Him for these lonely hours of waiting,
And, trusting, look above,
Till all the hush and silence of their service
Grows luminous with love.

9 We muse upon that ministry at Nazereth,
Until it seems to be
A fellowship most sweet, a royal honor,
To wait, O Christ, with Thee.

10 And ever as we stand within the shadow
Of those long years of thine,
Our waiting days grow better, holier, grander,
Their service more sublime;

11 Until at last we hear Thy dear voice saying,
"Child, I have need of thee
To fill this place of trust and honor,
To do this work for Me."

12 And then, as fellow-workers with the Master,
We shall arise and go
Forth to the harvest-fields of earth, it may be,
The reaper's joy to know.

13 Or to some perfect, wondrous service yonder,
Within that Holy Place,
Where, veilless, in its full transfigured glory,
His servants see His face.

[illegible]

In "[illegible]"

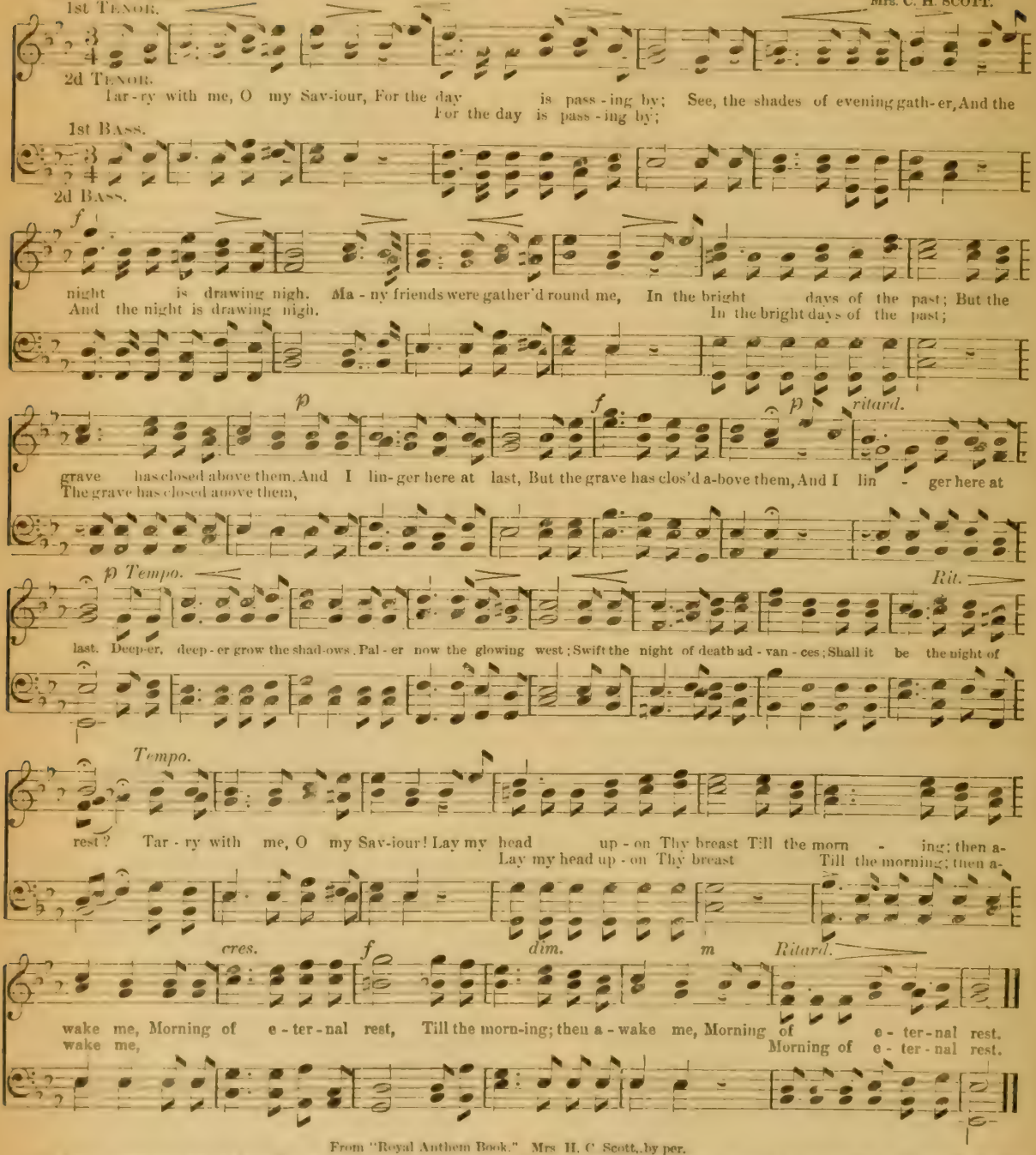
TARRY WITH ME, O MY SAVIOUR.

(FOR MALE VOICES.)

Inscribed to the members of the old "MANNERCHOR CLUB," Clinton, Iowa.

Mrs C. L. SMITH.

Mrs. C. H. SCOTT.



From "Royal Anthem Book." Mrs H. C Scott, by per.

"About twenty-one years since I heard the Rev. Dr. Dexter, of Boston, preach a sermon on 'The Adaptedness of Religion to the Wants of the Aged.' I went home and embodied the thought in the hymn. I sent it to Mr. Hallock, for 'The Messenger.' He returned it as 'not adapted to the readers of the paper.' Years after, I sent it, without any signature, to the little Andover paper."

So writes the authoress, Mrs Caroline L. Smith; (The wife of the Rev. Charles Smith, pastor of the South Church, Andover, Mass.,) formerly Caroline L. Sprague, of Salem, Mass.

The hymn referred to "Tarry with me," is now one of our most justly celebrated hymns, found in many collections, and is beautifully set to music by Mrs Scott.

THROES AND THROWS.

1 "What are you doing, O brother, to-day?
Throwing your ballot so precious away,
Into the enemy's hands to play?"
Yes, I am throwing as martyrs threw down
Life, for a kingdom above, and a crown,
Those wrong-headed martyrs of Smithfield town.
As the passenger list in the Mayflower threw
Away country, and home, and happiness, too,
(A fortunate throw both for me and for you.)
There was throwing away was akin to mine
When the blue boys and grey stood up in line,
And threw away self for a thought divine,
To shudder and shiver in Arctic cold.
Charge home to the ghosts you may there behold,
"Ah! you threw away life in those regions old!"
Tell a million farmers, all over the land,
Who are scattering seed with liberal hand,
"Ye are fools and blind, O wasteful band!"
Tell workers and waiters, the wide world o'er,
Who see the invisible evermore,
Tell to them, as they pull for the farther shore,
"Ye are throwing away your wavering stroke,—
Turning your backs on the good ye invoke;
Forsake your frail bark for our ribs of oak."

ANNEX.

After martyr-woe came the church's weal.
There's a shining wake at the Mayflower's keel.
And freedom flashed from the foeman's steel.
In the Arctic zone, life's jewels thrown down,
Science proudly sets in her gleaming crown.
When the summer and autumn shall smile again,
Where the sowing and throwing away have been
Shall be food for the numberless children of men.

JULIA A. WILLARD.
Latrobe, Pa. 1884.

A PALM BRANCH.

1 Glad chimed the Christmas bells while softly fell the snow,
Angels sang for joy in heaven, "Peace to all below,
Good will to man!" while homes in shadow lay and blight
Because of reeling steps that came to those who watched by night.
Sad hearts overburdened with weary weight of woe,
Scarce heeded those glad bells ten changeful years ago;
Then a torch was lighted for tearful eyes to see,
A sweet strain filled the air, "Rock of ages, cleft for me!"

2 The echoes rang out clear, reaching homes everywhere;
Bells that were rung that night by ropes of faith and prayer;
Joy to sad hearts they brought. "Give to the winds thy fears!"
A clarion note of hope—"God counts all thy tears,"
This was the song they sang—the western crusade song
Hundreds of voices caught, and still the strains prolong,
From grand Ohio's forest hills, echoed in Iowa—
From Maryland to Michigan, from Maine to Florida.

3 Praise God for Hillsboro', its women brave and true,
For Frances Willard, our hearts' queen, a Woodbridge, and a Pugh;
A Buell with pure hand, our banner white to wave,
A Stevens full of courage, Maine to our army gave.
Praise God for our leaders, a brave, heroic band,
Who bear the taunts of foes, for God and native land.
Praise God, sun-blessed east, and prairies of the west.
In all the southland too, let His dear name be blest!

4 On this Memorial-Day, let none forget to bring
A sweet thanksgiving offering, while all voices sing
"We will lift up our heads," on Christ the Rock, we stand,
Battling to overthrow the Rum Power in our land.
"Be not afraid!" our Captain says, why need we fear?
He'll overturn the wicked! Victory is near!
Forward! Sing all along the line again our crusade songs,
With praise unto our God to whom all praise belongs;

MRS. GEORGIA HULSE M'LEOD.
Baltimore, Dec. 10, 1883.

GOOD CHEER FOR THE CHRISTMAS TIDE.

1 Has the world grown old and you do not know
That the setting sun leaves its afterglow,
And the purple mists of yon cloudland rise
To reflect the woods and azure skies,
While the living green of the summer days
Turns to golden tints in the autumn haze?

2 That the bells of youth ring a merry chime
But to echo on in our manhood's time,
And the carollings of early morn
Are songs of the night by the zephyrs borne,
While the flowing tide of the restless sea
Ebbs away with a softer melody?

3 Do you ever tire in your work of love?
Ah! the cross is here, but the crown's above.
In each wand'ring soul is a hidden germ
That will flower if its beauty you discern.
Then dissolve the mists of this world of tears
With the smiles of hope in the endless years.

4 Let each heart attuned to a minor strain
Breathe the joyous notes of a glad refrain,
Sing a song of cheer that will echo on
Till it dies away near the great white throne.
Thus you tint your lives, as the setting sun,
With an afterglow of a work well done.

LIZZIE CAMPBELL SMITH. 1883

DAVID HOLLOWAY.

1 At dusk of Christmas evening, before the lamps were bright,
The children crept beside me, in the hearth-fire's ruddy light,
Tired of dolls and horses, of picture-books and play,
To hear the story over of David Holloway.

2 One rainy, gray December, the floods came leaping free
Out of the stony mountains and woods of Tennessee,
Leaving a wasted valley behind them in their track,
Swelling the creek Sweet Water to a torrent wild and black.

3 Like a charging host, the waters beat on the bridge amain,
Till the heavy timbers parted with many a creak and strain,
And there, where flying rail-cars went smooth and safe before,
Was but a yawning chasm, and the rapids' hungry roar.

4 From far and near there gathered a band of workmen strong,—
With ringing axe and hammer they wrought the whole day long,—
Of rough trunks of the forest, they built the bridge again,
And heard, from far, at nightfall, the rumbling of the train.

5 Soon, like a flaring comet with single eye of flame,
And trail of glowing cinders, the panting engine came.
With hand upon the throttle, cried David Holloway:
"Ho! men, have any tested this bridge ye built to-day?"

6 And when he heard their answer, he shouted loud once more,
"Unloose the engine's couplings and I will go before!
Better some unknown weakness my single life should cost,
Than risk a hundred others before the bridge is crossed!"

7 He touched the valve, and slowly the great wheels, gleaming, turned,
Athwart the looming timbers the lurid head-light burned,
And every heart beat softly, and still was every tongue,
While, o'er the middle current, unwavering he hung.

8 One moment more, and safety the faithful deed had crowned,
When, suddenly, a trembling that seemed to seize the ground—
A crash that froze with horror the listeners' blood to hear,
And the black ruin swallowed engine and engineer!

9 So, in the night and darkness, died David Holloway,
The one to save the many, as on that sadder day,
When the dear Christ taught the ages from Calvary's lonely cross,
The blessedness of sacrifice, and the gain that come by loss!

10 And so, I told the children, he keepeth Christmas best
Whose patient hand is lifted to make another blest;
And he who at his duty stands loyal, brave and true,
Finds every day a *holy* day and all the long year new!

MARY A. P. STANSBURY. 1881.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

1 Hang up the vine and the holly,
Sign the cross over the door,
That joy coming in with the Christmas
May go from the place nevermore.

2 Gather love-gifts for the children;
Guard well the mystical way
That the Christ-child comes at the mid-hour
To bless with bright favors the day.

3 Bring in good cheer and be merry,
Be glad and carol sweet song;
The star of a Bethlehem desert
Looked down on a Christ-happy throng.

4 Go ye in hovel and highway,
Guests to bring in to the feast;
Angels shall unawares greet ye
In those the world counteth as least.

5 Sound the sweet Christ-loving anthem!
Echoes will bear it on high,
To the angels made joyous forever
By Christmas of love in the sky.

6 Bow down and worship the Spirit
Of the feast, the invisible King.
Lo! He cometh in scarlet and purple,
To gather a world's offering.

MARIE LE BARON. 1884.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

1 Let the New Year bring what it will, O friend,
Nothing have we to fear.
The past it was good;—let the good past lend
The future its glow and cheer.
Aye, good, though its darkling clouds dropped rain,
And its care seemed never to cease;
After the gloom there was light, and the pain
Was only the road to peace.

2 There is nothing to fear in the coming year,
Though the smile be faint on its face,
Better than hope is a faith that will grope
In the dark for the hidden grace;
Better than joy is the brave employ
Of the days in the Master's field,
But the harvest still is the work of His will;—
To make it thrive or yield,

3 Is not thine or mine, but the task divine
Of One who has waited long,
In sorrow and travail of soul, to see
His world redeemed from wrong.
And the truth is this, that the work is His,
And nothing have we to say;—
He carries the care for the whole long year,
We for each little day.

4 As hour by hour reveals His power,
Unfolds His wondrous will,
His cross we bear, His work we share,
Or wait resigned and still.
Patient to suffer or brave to do,
What can we have to fear?
Old years are His, and His the new—
He can make it a glad New Year.

MARY L. DICKINSON. 1884.
"American Reformer."

CHRISTMAS.

L. M

1 Sweet bells are ringing far and near,
The holly gleams upon the wall;
The merry Christmas time is here,
And gladness reigns in hut and hall.

2 It is the time of all the year
To meet in kindness and good will,
To brush away the selfish tear,
To see the good, forget the ill.

3 To seek the poor, the sick, the old,
To carry sunshine to their homes,—
Homes, ah! so comfortless and cold,
Where "Merry Christmas" rarely comes.

4 To put the old year's sorrows by,
To let our sad complainings cease:
To greet each other lovingly,
With words of gentleness and peace.

5 And let the old year, as he goes,
Take with him all that we may rue,
While with our higher aims and hopes
We wait to welcome in the new!

LULU W. MITCHELL.

A PRAYER FOR CHRISTMAS EVE.

1 O Lord, there sit apart in lonely places,
On this, the gladdest night of all the year,
Some stricken ones with sad and weary faces,
To whom the thought of Christmas brings no cheer.
For these, O Father, our petition hear,
And send the pitying Christ-child very near.

2 Lord, there be toiling ones, on whom life's burden
Presses so ceaselessly, they have no time
To snatch for a brief hour rest's blessed guerdon
Or swell by one faint note our Christmas chime.
For these, O Father, our petition hear;
Send thou the lowly Christ-child very near.

3 And there be tempted souls this night, still waging
Such desperate warfare with all evil powers;
Anthems of peace, while the dread strife is raging,
Sound but as mockery through their midnight hours.
For these, O Father, our petition hear,
And send the tempted, sinless Christ-child near.

4 O Lord, some sit by lonely hearthstones, sobbing,
Who feel this night all earthly love denied;
Who hear but dirges in the loud bell's throbbing,
For loved ones lost, who blessed last Christmas-tide.
For these, O Father, our petition hear,
And send the loving Christ-child very near.

5 For those who, from disease of body, languish,
For those who weep for children gone astray,
For those whose sore hearts hide in secret anguish
Some grief which shrinks from the clear light of day;
For all who suffer, our petition hear,
And send Thou Christ, the Comforter, most near.

ELLA BEECHER GITTINGS.
Colorado Springs, Col. 1884.

THE UNCHAINED MONSTER.

1 An unchained monster roams to-night
Through streets of city and town,
And few are the hands and few are the hearts
That are lifted to crush him down.
His outer robe is strangely fair;
And his smile is strangely bright;
But blacker his hand and blacker his heart
Than ever was earthly night.

2 He clasps the hand of innocent youth
While he wears his sweetest smile,
And that hand grows dark and darker with crime,
And each thought is mixed with guile.
O'er man, in the pride of manhood's years,
He is throwing his awful spell,
He is leading him down, forever down
Where the feet take hold on hell.

3 The trembling steps of palsied age
Are following at his call;
He enters unbidden the lonely cot
And the high palatial hall.
And *woman!* Oh! softly speak that name,
Ye mothers and sisters and wives,
And weep and pray for the fallen ones,
For the darkened homes and lives.

4 Oh! list to the bitter wail of woe
That comes from hovel and hall,
Where the unchained monster's hand has been
And claimed their best, their all.
Then rise in the might that God has given,
And strike that monster low,
There is love to man and glory to God
In every conquering blow.

5 Oh! rise, as you prize your happy homes,
Nor weary in the strife
Till the lowest one in the monster's thrall
Is raised to a higher life.
Arise, for the battle is the Lord's,
He is calling for you to come
And fight till lowly lies the form
Of this unchained monster, Rum.

KATIE GUNN.
Red Oak, Iowa. 1879.

ONE MORE.

"*Mine*, these sweet, fresh pinks and geranium leaves?
Oh! at home, when the mossy, wooden eaves
Were dripping and gurgling with clear May rain,
And I was a girl — ah, me! what a pain
Shoots through my heart like a knife at the thought—
I used to smell sweet geraniums and pinks,
As they sifted their breath through broken links
Of rain. O pure, lost days, your rosy flame
Shines out from the past on my woe and shame,
And lights up the ruin the years have wrought.
To me, it seems that was ages ago,
So long that a life once as pure as snow,
Has had time to be dyed in the darkest sin.
Let me think—how did it all first begin?
Oh! yes, I remember. The winter was cold,
And the walk from home to the school-house was long;
And father said it would make me more strong,
And brace me up for the last trying year
Of study at school, if I drank good beer.
And so, never dreaming the viper's fold
Could come from the cup he placed to my lips,
From the hand that I loved to its finger tips,
I drank for the health of body and brain.
God! would I had died ere its first dark stain
Sullied my soul, and prepared the black way
For my girlish feet on the downward road.
Ah, me! how quickly the hard, heavy load
Of the drunkard's chain held me tight and fast.
Mother—dear mother—discovered at last
The danger threat'ning, and vain did she pray
Her one precious daughter, her one dear girl,
Might be snatched from the maddening, blinding whirl,
And restored to goodness, purity, heaven!
Alas! the subtle and pois'nous leaven
Had spread o'er and tainted body and soul.
Good friends, let me quickly pass over the years
Of suff'ring that followed my poor mother's tears;
Her head bowed with shame, her dear hair grown gray,
As I sank lower and lower each day,
Till appetite grew beyond my control,
Filled with bitter remorse, my father died,
And I, who had once been the pet and pride
Of that sweet country home, in anguish fled
Away from sight of the living or dead.
O God! how I've suffered, may *you* never know.
I've hidden away from those I loved best;
My heart ever filled with a wild unrest
With this cursed thirst that is worse than hell,
Driving me on to deeds that I dare not tell—
Yet once I was spotless and pure as snow.
I have gone without shelter, have begged for bread,
Have walked the hard streets till my sore feet bled,
Searching for something to drown the sharp pain,
The mem'ry of days that can ne'er come again;
Longing and praying for peace, love and rest,
Though it be in death on my mother's breast."
She paused, and the good women gathered there,
'Round the hospital bed, that sweet, glad day,
With their tear-wet faces, could only pray
That that peace which we cannot understand,
Might guide her poor soul to the "better land."
Then softly and low on the cool spring air,
From the lips growing stiff, came the simple prayer:
"Dear Lord, I shall lay me down now to sleep,
I pray Thee forever my soul to keep.
Good night, dear mamma,—the whip-poor-will
In the orchard is singing——" the lips were still,
And one more victim to "strength'ning" beer
Was added to thousands who go each year.
But those women adorned with their ribbons white,
Went out with their sad hearts, stronger to fight
For the sons and daughters on every land—
For God and their homes and their native land.

LAURA J. RITTENHOUSE. 1881.

DO SOMETHING.

1 White was her hair with the snow of years,
Bent and so toil-worn her rugged frame,
Furrowed her cheek with bitterest tears,
Crushed her poor heart with its grief and shame.
One of her boys, aye, her eldest born,
So full of promise, his childhood pure,
Now a mark for the finger of scorn;
Sorrow like this is hard to endure.

2 Tried for murder! Condemned to die!
His mother went sadly to and fro,
Bearing petitions to places high,
Prayed men in power to let him go.
"Let him go free, 'tis Rum you must bind,
My boy was mad, if he struck that blow,
My Willie was always good and kind,
Until he took to the drink, you know!"

3 They pitied her, too, those men in power,
So sad was the mourning mother's wail;
God help women with sorrow's dower,
For little man's pity can avail.
With promises kind they thought to stay
The plaintive cry—"Oh! do *something*, do!"
She haunted their steps day after day,
Pleading, "Save Willie, God will save you!"

* * * * * *

4 He leaned his head on her faithful breast,
As he had done in his childhood years,
It seemed like the old-time peace and rest,
When she soothed his grief and calmed his fears.
"Go to the judge at the break of day,
Try, mother, to see the good Queen too,
Beg them to pardon me, beg and pray,
Save me somehow, Oh! for God's sake, do!"

* * * * * *

5 Long, long in his grave her boy had lain,
But in weary rounds the days she past—
Bearing a scroll, street after street,
In sun and storm, she wandered through,
Pleading with those she chanced to meet—
"Don't promise, only do *something*, do!"

MRS. GEORGIA HULSE M'LEOD.
In "Episcopal Methodist."

THE MARCH OF THE SIXTY THOUSAND.

1 Not with a firm and measured step
Moves on the mighty host,
No well-trained soldiers in the ranks
Does their grim leader boast;
Oh! no; they've drained the poison cup,
And in its depths have found
The adder's bite, the serpent's sting,
That gave the deadly wound

2 Lured by the tempting cup they drank,
To "seek it yet again;"
Quick to its work the poison sped,
And ran through every vein.
It quenched affection's tender flame
For those once loved so well,
And kindled in the heart instead
The very fires of hell;

3 Hurled reason from her royal throne,
God's glorious image marred;
Behold the wreck, no more a man,
Bleeding and torn and scarred.
Behold the soul! Oh! dreadful fate!
Well may the angels stand
Weeping at such a sight as this
In our beloved land.

4 A vanquished army, on they move,
With reeling steps and slow;
Stumbling into their yawning graves
They fall, to rot below.
O God! that such a thing should be,
And to our doors be brought,
And we look calmly on, and see
The work the fiend has wrought.

5 And we look calmly on and hear,
Throughout our stricken land,
The wail of Rachels comfortless,
A sad, heart-broken band.
"Why stand ye idle all the day?"
The call rings loud and clear;
"Thy brother's blood cries from the ground,
Thou soon, alas! shalt hear.

6 Rouse, brother, sister, to the work!
Spring quickly to your post!
And hand to hand the conflict wage
Against the fiendish host;
Grim alcohol has long arrayed
Against the souls of men,
And in the strength of God, our trust,
We shall not fight in vain.

ELIZABETH T. LARKIN, 1884.

ARE THE BOYS SAFE TO-NIGHT.

1 The storm-king's abroad, the wind is keen,
The hail falls thick and fast:
Are the boys for whom we brighten home,
Out in the wintry blast?
Oh! if this were all, we should not grieve,
That they are out of sight;
The Rum-King gathers his victims now,—
Are the boys safe to-night?

2 In palace homes do our rulers dwell;
Whose money keeps them there?
The drunkard's children on straw may lie,
Or perish anywhere.
The downward way that the boys are on,
Leads to ruin and blight.
Shall we sit idly and fold our hands?
Are the boys safe to-night?

3 The mothers' tears, only mothers' prayers,
Between their souls and death.
Eight minutes knell, if the bell should toll,
Like sad and sobbing breath,
Would tell of a blighted life gone out,
A soul shut from the light.
O God! Thy people rouse to work
And save the boys to-night!

MRS GEORGIA HULSE M'LEOD.
Baltimore, Feb 1884.

FIRST AND LAST.

LEAVING HOME.

1 Come and walk with me, Mary, before the sun has set.
Tho' to-morrow is my wedding day, we are not parted yet.
I want to walk thro' all the paths I may not tread again,
And the joy that thrills within my heart is strangely blent with pain.

2 Let us go thro' the orchard into the woods beyond,
Where we found the patch of wintergreens close to the little pond
Where, on the shining surface, the water-lilies bloom,
Making the faint air tremble with their subtle, sweet perfume.

3 Here they are, their pure white petals and golden hearts aglow
With strange, wild, spicy sweetness; I have always loved them so.
We must part, O lovely flowers, I must leave you, but I go
To meet a happier future than your pulseless hearts can know.

4 Here is the old oak tree, where oft we sat beneath the shade,
And here's the little brook where we happy children played.
Do you remember, Mary, how wet we got, the day
We tried to wash our two pet lambs? and then they ran away.

5 We can't be always children, and life is not all sport.
Here we are, grown-up women, and yet the time seems short.
We have loved each other, Mary, thro' all the happy years.
But to-morrow is my wedding day, and your cheek is stained with tears.

6 My heart is full and tender as I think of all I leave,
But my future shines so fair before me that I cannot grieve.
I have no tears to shed, Mary, tho' it is sad to part,
My happiness is safe with him, who shrines me in his heart.

RETURNING HOME.

1 Let us walk slower, Mary, let me lean upon your arm,
It seems so good to be at home and see the dear old farm.
I remember when we walked here last, before I went away,
You were so kind to bring me home, Mary, so kind to let me stay.

2 Since I left you, Mary, a young and happy wife,
I've drank the dregs of sorrow, till I wearied of my life.
I could bear the sting of poverty, and sickness and disgrace,
But my poor heart broke with longing to look upon your face.

3 At first my life was lighted by my husband's love alone.
Like a pleasant path before me, the sunny future shone.
And ere I wakened from my dream to find my life less sweet,
The sacred mother-love crept in and made my joy complete.

4 I trembled lest my happiness might be too great to last.
And when my sweet child moaned and died, my bitter tears fell fast.
But I lived to be the saddest thing that creeps along thro' life
Shivering with shame and terror, a brutal drunkard's wife.

5 Hush! do not curse him, Mary, my poor heart loves him still,
Tho' he drove me out into the storm when I was weak and ill.
'T was the drink that turned him demon. I have heard him weep and moan
When the cruel frenzy left him, and he thought himself alone.

6 And if you see him, Mary, if he comes when I am dead,
Tell him I loved and prayed for him, the last words that I said.
Tell him my heart was homesick for my little child in heaven,
And if he shuns the curséd cup he yet may be forgiven.

7 I am very tired, Mary, and your cheek is stained with tears.
We must part, but I am happier than I have been for years.
Who knows but God may save him yet, and lead him to that rest
Where I shall spring to meet him with my baby on my breast.

DELLE M. MASON.

THREE STEPS OF INTEMPERANCE.

(Descriptive.)

Taken from a true incident related by John B. Gough in one of his lectures, which commences describing the youth in the dangerous act of taking the first glass. His hand trembles, his cheek is suffused with a crimson blush, and he turns slyly away, as if dreading to meet the gaze of those around him.

The first step taken, he becomes more bold, and less susceptible of feeling and the voice of conscience; and, becoming excited by the maddening effects of the fatal bowl, he drinks deeper and deeper, until he becomes lost to every influence of good, and entirely given up to the will of the tempter.

His poor broken-hearted wife falls a victim to his cruelty and neglect, and is laid on her couch, dressed for the tomb. In the midst of this melancholy scene, the inebriate stalks in. His friends, with the hope of reform, lead him to the chamber of death, and leave him alone by the cold form of his once happy and lovely wife. He stands without a sigh: that which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder" has sealed the very fountains of grief in his soul—he has no tears to shed.

For a moment he seems riveted to the spot. Then, with the fury of a demon, he rushes forward, and with cruel blows seeks to take vengeance on the cold and lifeless form before him. His friends, hearing what was being done, hastened to the spot, to remove him by force.

This is a true picture of thousands, who, in a similar manner, have fallen victims to the foul *Destroyer*, who tempted them to take the FIRST GLASS.

1 Why am I here? I would 't were past;
I never tasted wine before;
One glass, my *first*, shall be my last;
'T is wrong, 't is wrong, I'll drink no more!
He drank, he blushed, a thrill of shame
Came o'er him when the deed was done;
Poor youth, his conscience warned in vain,
The work of ruin had begun.

2 Less timid now, with bolder look
He saw the wine-cup sparkle high;
Now deeper drank, nor blushed to brook
The pitying glance of friendship's eye.
He mingled with a reckless throng;
He tarried at the midnight game;
The cruel jest and meaning song
He heard without one thought of shame.

3 And where was she, that fair young bride,
Who lived and smiled for him alone;
His idol once, his joy and pride—
Was there no music in her tone?
The bird forsaken pines away,
A flower unloved will cease to bloom;
'T was thus she drooped from day to day,
And soon they dressed her for the tomb.

4 He came, they drew aside the pall
From that cold face, so still and white;
They thought affliction might recall
The erring wanderer to the right.
No sigh he breathed, no tear he shed,
His bloodshot eyes with fiendish glare
A moment rested on the dead,
Then, like a tiger from his lair,

5 Rushed forward with a dreadful shriek:
His vengeance in her lifeless clay
With cruel blows he sought to seek,
Till forced by stronger hands away!
Thus had intemperance crushed at last,
And buried in the fatal bowl,
The dearest memories of the past,
The noblest feelings of the soul.

6 Let not this solemn warning pass
Unheeded from the listening ear;
Dash from your lips the tempting glass,
And turn away with dread and fear.
There is a voice that speaks within,
That points you upward to the skies;
That bids you leave the path of sin,
And fly the death that never dies.

FANNY CROSBY. 1863.
From "Singing Pilgrim," by per. Philip Phillips.

CHARGE OF THE RUM BRIGADE.

A PARODY.

1 All in league, all in league,
All in league, onward!
All in the Valley of Death
Walked the Six Hundred.
"Forward the Rum Brigade!
Cheers for the Whisky raid!"
Into the Valley of Death
Walked the Six Hundred.

2 "Forward the Rum Brigade!"
Were all their friends dismayed?
Yes, and the soldiers knew
Each one had blundered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to drink and die;
Into the Valley of Death
Walked the Six Hundred.

3 Drunkards to the right of them,
Drunkards to the left of them,
Drunkards in front of them,
One million numbered.
Oaths fell like shot and shell,
Rum did its work so well;
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell
Walked the Six Hundred.

4 Garments torn, cupboards bare,
Children with naught to wear,
Sleeping in gutters there
Fathers are lying, while
All the world wondered.
Plunged into want and woe,
Onward they madly go,
Weeping in anguish
Wives sit, for well they know,
Shattered and sundered,
None will come back who go
Of the Six Hundred.

5 Curses to right of them,
Curses to left of them,
Curses behind them
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at by those who sell,
They who had paid so well,
Well had been plundered.
Clenched teeth and livid brow,
Delirium tremens now,
Thus young and old men fell
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Not one was left of them,
Left of Six Hundred.

And clasped her in a mad embrace—
  Great God! I shiver now.
A golden dagger, with jewelled hilt,
  She wore upon her breast.
In that fierce, passioned clasp of mine
  Into her bosom it pressed.
She shuddered, moaned, and all was o'er—
  My life, my love, was dead.
* * * * *
When I awoke, grim prison walls
Were closed above my head.
  But not for long, for madness came,
And through the prison guards
They bore me to asylum halls.
  For years I walked those wards;
They say that Reason once again
  Sits right upon her throne;
But wretched Misery's by her side,
  And I am all alone.
My mother sleeps beneath the earth,
  Struck down with bitter woe;
My love is sleeping by her side,
  And now I too shall go.
A gleam of silver, then a flash,
  A cry of anguished pain,
And Herman Lee lay still and pale—
  Would never move again.

MRS. M. V. BOYCE,
In the "Bugle Call."

THE BISHOP'S EPITAPH.

["After seven miles riding, passing through a wood heretofore sacred to Juno, we came to Monte Fiascone, the head of the Falisci, a famous people in old time, heretofore Falernum, as renowned for its excellent wine as now for the story of the Dutch bishop who lies buried in Faviano's church, with this epitath:

"Propter 'Est, est,' dominus meus mortuus est."

Because having ordered his servant to ride on before, enquire where the best wine was, and there write 'Est,' the man found some so good that he wrote 'Est, est,' and the bishop, drinking too much, died."—"EVELYN'S DIARY," p. 85-6.]

He was a bishop, and he loved good wine;
In fact, without it he could scarcely dine.
Imperial, Rhenish, Burgundy, or Tent,
Chian or Lesbian, its own virtue lent;
Whether pure honey, or the spiced perfume
Of myrrh and cassia in the must found room,
Score-year old wine, or sweet juice newly pressed,
The bishop sought alone the very best.
Of worthy deeds by this good bishop wrought
(And that his life with many such was fraught
We cannot doubt) no record now remains;
Fame leaves for them his labor for his pains.
How many poor he blessed with word and deed,
How many hungry souls he stooped to feed,
How much of "manliness" his actions bore,
How many stars within his crown he wore—
No hint of these the traveller espies
On the proud marble where the bishop lies.

The unsparing stone, in one sententious line,
Tells only how he died through love of wine.
Strange that a life, with good deeds thickly pressed,
On this one error for its fame should rest—
The good he wrought all buried with its bones,
The ill proclaimed from out the very stones!

He was a bishop, and he loved good wine;
Riding one day beneath the sky so fine
Of fair Italia, near the spot he drew
Which famed for choicest wines full well he knew.
Rich old Falernian, with its fame replete,
Should with Falernum make his bliss complete.
"Ride on," he to his servant gave command,
As fair Falernum's spires were just at hand,
"Ask where good wine is had—the very best—
And mark the place for me by writing 'Est.'"

Full well his servant heeded the command;
He quickly found of wine the choicest brand,
So good, indeed, so surely sure the best
That in his zeal he quickly wrote "Est, est;"
And when the bishop came and read the sign,
What did he lose in that Falernian wine?
The "manliness," of which he had such store,
That he could quaff enough just, and no more.
Why did this manliness forsake him quite,
This power of choice that always chose the right?
Why did the bishop, with his creed so fine,
Fall a sure victim to this best of wine?
Ask of the stone; its answer is the best:
"Propter 'Est, est,' dominus meus mortuus est."
* * * * *
Perchance in Faviano's church that stone may yet be seen,
Which long, by way of warning, held the bishop's memory green;
But should the marble, like his bones, have crumbled quite away,
The lesson it so long proclaimed will not be hushed to-day;
It mocks the "moderation" dream held by the very best,
And writes anew the epitaph, "Dominus meus mortuus est!"

JULIA P. BALLARD. 1882.

PLEDGE ME NOT IN WINE.

1 Oh! pledge me not in wine!
  I shiver with icy dread;
And cold, and white, a deathly fear,
  Drops into my heart like lead.

2 Oh! pledge me not in wine!
  Thro' its mist of rosy foam
I count the beats of a broken heart,
  And I see a desolate home.

3 There's a picture laid away,
  Under the dust of years;
Come look on it, and your heart will weep
  Like a summer cloud in tears.

4 Night, and a storm of wind and sleet,
A hearth without fire or light;
A woman, an angry man, and a door
That opens into the night.

5 Hot hands that cling to the crazy latch,
Lips rigid, and white with pain
A blow— a wailing babe,
Out in the wind and rain.

6 A woman dead in the pitiless storm,
And sparkling, on the sand,
Dear God! a golden marriage ring
Drops loose from her wasted hand.

7 A white snow, striving through broken clouds,
A horrified man at prayer,
The cry of a passion, all hearts remorse,
And a passion all hearts despair.

8 This is the picture laid away,
Under the dust of years;
And thus the red wine seems to me
The flowing of bloody tears.

9 Then pledge me not, tho' the wine be bright
As the crimson light that flows
From the sunset's cloudy gates of fire,
Of the morning's vein of rose.

10 Put down the cup, 't is brimmed with blood,
From bleeding hearts like mine,
For hope, for joy, for love's dear sake,
Oh! pledge me not, in wine.

_

HATE OF THE BOWL.

1 Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne—
Sink 'neath the blows a father dealt,
And the cold world's scorn;
The sufferer on from year to year—
The sole relief the scorching tear.

2 Go, kneel where I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray;
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

3 Go, weep as I have wept,
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every promised blessing swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall,
Life's fading flowers strewn all the way
That brought me on to woman's day.

4 Go, see what I have seen,
Behold the strong men bow,
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
A cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his withering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

5 Go, hear and feel, and see and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known;
Then look upon the wine-cup's glow,
See if its beauty can atone;
Think if its flavor you will try
When all proclaims, "'T is drink and die."

6 Tell me I hate the bowl?—
Hate is but a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred,
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of that dark beverage of hell.

By a young lady who was told that she was a monomaniac in her hatred of Alcohol.

THE PENDULUM OF TIME

1 And still do they go, at beck of their foe,
Down to their woe;
And still filleth in his army of sin;
Ranks do not thin;
And the pendulum of time swingeth on to and fro,
And homes that were darkened no re-lighting know.
For despair is the guest that they hold.

2 And still press along the wild surging throng,
The highway of wrong;
And swift in their train come cries of the slain,
Cut down like grain.
And the pendulum of time swingeth on to and fro,
And hearts that were loyal sink down in their woe,
Knowing grief such as ne'er can be told.

3 The young and the gay slip down the dark way,
Lost in the fray;
And women in fright, with lips that are white,
Cry at the sight;
But the pendulum of time swingeth on to and fro,
And with each slender stroke a mother lies low,
As her boy to the rum fiend is sold!

From a paper by BELLE KELLOGG TOWNE, In "Union Signal." 1881.

Mrs. J. M. Hartsough

Is the wife of the Rev. L. Hartsough, of Sioux Falls, Dakota. She is an earnest worker in foreign missions, temperance, and many good causes. She has written many beautiful hymns, some of which have been set to music by various members of her musical family. As a gospel evangelist, she has few superiors among women.

THE DEMON ALCOHOL.

1 There is trouble in many a home to-day,
There is sorrow in many a heart,
Because of the Demon Alcohol,
Because of his hellish art.

2 No pity hath he for the grey-haired sire,
But scoffs at his prayers and his sighs,
Unheeding the scalding tears that fall
From sorrowful age-bedimmed eyes.

3 He preys upon manhood so noble and strong,
Destroying both body and soul,
For love to one's neighbor and love to one's God,
Are drowned in the maddening bowl.

4 He seeks out the young and the lovely and fair,
And drags them to infamy down,
Enfeebled and fettered, his victims are found
In hamlet, and city, and town.

5 They have "sorrow," and "woe," and "redness of eyes,"
And "babbling, contentions," and "wounds,"
Their mouths are with curses and bitterness filled,
In their ears horrid wailing resounds.

6 He snatches the bread from the hungry child's grasp,
And oft in its stead gives a blow,
Pursuing with vigor his deadly work,
Till he lays the starved sufferer low.

7 And this is the work that is now being done,
Behind painted window and screen,
And no less effectually carried on
Behind the bright lights red and green.

8 But strangest of all, Lo! the right may be bought,
Of a goverment all men call good,
To give to the people a poisonous cup,
And receive in return, gold and blood.

9 And O Christian woman, have *ye* nought to do,
And no prayers to offer to heaven?
Have ye no tears to shed, and no words to speak,
That help to the right may be given?

10 Oh! have ye no fear that this same dreadful foe
May enter your own happy home?
He may, all unheard, so stealthy his step
E'en now to the entrance be come.

11 The blood of slain thousands cries out from the ground
To Christians all over the land,
For vengeance unsparing; Oh! will you not hear
And join with the right, heart and hand?

12 We read that the fervent effectual prayer
Of a righteous man much doth avail,
And though heaven and earth shall both pass away,
Not a word Christ hath spoken shall fail.

13 And mothers and wives doth in agony cry,
At morning, at night and at noon,
From palaces high, and from cottages low,
"O God, send deliverance soon."

14 O Demon Intemperance! thou fiend of strong *drink!*
Thy murderous work we now see;
But thy triumph shall end, thy victories cease,
And the conqueror the conquered shall be.

MRS. I. M. HARTSOUGH.

Sioux Falls, D. T. 1883.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

God pity the children born to a heritage of sin and drunkenness! Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children" was never more forcible to our thoughts than in looking over the record of a few days past. To the wife of the notorious Max La Fontane, a Chicago thief, and the mother herself a convict also, were born twin babes, at the Joliet penitentiary, and the account states that the father and mother seem to have no thought of the shame brought upon the little unconscious innocents, born in prison, of convict parents. Pitiful, too, the story of a recent Monday of driving rain in Chicago, when a mother and her two little children were set out, with their few belongings, into the street, to face the raging tempest as best they might. The landlord's patience was completely exhausted on account of the drunken husband and father, and the poor innocents had to suffer, though the woman is industrious and anxious to care for her children.

Then that poor little waif, known as "Little Corkey," a small newsboy, "found beastly drunk on the streets of Chicago, and fined by the justice $10.00 and costs! He is three feet five inches tall, and is seven years of age." What a pathetic picture! And "what will the harvest be?"

"UNION SIGNAL."

1 Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,
Ere the sorrow comes with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,—
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west;
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the play-time of the others,
In the country of the free.

2 Do you question the young children in their sorrow,
Why their tears are falling so?
The old man may weep for his to-morrow,
Which is lost in long ago.
The old tree is leafless in the forest,
The old year is ending in frost.
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
The old hope is hardest to be lost;
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
Do you ask them why they stand
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers
In our happy Fatherland?

3 They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see;
For the man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy;
"Your old earth," they say, "is very dreary;"
"Our young feet," they say, "are very weak!

Two paces have we taken, yet are weary;
Our grave-rest is very far to seek.
Ask the aged why they weep, and not the children,
For the outside earth is cold,
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,
And the graves are for the old."

4 "True," say the children, "it may happen
That we die before our time.
Little Alice died last year—the grave is shapen
Like a snowball in the rime.
We looked into the pit prepared to take her,
Was no room for any work in the close clay;
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her,
Crying "Get up, little Alice! it is day."
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,
With your ear down, little Alice never cries!
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes.
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in
The shroud, by the kirk chime.
"It is good when it happens," say the children,
"That we die before our time."

5 Alas, alas! the children, they are seeking
Death in life, as best to have;
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking
With a cerement from the grave.
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city;
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do;
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty;
Laugh aloud to feel your fingers let them through!
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows
Like our needs anear the mine?
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,
From your pleasures fair and fine!

6 "For Oh! say the children, "we are weary,
And we cannot run or leap;
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely
To drop down in them and sleep.
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping;
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring
Through the coal-dark underground;
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron
In the factories, round and round.

7 "For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,—
Their wind comes in our faces—
Till our hearts turn our heads with pulses burning,
And the walls turn in their places;
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling;
Turns the long light that drops adown the wall;
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling;
All are turning, all the day, and we with all.
And all day the iron wheels are droning;
And sometimes we could pray,
"O ye wheels (breaking out in a mad moaning.)
Stop! and be silent for to-day!"

8 Aye! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing
For a moment, mouth to mouth;
Let them touch each other's hands in a fresh wreathing
Of their tender human youth!
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion
Is not all the life God fashions or reveals;
Let them prove their living souls against the notion
That they live in you, or under you, O wheels!
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.

9 Now tell the poor young children, O my brothers,
To look up to Him and pray;
So the Blessèd One, who blesseth all the others,
Will bless them another day.
They answer, "Who is God that He should hear us,
While the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us
Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word.
And *we* hear not (for the wheels in their resounding,)
Strangers speaking at the door:
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,
Hears our weeping any more?

10 "Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,
And at midnight's hour of harm,
'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,
We say softly for a charm.
We know no other words, except 'Our Father,'
And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,
And hold both within His right hand which is strong.
'Our Father!' If He heard us He would surely
(For they call Him good and mild)
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,
'Come and rest with me, my child.'

11 "But no!" say the children, weeping faster,
"He is speechless as a stone,
And they tell us, of His image is the master
Who commands us to work on.
Go to!" say the children; "up in Heaven,
Dark, wheel-like turning clouds are all we find;
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving;
We look up for God, but tears have made us blind."
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,
O my brothers, what ye preach?
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving,
And the children doubt of each.

12 And well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun:
They know the grief of man, without his wisdom;
They sink in man's despair, without his calm;

Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom;
Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm;
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly
The blessing of its memory cannot keep;
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly;
Let them weep! Let them weep!

13 They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,
And their look is dread to see,
For they mind you of their angels in their places,
With eyes turned on Deity.
"How long," they say, "how long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand to move the world, on a child's heart—
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palliation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob curses deeper in the silence
Than the strong man in his wrath!"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

SOLILOQUY OF A DRUNKARD'S MOTHER.

1 Lift, lift ye clouds of gloom, from off my soul!
No more in blackness o'er my spirit roll,
Nor crush, with mountain weight, hope's feeble wings,
Now prone where dark despair its shadow flings.

2 Come, Holy Spirit! breathe upon the slain!
Slain hopes and aspirations, till again
I feel that life and duty have for me
A charm, and set my wounded spirit free.

3 Free from the chain that sorrow deftly winds
Of sympathy for him, whom, to me, nature binds,
For whom my life were not a gift too dear
If it might ward away the ill I fear.

4 'T is said that some would even dare to die
A friend to save; and even so would I.
My life, my all, how freely would I give,
If only he, for whom I pray, might live.

5 But if the love a dying Saviour gave
Hath not the charm his soul to win or save,
How vain an offering were my life, or love!
Nor would my death his thought indifferent move.

6 In sullen tides doth sorrow sweep my soul!
I sink beneath where swelling billows roll,
O God! if yet it might not be too late,
May mercy lead him through life's open gate!

EMILY PUTMAN WILLIAMS,
Appleton City, Mo.

WRECKS.

1 When summer skies bend lovingly
This world is wondrous fair;
It wraps us in a sheen of gold,
When o'er it broods no care.
But ah! the storm lurks just beyond,
It rises at a breath,
It strews the beaten earth with wrecks;
Its pathway marked by death.

2 A mother's heart beat high with hope,
Pride mingled with her joy,
For every promised good she craved
Was centered in her boy.
She did not see the storm-cloud then,
Nor yet the shadows fall
Across the picture she had drawn—
That shadow was a pall.

3 How oft, alas! the golden glow
Of morning greets our eyes,
And promises a gorgeous day
With only smiling skies;
But soon thick darkness settles down,
An unrelenting cloud,
And gathers up the last bright ray—
Wrapped in a dismal shroud.

4 The mother looked with bated breath
Upon the gathering gloom,
She saw it wrap her little world,
She saw the opening tomb.
She saw the throbbing tide of life,
Aflame with subtile ill
Bearing the idol of her life
A drunkard's grave to fill.

5 The world will not withhold the meed
Of praise for honest worth,
And he had climbed the heights alone
Nor thanks to noble birth;
That makes the hero, not the man,
And he had won the goal;
Not dreaming of the dark absyss
That waited for his soul.

* * * * * * *

6 That son, in manhood's pride and power,
A servile slave had grown.
A slave—he held the maddening cup,
His proudest dream had flown.
He struggled with the deadly foe,
As brave men fight in death,
But demons grew exultant, when—
He drew his latest breath.

CASSIE ST. GEORGE, 1884.

THRALL.

1 I am held like a captive knight,
I am hidden away from sight,
I cry like a child for the light.

2 I am bound by the cruelest thongs,
I quiver with outrage and wrongs,
Like a slave I sing a slave's songs,

3 At night, when the mad moon gleams,
Still viler my vile lot seems,
For at night I dream a slave's dreams.

4 At morning, at even, at noon,
The thong, far or near, late or soon,
Makes me cry out for death as a boon.

5 I quail 'neath a tyrant's dread eye,
I mutter vague threats, and still try
To sunder the horrible tie.

6 But my struggle is all in vain,
My captor claims me again,
And anon I clank the same chain.

7 O cruelest bondage of all,
Which well may the strongest appall,
Body free, but a soul in thrall.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD. 1883.

Mrs. Georgia Hulse McLeod. *

Wife of Rev. Dr. McLeod, is well known to the literary world, by both her prose and verse. As a temperance worker and writer of temperance poems of a high order, she has few equals, and her articles are eagerly sought.

AMONG SHADOWS.

1 "My early home was beautiful,
In a fair Southern clime,
Complete, when God my first-born gave
In the glad summer time.
I used to dream sweet waking dreams,
In the still evening-tide,
Of what my boy would grow to be—
My strong staff and my pride.

2 Years passed—bright boyhood, princely youth,
Honors were early won,
His name in praise on every lip:
Proud mother, loving son!
They pledged him at the festal board,
In wines so rare and old,
That almost fabulous I deemed
The history they told.

3 As dark as sin, the poison taint
That stirred the life-blood then:
Better that day my boy had died,
Honored by princely men!
Better the fair young face had lain
Beneath the winter sod,
Than stamped with sin, telling how far
A soul has strayed from God!

4 Gone down! step following fast on step;
Alas! that this should be.
Fettered with sin the fearless feet
Once bounding glad and free!
Eyes once so clear and beautiful,
Now vacant, bleared and dim—
I wonder, 'Is God pitiful,'
Whene'er I look on him.

5 Soon it will end—in broken heart,
And ruined life for me!
Must his, poor outcast on the earth,
A drunkard's record be?
O weary mother! wandering child,
Would God that death had come,
Instead of this foul sin, to blight
And desolate my home."

6 Such the sad story they told to me,
In a home once so fair—
Told by a mother crushed and lone,
And crowned with silvery hair,
Whitened by grief, not age, they said;
The shadow from her face,
They had no hope that joy again
On earth could e'er efface.

7 We mothers know not, if shall be
This record made in tears,
For *our* home treasures, sheltered now,
In childhood's blessèd years.
Somebody's boys fall every day,
Beneath the Rum-Fiend's tread;
O rulers of the nation, wake!
Their blood is on your head!

MRS. GEORGIA HULSE M'LEOD.
Baltimore, Feb., 24, 1884.

CUP OF PERIL.

1 Cup of peril! I touch thee not
While of all that are dear to me,
There be one that shareth the awful lot
Of a soul accursed by thee!

2 Cup of peril! Thy flash and flow
Glows red with innocent blood;
Thy drops are poison bitter, I know;
The ruin comes in like a flood!

3 Cup of peril! I snatch thy rim
From the grasp of the young and strong;
For their strength shall fail and their eyes grow dim
By the sting of thine adder tongue!

4 Cup of peril! I cast thee down!
In warnings voice all my breath!
Thy gleam hath a giant terror grown,
And the touch of thy plague is death!

MRS. H. ROSCOE FINLEY.
May, 24, 1882.

TEMPERANCE SONNET.

1 For thee the beacon lights of ages shine—
Shine warningly where fearful wrecks were made;
Was it for naught that Homer, undismayed,
Pictured for thee, in each immortal line,
Deluded ones who drank the luscious wine,
Drank from the golden bowl, as Circe bade,
And by her hateful sorceries betrayed,
Lost the firm will, and groveled into swine?
Drank from the poisoned cup, obliviousness—
Lost to the love of home, and native land—
Lost to the joys of others, or distress;
Transformed at last to brutes by Circe's wand.
Still tempters hand the fatal bowl—Beware!
Lest blind old Homer saw *thy* pictured snare.

ANNIE LENTHAL SMITH.
February, 1881.

* Daughter of late Surgeon J. Hulse, U. S. Navy, and wife of Rev. Alex W. McLeod, D.D., of Uniontown, a thoroughgood writer. Mrs. McLeod is a native of Florida, and is known through the South as one who did much for the cause of education at the close of the war, she then being principal and proprietor of the Southern Literary Institute for Young Ladies, one of the most popular institutions in Baltimore.

THE RUIN RUM HATH WROUGHT.

1 I asked my sweet baby, before she could speak,
"What is life?"
The dimples grew deeper in each velvet cheek,
The ruby lips parted in innocent smile,
Bright blue eyes were twinkling in mirth, all the while,
The mouth was filled full with a little round fist,
It was tasted and tasted and eagerly kissed.
But one little finger went up to her eye;
My tiny, grieved baby began then to cry.
I felt that my question had now its reply.
"A smile and a tear is my life."

2 Ten glad, sunny summers had gone, when I said,
"What is life?"
She paused in her romping and, drooping her head,
Replied all so earnestly, "Wait, let me think.
Why! I guess it is to breathe, to eat and to drink,
To work when you have to, to play when you can,
And never do half that you promise and plan.
When the sun shines bright, to be happy and glad,
When it rains and is dark, to be fretful and sad.
When you try to be good, you want to be bad.
That is all I can tell you of life."

3 I asked her again, on her glad bridal morn,
"What is life?"
She gave me a rosebud with never a thorn,
But many were waiting to pierce her young brow.
A cross hewn from granite, was that bridal vow.
The heart she had given, so trusting and true,
Was pierced by the arrows of Death, thro' and thro'.
The wine cup had planted her thorn bush of grief
And the day of her wifehood was darkened and brief.
The grave, all so restful, brought welcome relief,
For God took her burden of life.

4 I said to the husband who murdered my child,
"What is life?"
He answered in anguish, remorseful and wild,
With laugh like a demon from regions below,
"Her life has a record as white as the snow;
But mine was her curse and her cup full of gall,
It drank up her lifeblood, has woven her pall.
And I'm left alone with Cain's mark on my brow,
My hand stained with blood, tho' the world asks not how.
The fire of my torment is kindling now.
My heaviest burden is life."

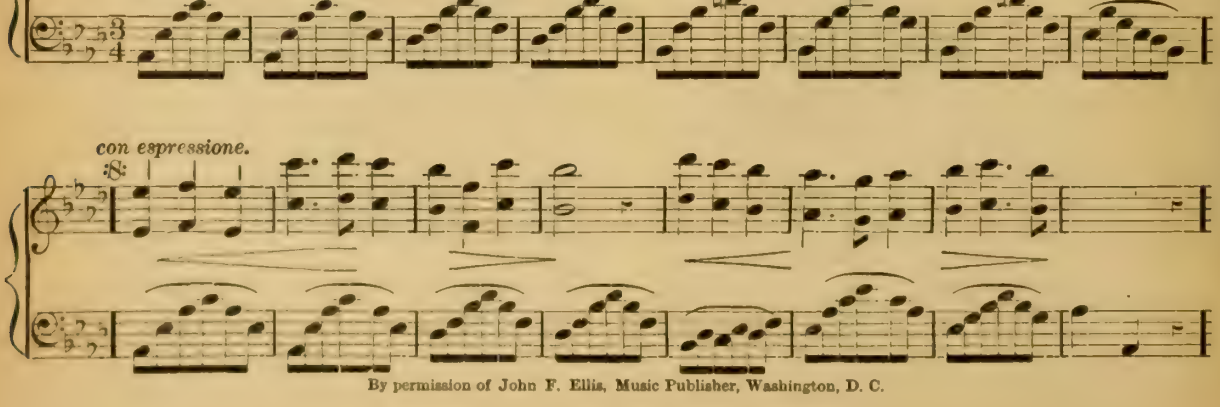
KATHARINE C.
In "The Crusade." 1879.

FATHER'S A DRUNKARD, AND MOTHER IS DEAD.

(THE FIRST ORIGINAL TEMPERANCE SONG PUBLISHED IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.)

Poetry by Mrs. NELLIE H. BRADLEY, of Washington, D. C. 1856. Music by Mrs. E. A. PARKHURST. 1858.

One dismal, stormy night in winter, a little girl, barefooted and miserably clad, leaned shivering against a large tree near the President's House. "Sissie," said a passing stranger, "why don't you go home?" She raised her pale face, and with tears dimming her sweet blue eyes, answered mournfully: "I have no home, Father's a drunkard, and Mother is dead."



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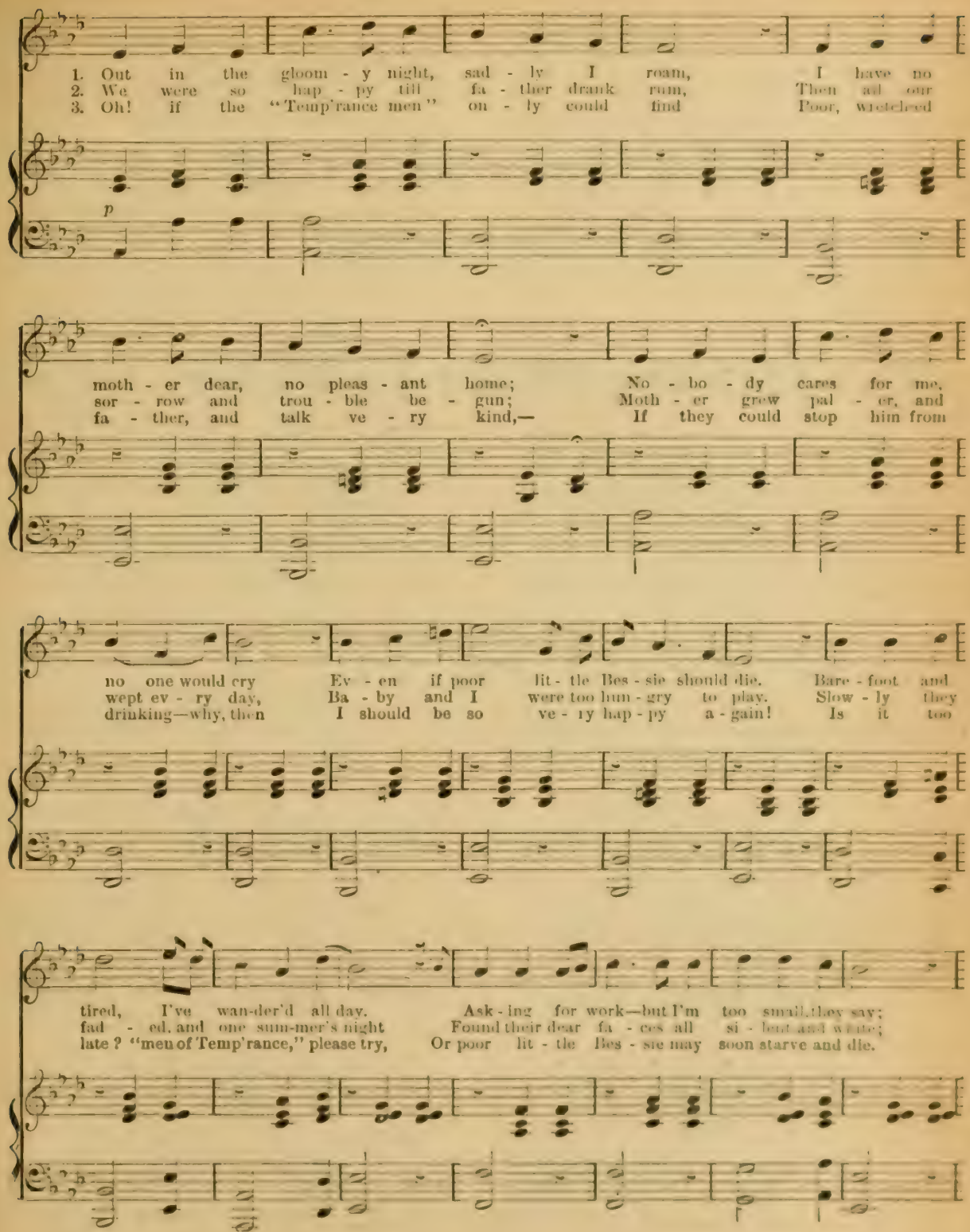
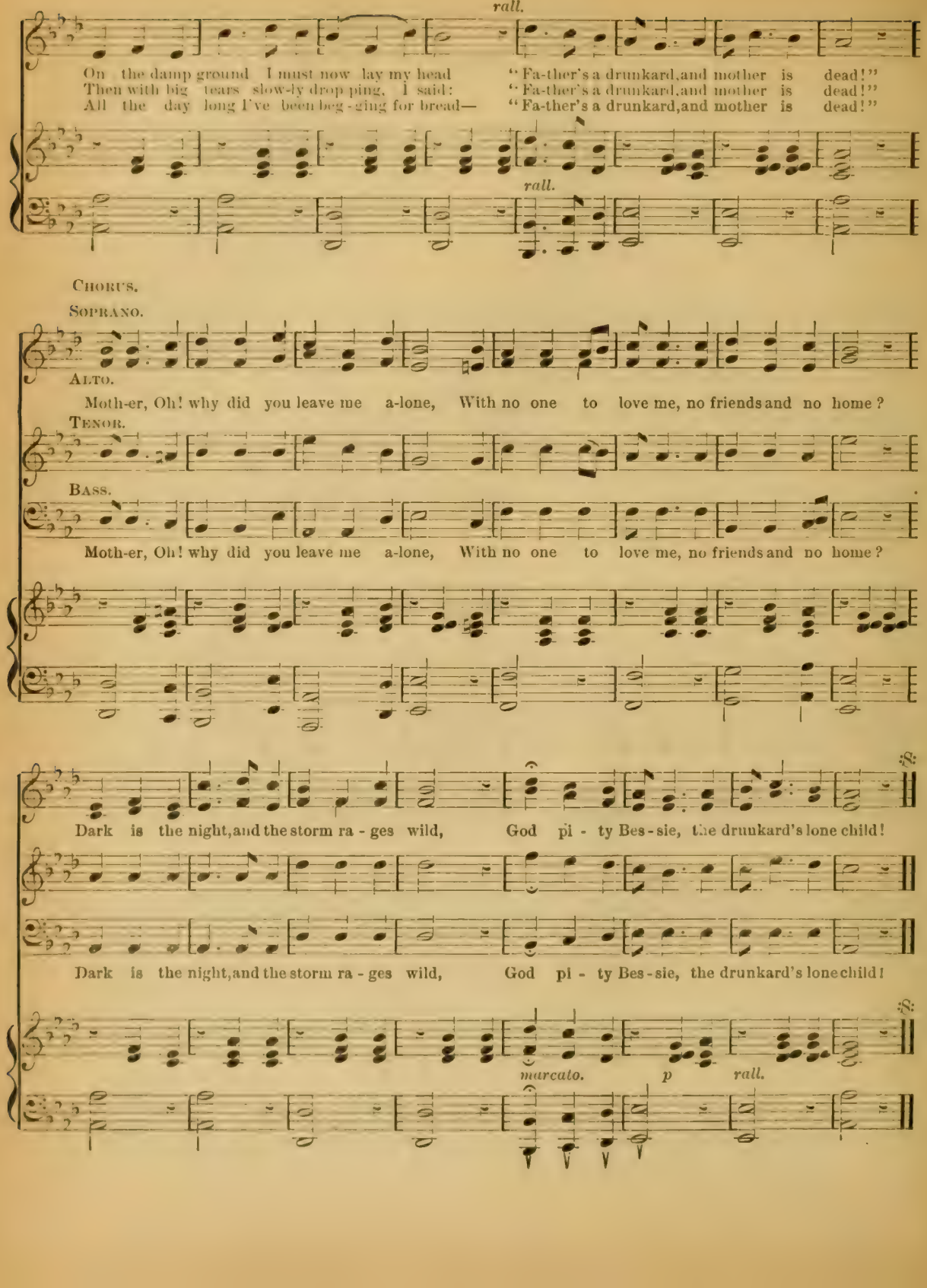

1. Out in the gloom - y night, sad - ly I roam, I have no
2. We were so hap - py till fa - ther drank rum, Then all our
3. Oh! if the "Temp'rance men" on - ly could find Poor, wretched
p
moth - er dear, no pleas - ant home; No - bo - dy cares for me.
sor - row and trou - ble be - gun; Moth - er grew pal - er, and
fa - ther, and talk ve - ry kind,— If they could stop him from
no one would cry Ev - en if poor lit - tle Bes - sie should die. Bare - foot and
wept ev - ry day, Ba - by and I were too hun - gry to play. Slow - ly they
drinking—why, then I should be so ve - ry hap - py a - gain! Is it too
tired, I've wan-der'd all day. Ask - ing for work—but I'm too small, they say;
fad - ed, and one sum-mer's night Found their dear fa - ces all si - lent and white;
late? "men of Temp'rance," please try, Or poor lit - tle Bes - sie may soon starve and die.


rall.
On the damp ground I must now lay my head "Fa-ther's a drunkard, and mother is dead!"
Then with big tears slow-ly drop ping, I said: "Fa-ther's a drunkard, and mother is dead!"
All the day long I've been beg-ging for bread— "Fa-ther's a drunkard, and mother is dead!"
rall.
Chorus.
Soprano.
Alto.
Moth-er, Oh! why did you leave me a-lone, With no one to love me, no friends and no home?
Tenor.
Bass.
Moth-er, Oh! why did you leave me a-lone, With no one to love me, no friends and no home?
Dark is the night, and the storm ra-ges wild, God pi-ty Bes-sie, the drunkard's lone child!
Dark is the night, and the storm ra-ges wild, God pi-ty Bes-sie, the drunkard's lone child!
marcato.
p
rall.

THE LOST WILL.

1 The snow lay heavy on the ground,
And heavy on the poor man's hut;
But something heavier on his heart
The door of hope had well-nigh shut.

2 It was not that no kindly word,
No smile of love was left him still;
It was not that his friends were lost:
It *was*—that he had lost *his will.*

3 His will, which in his better moods
Said: "Wife and home are sacred yet;
And I *will* leave the tempting cup—
My face against it firmly set."

4 His will—which, when before him stood
The sparkling poison, quick gave way,
Found him at morn a cringing slave—
Worse than a slave at close of day.

5 The cheerful bells this New Year's morn
Ring out to peaceful homes good cheer,
And glad response from happy hearts
Spring up to meet the opening year.

6 "The cursed bells! how bland their tone
To those who meet in love and joy!
Or is it *I*, a cursed *man*,
Whose waking conscience they annoy?

7 "I think of one whose blushing cheeks,
Once rosy as the buds of June,
Long washed by bitter tears, are bleached
And all her nature out of tune;

8 "From wearying years of hope deferred—
Of anguish tongue can never tell—
Till sorrow *hopes* for no relief—
All from this one accursed spell!

9 "It shall not be! I *will* those cheeks
Again to bloom—those eyes to glow;
I'll take a New Year's gift to her—
Fit time such favor to bestow.

10 "With silver it will not be bought—
There's not a penny in my purse;
But I will take to her *myself*—
A blessing, and *no more* a curse.

11 And I will come with steady step,
And ready speech and kindly word,
And bring new hope, and kindle joy
Where happy tones are seldom heard."

12 He sought his home with love for all,
For they had been a sorrowing band—
Said to his wife, "A New Year's gift!"
And placed a paper in her hand.

13 A pledge! and well she knew who wrote
The name so boldly signed below;
"I thought that I had lost my will,"
Was added, "that 't is found I'll show."

14 That New Year's gift, what joy it brought
To six tried souls I may not tell!
Husbands restored, and fathers saved—
Their wives, *their* children know it well.

15 Say not the drunkard's doom is sealed—
That only fancy paints him saved;
A word, a look, a tear, a prayer,
May break the chain that long enslaved.

16 Seek out the man by many scorned;
Plead with him—he is human still.
'T is *not* all fancy; many *have*,
And many more *may* find their will!

17 The snow lies heavy on the ground,
And heavy on the poor man's hut;
O ye who pity human woes,
Leave not the door of hope quite shut!

MRS JULIA F. BALLARD. 1880.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

1 With tottering step, and frenzied eye,
The sad inebriate hurries by,
To the accursed den
Where Lucifer's high priest awaits,
To lure, through the infernal gates,
His faltering fellow men.

2 The victim enters—grasps the cup,
And quaffs the demon nectar up;
He drinks, to drown his care.
O thou, who standest on the rock,
Above the surging billow's shock
See thou, thy brother there.

3 Withold thy censure, taunt and frown,
His sins and woes have borne him down
To effortless despair,
He sinks beneath his heavy load—
He's prostrate, on a thorny road;
Say, shall we leave him there?

4 Shall we not lend a kindly hand,
And with our strength help him to stand,
And find some safer way
For the poor harrassed, trembling feet,
Some shelter from the burning heat
And burden of the day?

5 Oh! by the power of word and deed,
Show him how human hearts can bleed
At sight of human woe;
Show him a love that will not shrink
To snatch from folly's foulest brink,
The wanderer, lost, below.

6 So, shalt thou lift thy brother up—
So, in thy measure, taste the cup
Thy Saviour drained for thee;
So life shall bridge on from the tomb,
And in Love's warm, perennial bloom
The captive shall be free.

MRS D. LANDIS. 1884.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

1 Say not "it might have been," would you discern
The deep significance of that which is.
No lot so humble that it may not learn
Its share of joy, its modicum of bliss.

2 "It might have been" will drift you far away
From the strong moorings of a Father's love;
For only He can safely guide the way
Through channels where life's hidden currents move.

3 He knows how weak we are, how broad, how high,
The powers He lends which all our natures hem.
He knows what stress and strain may wrench and try,
And we the stronger tides of beings stem.

4 And what He asks is, that when sorely pressed,
We reach our hands, and trustful place them where
His own may grasp them. Here alone is rest,
And comfort, and emergence from despair.

5 Tempted and fallen, steeped in sin and shame,
Plunged to very depths of infamy,—
Lift up your eyes, behold the heavens aflame,
With the bright promise of what yet may be.

MRS. ANNIE TURNER.
Hannibal, Sept. 7th, 1873.

THE TEST.

"Nay, not till Christ hath the whole being fraught."

1 It looks a goodly ship, the favoring breeze
Filling its sails, above the cloudless sky,
The peaceful sea beneath; no danger nigh.
It is a goodly ship, but not by these
'Tis judged. Wait till the storm-king frees
Its ministers; the winds, the waves, the shock
Of mountain billows and the treacherous rock,
Shall say if it be strong to ride the seas.

2 Not till the bitter storms of life have sought
Vainly to whelm: not till the waves of wrong,
Sorrow and loss, despair and doubt have fought
For mastery; not till the siren throng
In vain their all-entrancing wiles have wrought,
Dare any soul to say, Lo, I am strong!

CARLOTTA PERRY.
Milwaukee.

A PLEA.

After reading of a drunkard who was highly connected and held honorable position in the army, the account ending with the remark, "He is a ruined man."

1 Call him not ruined while life's tide is flowing
Warm through his veins,
And reason, by sure signs, is daily showing
It still retains
Its throne within the mind once strong and noble,
Once brave and true,
To will and plan, direct, command and venture,
Decide and do.

2 Call him not wholly ruined, noble brothers,
You, who are strong,
Temptations to resist, and bravely battle
With vice and wrong,
Hasten to him and kindly tell him, others
Who fall, arise,
Regain all they had lost and add unto it
Much which men prize.

3 Call him not ruined, though so lowly fallen,
Remember that
While there is life, hope firmly may be cherished
Still to combat,
Resist and re-resist the tempter's sieges,
Man has grown strong,
And joins, from degradation resurrected,
Earth's noble throng.

4 Call him not ruined, tell him of his darlings,
His parents dear,
His brothers, sisters, friends and soldier comrades,
Then when a tear
Drops from his eye, speak tenderly, speak softly,
Of wife and child,
Who love him still, and wait to kiss him welcome
Though so defiled.

5 Call him not ruined, tho' so nearly perished,
Remember that
While life remains hope rightly may be cherished,
And we combat
With men or demons who with selfish fury
Struggle and strive
Away from God and all things pure and holy,
To drag or drive.

ANGIE FULLER.

HELP THE DRUNKARD TO REFORM.

1 Scorn not the drunkard if he falls,
But reach him out a helping hand,
Set him upon his feet again,
And bid him try again to stand.
Tell him that as the little child
First learns to walk, so he must learn
Each time he falls to rise again,
And from temptation bravely turn.

2 Tell him that effort is the price
Of all success, and he must try
Over and over, till he grows
Able to pass temptation by,
Able to say the firm word, "No,"
And stick to it, whoever sneers,
Able to be a brave, true man,
In spite of ridicule or jeers.

3 Tell him that millions daily pray
For him and every tempted one,
That Heaven awaits to give him grace
Temptation to resist and shun,
Aye, tell him this, and tell him more,
But never pass him by with scorn,
Lest he, despairing, fall again,
Cursing the hour that he was born.

4 Scorn not the drunkard, tho' he fall,
He is thy brother, just the same,
And holds upon thy love and aid
A double, yes a treble claim.
While life continues, there is hope
That reason will assert its sway,
Will with temptation bravely cope,
And gloriously your toil repay.

ANGIE FULLER.
In the "Venture." 1882.

FIGHT ON, BRAVE HEART, FIGHT ON.

1 Fight onward to the breach, brave heart,
When till victory o'er life is won!
To mourn is but the coward's part—
Thou hast the warrior's now begun;
Pour out thy last, best, ruddiest drops;
But till thy wild pulsations stop,
Fight on, brave heart, fight on!

2 The knight of old, sought Christ's dear grave,
When joy from earthly home had gone;
For this, he dared the wintry wave,
And roamed o'er burning waste alone;
Make then a wiser pilgrimage
To thine own grave in youth of age;
Fight on, brave heart, fight on.

KATE R. ODEN.

Alice C. Jennings

Was born in Worcester, Mass. Her father was a clergyman, settled in various parts of that state for thirty seven years. At the age of eight, her hearing was entirely lost through an attack of scarlet fever. Her education has been chiefly carried on at home, and through her own efforts. For four years she attended the Horace Mann School in Boston. After being connected three years with the Society to Encourage Studies at Home she was offered a position as teacher, which place she has acceptably filled for seven years, and which she now occupies. She began writing in 1871, and her poems already number one hundred. For fifteen or twenty years, her's has been a silent life. No melody from human voice, or song of bird, has reached her ear; yet I doubt not the divine harmonies and the still small voice of God have been all the sweeter and richer to her inmost soul and understanding. In 1880 she published a volume of poems entitled Heart Echoes, a book of rare merit, without one poor or limping bit of verse within its pages. She is about to issue another volume, for which we predict an extensive sale.

SPILT WATER.

II. Sam. xiv: 14.

1 Because the joy has run to waste
That our life-goblet bore:
Wilt thou upon the scattered drops
Look downward evermore?

2 Behold, a hundred brimming cups
Thy God prepares for thee:
And richer for the loss of one
The sweetness left shall be.

3 In weeping for our vanished hours
The passing ones we slight;
In mourning o'er our unused powers
We give them deeper blight.

4 Each fleeting moment earnest pleads
That *present* duty claims
Our fullest strength, our worthiest deeds,
Our highest, holiest aims.

5 No rocks or stones a cause supply
To make the stream recede;
They only lift its waves more high—
They cannot check its speed.

6 So following Nature's changeless laws,
When bitter things we meet,
Our lives should flow without a pause
Above them, strong and fleet.

7 Then stoop no more with fond design
To raise the drops from dust:—
They are not lost—a hand Divine
Holds every one in trust.

8 But though the joy has run to waste,
That one life-goblet bore;
Unto the eternal Fount of Life,
Look upward evermore.

ALICE C. JENNINGS. 1884.
In "The Christian Secretary."
Hartford, Conn.

ONLY A BIRD'S NEST.

1 Weary and heartsick, with wasted form
And eyes that glowed like a smouldering fire,
Scarcely heeding the fierce, cold storm
That swept along with unflinching ire,
While the bare trees shivered, and moaned, and swayed,
'Neath the cutting fury the storm-king made.

2 But through it all, with an angry tread
And lips that trembled with curses deep,
A heart with all of its bright dreams dead,
And eyes that looked as not made to weep,
A woman wandered through a city's street
While the storm-winds of winter against her beat.

3 The people passing her turned to see,
With sneering lips and scornful eye.
"O God!" she cried; "in Thy scorn hear me,
And grant my prayer—that I long to die!
While dying I curse them with latest thought
For the cruel misery they have wrought!

4 "Once I was pure and free from care,
The days passed by like swift, sunny dreams;
No coarser place than the country, fair,
Filled full of flowers and birds and streams;
Where innocence reigned, and prayer and praise
Swept up to heaven. Those perfect days!

5 "But now I never dare to pray,
All men are cruel, and life is cold.
My faith and innocence swept away;
Lost, almost, the thought of the days of old!
O God, to die!" and against a tree
In the gathering darkness staggered she.

6 "God pity me — pity!" in accents faint
She cried, as hot tears suffused her eyes.

When, lo, as in answer to her complaint,
There fell at her feet — while in glad surprise
She caught and pressed it upon her breast —
A poor little storm-torn sparrow's nest!

7 And as it rested there on her breast,
It wafted her back to her childhood's home;
Away, from the city's busy mart,
Away, to the country's peace and bloom.
And she murmured faintly, as tears fell fast:
"O God, I pray Thee, forgive the past!

8 "Wipe out all the crime, and shame, and sin,
And give me some of Thy love and rest
In the better life that I'll begin
Just for the sake of this sparrow's nest!
Give back the faith of my youthful days
In the life that stretches in rugged ways!"

* * * * * *

9 Five years, and far in that better life
That she had chosen, she's living now;
A loving mother, a happy wife,
With smiling lips and care-free brow —
Living in God's full peace and rest
That came to her with that sparrow's nest!

MISS J. K. LUDLUM.
In "The Advance." New York, Aug. 1885.

REPENTANCE.

1 If the Lord were to send down blessings from heaven
as thick and as fast as the fall
Of the drops of rain or the flakes of snow, I'd love
Him and thank Him for all;
But the gift that I'd crave, and the gift that I'd keep,
if I'd only one to choose,
Is the gift of a broken and contrite heart, and that
He will not refuse.

2 For what is my wish and what is my hope, when
I've toiled and prayed and striven,
All the days that I live upon earth? It is this— to
be forgiven.
And what is my wish and what is my hope, but to
end where I begin,
With an eye that looks to my Saviour, and a heart
that mourns for its sin!

3 Well, perhaps you think I am going to say I'm the
chief of sinners, and then
You'll tell me, as far as you can see, I'm no worse
than other men.
I've little to do with better or worse, I haven't to judge
the rest;
If other men are no better than I, they are bad
at the best.

4 I've nothing to do with other folks; it is n't for me
to say
What sort of men the Scribes might be, or the Phar-
isees in their day;
But we know that it wasn't for such as they that the
kingdom of heaven was meant;
And we're told we shall likewise perish unless we do
repent.

5 And what have I done, perhaps you'll say, that I
should fret and grieve?
I didn't wrangle, nor curse, nor swear; I didn't lie
nor thieve;
I'm clear of cheating and drinking and debt. Well,
perhaps, but I cannot say;
For some of these I hadn't a mind, and some didn't
come in my way.

6 For there's many a thing I could wish undone, though
law might not be broken;
And there's many a word, now I come to think, that
I could wish unspoken.
I did what I thought to be the best, and I said just
what came to my mind;
I wasn't so honest that I could boast, and I'm sure
that I wasn't kind.

7 Well, come to things that I might have done, and
then there'll be more to say;
We'll ask for the broken hearts I healed, and the
tears that I wiped away.
I thought for myself and I wrought for myself—
for myself and none beside;
Just as if Jesus had never lived, as if He had never
died.

8 But since my Lord has looked on me, and since He
has bid me look
Once on my heart and once on my life and once on
His Blessed Book,
And once on the cross where He died for me, He has
taught me that I must mend,
If I'd have Him to be my Saviour, and keep Him to
be my Friend.

9 Since He's taken this long account of mine and has
crossed it through and through,
Though He's left me nothing at all to pay, He has
given me enought to do;
He has taught me things that I never knew, with all
my worry and care,
Things which have brought me down to my knees,
and things that will keep me there.

10 He has shown me the law that works in Him and
the law that works in me.
Life unto life and death unto death, and has asked
how do these agree;
He has made me weary of self and of pelf; yes, my
Saviour has bid me grieve
For the days and years when I didn't pray, when I
didn't love nor believe.

11 Since He's taken this cold, dark heart of mine, and
has pierced it through and through,
He has made me mourn both for things I did and
for things I didn't do;
And what is my wish and what is my thought, but
to end where I began.
With an eye that looks to my Saviour, and a heart
that mourns for its sin!

DORA GREENWELL.

A TURKISH TRADITION.

1 'T is said the Turk, when passing down
An Eastern street,
If any scrap of paper chance
His eyes to greet,

2 Will never look away, like us,
Unheedingly,
Or pass the little fragment thus
Regardless by.

3 But stop to pick it up because,
Oh! lovely thought!
The name of God may thereupon
Perchance be wrought.

4 In every human soul remains,
However dim,
Some image of the Diety,
Some trace of Him.

5 And how can we, then, any scorn
As foul and dark,
That bear, though frail and lowly, still
That holy mark?

6 And since His impress is upon
All nature seen,
How can we aught disdain as common
Or unclean?

MYRA POLLARD.

WASTED FOUNTAINS.

And their nobles have sent their little ones to the waters: they came to the pits and found no water, they returned with their vessels empty. Jeremiah xiv: 3.

1 When the youthful fever of the soul
Is awakened in thee first,
And thou goest like Judah's children forth
To slake the burning thirst,
And when dry and wasted like the springs
Sought by that little band,
Before thee, in life's emptiness,
Life's broken cisterns stand;

2 Up and onward! toward the East
Green oases thou shalt find,—
Streams that rise from higher sources
Than the pools thou leavest behind
Life has import more inspiring
Than the fancies of thy youth;
It has hopes as high as Heaven,
It has labor, it has truth.

3 It has wrongs that may be righted,
Noble deeds that may be done;
Its great battles are unfought,
Its great triumphs are unwon.
There are crushed and broken spirits,
That electric thoughts may thrill;
Lofty dreams to be embodied
By the might of one strong will.

4 There are God and Heaven above thee.
Wilt thou languish in despair?
Tread thy griefs beneath thy feet,
Scale the walls of Heaven by prayer.
'T is the Key of the Apostle
That will open Heaven below;
'T is the ladder of the Patriarch,
Whereon angels come and go.

ANNE CHARLOTTE LYNCH.

SHE SAILS BY THE STARS.

1 She is launched on the wave—the good ship Prohibition,
The wave of humanity boundless and free;
Around her staunch gunwale in fierce ebulition
The mad waters foam as she heads out to sea;
White floats her canvas with brisk breezes fanning her,
Straight steers her rudder, with strong sinews manning her.
Safe shall her voyage be—cool courage planning her;
"God and our country," her watchword shall be.

2 What does she sail by, the ship Prohibition?
How meet the breakers, the shocks and the jars?
How safely steer off the reefs of sedition?
How shun the iceberg that shatters and mars?
Justice, her guiding star, shines through the darkest night,
Peace and prosperity lend her their lambent light,
Health, hope and happiness shine on her ever bright,
Truth is her compass—she sails by the stars.

3 What does she carry, the ship Prohibition,
Under her breastplate of staunch iron bars?
What treasure rare does she hold in transition,
Guarded by strong arms of veteran tars?
Hope for the hopeless, now weeping so wearily,
Help for the helpless, whose hands hang so drearily,
Homes for the homeless—glad news ringing cheerily;
She carries good tidings, who sails by the stars.

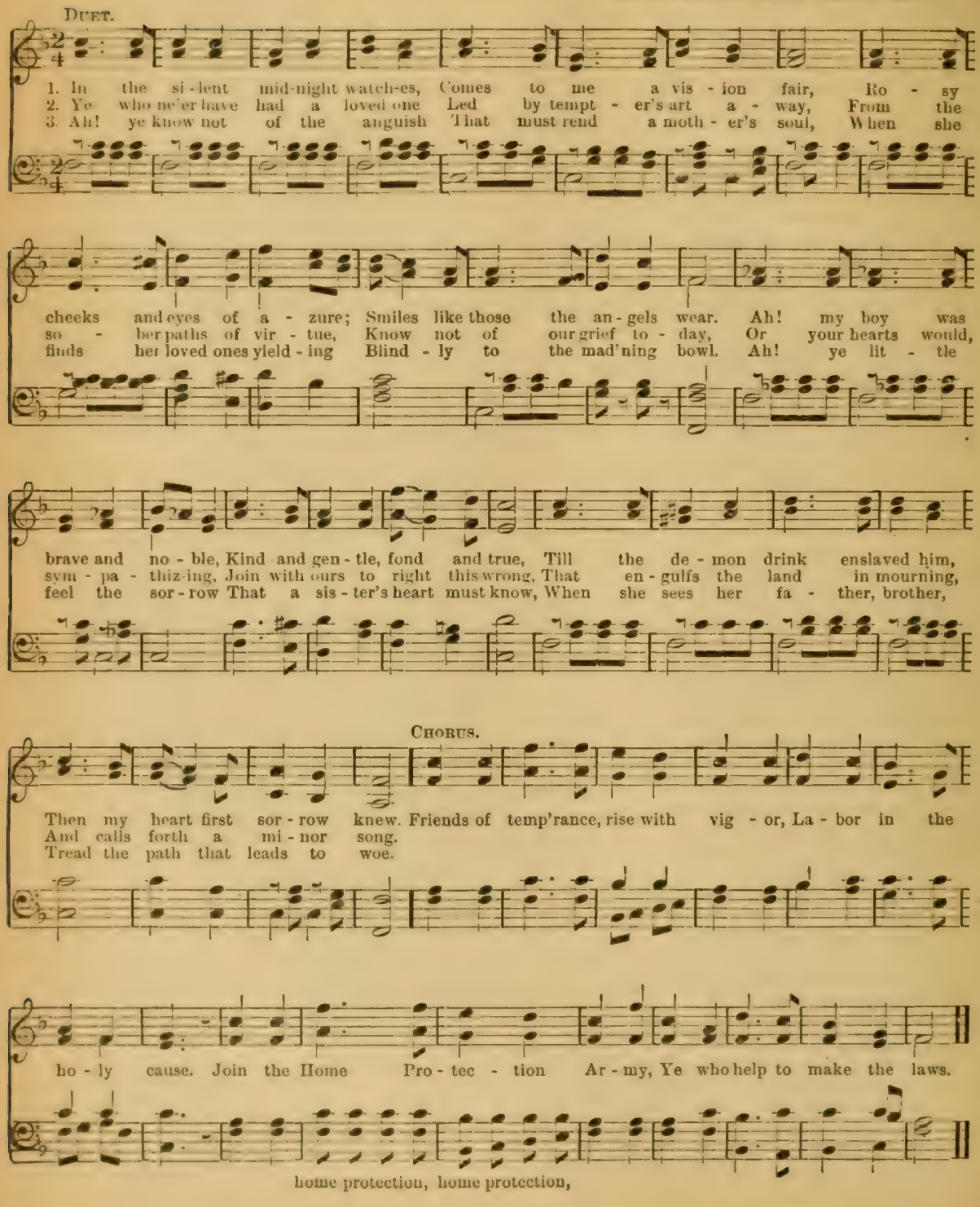
4 She is out on the sea—the good ship Prohibition,
The treacherous sea of political wars;
Sweet baby hands clasped in childish petition,
Sad woman eyes watching her broad streaming bars;
Their souls deepest sympathies seaward are wending,
Their sad supplications in unison blending,
Its earnest beseechings to heaven ascending,
"God speed the sailors who sail by the stars."

5 Ho! send out your pilot! the ship Prohibition
Has sighted the land, coming back from the wars;
Proud floats her pennant above competition,
Loud ring the cheers from her jubilant tars;
Arms are stretched seaward from waiting hearts yearning,
Souls lifted upward with high purpose burning,
Victory sails with her, homeward returning,
God's beacons guide her—she sails by the stars!

MRS. [illegible]
In "[illegible]"
Memphis, Tenn., Aug., 1884.

JOIN THE HOME PROTECTION ARMY.

Words and Music by Mrs. GEO. CLINTON SMITH.



PROHIBITION.

READ AT LAKE BLUFF CONVENTION, 1881.

1 In the days that are past,
When our grandsires were young,
There were knights, strong and brave,
Who to "faire ladyes" sung;
Who pledged on their lances
Their honor and faith,
And vowed to be constant
And loyal till death.

2 Those chivalrous days
With their valor are gone,
Yet modern knights
With their full armor on,
Are marshalled before her
Their pledges to make
To this, their fair lady,
Our beautiful lake.
She fills up each glass,
As they bow at her shrine,
Yet firmly forbids them
To pledge her in wine.
'T is clear sparkling water
She lifts to their view,
And urges them forward
To dare and to do.
Let this be the motto
Engraved on your shield:
"'T is through Prohibition
Rum's bulwarks must yield."

3 Oh! now, most of all,
When a mother and wife
Are bending in tears
O'er a slow ebbing life,
When the nation's great pulse
Throbs and quivers with pain
For him who, perchance,
May not rally again,
We think of the mourners—
Pale, haggard and thin—
Made widows and orphans
By whiskey and gin;
Of manhood despoiled
By a deadlier blow
Than ever was hurled
By a Booth or Guiteau.

4 When the terrible truth
That our Lincoln was dead
Was flashed over the wires,
We shuddered with dread;
But 'twas only the clay
That we placed 'neath the sod,
The soul of our chief
Mounted upward to God,
And angels came forth
In a worshipping crowd,
With snowy wings folded,
And shining heads bowed,
To touch but the hem
Of the garments of one
Whose life-work was grandly
And fearlessly done;
Who dashed from the bondman
His fetters and goad,
And thus upon millions
Blest freedom bestowed.

5 And Garfield—know ye
That such men cannot die!
The hero may wounded
And suffering lie,
But his courage and firmness,
And patience and trust,
Will live when the perishing
Body is dust.
And she, the worn watcher,
Whose eyes may not dim
While bravely imparting
Fresh courage to him,
Her anguish all hidden,
Her grief so intense
Concealed through these hours
Of awful suspense.
To what shall we liken
The wound of the heart,
Inflicted on her
By the miscreant's dart?

6 And have we a type
Of the mother whose arm
Reached out for her "baby"
To shield him from harm?
Who wondered why danger
Should threaten her "boy,"
The light of her life,
And her widowhood's joy!

7 Yes, yes! there are thousands
Of homesteads to-day,
Where wives sit in tears
By their idols of clay,
Where wounds, deep and mortal,
Show deadly work done,
With weapons more fatal
Than pistol or gun.
Where silver-haired mothers,
Half wild from alarms,
Look vacantly down
On their poor empty arms,
And, shivering, sob,
"O my baby—my son!
Once noble and pure,
But now lost and undone!
My child never harmed him,
And yet he must fall,
Pierced, wounded to death
By the rumseller's ball."

8 Poor mothers! crushed wives!
Your petitions are heard,
Jehovah is with you,
Our camp has been stirred,
We are sounding the *Signal*
Of whiskey's defeat,
And trust soon to make it
Assured and complete.

* * *

10 And what shall we say
To the women who stand
Like cities of refuge
Throughout our broad land?
Who tread the dark alleys—
The by-ways of sin—
To lift up the fallen
And gather them in?
Who murmur (dear hearts)
O'er each wandering one,
Smoothing back the damp locks,
"He was some mother's son."

11 Or, finding a starving
And heart-broken wife,
From sympathy moan,
"She, perchance, was the life,
The joy of the home
That her presence once blest—
By father protected,
By mother caressed."

12 This, *this* I would say
To the grand working throng
Who are rolling the ball
Prohibition along:
No woman with sons
Or with daughters should pause
Till she be a sharer
In framing our laws;
Till the den of the gambler,
The gilded saloon,
Whose breath is more fatal
Than fiercest simoon,
Are swept from the land
They have withered with blight,
By the *votes* of the women
Now pleading for right.

13 Then, sisters, arouse ye!
Press forward to win;
Let your reformation
In justice begin.
By concert of action,
Henceforward declare
Your right, as free women,
The franchise to share;
Your right to proclaim
That the man-traps shall move
Beyond reach of your son,
And the husband you love;
Your right to assist
With your votes and your purse
In freeing our land
Of this terrible curse.

KATE HARRINGTON.
Lake Bluff, 1881.

BEFORE DAWN.

1 Long is the night, and we ride
Into the east, it seems,
Friend and foe at our side,
Through a land of shadows and dreams.

2 Voices to left and right
Out of the darkness call,
"Travellers, what of the night?"
Wayfarers, wanderers, all!

3 From magical gardens behind,
Songs and sweet echoes enthrall:
"Lo, here are your idols enshrined!
Return for the flowers you let fall!"

4 Ah, never!—forever away
Through the dark and the mist we speed,
Born on the unknown day,
And the echoing songs recede.

5 Loometh a watch-tower tall;
"Watchman, what of the night?"
For, behold, in the windowed wall
Surely there shineth a light.

6 But dumb is the oracle, cold
Is the window empty and high,
And the light it seemeth to hold
Is a star in the eastern sky.

7 Prophet, poet, and saint
Have said that a dawn will break;
But chilled by the darkness, we faint.
Will those who are sleeping awake?

8 They have slept so long and so deep!
Our hearts are aweary, our eyes
Are heavy: we too must sleep.
Shall we wake with the Day in the skies?

ANNA BOYNTON.
"Lippincott's Magazine."

LE MENU.

At a dinner-party given to one of our celebrated army officers on the occasion of his birthday, the "Menu," presented to the guests of the next morning, was a poetical catalogue of wines and viands commencing:

"Fill up the glass! we drink to-night
To the dark days of the nation.
We drink to days we can't forget,
Of camp, and gun, and ration."

And suggested the following poem:—

1 Drink, drink, drink!
Each brand of the Nation's curse;
Drink, drink, drink!
And deeds of the brave rehearse;
But know—a natural law controls—
Though you heed it not, you must swallow souls,
For men are watching your ranks to swell
Whose ruined lives may your influence tell.

2 Drink, drink, drink!
In spite of our "woman's fears."
Drink, drink, drink!
In spite of our prayers and tears.
The foes of our home with a subtle dart,
Have taken aim at the Nation's heart;
And many who fought by our brave who died,
Are fighting now on the foeman's side.

3 Drink, drink, drink!
Our boys!— Must they follow still?
Drink, drink, drink!
Ah! worse than bullets can kill!
God speed the day when with might divine.
Some bold, brave leader shall conquer wine,
And win a victory pure that may
Protect our homes and our loved for aye!

LYDIA H. TILTON.

PROHIBITION.

1 Oh! think of the homes made desolate
By the ruby, sparkling bowls!
And think of the hearts that are breaking
For the lost and ruined souls
Of fathers, husbands, brothers,
Led on to drunkards' graves
By the Demon Drink, who bound them,
His hopeless, helpless slaves!

2 In mercy snatch the brimming cup
From thy faltering brother's grasp,
And the hand that felt the serpent's sting
In loving kindness clasp;
And lead him from the tottering brink
Before it be too late.
Be up and doing! There's no time
To linger nor to wait.

* * * * * * *

3 Then let us pray that God will bless
The noble temperance cause;
That prohibition soon may be
One of the Nation's laws.
How grand 't would be for us to know
That from each pole to pole
The rulers of the world would pass
A veto on the bowl.

[illegible] ADAMS.
[illegible] Pa. 1884.
In "Gems of Poetry."

A STRIKE AGAINST ALCOHOL.

1 A grand strike is surely pending,
Rally, Christians, one and all;
Strike! against the cruel wages
Of the tyrant, Alcohol.
He defrauds you of your earnings,
Of your manhood, and good name,
While he pays in wretched coinage,
That can bring you only shame.

2 He is asking for your favor,
In the pittance that he pays
For the privilege of murder
In our alleys and highways;
For the blackest crimes committed
O'er the nation, one and all,
Are incited by the fury
Of the demon Alcohol.

3 Our dark prison walls are telling
Of his fearful deeds of blood;
And a tide of crime is surging
O'er the nation, like a flood;
Fraud, 'mid splendor in high places,
Want and wretchedness, in low,
Is the price that we are paying
For our liquor revenue.

4 He alone could send the bullet
Through our noble Lincoln's brain:
He alone applies the torches
To the fierce, death-dealing train;
Eagerly he clasps the pistol,
Brandishes the glittering knife;
Thrusts aside the angel, Mercy,
As she pleads for precious life.

5 Will you longer serve the robber?
Shall his stealthy jewelled hand
Clasp the fetters that enslave you,
Abject slave at his command?
Scorn his bribes, and spurn his proffers,
Rally, brothers! one and all;
Strike against the cruel wages
Of the tyrant, Alcohol.

[illegible] WASHINGTON. 1878
From "Echoes of Song."

FALTER WHO MAY, FOLLOW WHO DARE!

1 The voice is the voice of a leader,
The words ring in the air;
"All ye who may not falter,
Follow all ye who dare!"

2 To-day is the day of a battle,
The brunt is hard to bear;
Stand back all ye who falter,
Make room for them who dare!

3 The fight is the fight for Freedom,
The colors are God's we wear;
O coward souls who falter,
Make room for them who dare!

4 By twos and by threes we are stronger
Than the powers of the air;
We need you not who falter,
Stand off from them who dare!

5 The thrones and the kingdoms are rocking,
The tyrants in despair;
For help to you who falter,
Will flee from them who dare!

6 The voice is the voice of a leader,
The words ring in the air,
"All ye who may not falter,
Follow all ye who dare!

7 For the cup in the Lord's hand gloweth,
Follow ye on with prayer;
It is death if you but falter,
It is life if you but dare!"

HELEN HUNT. May, 1867.

TO THE RESCUE.

DEDICATED TO THE PEOPLE, ON BEHALF OF PROHIBITION.

1 In a home of destitution,
Lies a woman once so fair,
That the Angels bending o'er her
Kissed the bright threads of her hair;
Watched how her soul's pure shadow
Flitted o'er her baby face,
Whispered "Near the Land of Calv'ry,
Waits for her a shining place."

CHORUS.— To the rescue! To the rescue!
Help her to that heavenly place!

2 But that hair now, dark and matted
Lies upon the filthy floor;
Straying from a brow besotted,
Kissed by angel lips no more.
And a dark and ghastly shadow
Broods above her woman face,
And the angels weep beside her
For the vacant heavenly place.

To the rescue! To the rescue!
Help her to that heavenly place!

3 At her breast a puny infant;
And the baby's wail goes up,
Crying to the God of Abel
'Gainst the alcholic cup.
O ye wise and noble Statesmen!
O ye ladies fair and fine!
Stop your ears against *its* wailing,
God shall close *His* ears 'gainst thine.

To the rescue! To the rescue!
Save *her* child and God save *thine.*

4 Listen! Hear that mother crying,
"I am poisoning my child!
And I know it! Oh! I know it!
And it almost makes me wild!
'T is the rum-shops! 'T is the dram-shops!
For I cannot pass them by!
Oh! the demon drags me to them!
Will men never hear my cry?

To the rescue! To the rescue!
Men and women, hear her cry!

5 O ye Christian Legislators!
O ye freemen, ballot-armed!
List the wail of thousand mothers,
And the infants in their arms
Crying to the God of Abel,
And *He* listens. Will *ye* not?
Drive the tempter from the nation!
Cleanse your brows of Cain's foul blot!

To the rescue! To the rescue?
Banish rum-shops! Will ye not!

MRS. H. N. K. GOFF. by per.
Set to Music by DR. THOS. H. PEACOCK.
Published by Azro Goff, Philadelphia.

NOT ALONE.

"Commit thy way unto Him, trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass. Psalms; xxxvii : 5.
"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." 1 Peter v: 7.

1 O pilgrim worn and weary,
Oppressed with toil and care,
When life seems dark and dreary,
Bring all to God in prayer.
He knoweth every sorrow
He feeleth every pain,
Then trust Him for the morrow
Thou shalt not trust in vain.

2 When tempests gather o'er thee
And days grow chill and drear,
When all seems dark before thee
With scarce a ray to cheer;
Then go to Him who loves thee
And tell Him all thy care,
For He is strong and loving
And He will hear thy prayer.

3 Go tell Him all thy sorrow,
Tell Him thy toils and tears,
Commit to Him to-morrow
With all its hopes and fears.
Trust Him who rules the tempest,
Who trusts Him shall not fail.
The Lord Jehovah reigneth!
And Justice shall prevail!

4 Ah! not alone we struggle!
We have a Friend on high!
Then bear to Him thy burden,
He heareth when we cry.
The weariness and watching
Endure for but a night!
A brighter day is dawning,
Joy cometh with the light!

ANNA HOLYOKE HOWARD. 1883.

DAILY STRENGTH FOR DAILY DUTIES.

1 Open the East Gate now,
And let the day come in,
The day with unstained brow,
Untouched by care or sin.
For her we watch and wait,
Wait with the birds and dew;
Open the Eastern Gate,
And let the daylight through.

2 Unlift thy daily toil
With brain all fresh and clear,
Strong hands that have no soil,
And heart untouched by fear.
Marching unto thy noon,
Marching unto thy rest—
When shadows lengthen, soon
Comes calm and peaceful rest.

3 Open the Western Gate,
And let the daylight go
In pomp of royal state,
In rose and amber glow.
It is so late, so late,
The birds sing sweet and low—
Open the Western Gate
And let the daylight go.

4 Lay down thy daily toil,
Glad of thy labor done,
Glad of the night's assoil,
Glad of thy wages won;
With hearts that fondly wait,
With grateful hearts aglow,
Pray at the Western Gate
And let the daylight go.

5 Pray at the Eastern gate
For all the day can ask;
Pray at the Western Gate.
Holding thy finished task.
It waxeth late, so late,
The night falls cold and gray;
But through Life's Western Gate
Dawns Life's Eternal Day.

MARY A. BURR.

OUR FAILURES, HIS SUCCESSES.

1 When we have tried with all our best endeavor,
And spared our work no cost,
It is not well to sit us down for failure,
And count the battle lost.

2 For God may have a surer way of reckoning,
And call our losses gain.
Better to save our strength for untried conflicts,
Not waste in bootless pain.

3 I think the God of justice will not ask us
To open His closed door;
Unless He swing it wide for our ingoing,
We need not watch it more.

4 I think the God of pity our hand closes,
Lest we cast down our pearl
Before the feet he knows would only trample,
And back our sweet gift hurl.

5 I think the watchful Father stays our footsteps
When just outside love's door,
And see us wreck our boat against the quicksand
In sight of longed-for shore.

6 And still He says to us: "Ye are my children,
If ye do my commands."
We haste to do them, but His hands surround us,
And hold our willing hands.

7 But if the heart is loyal, willing, eager,
And turns the appointed way,
If we begin, and God's cross-purpose frustrates,
He calls it, we obey.

8 Our evening time may be all light with glory
Our day's success has won,
Since God has counted all our faithful efforts,
As finished work, well done.

MISS A. C. SCAMMELL.
Milford, Mass. 1882.

MARINERS.

1 We are mariners and God the sea,
And though we make false reckonings and run
Wide of a righteous course and are undone,
Out of His deeps of love we cannot be.

2 For, by those heavy strokes we misname ill,
Through the fierce fire of sin, this tempering doubt,
Our natures more and more are beaten out,
To perfecter reflections of His will.

ALICE CARY.

NIGHT BRINGETH COUNSEL.

1 To tired brain and aching head,
To those who through the day,
With mind distressed, have toiled for bread,
Well-nigh too weary e'en to pray;
To such night bringeth counsel

2 To those perplexed alone in mind,
Whose doubts have banished sleep,
Who weary watch and vigil keep;
Who've sought in vain, all day, to find
The needed strength or Helper kind,
To such night bringeth counsel.

3 Perchance they find night's quiet rest
Can all their doubts dispel;
And learn to say, "He knoweth best
Who doeth all things well;
And surely He will give the light
We seek to do our work aright."
To us night bringeth counsel.

4 O blessèd night! with darkness crowned,
In thy sweet silence we have found
Help in our precious need.
Refreshed we rise to meet the strife
'T wixt right and wrong in daily life
Which waits us all. To us indeed
Night hath brought counsel.

MARGARET H.

COUNSEL.

1 Strive not to fill an angel's part
Without an angel's wing;
But, as it is, thy human heart
To God, thy Maker, bring.
His patience never doth abate
Howe'er we sin and fall;
Be patient with thyself, and wait
Till patience conquers all.

2 Grieve never that thy daily task
A homely outline shows;
For bulbs unsightly oft may mask
The sweetest flower that blows.
The work so light esteemed may gain
A place, and claim a power
That works far grander seek in vain
Though unto heaven they tower.

3 Look not without for blame or praise,
Look upward and within;
And through the swift revolving days,
With each thy task begin.
And lo! as grows the kingly tree
By force of upward might,
Thy life to those around shall be
Majestic, strong and bright.

4 With patience work, with gladness love,
Nor seek results to scan;
Who works, but will not wait, must prove
A discord in God's plan.
Let body, mind, and soul and will
To labor be addressed—
Press thou with courage onward still,
And leave to Him the rest.

ALICE C. JENNINGS. 1883
From "The Chautauquan."

ONE SEED.

1 It chanced—upon a certain time,
A traveller, in an Eastern clime,
Whirling away an idle hour,
Roaming the woods—espied a flower!
So strangely beautiful, he gathered, pressed with care,
To study with more time, its beauty rare.

2 Returning homeward to his native land,
The book was opened by a careless hand.
The flower—crushed—was thrown away.
Lost was it? wait! One spring-time day
A tiny leaflet peeped above the ground;
The coming days, another and another found.

3 Warm winds, sun, rain, and dew,
Nourished the plant, until it grew
Its natural size: to buds gave birth;
And from the buds, fair, glorious blooms burst forth!
Again the traveller idly passing by,
Delighted, the strange flower again does spy!
Gazes bewildered; "It is but a dream I fear,
How is it possible, the plant is here?"

4 He did not know a seed lodged in the book
With the crushed flower, fell in this sunny nook,
Took heart, and sunward groped and pushed its way,
Grew stronger, taller each returning day.
Unwavering, steadfast, it performed its duty,
Until a sturdy plant grew, robed in wondrous beauty.

5 Of trusting perseverance, a memorial odorous;
A cheering symbol to weak hearts, and dolorous.
With every bloom the seed was multiplied,
Gathered, and scattered far and wide;
Till over all the world its mates were sown;
The plant, admired and loved wherever known.

6 Let us, 'gainst intemperance strive to cope,
A lesson learn from this of faith and hope.
Though we be few, and met with scorn and sneer,
Keep we our lights a-burning bright and clear.
A constant dropping wears and clefts a stone,
A constant warfare will King Alcohol dethrone.

7 Be not discouraged! Take for guide, the seed;
Remembering this! The greater is the need
Of work, the stronger must we work;
Leave not a cranny where the curse may lurk.

8 E'en though our eyes may not behold the day
That sees intemperance lose its wretched sway.
Stand firm! Let us not weary be
In doing well. Some will the reaping see;
Let us faint not! but work, hand clasped in hand,
"For God, and home, and native land!"

MRS. EMMA L. A. PUFFER. 1885.

AWAKE TO EFFORT.

1 Awake to effort while the day is shining,
The time to labor will not always last;
And no regret, repentance, nor repining,
Can bring to us again the buried past.
The silent sands of life are falling fast;
Time tells our busy pulses, one by one,
And shall our work, so needful and so vast,
Be all completed, or but just begun,
When twilight shadows vail life's dim departing sun?

2 What duties have our idle hands neglected?
What useful lessons have we learned and taught?
What warmth, what radiance have our minds reflected?
What rich and rare materials have we brought
For deep investigation, earnest thought?
Concealed within the soul's unfathomed mine,
How many a sparkling gem remains unwrought,
That Industry might place on Learning's shrine,
Or lavish on the world, to further God's design!

3 The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean,
Will leave a track behind for evermore;
The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We should be wary, then, who go before
A myriad yet to be, and we should take
Our bearing carefully where breakers roar,
And fearful tempests gather; one mistake
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake.

4 To effort! ye whom God has nobly gifted
With that prevailing power, undying song;
For human good let every hand be lifted,
For human good let every heart be strong,
Is there no crying sin, no grievous wrong,
That ye may help to weaken or repress?
In wayside hut and hovel—'midst the throng
Down-trodden by privation and distress—
Is there no stricken heart ye can cheer and bless?

5 Sing idle [songs] lays to idle harps no longer:
Go peal an anthem at the gate of heaven—
Exertion makes the fainting spirit stronger—
Sing till the bonds of Ignorance are riven,
Till dark Oppression from the earth is driven;
Sing till from every land and every sea
One universal triumph-song is riven,
To hail the long-expected jubilee,
When every bond is broke and every vassal free.

6 And ye, whose birthright is the glorious dower
Of eloquence, to thrill the immortal soul!
Use not unwisely the transcendent power
To waken, guide, restrain, direct, control
The heart's deep, earnest feelings; let the goal
Of your ambition be, a name enshrined
By love and gratitude upon the scroll,
Where generations yet unborn shall find
The deathless deeds of those who loved and blessed.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

Mrs. W. R. Wilde.

Lady Wilde, a woman of high attainments, was born in Ireland about the year 1830 and [illegible] a resident of London, England. Her son, Oscar Wilde, is well known as the apostle of beauty.

Mrs. Wilde has published a volume of poems, many of which appeared years ago under the nom de plume of "Speranza," in the *Dublin Nation*. She is very patriotic, and is [illegible] sympathy with all movements that have for their object the best interests of her native land.

MAN'S MISSION.

1 Human lives are silent teaching,
Be they earnest, mild, and true;
Noble deeds are noblest preaching
From the consecrated few.
Poet-Priests their anthems singing,
Hero-swords on corslet ringing,
When Truth's banner is unfurled;
Youthful preachers, genius gifted,
Pouring forth their souls uplifted,
Till their preaching stirs the world.

2 Each must work as God has given
Hero hand or poet soul—
Work is duty, while we live in
This weird world of sin and dole.
Gentle spirits, lowly kneeling,
Lift their white hands up appealing,
To the throne of heaven's King;
Stronger natures, culminating
In great actions, incarnating
What another can but sing.

3 Pure and meek-eyed as an angel,
We must strive—must agonize;
We must preach the saint's evangel
Ere we claim the saintly prize.
Work for all—for work is holy;
We fulfill our mission solely
When, like heaven's arch above,
Blend our souls in one emblazon,
And the social diapason
Sounds the perfect chord of love.

4 Life is combat, life is striving,
Such our destiny below—
Like a scythed chariot driving
Through an onward-pressing foe.
Deepest sorrow, scorn and trial,
Will but teach us self-denial;
Like the Alchemists of old,
Pass the ore through cleansing fire
If our spirits would aspire
To be God's refined gold.

5 We are struggling in the morning
With the spirit of the night,
But we trample on its scorning—
Lo! the eastern sky is bright.
We must watch. The day is breaking;
Soon, like Memnon's statue waking
With the sunrise into sound,
We shall raise our voice to heaven,
Chant a hymn for conquest given,
Seize the palm, nor heed the wound.

6 We must bend our thoughts to earnest,
Would we strike the idols down;
With a purpose of the sternest
Take the Cross, and wait the Crown;
Sufferings human life can hallow,
Sufferings lead to God's Valhalla—
Meekly bear, but nobly try,
Like a man with soft tears flowing,
Like a God with conquest glowing,
So to love, and work, and die!

SPERANZA (MRS. W. R. WILDE).

GOD'S WORK.

1 Gathering brands from the burning,
Plucking them out of the fire,
Lifting the sheep that have wandered,
Out of the dust and the mire;
Bringing home sheaves from the harvest
To lay at the Master's feet,—
Lord, all Thy hosts of angels
Must smile on a life so sweet.

2 Speaking with fear of no man,
Speaking with love for all,
Warning the young and thoughtless
From the wild beast, "Alcohol;"
Showing the snares that the tempter
Weaveth on every hand,—
Lord, all Thy dear, dear angels
Must smile on a life so grand.

3 Fighting the bloodless battle
With a heart that is true and bold,
Fighting it not for glory,
Fighting it not for gold,
But out of love for his neighbor,
And out of love for his Lord;
I know that the hands of the angels
Will crown him with his reward.

4 For whoso works for the Master,
And whoso fights His fight
The angels crown with a star-wreath,
And it glows with gems most bright,
They wear them forever and ever,
The saints in that land of bliss,
And I know that heaven's best jewel
Is kept for a soul like this.

ELLA WHEELER.

SELF.

1 Pale in the distant view,
Where the horizon's blue
Measures its rim,
Low lies the far away,
Veiled in the hazy day,
Hamlet and forest grey,
Outlined and dim.

2 Semblances weird and bright,
Castles of prince and knight,
Palaces fair,
Ships that go sailing by,
And on the bending sky
Turrets and domes on high
Loom in the air.

3 Thus rise serene, sublime,
Through the soft haze of time,
Far o'er the plain,
Temples of regal thought,
Castles of conquests wrought,
Ships with life's treasures fraught,
Sailing the main.

4 Oh! vision soft and fair!
Oh! treasures rich and rare!
They shall be won.
Only as thought shall blend,
Only as friend with friend,
Seeking a noble end,
Battle we on.

5 Life hath its evil days,
Time hath its changeful ways,
But, purpose high,
Truth set in perfect thought
Great deeds in concert wrought,
(Thou may'st be counted naught),
These shall not die.

MRS. E. E. MARCY. 1884.

CONSECRATION.

1 I will work with all my might,
While the Lord shall give me light,
Soon will come the silent night.

2 Soon my toil on earth must close
In that hour of calm repose,
Undisturbed by friends or foes.

3 Should I therefore now complain
Of my weariness or pain,
Or of labor done in vain?

4 Rather let me strive to be
More devoted, Lord, to Thee,
Thou who hast done all for me!

5 Grant that I may not repine;
Make my will conform to Thine;
Keep me by Thy grace divine.

6 Then, though humble be my place,
If Thy footsteps I can trace,
I shall yet behold Thy face.

7 Patient let me work and wait;
Come the summons soon or late,
I shall gladly meet my fate.

KATE CAMERON.

THE RIVER.

1 Far up on the mountain the river begins,—
I saw it, a thread in the sun.
Then it grew to a brook, and through dell and through nook
It dimpled and danced in its fun.
A ribbon of silver, it sparkled along
Over meadows, be-sprinkled with gold;
With a twist and a twirl, and a loop and a curl
Through the pastures the rivulet rolled.

2 Then on to the valleys it leaped and it laughed,
Till it stronger and stiller became;
On its banks the tall trees rocked their boughs in the breeze,
And the lilies were tapers aflame.
The children threw pebbles and shouted with glee,
At the circles they made in the stream,
And the white fisher-boat, sent so lightly afloat,
Drifted off like a sail in a dream.

3 Deep-hearted, the mirth of its baby-life past,
It toiled for the grinding of corn;
Its shores heard the beat of the lumberman's feet,
His raft on its current was borne.
At inlet and cove where its harbors were fair,
Vast cities arose in their pride,
And the wealth of their streets came from beautiful fleets,
Forth launched on its affluent tide.

4 The glorious river swept on to the sea,
The sea that engirdles the land,
But I saw it begin in a thread I could spin,
Like a cobweb of silk in my hand.
And I thought of the river that flows from the throne;
Of the love that is deathless and free;
Of the grace of His peace that shall ever increase,
Christ-given to you and to me.

5 Far up on the mountain and near to the sky,
The cupful of water is seen,
That is brimmed till its tide carries benisons wide
Where the dales and the meadows are green.
Is thy soul like a cup? Let its little be given,
Not stinted nor churlish to One
Who will fill thee with love, and thy faithfulness prove,
And bless thee in shadow and sun.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.
New York. 1880.
"S. S. Times."

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

1 Only a cup of water,
But it was cool and clear,
And given with a pleasant smile,
A kindly word of cheer.

2 Only a cup of water,
But as the pilgrim quaffed,
He felt refreshment in the cup,
And healing in the draft.

3 Only a cup of water,
But with it, words she gave,
Of One who lived a pilgrim,
And died a world to save.

4 Only a cup of water,
'T was all she had to give;
But while life and sense remain
That memory will live.

5 Then wait not for abundance,
Give of your little store;
With gentle word, and willing hand,
He asketh nothing more.

JULIA M. BONNETT. 1854.
Hannibal, Mo.

THE SUNRISE NEVER FAILED US YET.

1 Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces,
Withdraws the wistful after-glow.

2 So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and stern:
But overhead the planets burn.

3 And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet.

4 The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more.
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

* CELIA THAXTER.

AS ONE HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH.

1 Thy way lies over the mountain road,
The end thou canst not see;
And, child, thou hast a weary load,
Wilt pause and rest with me?
As one his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort thee.

2 The night grows dark, the storm is wild,
Thy burden hard to bear;
Why stagger on, thou weary child,
When I am here to share?
Nay, as a mother comforteth,
To take myself thy care.

3 To be thy refuge from all harm,
To take thy grief and smart;
To me the pain, for thee the balm;
Thou of myself a part:
I make thy cradle in my arms,
Thy pillow is my heart.

* Mrs. Celia Thaxter was born on the Isle of Shoals. She has written and had published several volumes of poetry and prose. She is a contributor to the leading magazines of to-day. (1886.)

4 There rest thee now; in every sound
Of wind, or wave or tree,
Hear thou my whisper! "I have found
A child!" Stay close by me!
As one his mother comforteth,
So will I comfort thee.

MARY L. DICKINSON. 1883.

CONSECRATION.

When with sorrow the costly anointing is made,
And all worldly and selfish ambitions are laid
On the altar of burning, and there sacrificed,
Then the soul with the blood of the offering baptized
May enter the Holy of Holies; draw near
To the wonderful Presence, and hear
In that hollow seclusion, the message divine
To the people without, who seeking a sign
Can see but a cloud, not the glory within,
The people who wait in their blindness and sin
For the words of forgiveness and hope. Blest is he
Whom the Lord hath appointed His high priest to be.

MATTIE R. PEARCE.

THE MORNING PSALM.

1 "Read us a psalm, my little one."
An untried day had just begun,
And, ere the city's rush and roar
Came passing through the closed home door,
The family was hushed to hear
The youngest child, in accents clear,
Read from the Book. A moment's space
The morning look died from each face,—
The sharp, keen look, that goes to meet
Opposing force, nor brooks defeat.

2 "I will lift up mine eyes," she read,
"Unto the hills." Who was afraid?
What had the psalm of pilgrim life
To do with all our modern strife
"Behold, he that doth Israel keep
Shall neither slumber, nor shall sleep.
The Lord thy keeper is, and He
Thy shade on thy right hand shall be;
The sun by day shall not thee smite,
The moon shall hurt thee not by night."

3 And the child finished the old psalm;
And those who heard grew strong and calm;
The music of the Hebrew words
Thrilled them like sweet remembered chords,
And brought the heights of yesterday
Down to the lowlands of to-day,
And seemed to lend to common things
A mystery as of light and wings;
And each one felt in gladsome mood,
And life was beautiful and good.

4 Then forth, where duty's clarion call
Was heard, the household hastened all.
In crowded haunts of busy men
To toil with book, or speech, or pen,
To meet the day's demand with skill
And bear and do and dare and will,
As they must, who are in the strife
And strain and stress of modern life,
And would succeed, but who yet hold
Honor of higher worth than gold.

5 These are the days of peace we say,
Yet fiercest fights are fought to-day;
And those who formed that household band
Had need of strength that they might stand
In firmness and unruffled calm;
But sweetly did their morning psalm
Amid the clamor loud and long,
Like echo of a once-loved song,
Rise in their hearts and make them strong.

5 At close of day they met again,
And each had known some touch of pain,
Some disappointment, loss or care,
Some place of stumbling, or some snare.
"And yet the psalm is true," said they,
"The Lord preserveth us alway.
His own were safe in days of yore,
And from this time and evermore,
If skies be bright or skies be dim,
He keepeth all who trust in Him."

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.
In "London Christian World."

WHEN THE DAY BREAKS, THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY.

The night is dark, O Lord! I cry to Thee!
How black it is, no one but Thou canst see,
For years the gathered darkness has increased,
Each year in vain I thought to be released.

"Let patience have her perfect work," I said,
As from each sorrow broke my soul in dread,
"For time, however long, must pass away,
And then will come eternity's bright day;
I then the beauty of the King shall see,
In that far distant land forever be;
How petty all my cares shall there appear,
From every eye He'll wipe away each tear.
Then clear as noon-day shall we stand revealed,
Through His great power every wound be healed,
All clouds shall vanish, each misjudgment flee,
Beholding Him, like Him we changed shall be.
No sordid care or grief shall then restrain
The godlike powers of the heart or brain;
Then they'll grow more than we can understand,
For love is the pure climate of that land.
If we are faithful in this field of strife,
We'll reach the garden of immortal life."

"'Tis but a little while," our Lord doth say,
When darker grows the gloom and our dismay.
Oh! holy, loving, truest Lord and Friend,
Thou trod'st the bitter journey to the end,
That I might feel less lonely in my grief,
And as 'tis best, will make it long or brief;
Oh! help me now in this my darkest night,
'Till all earth's shadows flee before Thy Light.

ANNIE F. BALDWIN.
In "The Churchman."

HEROES

1 Our world has battle-fields where truth and right
Find heroes nobler, greater in God's sight,
Than they who fall foremost in gory fight.

2 Great hours bring forth great souls, but bugle-call
Summons a host poor, impotent and small,
To that God sends forth in his cause to fall.

3 Beyond the smoke of battle lies the prize,
The meed of strife and toil and sacrifice;—
Some gain it here, but others in the skies.

4 The man who braves the world's neglect and scorn,
To lift the lowly, succor the forlorn,
Who conquers self—he is the hero born.

5 His name may die, forgotten by his peers,
But yet the seed he sowed in care and tears,
Shall bear rich harvests through immortal years.

FRANCES A. SHAW.
Minneapolis, Minn., 1883.

THE TIME IS SHORT.

1 I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with me the labor will be wrought;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender—
The time is short.

2 A shepherd's tent of reeds and flowers decaying
The night-winds soon will crumble into naught;
So seems my life, for some rude blast delaying—
The time is short.

3 Up, up, my soul, the long spent time redeeming;
Sow thou the seeds of better deeds and thought;
Light other lamps while yet thy lamp is beaming—
The time is short.

4 Think of the good thou might'st have done when brightly
The suns to thee life's choicest season brought;
Hours lost to God in pleasure passing lightly—
The time is short.

5 The time is short. Then be thy heart a brother's
To every heart that needs thy help in aught;
Soon thou may'st need the sympathy of others—
The time is short.

6 If thou hast friends give them thy best endeavor,
Thy warmest impulse and thy purest thought,
Keeping in mind and word and action ever—
The time is short.

7 Where Summer winds aroma-laden hover,
Companions rest, their work forever wrought,
Soon other graves the moss and fern will cover—
The time is short.

8 Up, up, my soul, ere yet the shadow falleth;
Some good return in latter seasons wrought
Forget thyself, when duty's angel calleth—
The time is short.

9 By all the lapses thou hast been forgiven,
By all the lessons prayer to thee hath taught,
To others teach the sympathies of Heaven—
The time is short.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS
Author of "Steps Heavenward."

MARTYRDOM.

A spectral band!
Pale with the reflex of the dreamless land;
Star-eyed and holy as a summer's night.
Scarred o'er with many a wound,
Heart, brain, limb, sinew, marked by agony,
Each in Fate's hour—alone!
Earth heaped her torments on them, ground
Her teeth in execration; none
Were found to aid them in the withering blight
Of life's long torture; but the tongueless sea
Bore witness, and the breeze that quivered by,
The sun, that veiled its light,
The inborn consciousness of right
Sent up their protest to the throne on high,
And Heaven heard the agonizing cry,
While seraph voices chanted in reply,
"To lose, but not to die!"

Earth's godlike ones!
Who would not rather wear the martyr's brow
Than all the baubles of her favored sons
Whose Wrong o'ermasters Right?
Alas! for Earth!
Her common life is teeming o'er with dearth
Of courage, such as that which gilds the Now
Of woe and agony and mocking slight,
With truer splendors than the Orient flings
O'er tinsel kings,
Whose gain shall be their loss.
Glide on, pale haloes of the Past,
Torture, and scorn, and cross
Have crowned ye high at last!

Yet, ere ye pass away,
Have none replaced ye here?
Is there no martyrdom to-day
Upon this troubled sphere?
In words of flame
The answer came,
Stamped with the seal of Heaven's Imperial Name.

"The suffering and the poor,
The lowly of the land,
The spirits that endure
With fainting heart and hand,
Who tempted sorely, overmuch and long,
Still bravely choose the Right and spurn the Wrong;
They who encounter hate
For conscience borne,
Breasting the waves of fate,
Despised, forlorn;

They who, alone, dare stem the seething tide
Where black corruption's sin-clad navies ride,
Yielding heart's love and life's bright hopes, to be
To unborn souls the champions of the free;
They who serenely bear the false friend's frown,
Injustice, cruelty that wrings the soul,
Shall yet with us attain the glorious goal
Where gleams the Martyr's crown!"

ISABELLA A. SAXON, 1884.

A SONG FOR SORROWFUL WOMEN.

1 O Thou who for gloom of the future
Art pressed with the boding care,
And sick for the coming sorrow
Dost utter the Master's prayer,

2 Come walk in the ancient Garden
In the early morning dim;
The few large stars of the twilight
Are singing their ceaseless hymn.

3 The small birds swing on the branches
In the fresh day's new delight;
And the air is spiced with sweetness
Where the flowers have dreamed all night.

4 But where the heart of the Garden
Is heavy with evergreen fir,
With cypress rising behind it,
There standeth a sepulchre.

5 And sorrowful women question,
As they enter the flowery way:
"Oh! who from the tomb of the Master
Shall roll us the stone?" they say.

6 "And why should the joy of creation
Still rise with the incense-breath,
When the Lord of life and glory
Is sleeping the sleep of death!"

7 O weeping and loving women!
Come see where the Master lay!
From the sepulchre *forever*
Has the stone been rolled away!

8 And He now walks in the Garden
Who hung on the cross above!
And the tender hands that were wounded
Are full of the gifts of love!

URANIA L. BAILEY.

ONLY IN PART.

"Lo, these are parts of His ways; But how little a portion is heard of Him."
Job xxv: 14.

1 So near comes darkness to our light,
So near lies weakness to our might,
So near is sorrow to our bliss,
So near death's dagger to life's kiss,
That, when there dawns a fair and cloudless day,
We look, at once, to see it pass away
And dark night fall instead. And every joy
Seems but to be a proof of its alloy,
And life itself seems but the touch of death,
With which he searches for our fleeting breath.
Aye true; if life is only what we know,
And see and touch and realize below;
If immortality be nothing more
Than a false light upon a shadow-shore.

2 So near to virtue lieth sin,
So often evil seems to win,
So weak seems God, devils so strong,
So false the right, so true the wrong,
That, almost, it doth seem, if God would win,
He must employ the enginery of sin;
And that, if man would know the truth, he must
At first begin to doubt and to distrust
All truth; and that, if he would holy be,
He first must feed upon impurity.
Aye true; if, from the standpoint of a man,
You seek the heighth and breadth of God to span;
You are too short in stature, and your eye
Was not constructed for infinity.
Contracted circles hedge our life about,
And all is dark if faith gives place to doubt.

3 Say, what is doubt but darkness? Faith is light.
And what is weakness but the lack of might?
And death, and sorrow, falsity, and sin
Are nothing but the lack of God within;
And God is life; and if that life be ours
And in us dwells, then, by its sacred powers,
All that we lack of purity or strength
Shall flow into and fill our veins at length;
And we shall see and know all that unknown
Brings doubt; and faith to us shall be
The very substance of reality,—
The world of light, whose richness is our own.

4 What if the world where God seems not, rolls near,
With all it holds of darkness and of fear,—
A wandering star, reserved to blackest night,
Where truth seems false, and wrong seems only right?
Heed not the shade it cast in passing by;
'T will soon be lost in God's immensity.
It has no orbit; but as meteors fall
Into the sun and are consumed, so all
The worlds of darkness and of doubt shall tend
Toward God, and in His truth and glory end.

M. S. S. M. I. HENEY.

By permission Dr. J. H. Vincent

Frances E. Willard

Was born at Churchville, near Rochester, N. Y., in 1839. Her parents moved to Oberlin, O., when she was but three years old, and five years later settled on a farm near Janesville, Wis. When a child, her natural elocutionary gifts were conspicuous and she was fond of declaiming stirring poems to her associates. Thirteen years of her life were spent with her brother Oliver and darling sister Mary in the dear old farm home with its gables, dormer windows, rambling roof, little porches, crannies and out of the way nooks, scattered here and there. Her father and mother were both educated and cultured people, and had been teachers. Consequently no pains were spared in the education of their children. In 1859 Miss Willard graduated with high honors from Northwestern Female Seminary. Soon after this she wrote a beautiful memorial volume, a touching tribute to her devoted sister, who was called to "come up higher." This book is entitled "Nineteen Beautiful Years," and has had an extensive sale.

After teaching awhile in the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, N. Y., Miss Willard spent two years or more in European travel, studying and observing, writing home graphic accounts of her experiences, which appeared in various papers. Her lecture on "The Pyramids" is pronounced by the press unusually fine. Soon after her return to America, she came into note as a public speaker, [illegible] of her travels in Palestine, at a missionary meeting held in Chicago. This led to invitations to lecture all over the northwest. In "Our Famous Women," Kate Sanborn says in her admirable sketch of the life of Miss Willard: "Up to the time of the 'Woman's Crusade' in Ohio, her attention had never been called particularly to the temperance question, but with that solemn crisis, there came to her what she calls, 'an arrest of thought,' and as a result she felt called to give up all her other interests and devote herself, heart, brain, body, to the work of saving men from the cruel temptations of the saloons." At this time she occupied the position of Dean in the Woman's Department of Northwestern University, and had been for several years (since 1871) President of the Woman's College, Evanston, Ill. On two occasions, since entering upon the temperance work, she temporarily, for the sake of others, devoted herself to other work, viz:—when she assisted Mr. Moody in his evangelistic and revival meetings in Boston, and when after the sudden death of her brother Oliver, she assumed the editorship of the Chicago "Evening Post."

She is now serving her seventh term as President of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, and has visited every State in the Union, addressing grand mass meetings, and organizing Temperance Unions in all the principal cities, and has visited every territory. No surer proof of Miss Willard's eminent fitness and qualifications for her mission can be given, than reference to her reception by the Southern people while on her tour among them. Notwithstanding their strong prejudice against Northern women, and especially those addressing audiences from pulpit and platform, the most fastidious ones of both minister and people, accorded her a cordial welcome when they had once seen and heard her, and indeed it is not extravagant to say that her visit through the South and West was one continued ovation, as Miss Sanborn so truly and beautifully says. By the way, it was she who first suggested that Haystack Mountain be christened Mount Garfield, during those last terrible days of our lamented President's fearful suffering. She said:—"Surely he is entitled by the grandeur of his character, the height of his fortitude, and the depth of the people's love for him, to the apotheosis of their everlasting hills." Is it not just like our Miss Willard always to be thinking of, and doing for others? Her praise worthy tact and continued determination finds voice in the close of one of her many admirable lectures:—"We mean to go straight on. We mean to be as good natured as sunshine, but as persistent as fate." And again, "Success doesn't happen. It is organized, preempted, captured by consecrated common sense."

The attempt is vain to do Miss Willard anything like justice, and especially in a short sketch of this kind. Lengthy ones do not fall within the province of this book. For further particulars I would refer the reader to Miss Kate Sanborn's biographical sketch of Miss Willard in "Our Famous Women," which is among the best of the many articles written concerning her and her life work.

It is said that she frequently poured out her soul in verse, which has been termed "true poetry." But her standard as to what should be given to the public is so high, that it has been difficult to obtain any of her articles for this volume, though doubtless superior to some that it contains. As many know, Miss Willard's home has been for nearly thirty years at Evanston, Ill., where she resides with her aged mother at "Rest Cottage." Here her occasional days have been spent since she entered upon her "life work," though at present she is spending more time there, with her faithful Anna Gordon, ever by her side. One of Miss Willard's best poems is on the death of General Grant, and will be found in the patriotic department of this work. Her friends who have read it pronounce it an inspiration. It was first published in the "Inter Ocean," and has been extensively copied into other papers. Aug. 1885.

1884.

After Tennyson's "Ring Out, Wild Bells!"

1 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
Whose thralldom dates from days of yore;
Ring out false laws from shore to shore,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

2 Ring out the contest of the twain
Whom thou for noblest love didst make,
Ring in the day that shall awake
Their life-harp to a sweeter strain.

3 Ring out false pride from manly blood,
The social slander, and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the love of others' good.

FRANCES E. WILLARD

IN THE MORNING.

1 Just as the silvery dawning
Is forecasting the day,
'Tis sweet at early morning
The coming hours to lay
With all the sealed-up sorrow
Or joy they may afford;
And strength to meet them bowing
Before our loving Lord.

2 For crowds of cares are waiting
Outside th' unoped door;
Life's loving and its hating,
Its warfare is not o'er;
We may not pierce the crowding
All down the dusky street,
But all God's love is shrouding,
And all we calmly meet.

3 As knights before the tourney
Don helm and casque and spear,
As travellers for the journey
Booted and spurred appear,
So here, for each day's warring,
Our swords we sharpen bright;
So here our loins are girded
For progress unto right.

4 We may not read the writing
The coming hours shall trace,
But we hear the voice inviting
Our footsteps to the race;
Since the conquest is not ever
To the fleet foot and the strong,
In Him is all endeavor,
Which shall overcome the wrong.

5 Tis sweet to be surrounded
Like folded flowers at morn,
By hazy mists unbounded
From which the day is born;
To feel each glad pulse quiver
Like ether far above
The life touch of the Giver,
Safe centered in His love.

6 Sweet through the open portals
Around the gates of day,
To watch the sad immortals
For whom we early pray;
Sweet from our Father's treasures,
To draw our daily store
Of what shall bring them pleasures,
And safety evermore.

7 Sweet in our early musings,
Our daily work to plan,
Not from our little choosing,
But His good-will to man.
To hear His voice of power
Call for our service free,
And answer in that hour,
"Lo! here am I, send me."

8 So, early in the morning
When daylight conquers night,
The golden flush of dawning
To us shall be all bright
With hope of coming duty,
With hope of coming strength,
With hope of crowning beauty
When we shall rest at length.

9 So faith shall be our armour
For all the coming strife;
And so the morning's glamour
Shall gild the prose of life;
So, God unseen, beside us,
Shall be our noontide rest;
And His dear presence guide us
E'en to the promised rest.

MARGARET E. WINSLOW. 1884.

OUR LIEGE LADY.

1 In that fair room, her work shop,
Are carved rare thoughts of gold,
And as she wills she sends them,
Glad story to be told.
The south land and the north land,
The east and the far west
Hear how she gathers round her
Mem'ries she loves the best.

2 Sometimes she has sad visions
Of fair young hopes that die,
Lives that by sin were blighted,
Homes that in ruins lie.
The Rum Fiend's track she noteth,
Each footprint leaves a grave,
And her heart aches with longing
The dying souls to save.

3 So, she praying, plans a rescue,
Rallies her loyal band,
The pure white ribbon army,
For God and native land.
Their march from Maine to Texas
Is heralded with songs,
From east to west the clan-call
To every home belongs.

4 Sad souls their hands have rescued
And lifted the bowed head,
In His name raised their banners
Who brought to life the dead.
His cross their strength and glory,
The promise fast they hold,
While mem'ries of Hillsboro'
The weakest can make bold.

5 Our lady questions softly,
"North land, what of the night?"
The east sends back for answer,
"The day is growing bright?"
"Is it well, fair south land?"
Then swift on fragrant breath,
"'Tis well," the south makes answer,
"Christ has redeemed from death!"

6 "Praise God!" says loving Frances,
"Yet there are more to save.
Work!" is the word she speedeth
From rolling wave to wave.
"Work, for the homes beloved,
For the land we hold so dear,
Until Rum's last, last victim
Shall shed shame's last sad tear."

7 Thus works, plans, prays Our Lady,
Worketh, yet not alone,
She sways a hundred thousand;
In true hearts is her throne.

MRS. GEORGIA HULSE M'LEOD.
Baltimore. 1883.

TRIBUTE TO FRANCES E. WILLARD.

1 Noblest of womankind—loved of the good and true;
Brave in thy gentleness, meek in thy might;
Thou of the trusting heart, ready to dare and do,
Ready to die for the weak and the right!

2 Lo! where the hallowed cross shadows life's weary way,
Where sweet exotics bloom, fragrant of heaven;
Where faith and hope and love blossoms without decay,
There all thy treasures to Christ thou hast given.

3 Thrilled with his mystic love, glows thy glad heart anew,
Touched by the sorrow He bore for our race;
Closer His footsteps, now, thou dost with joy pursue,
Sharing His bounty, sustained by His grace.

4 Soothing the stricken heart, guiding the erring one,
Lifting the fallen and leading the blind;
Nobly forgetting self, joying in labor done;
Yielding thy life for the weal of thy kind.

5 Reason, at thy command, O, queen of royal thought!
Brings of her priceless wealth, owns thy control;
Rare flowers of sentiment from bowers of beauty brought,
Wake, with their perfume, the rythm of the soul.

6 Noblest of womankind, loved of the good and true;
Brave in thy gentleness, meek in thy might;
Thou of the trusting heart, ready to dare and do,
Long may'st thou live for the weak and the right.

ELLEN C. BARNETT.
Westville, Conn. 1882.

A WOMAN'S HAND.

READ BEFORE THE ANNIVERSARY MEETING OF THE SOUTH SIDE Y. W. C. T. U., CHICAGO.

1 In that far country of the East,
Whose skies were heaven's gate
Through which bright angels came and went
God's will to consummate,
Dwelt Deborah, the prophetess
And judge of Israel,
Her tent pitched 'neath a stately palm
Whose tossing plumes could well

2 From Ephriam's mount, wave high in air,
A signal, far and wide,
To dwellers on the plains below
Their steps to thither guide,
For judgment, counsel or complaint.
And she whose woman's heart
Failed not, with the oppressed to plead,
To take the wronged one's part,

3 Was oft with righteous anger stirred,
And often did she hold
Communion with the Lord and beg
His mercy, as they told
How Jabin, King of Canaan,
By Sisera, his strong
And savage captain, scourge the land
With deeds of cruel wrong.

4 Nine hundred iron chariots
Had Sisera, whose hosts
Swept o'er Esdraelon's fertile plains
From Acre's barren coasts,
And not a child of Israel,
And not maid, but feared
When e'er the sound of wheels foretold
The cruel captain neared.

5 For twenty years the Isralites
Had groaned beneath their yoke,
And none were brave or strong enough
To break it off, 'till spoke
Their judge—wise Deborah—
"Send Barak unto me;
Ten thousand men, up Tabor's mount,
Shall march and set us free!"

6 "If thou wilt go, then I will go,"
Said Barak. So they twain
Up Tabor went, with their brave men.
Below, upon the plain,
They fell on Sisera's great host,
Who fled in sore dismay
To ancient Kishon, which swelled high
And swept their ranks away.

7 And lo! ere yet the evening fell,
From Kishon's banks there spread
Songs of deliverance and praise,
For Sisera lay dead.
Not drowned by Kishon's stormy flood
Nor slain by Barak's band
Of valiant men, but smitten by
A woman's slender hand.

8 And Deborah's and Barak's song
Still sets our hearts aglow.
They sang how God by storm and star
Had helped them fight their foe;
How Sisera was stricken down
By Jael "'bove women blest."
And thus the land, by women freed,
"For forty years had rest."

* * * * *

9 Far from Mount Tabor's woods of oak,
Far from that epoch old,
We in this nineteenth century,
In our new world still hold
In proud remembrance, each brave
Heroic woman's deed,
And praise the hearts and hands that saved
Their country in its need.

10 But deadlier than Sisera,
More awful than the woe
Which Israel bowed under when
King Jabin was their foe,
Is King Alcohol, our tyrant,
And woes which on our land
He poureth out from a full cup
With a remorseless hand.

11 No home in all the country broad
That hath not kith or kin,
Struck down by this fell conqueror,
Whose gilded paths within
Are full of bones of dead men, lost
In their dishonored graves
To God, and home, and native land.
O cursed! O hopeless slaves!

12 Ah, maiden in thy happy home,
Thy hands upon the keys
That waken at their skillful touch
Enchanting symphonies,
To life's full diapase without,
Bow down thine inner ear,
And tell me midst the mingled tones
Dost thou not clearly hear

13 The wail of children sorrowful,
The heartbreak of sad wives,
The faltering step of myriads
Whose sin-stained ruined lives
Are going out in darkness dread,
Blown by the fiery breath
Of the cruel tyrant Alcohol,
Whose way leads down to death?

14 Ah, maiden! I conjure thee now,
For God and native land,
Thy music and thy broidery leave,
Reach down thy gentle hand
To children standing, unaware,
On paths that lead astray,
Oh! lift them up, and set them safe
Upon thy King's highway.

15 Teach them to hate King Alcohol,
Whose hands are red with gore,
Whose grasp is like an adder's sting
And serpent's bite—yea, more,
O woman, if thou wilt, thou canst
Put forth thy slim white hand
And slay this monster, fell and strong,
That's ravaging our land.

MISS MARIA W. JONES. 1883.

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

Dear sisters of the south-land, my heart turns back to thee,
As I sit in quiet musing, beside the northern sea;
And tender recollections come thronging to my mind
Of all thy loving ministries—thy welcome true and kind;
And hope grows large and vision clear for that fair, sunny land,
With vales like dreams of Paradise, and mountains wild and grand.
I see the coming glory of a nation yet to be,
In which a new-born south shall rise from all its shackles free;
By all its sorrows purified—by all its pain made strong—
More tender to all suffering—more fierce against all wrong.
I see those glorious regions filled with homes of thrift and ease,
I hear the busy whirl and hum of new-born industries.
And in that new world's lifted life, by voice of pen and tongue,
O women of the south-land, I hear thy praises sung.
Thy energies, thy faith, thy love, from dust and ashes rose
To lift another banner high, and conquer fiercer foes.
"For God and Home and Native Land," rings now thy rallying cry,
We'll save our youth for God and truth, our homes we'll purify.
Brave women of the south-land, thy conquest hath begun;
Show forth thy high-born courage now, and soon the day is won.
God bless thee, noble workers, we'll join thee, heart and hand,
Till all our sin-cursed land is free, from Maine to Rio Grande;
Till righteousness shall rule in law, and wrong's injustice cease;
Till unity and love shall bring the grand millennial peace.

MRS. MARIA UPHAM DRAKE.
Brooklyn, N. Y. 1885.

WHAT SHE IS NOW.

1 Her hair is a lovely brown, that turns
To gold when the sunshine on it lies,
And, fringed with lashes of darker hue,
A golden brown are her radiant eyes,
And the milk-white teeth that her smiles disclose
Are like pearls enshrined in the heart of a rose.

2 As fair as the snow are her helpful hands,
And her low broad brow, and her slender throat,
And she flits about with a fairy grace,
And her voice is sweet as a wild bird's note —
Ay, sweeter you'd say, if you heard her speak
In the cheeriest way to the weary and weak:

3 To the weary and weak, for her life is passed
In scenes the saddest that one could find,
And the many prayers that are prayed for her
Are breathed by the maimed and the halt and the blind.
Some day, up in heaven, a saint she will be;
Now, only a hospital nurse is she.

MARGARET EYTINGE. 1885.
In "Harper's Weekly."

HOME.

1 They are not most at home who stay
Beside the hearth forever;
The heart, and not the absent hands,
The home ties hold or sever.
And they who guard for other homes
The bliss themselves have tasted.
Hold far too dear love's priceless gold
To let it e'er be wasted.

2 We do not fear, then, for your home,
We know, because you love it;
A thousand hearts unite to pray
That angels watch above it.
All Christian life is richer for
Broad duties well attended;
And light from many a rescued home
With your home life is blended.

3 What wonder, then, that artist hands
Bring here their best endeavor,
To place upon home's smiling walls
Your memory forever.
God bless your home! God bless your work!
Be these to you our token
Of Christian love and loyalty,
That words could not have spoken.

LYDIA H. TILTON.

Read at the District of Columbia State Convention at the presentation of the portraits of the President and her husband to the latter, Oct. 12, 1882.

TO MRS. LUCY WEBB HAYES.

1 With reverent love and gratitude
God bless thee, noble Christian! who in faith sublime,
Hath dared to stand between the living and the dead,
And, unappalled by sin's magnificent array,
From out the darkness into the glorious light hath led!
The loving angels praise this grandest act of thine,
As watching o'er our world, they mark its bitter woes,
"Oh! Heavenly deed of Christ's heroic child,
Hurled in His strength against His treacherous foes!"

2 God bless thee, noble Christian! bless both thee and thine,
Long as there dwells on earth one of thy sainted race—
And grant that each descendant of thy royal blood
May valiant stand for God in his appointed place.
The thanks of hearts long trampled in the dust
Ascend for thee to God's eternal throne—
"Praise God for calling to her high estate,
A Christian warrior, fearing God, and God alone!"

HELEN MAR MACKENZIE. Jan. 1881.

THE NEW COLOSSUS.

The Bartholdi statue is now the talk everywhere. It occurred to a woman, Emma Lazarus—who was appropriately asked to write the poem for the opening ceremonies at the art loan exhibition in aid of the enterprise—to call it the *New Colossus*, and to say:

Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land,
Here at our sea-washed sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman, with a torch whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name,
Mother of Exiles. From her beacon hand
Gleams world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridged harbor that twin cities frame.
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp," cried she,
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses, yearning to breathe free—
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send there the homeliest tempest-tossed to me;
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"

EMMA LAZARUS.

May the lamp of this beautiful Colossa cast new light on the liberty to abstain.

Editor "Signal."

FOR OTHERS' SAKE.

"Live pure, speak true, right wrong, follow
The Christ, else wherefore born."

Idyls of the King.

1 Around King Arthur's table came
Brown stalwart men, who soon or late
Won for themselves a famous name
And climbed up to a knight's estate.
And each one sought some maiden's smile,
Her "favor" on his helmet wore
On deeds of errantry,—the while
She praised and loved him more and more.

2 And poets' idyls new and old
Cease not to tell the wondrous tale,—
How these good knights so true and bold
Rode forth to make some tyrant quail
In his stronghold,—for ladies fair
Risked life and limb, and thought no deed
Too hard for them to do or dare,
Could they but win the hero's meed.

3 Oh! grand the story of brave deed,
And sweet the guerdon bravely won.
So brave! so sweet! that as we read
Electric currents swiftly run,
From noble lives of ages past,
And thrill our hearts, until we fain
Would live as they, as they at last,
Such love, such praise, such honor gain.

4 Nor are there wanting men of might,
Nor wrongs to tilt a free lance for;
Nor now need maidens, out of sight,
Wait weeping till the battle's o'er.
Some cycles nearer has earth rolled
To the eternities, whose light
On us more broadly falls. Behold!
God's truths shine out in clearer sight.

5 And gentle woman now has found
To do is finer than to be,
That our King at whose "Table Round"
Their sitteth "neither bond nor free,
Nor male nor female"—He doth make
Us "one in Him"—gives unto all
Something to do for others' sake,
Some blows to strike for error's fall.

6 For others' sake, O men of might!
For others' sake, O women fair!
Spurn from your taste, your touch, your sight
Circean draughts, where lurks a snare
That robs the nation of its men,
Wives of their husbands and their sons,
Yea, God of His earth-born—and them,
Of heaven and its shining ones.

7 For others' sake! O strong! O sweet!
O common tie! that binds our way
To God's great throne, when we repeat
In such small measure as we may
The earth-life of His own dear Son,
Who lived and died for others' sake,
For others' sake God's heaven won
By cross and curse none else could take.

MARIA W. JONES, 1884.

Extract from a paper read at the Crusade Anniversary, Dec, 23, 1883, by Mrs. E. T. Housh, Editor of the Woman's Magazine.

Will you bear with me while I tell you of a thought vision of twenty years ago, interwoven with prophetic token of what now the Lord hath wrought? —the vision of

THE BANNER AND THE CROSS.

1 It was the hour of deepest gloom,
When war held sway,
And peace seemed hidden in a tomb,
Beyond the day;

2 When in the stillness of the hour,
Mid doubt and fears,
There came a vision of the power
Of coming years.

3 Lost every sound in midnight's hush,
Gone every star;
Night without hope of morning's blush
Near or afar.

4 Ah! what was night, or what was day,
To us who wept,
Above the blue, above the gray,
Where low they slept!

5 And our dear land, so rent with strife,
What the to be?
What mighty force from death to life
Wins victory?

6 God is in the darkness; God is in the night;
From the deepest gloom He can wake the light;
Call a world from chaos by His mighty power,—
Sang the voice of faith in that solemn hour.

7 God *was* in the darkness, for He bid the night
Hide her gathered clouds, and show her gems of light,
As His thought to vision grew for our blinder sense,
Making plain the wonders of His Providence.

8 Lo! a cross of pearly white spans the eastern sky,
White against the blue, nor a cloudlet floating by,
White as crystal snows, when the sunshine shimmers down,
Girt about with stars for a golden crown.

9 And an angel coming in a woman's guise,
Coming near and nearer from the western skies,
With our royal banner, our royal banner true,
With its stripes and stars, its bonny folds of blue.

10 Coming near and nearer where the white cross shone,
Round its pillared beauty was the banner thrown;
Ah, my eyes are misty with the flow of woman's tears,
As I call this vision o'er the score of years!

11 O'er the dreary discord, o'er the weary strife,
Waved the glorious banner of our nation's life;
To the cross it clingeth, truth alone makes free,
And in woman's hand shall Love the standard be.

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12 God *was* in the darkness; God *was* in the night;
From the deepest gloom He has called the light,—
And His name is honored from the shore to sea,
Where our banner waves—the emblem of the free.

13 Ah, my heart is heavy with the weight of woman's tears,
Heavy with the memories of a score of years,
When I count the homes where our loved ones weep,
When I count the graves where our heroes sleep!

14 But my heart is joyous with the joy of woman's tears.
Joyous with the memories of a score of years,
When I count the altars where our heroes stand,
Heroes true for "God, and Home, and Native Land."

15 God hath called thee, sister woman, by His power,
God hath called thee, sister hero, to this hour,
Not till victory comes lay thy armor down,
Bear the burden till the cross shall be a crown!

16 Pledge we then our faith and love! Pledge it still anew!
To each other, to our homes, to our God, be true!
If in Him we trust, our land shall know no loss,
While woman's hand shall clasp the Banner and the Cross.

ESTHER T. HOUSH.
Brattleboro', Vt., 1883.

HER GIFTS.

1 What did she give?
Scant store of gold she gave to church or poor;
She bought with wealth nor piety nor fame.
Her foot scarce crossed the threshold of her door;
A plaything to the childish world, her name
She never gave.

2 What did she give?
She gave to greedy Toil her tender hands,
That other palms his roughened grasp might shun;
Alone she trod Pain's dreary desert lands,
That other feet in pleasant paths might run,
All this? Ay! more,

3 What did she give!
She gave up blessed love for others' sake;
Desire she kissed and bade good-by. Joy, Grace
Her side forsook; her tryst with hope she brake,
And turned to Poverty a smiling face.
Yes, more than this.

4 What could she more?
Yes, one thing more. She left at last her ways.
Unhindered now her patient feet might run
To bear the undeserving hands the praise
A blind world gave for work that she had done.
None could do more.

5 Life hath no more.
No more, dear heart, is thine to give. Thine all
Is God's and on His altar laid. His rod
And staff are thine. They only wait thy call.
Ah! no; thy hand doth hold them fast. Thy God
Himself gives thee.

ANNIE M. LIBBY.
In "Boston Transcript," Sept. 1884.

THE YET TO BE.

1 I stand on the treshhold, I plainly see
The glorious things of the "yet to be."
What prophet, priest, and sage has told,
In theme and rhyme and sermons old,
Flame out on my vision grand and free
As I sing in joy of the "yet to be."

2 When man is purged of passion's fire,
And his soul is great with high desire,
To be like heroes and sages old
In the blessed time in the age of gold;
Woman free from her long worn chain,
Entered her high estate again;
Mother crowned with her blessed crown
That fadeth not, no leaves turned brown;
Then son and sire will joy to see
The queen that is the "yet to be."

3 When war is over and love untold
Will fill the heart—no thirst for gold
Will coil and sting like a serpent there,
In the time of bloom in a land so fair;
Where unveiled eyes will plainly see
God's rule of Love in the "yet to be."

ELIZABETH L. SAXON
New Orleans, 1884.

COMRADESHIP.

The great heart of Mrs Leavitt claims the whole round world for the blessed comradeship of the W. C. T. U.

Frances E. Willard.

1 Years ago there came a footfall from an open door,
Faltering, feeble, fearful; but the mighty love it bore
Waked sweet music whose resounding echoes evermore.

2 Earth so dull and step so tender, whence did music wake?
Hidden keys of sensate wires that could their silence break,
Underneath the step of woman, all for love's sake!

3 Love that brings a new translation to the high and lowly!
Love, the Midas touch of gold, that transmutes us wholly!
"For God, and home, and native land," says the legend holy!

4 Love that twines her mystic letters in a four-fold chain!
And a little knot of ribbon white, in and out again,
Tied so strong that all the world can never break in twain.

5 Love that binds the homes together of the east and west,
Links the north and south as one; ah, you know the rest,
You dear women with the badge of white upon your breast!

6 Know how, that if but spoken the mystic letters o'er
The cabalistic letters in the chain of letters four,
The hearts who know their meaning can ne'er be strangers more.

7 Know how the faithful workers true, keep the light aglow,
On the path where human feet are wandering to and fro.
Poor feet, so weak and halting! poor feet that stumble so!

8 Know of her, our leader, who more than all hath bound us
Heart and hand together where ever duty found us;
And who makes our burdens light with her love around us.

9 Know how speeds she, our brave hero, to the far off lands,
With the pledge of sister love from the praying bands,
'Till the "whole round world" be gathered in our circling hands.

10 O "Comradeship," so "blessed!" what words can e'er portray
The help and strength thou bringest along life's toilsome way?
Thou art the sunrise of the dear millennial day!

[illegible]
Brattleboro, Vt., [illegible]

TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM TO COL. GEO. W. BAIN.

The Canada temperance women appreciate Col. Bain. One gifted singer, Mrs. M. H. Wright sends this bit of verse after him: Signal.

TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM.

1 Work on! Kentucky Brother,
For Canada's fair fame,
And every wife and mother
Shall bless thy honor'd name.

2 If broad and noble waters
Roll twixt your land and ours,
Though broader were those waters
We'll bring Immortelle flowers—

3 The laurel, and the queenly rose,
To strew where thou shalt tread,
Like perfume of thy noble acts,
When thou art with the dead.

MRS. M. H. WRIGHT. 1884.

Esther C. Housh

Is the able and successful editor of the *Woman's Magazine*, published at Brattleboro', Vt. It was formerly called *Woman at Work*, and was published at Louisville, Ky. Her management of that grand magazine is most excellent, and does honor to womanhood. Mrs. Housh is a woman of rare genius and poetic talent, coupled with an energy and executive ability not often found. The editor of this volume had the pleasure of meeting her at the National Convention of W. C. T. U. workers, Oct. 22, 1884, and found her to be most charming in person and conversation. She is rather petite in figure, a decided brunette, with most winning womanly ways. She has proved a very valuable friend to *Woman in Sacred Song*, in more ways than one. The following beautiful poem, which has been much admired, was written for the California Medical University's Alumnae Evening, 1883.

WOMAN'S GOLDEN HOUR.

1 Listen to the echoes stealing
Through the years!
Echoes evermore revealing
All the fears
Of the first brave-hearted woman,
Loving, earnest, tender, human,
At the gate,
Where the rusty lock a-creaking,
And the voice of man a-speaking,
Bids her wait.

2 Wait! outside the door of learning;
Wait! her plea forever spurning;
Wait alway!
Wait, because she was a woman,
Loving, earnest, tender, human,
Till the day
When the chains should all be broken,
For the Lord himself had spoken:
"Bond nor free,"
But "one in Christ" the world shall be.

3 "Knock! It shall be opened" to thee;
Knock alway!
This was truly woman's duty
To obey.
So the echoes came a stealing,
All her faith and love revealing,
Till the door,
Barred and bolted ere before,
Barred no more,
Now swings a welcome open wide,
To man and woman side by side.

4 Shall we count the battles fought when the victory's won?
Chant the dirges while the song of triumph floating on?
Tell of crosses by the way, tell of sorrow's power,
While the bells are pealing out the glorious woman's hour?

5 Blending with the joyous pæans are the echoes of the years,
Speed they with a message of the brave heart's hopes and fears;
Crowns await the soul that conquers foes without, within;
Cowards win not in the race, but victors enter in.

6 Woman's hour! Ah, can it be my longing eyes behold
Woman standing on the threshold of the age of gold,
With the gift of healing, taught of mind and trained of hand,
Woman, queenly in her right to "comfort and command"?

7 The motherhood of woman is her richest boon of life;
Her holiest birth-right is to be a loved and honored wife;
In her bosom is the refuge for the sick and tempest riven,
In her faith that holds to God the surest hope of Heaven.

8 Ah! she could not be physician to the body worn and ill
Without bringing of the manna that each daily dews distill,
Manna of her love and blessing, manna of a Father's care,
He who comforts as a mother, sweetest title written there!

9 With glad hosannas then we hail the age, the age of Gold,
When purer laws and purer love shall human life enfold,
When all the doors of sin are barred, the doors of wisdom wide
With welcome for the woman who can stand by manhood's side—
He crowned a king by rightful rule, she queen by regal power
Of royal self-hood in the noon of woman's golden hour!

ESTHER T. HOUSH.

Mrs. Sallie F. Chapin

Of Charleston, South Carolina, State President of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is one of the South's most brilliant women, and one of the foremost of those who were enlisted in the interests of temperance, south of the dividing line. She is a most entertaining platform-speaker, and is probably doing more than any other one woman, of the many devoted workers now in the South, to advance the cause of Prohibition. Among her first public utterances was the following pathetic peroration.

"O, the anxiety we have passed through, south of Mason and Dixon's line! Such wasting and mildew! The graves that have hidden in their darkness brilliant, talented men we loved so dearly, brave and heroic, tender hearted, their eyes brilliant as stars, their carriage erect and manly; chivalrous to a fault, and self-sacrificing; and these not only our own beloved, but those of our sisters in every state. King Alcohol brought low these loved ones, filled these victims at the last with mortal terrors, and then they died.

The voice of the martyred dead are being heard, and we men and women will avenge their murdered reason and debased bodies. Henceforth southern women's children shall not be cast into the arms of Moloch, or be made to pass through the fire. The strong men and women must mount up to a higher plane of existence than that of Mammon, debasing strong drink and politics, and clasp hands with our dear northern sisters in seeking the utter overthrow of King Alcohol."

A WOMAN'S PLATFORM FOR NORTH AND SOUTH.

Mrs Sallie F. Chapin closed her address in the amphitheater at Chautauqua, with the following unique and beautiful orignal poem. It is a platform worthy of the age.—Union Signal, 1884.

1 Then, women, build what men in vain
Have tried to build these hundred years,
And failed in throes of heart and brain,
And torture deep, and blood and tears;
A platform broad as all the land,
Where north and south, and east and west
In grand and high accord may stand,
Arm linked with arm, and breast with breast.

2 Where Maine may bring her plank of pine
To mortice with palmetto beam,
And round the stately elm entwine
Vines from the bayou's turbid stream;
While stanchions set in granite rock,
From old New Hampshire's bosom brought,
Will stand all storms nor heed their shock,
With Alabama iron wrought;
Where Mississippi, hand to hand
With Minnesota, asks to be,
Seeking redemption for our land,
Struggling to set the nation free;
And Florida, from out her groves
Of tropic fruit and towering palm,

3 Joins with brave Kansas, whom she loves,
And sings with her the inspiring psalm.
Where all the old and grand thirteen,
Who broke, as one, the tyrant's sway,
May with their sister states be seen
Engaged again in deadliest fray.
The cruel gulf, by carnage made,
Too long has severed kindred blood;
But where our banners are displayed
An arch of peace now spans the flood.
With every sound of discord stilled,
High on that glorious arch we stand,
With one resolve each heart is filled
To strike for home and native land.

4 We hold alone the place sublime,
No claims of section, creed or pride,
Nor thought of color, class, or clime,
Our love-embattled ranks divide;
Deep unto deep, with answering cry,
Atlantic to Pacific pleads;
Hold women to your purpose high,
And show your faith, by word and deed;
Then, women, build, for be you sure
You build far better than you know,
And that you are building shall endure
Till time itself shall be no more.

MRS. SALLIE F. CHAPIN.

ANNIVERSARY HYNN.

Tune—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

DEDICATED TO THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION ON ITS SIXTH ANNIVERSARY, AUGUST 15, 1880.

[At Chautauqua, Sabbath, August 15, after a magnificent sermon on temperance, by Joseph Cook, four thousand voices made grand melody singing these words to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."]

1 Where green Chautauqua's arches bend
To kiss her lake-bound shore,
From east, from west, from north we wend,
Hand clasped in hand once more.
To kneel again where once we knelt,
When God's inspiring call,
Forth from these shades our women sent
To rescuing work for all.

2 Up from our sowing far and near,
The quickening seed of God,
We come to lay our reaping here,
Upon Chautauqua's sod.
And weave our chaplet of high praise
Before Chautauqua's Lord,
For blessings in these "latter days"
On His hand-maidens poured.

3 God of this forest temple, lo!—
Thy daughters kneel to Thee;
Pour out upon us ere we go,
Thy Spirit rich and free;
That strong to fight hell's strongest arm,
Almighty in Thy might,
Our words of love all hearts may warm,
Our lives fill earth with light.

MISS MARGARET E. WINSLOW.

HOW THE WORK GOES FORWARD.

Toiling on mid the ripened grain
Of the yellow and bending fields,
Many a skillful laborer
A glancing sickle wields.
Shineth the sun at morning hour
On busy hearts and hands.
The noontide glow and westering beams
Light a myriad toiling bands.
Nor tarrieth long enough the day
For the zeal of these workers true;
In the moon's clear light and in sombre night
They are found at their tasks anew.
Are these reapers unwearied, of stalwart strength
And forms of giant mould?
Does the harvest they glean bring rich return
In wealth of shining gold?
Why, look ye well! They are womankind
Who are toiling night and day,
And the harvest gains they eagerly crave
Are the souls of men, they say.
Where the demon of drink a battle has gained,
And men have gone down in the fight,
Where youthful hosts, unscathed as yet,
The enemy's blows invite;
Where tears are flowing, and hearts are rent,
And desolate homes stand sombre and grim;
Where Heaven bends low if souls repent—
Wherever *He* leadeth they follow Him.
With head and heart and hand they work,
With word persuasive, with song and prayer,
With dauntless endeavor and spirit brave
To rescue the fallen they all things dare.
When the sheaves are gathered and the garnered grain
Is safe from the blight and the blasting storm,
With the Women's Reaping,—a record strange,—
In story and song will our hearts grow warm.

MISS JULIA A. WILLARD.
Latrobe, Pa., 1881.

W. C. T. U.

Isaiah 63.

1 Who cometh from Edom—our chosen guide,
W. C. T. U.
From the vintage of Bozrah with garments dyed?
W. C. T. U.
In strength and righteousness Lord and King
He cometh His children salvation to bring,
He cometh His own to avenge, Oh! sing.
W. C. T. U.

CHORUS.— W. C. T. U. W. C. T. U.
Our God is our Leader, our Saviour is King,
Ye lame leap for joy, ye sorrowful sing;
Ye nations make haste, and hosannas shall ring.
W. C. T. U.

Exodus 14.

2 For Israel's sake He divided the sea,
And said, "Go forward, I'll fight for thee."
Through the pillar of fire He troubled the host
Of Egyptians, and chariots and horsemen were lost;
We will see His salvation and stand at our post.

Joshua 3.

3 The Jordan o'erflowed, its waters were wide,
But the priests stood firm in the lapping tide.
God moved back the waters, they heaped far away,
His children went over, and dry was the way,
And the land of promise was Israel's that day.

4 No foe can withstand when the Lord leadeth on;
Their hearts melt with fear, their cities are won;
His anger consumes, His wrath doth abide
On sins that in darkness doth secretly hide;
But the faithful and loving shall walk by His side.

5 Awake! see what His salvation hath wrought;
What victory o'er sins with His blood He hath bought;
His kingdom shall stretch over land and o'er sea,
And peoples and nations shall all bow the knee,
And truth, love and righteousness ever shall be.

6 His splendor shall dawn on the nations that sleep,
And hearts tune to gladness that only could weep;
The billows that toss over life's troubled sea
Shall be still, when He speaks, as the sweet Galilee,
And the earth and the heaven His glory shall see.

EMMA E. ORENDORFF.
Delavan, Ill., 1883.

COMFORT IN BEREAVEMENT.

Ps. ciii: 16.

1 So fades the lovely blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour!
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no lenient art
To heal the anguish of the heart?
Divine Redeemer, be thou nigh:
Thy comforts were not made to die!

3 Then gentle Patience smiles on Pain,
And dying Hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from Sorrow's eyes,
And Faith points upward to the sky.

ANNE STEELE.

HYMNS AND READINGS SUITABLE FOR THE FUNERAL OR MEMORIAL SERVICES OF OUR WORKERS.

CROSSING THE RIVER TIME.

1 They're crossing the river; and one by one
Are launching their boats away,
And some of the number are aged ones
Whose tresses are streaked with gray;
They've gone to the river with tot'ring steps—
These pilgrims weary and old:
They saw not the waters, but looked across
To the gleaming gates of gold.

2 They're crossing the river,—these trav'lers all—
Some entering manhood's prime;
And eagerly, firmly, they grasp the oars
And glide down the river Time.
They carefully steer 'round rocks and crags,
Nor shrink from the cloud or wind,
While the vessel that bears the aged ones
Is drifting soon, far behind.

3 They're crossing the river; and some are young
And blithe as the birds in May,
Their happy voices with laughter and song
Make merry the weary way.
And their eyes are bright with the glow of youth,
So they pass the old folks by
And leave but the echo of joyousness,
To mingle with tear and sigh,

4 They're crossing the river; this river Time—
Sweet babies, in robes of white;
And they watch the eddies that come and go
With crows and coos of delight.
They lave in the waves with their dimpled hands
And soon they are seen no more;
But the dear old pilgrims sail slowly on
And are last to reach the shore.

5 So the river is white with drifting sails,
And the boats are large and small,
But some of them strike on the cold, gray rocks,
And never anchor at all:
Oh! we too are going the self-same way—
Old, young, and in life's bright prime;
And we hope to anchor our tremb'ling barques
Beyond,—in the Better Clime!

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR. 1879.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

Psalm cxxvii: 2.

1 Poor mourner, tempted oft and tried
With all the ills that life beset,
Misfortune, want and humbled pride,
With sinking heart and cheek all wet,
A little longer persevere,
There comes a time thou wilt not weep,
For He'll remove thy grief and fear,
And give to His beloved, sleep.

2 Brave soldier on Life's battle-field,
Where all contend, as best they may,
To vanquish wrong—the right to shield,
Fight manfully till close of day;
Rally, once more, thy failing powers,
And when Night's shadows onward creep,
Sweet rest comes with its darkening hours,—
He gives to His belovéd, sleep.

3 Thou on the couch of racking pain,
No ease, no rest by day or night,
Whose fainting heart, whose throbbing brain
Sees in the future nothing bright,
He hath a listening, pitying ear;
His promise He will surely keep,
That, if thou callest, He will hear
And give to His belovéd, sleep.

4 Oh! blesséd thought, when tired and worn
With toil, temptation, or with grief,
However weary, or forlorn,
That ready hand can bring relief;
And, with the tenderness of love,
Wipe tears from eyes long used to weep,
Sorrow and weariness remove,
By giving His belovéd, sleep.

5 Ah! 'neath His lifted wing, may I
Find shelter, too, and calm repose:
And to His sure protection fly
In all my sorrows, all my woes;
In time to come, remembering
If a pure, spotless heart I keep,
Beneath His broad o'ershadowing wing
Securely I may sink to sleep.

ADELIA C. GRAVES. 1883.
Mary Sharp College, Winchester, Tenn.

A DIRGE.

1 Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit! rest thee now;
Even while with us thy footstep trod
His seal was on thy brow.

2 Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!—
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

3 Lone are the paths, and sad the bowers,
Whence thy meek smile is gone;
But Oh! a brighter home than ours,
In heaven is now thine own.

MRS. HEMANS.

JESUS IS CALLING FOR THEE.

1 When, as of old, in her sadness
Mary sat weeping alone,
Softly the voice of her sister
Whispered, "The Master has come."
So, in the depths of thy sorrow,
Gall though its fountain may be,
List! there cometh a whisper,
"Jesus is calling for thee."

2 Oh! when thy pleasures are flowing,
Fading thy hope and thy trust,
When of the dearest earth-treasures
Dust shall return unto dust:
Then, though the world may invite thee,
Vain will its offering be;
List! for there cometh a whisper,
"Jesus is calling for thee."

3 Down by the shore of death's river,
Some time thy footsteps shall stray
Where waits an angel to bear thee
Over to infinite day.
What then, though dark be his shadow,
If when his coming thou see,
Cometh there softly a whisper,
"Jesus is calling for thee."

GRACE GLENN.
In "Wreath of Praise," by Asa Hull.

WHY?

IN MEMORIAM.

1 Why do we always mourn, O Death,
When thy soft hand shuts out the night
Of earthly woes, and opes the gates
Of everlasting joy and light?

2 Why do we sorrow those who find
From all their toil a grateful rest,—
When aching heart and throbbing head
Have found at last a Father's breast?

3 Why do we weep, when yearning souls
At last are free, at last can go
Beyond the clouds that hid their Sun,
Each woe and heartache left below?

4 Why do we grieve? do we not know
That we shall follow bye-and-bye?
Though fainting 'neath a heavy load
We soon shall know the reason why.

5 O souls in deepest anguish bowed,
Ye weep,—but Jesus wept, He knows
Your every pang, on His dear breast
You may pour out your bitter woes.

6 Close to His wounded side, O hearts
All bruised and torn, you may draw near;
Breathing a hope of that dear Heaven
Where God shall wipe away each tear.

MARTHA PEARSON SMITH. 1884

LET ME GO.

1 Let me go!—The day is breaking,
Morning bursts upon mine eye,
Death this mortal frame is shaking—
But the soul can never die!

2 Let me go!—That day-star beaming,
Gilds the radiant realms above;
Its full glory on me streaming,
Lights me to that land of love!

3 Let me go!—My warfare's ended;
Night's dark shades have passed away;
All in view is glory splendid,
Boundless and eternal day!

4 Let me go!—My Master's chariot
Waits in state to bear me home—
Purchase of His grace and merit,—
Alleluia! Lord, I come!

5 Now I am Thine, and Thine forever,
While eternal ages roll;
Sense and sin no more shall sever
Thy blest presence from my soul

6 Now, amid the sacred splendor
Of the glorious hosts above,
Everlasting praise I'll render
To that God, whose name is Love!

MARY PYPER.

THE SUMMER LAND OF BLISS.

P. M.

1 Beyond this land of parting, losing, and leaving,
Far beyond the losses, darkening this,
And far beyond the taking and the bereaving,
Lies the summer land of bliss.

2 Beyond this land of toiling, sowing, and reaping,
Far beyond the shadows, darkening this,
And far beyond the sighing, moaning, and weeping,
Lies the summer land of bliss.

3 Beyond this land of sinning, fainting, and falling,
Far beyond the doubtings, darkening this,
And far beyond the griefs and dangers befalling,
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4 Beyond this land of waiting, seeking, and sighing,
Far beyond the sorrows, darkening this,
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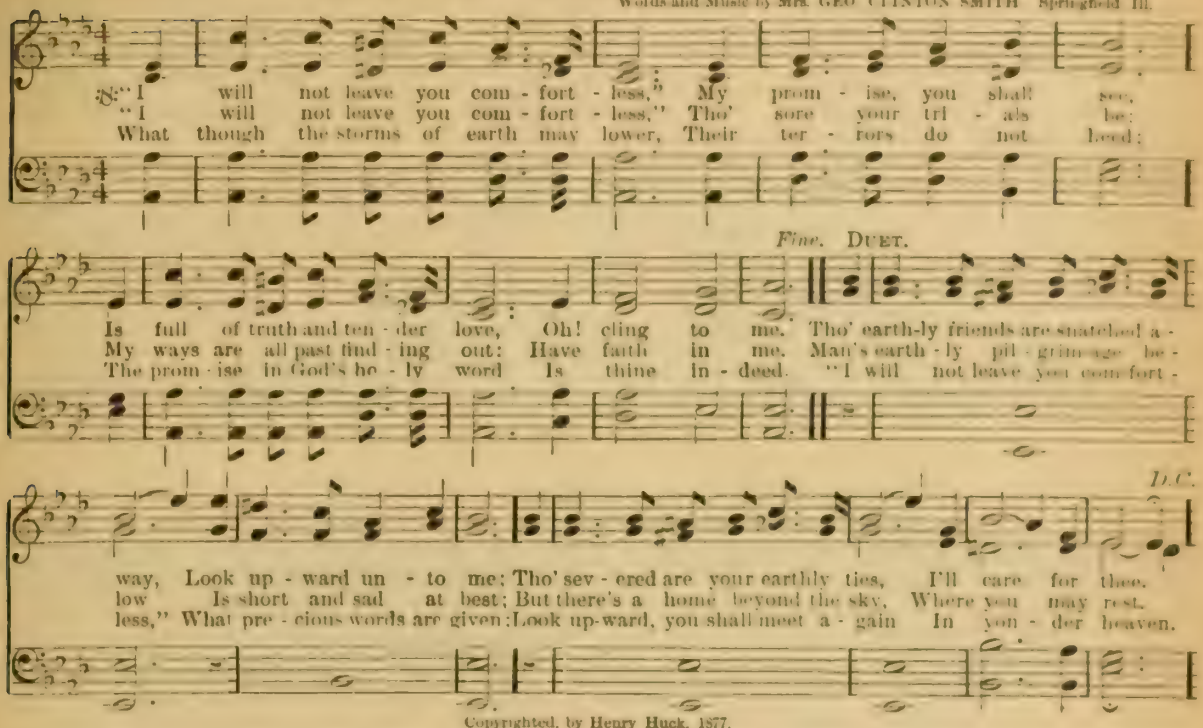
MRS. M. B. C. SLADE 1880.

I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU COMFORTLESS.

FIRST SUNG ON THE OCCASION OF MRS. DR. WM. JAYNE'S FUNERAL.

Words and Music by Mrs. GEO. CLINTON SMITH, Springfield Ill.



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WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER.

1 We shall sleep, but not forever:
There will be a glorious dawn;
We shall meet to part, no, never!
On the resurrection morn!
From the deepest caves of ocean,
From the desert and the plain,
From the valley and the mountain,
Countless throngs shall rise again.

CHORUS—We shall sleep, but not forever;
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We shall meet to part, no, never!
On the resurrection morn!

2 When we see a precious blossom
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair!
Round its little grave we linger,
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.

3 We shall sleep, but not forever,
In a lone and silent grave:
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.
In the bright eternal city
Death can never, never come;
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest to Home, Sweet Home.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

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NOW AND AFTERWARDS.

1 Two hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
And we're at peace.
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot,
God, in His kindness, answereth not.

2 Two hands to work addrest,
Aye for His praise;
Two feet that never rest,
But walk His ways;
Two eyes that look above,
Thro' all their tears;
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ELIAB MORGAN.

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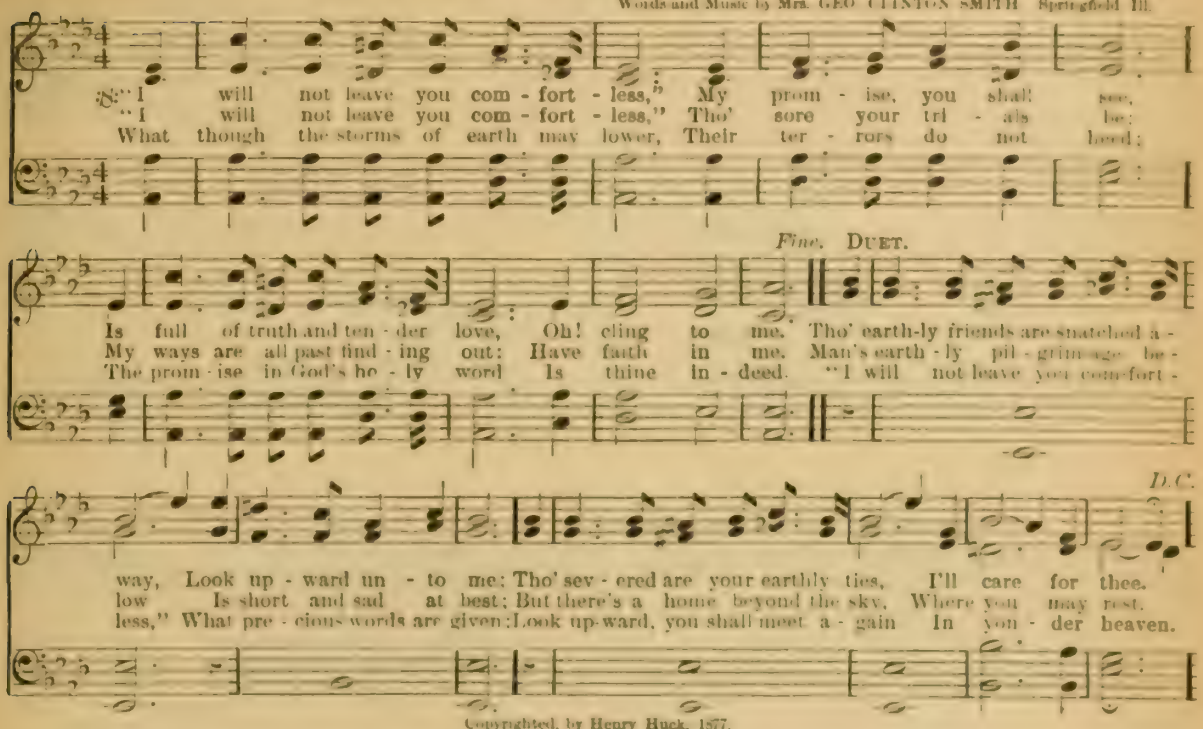

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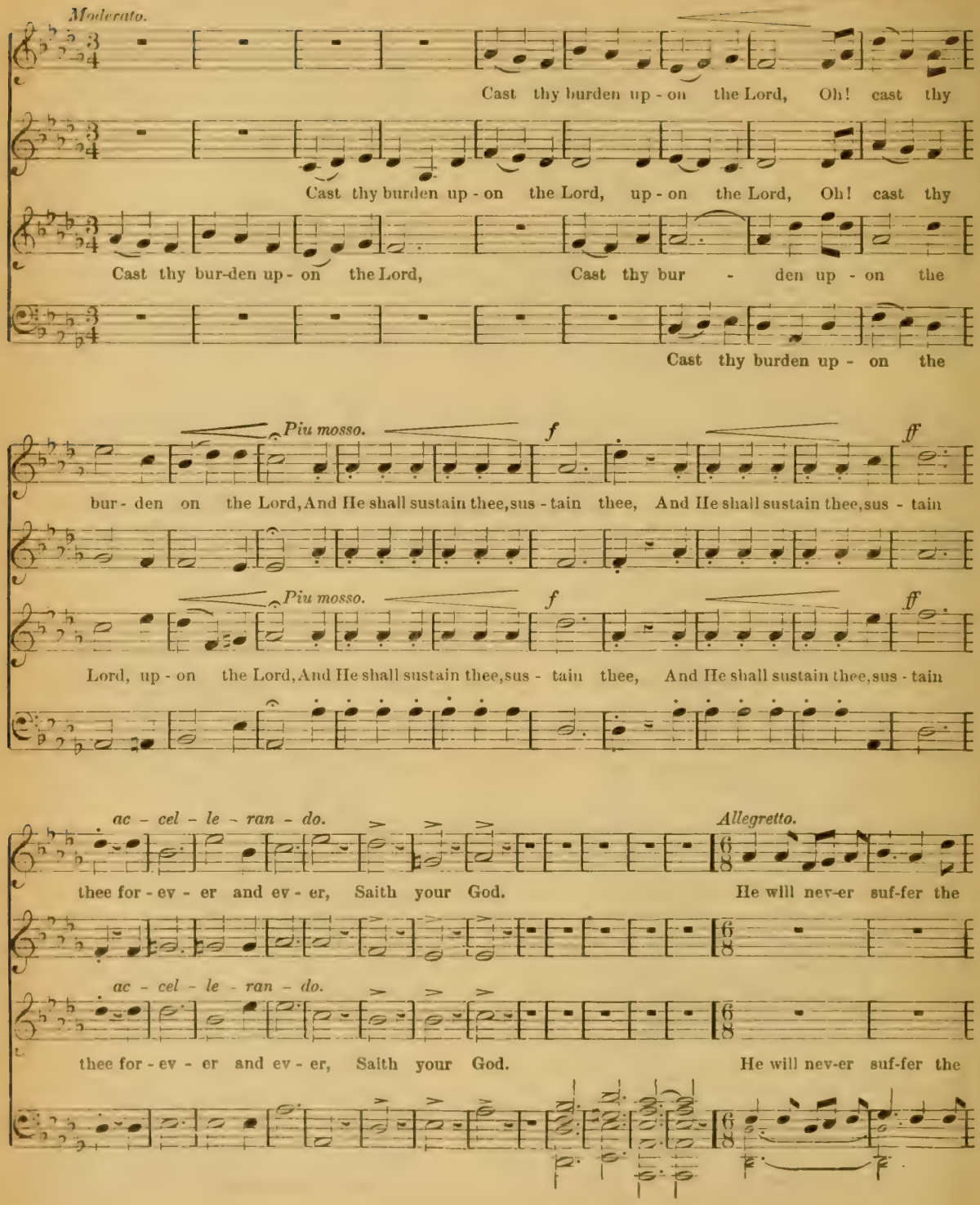
Thro' all their tears;
Two lips still breathing love,
Not wrath nor fears;
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees;
Forgive those erring prayers, Father, hear these.

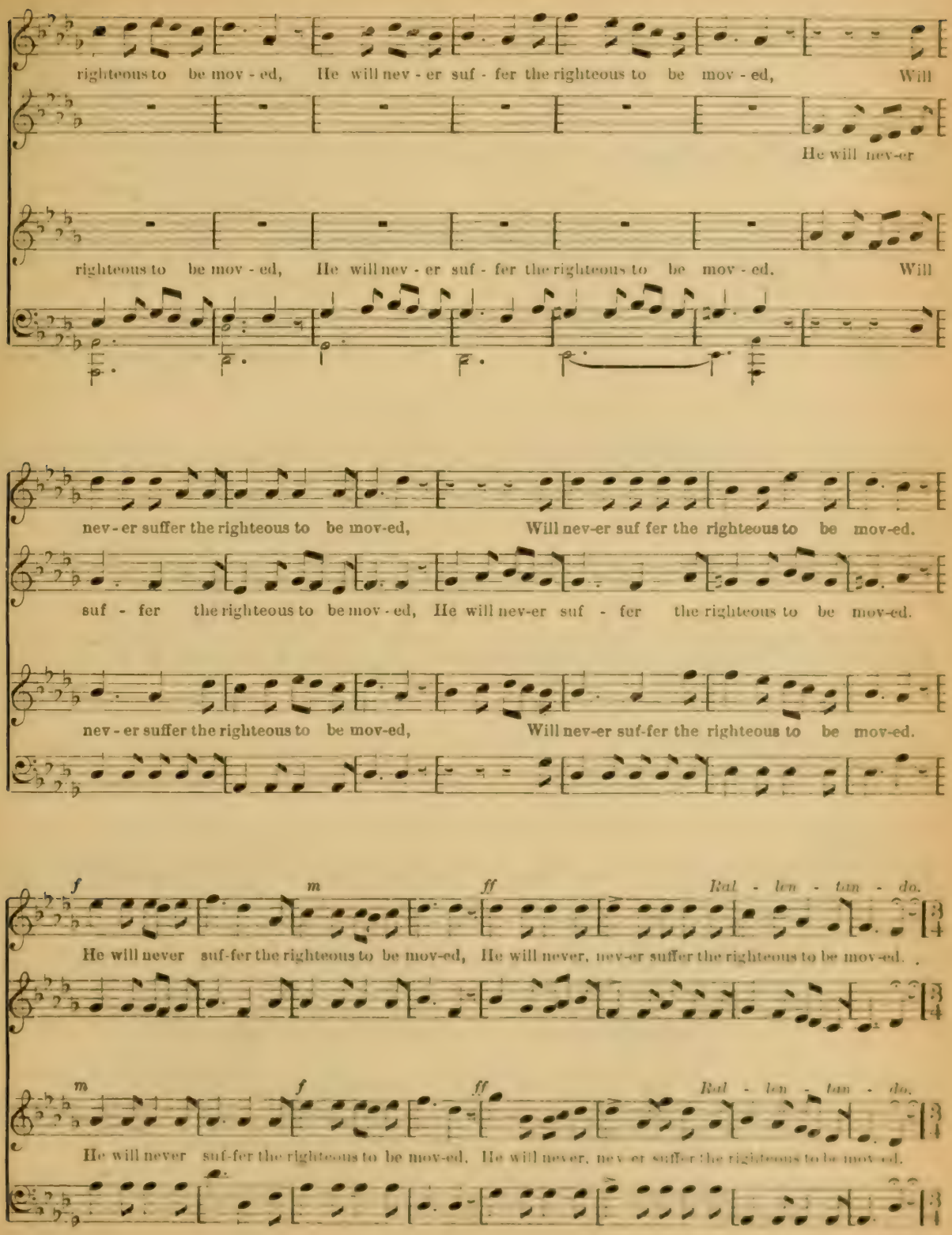
SUSAN MUDGE

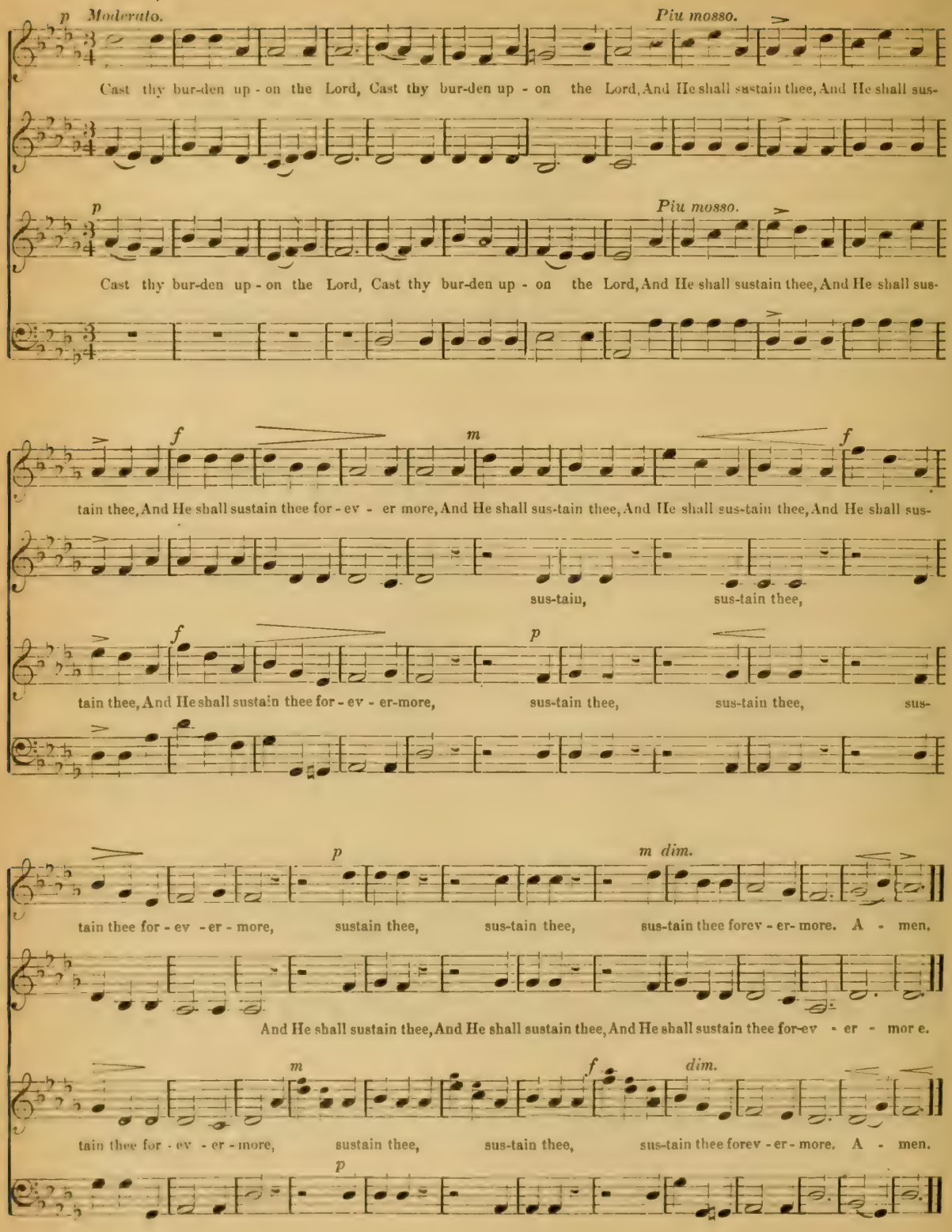
CAST THY BURDEN.

Psalm LV : 22.

Mrs. C. H. SCOTT. By per.




righteous to be mov - ed, He will nev - er suf - fer the righteous to be mov - ed, Will
He will nev-er
righteous to be mov - ed, He will nev - er suf - fer the righteous to be mov - ed. Will
nev - er suffer the righteous to be mov-ed, Will nev-er suf fer the righteous to be mov-ed.
suf - fer the righteous to be mov - ed, He will nev-er suf - fer the righteous to be mov-ed.
nev - er suffer the righteous to be mov-ed, Will nev-er suf-fer the righteous to be mov-ed.
f m ff Ral - len - tan - do.
He will never suf-fer the righteous to be mov-ed, He will never, nev-er suffer the righteous to be mov-ed.
m f ff Ral - len - tan - do.
He will never suf-fer the righteous to be mov-ed. He will never, nev-er suffer the righteous to be mov-ed.


p Moderato.
Piu mosso.
Cast thy bur-den up - on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den up - on the Lord, And He shall sustain thee, And He shall sus-
p
Piu mosso.
Cast thy bur-den up - on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den up - on the Lord, And He shall sustain thee, And He shall sus-
f
m
f
tain thee, And He shall sustain thee for - ev - er more, And He shall sus-tain thee, And He shall sus-tain thee, And He shall sus-
sus-tain, sus-tain thee,
f
p
tain thee, And He shall sustain thee for - ev - er-more, sus-tain thee, sus-tain thee, sus-
p
m dim.
tain thee for - ev - er - more, sustain thee, sus-tain thee, sus-tain thee forev - er- more. A - men.
And He shall sustain thee, And He shall sustain thee, And He shall sustain thee for-ev - er - mor e.
m
f
dim.
tain thee for - ev - er - more, sustain thee, sus-tain thee, sus-tain thee forev - er - more. A - men.
p

FATHER. WHO IN THE OLIVE SHADE.

8s, 6s & 4s

1 Father! who in the olive shade,
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son,—
Oh! by the anguish of that night,
Send Thou us blest relief;
Or to the chastened, let Thy might
Hallow this grief!

2 And Thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dread strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
Thy will be done!
By Thy meek spirit, Thou of all
That e'er have mourned the chief—
Thou Saviour! if the stroke must fall,
Hallow this grief!

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

NO MORE PAIN.

Ps. cxxvii: 2.

1 O suffering souls that long for ease,
That cry for rest on bended knees,
Your sighs and tears are not in vain,
Beyond there shall be no more pain.

2 In quiet, happy mansions there,
Far from the turmoil and the care,
O weary hearts that watch and weep,
He giveth His beloved sleep.

3 Rest, rest He saith, thy race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won,
Henceforth there is laid up for thee
Love, joy and immortality!

ANNA H. C. HOWARD. 1882.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

ONE BY ONE.

1 One by one life's zephyrs waft us
Far away upon the main;
One by one rise its great billows,
Filling us with fear and pain.
One by one clouds gather o'er us,
Sending sadness to our hearts;
One by one the sparkling sunbeams
From hope's sun bid grief depart.

2 One by one the workers leave us,
To progress without their aid;
One by one their dear forms vanish,
But their mem'ry will not fade.
One by one we step up bravely
On the stage of human life,
One by one we win the laurels,
As we conquer in the strife.

ANNA BLANCK.

MEMORIA.

6s & 4s.

1 Where shall we make her grave?
Oh! where the wild flowers wave
In the free air!
Where show'r and singing bird
'Midst the young leaves are heard—
There, lay her there.

2 Harsh was the world to her—
Now may sleep minister
Balm for each ill;
Low on sweet nature's breast
Let the meek heart find rest,
Deep, deep and still.

3 Oh! then where wild flowers wave
Make ye her mossy grave
In the free air!
Where show'r and singing bird
'Midst the young leaves are heard—
There, lay her there.

MRS. HEMANS.

HOME AT LAST.

"In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you."—John xiv: 2

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying." Rev. xxi: 4.

1 "Home at last" on heavenly mountains,
Heard the "Come and enter in;"
Saved by life's fair flowing fountains,
Saved from earthly taint and sin.

REFRAIN—"Home, sweet home," our home forever;
All the pilgrim journey past,
Welcomed home to wander never,
Saved through Jesus—"Home at last."

2 Free at last from all temptation,
No more need of watchful care;
Joyful in complete salvation,
Given the victor's crown to wear.

3 Saved to greet on hills of glory
Loved ones we have missed so long;
Saved to tell the sinner's story,
Saved to sing redemption's song.

4 Welcomed at the pearly portal,
Evermore a welcome guest,
Welcomed to the life immortal,
In the mansions of the blest.

MRS. MARIA F. A. CROZIER.
Set to Music by IRA D. SANKEY.

Mary Leslie

Is the daughter of one of the early missionaries to Calcutta. She wrote the following well known hymn, so appropriate for funeral occasions, about the year 1863. It has been set to beautiful and artistic music by Prof. W. A. Ogden.

GATHERING HOME.

"Ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel."—Is. xxvii: 42.

1 They're gath'ring homeward from ev'ry land,
One by one! one by one!
As their weary feet touch the shining strand,
Yes, one by one!
They rest with the Saviour, they wait their crown,
Their travel-stained garments are all laid down;
They wait the white raiment the Lord shall prepare
For all the glory with Him shall share.

REFRAIN—Gath'ring home! gath'ring home!
Fording the river one by one!
Gath'ring home! gath'ring home!
Yes, one by one!

2 Before they rest they pass thro' the strife,
One by one! one by one!
Thro' the waters of death they enter life,
Yes, one by one!
To some are the floods of the river still,
As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill;
The waves to others run fiercely and wild,
Yet they reach the home of the undefiled.

3 We too must come to the river-side,
One by one! one by one!
We are nearer its waters each eventide,
Yes, one by one!
We can hear the noise and dashing stream,
Oft now and again, thro' our life's dream;
Sometimes the dark floods all the banks overflow,
Sometimes in ripples and small waves go.

4 Jesus, Redeemer, we look to Thee,
One by one! one by one!
We lift up our voices tremblingly,
Yes, one by one!
The waves of the river are dark and cold,
We know not the place where our feet may hold;
O Thou who didst pass through the deepest midnight,
Now guide us, and send us the staff of light.

MARY LESLIE.
Set to music by W. A. Ogden.

THERE'S A CITY, BRIGHT AND GOLDEN.

Tune—"*Come, Thou Fount.*"

1 There's a city, bright and golden,
Builded by a Father's hand,
And I hear sweet angel music
Floating from that heavenly land;
Softly now the sweet, low chanting,
Cometh o'er the shining way,
To the harp's harmonious music,
God shall wipe all tears away.

2 In that city, bright and golden,
Jesus is the life and light;
We shall see His face forever,
We shall know no sin nor night;
Still the golden harps are ringing
O'er the city pure and bright,
Chiming with the sweet, low singing,
Singing, There shall be no night.

3 In that city, bright and golden,
Sweetest anthems shall we sing,
Casting down our crowns before Him,
In the palace of the King;
Louder, fuller swell the anthems,
Sweet the glad harps ring again,
Unto Him who bought our pardon,
Glory, honor be, amen.

ELIZA SHERMAN.
By per. D. C. Cook.

Mrs. Wait,

Who died some three or four years since, was one of the most talented and earnest workers in the temperance ranks. At her funeral obsequies, one, among her many Essays, entitled "Life," was read by Miss Mary Allen West. The following poem and touching tribute was written and read by Mrs. Helen Dietreich.

ANOTHER REAPER GONE.

1 Once more has the sea of sorrow
O'er our hearts in billows rolled,
While another precious reaper
Has been gathered to the fold;
For the pilot, white and frigid,
Came with floating sails arrayed,
And the hopes of her trusting spirit
In his cruel hands were laid;
But now, in life's sweet greeting,
We received her warm embrace,
As we pressed the lips that loved us,
And gazed on the saintly face.

2 There's a light gone from our presence,
Like a star from out the sky;
Yet a silver halo, beaming
Through the darkness, lingers nigh;
And the voice of our companion,
From that realm so strangely near,
Comes back with its gentle patience
And its wealth of sunny cheer;
Where relieved of life's great burden,
In the glow of woman's prime,
She has won her crown of glory
In Messiah's wondrous clime.

3 As the past wells up before us
In a picture clear and bright,
We behold her toiling upward
Toward Zion's fertile height;
By the light of faith supernal
Strewing truthful seed, that fell
On the lone and barren mountain,
In the deep and shaded dell,

And amid the ripened harvest
Left the gleaming sickle thrust,
As she sought her Father's kingdom
For the waiting post of trust.

4 When we reach that glowing mansion,
May the pearly gates divide
For our sisters to receive us
With a welcome by their side,
And in closer bonds continue
In the labor here begun,
In that land of fadeless blossom
Up beyond the rising sun;
Where, surpassing noonday splendor,
Clasped by tender hands of love,
Walks the Lord with His anointed
In the golden streets above.

MRS. HELEN DIETREICH.
Galesburg, Ill., 1882.

FALLEN AT NOONTIDE.

IN MEMORIAM OF A WORKER.

1 Fallen at noontide! Time has set
No silvery signet on thee yet.
The crown of womanhood but now
Rested refulgent on thy brow;
And, mightier than the sword, the pen
Foremost among the ranks of men
Had placed thee. Broad before thee lay
An open path to fame to-day—
Yet thou hast fallen.

2 Fallen in harness! War and strife,
The conflict and the rush of life,
Around thee surged! No hour was thine
For evening rest, for calm decline.
Each sand recorded, as it run,
Some task commenced, some duty done.
In broken threads of gorgeous dyes
Her half completed life-web lies,
For she has fallen.

3 Fallen 'mid loved ones! Girlhood's tear
Has dropped its pearl upon thy bier.
The floral offerings which we lay
Around thy quiet form to-day
Bear love's rare perfume in their breath,
And lend a softened line to death.
No storied marble need we rear,
For grateful love enshrines thee here,
Where thou hast fallen.

4 Fallen, yet risen! Grand it seems
To pass from shadow land, from dreams
To open vision. Grand to see
The laurels that are twined for thee!
Grand from the field of deadly strife
To spring at once to endless life,
In faith's fruition, there to prove
A mightier than human love.
Thus thou art fallen.

5 Fallen among us! So we bear
The mantle thou wert wont to wear.
So we the ravelled life-web take
And patient weave for thy dear sake,
And should some stitches prove to be
But copies poor and faint of thee,
Still other workers yet may come
And bear the finished pattern home,
When we are fallen.

6 Fallen in Jesus! sweetly sleep!
We bid no angels round thee keep
Their solemn watch. For safely He
Will keep thee to eternity;
And never weariness or pain
Will break thy quiet rest again.
There lurks no strife, no toil, no loss,
In that calm shadow of the cross,
Where thou art fallen.

7 Fallen for a moment! Lo! the day
When every shadow flees away!
The morning comes, whose welcome dyes
Flood earth with hues of Paradise.
Then shall we see thee bright and fair,
As all Christ's ransomed angels are,
And earthly love shall joy to see
The heavenly love which set thee free,
When thou seemed'st fallen.

MARGARET E. WINSLOW

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS DR [illegible]

1 In the evening of life her sunset drew near,
And, bright as the tints when autumn is here,
Gleamed the gold of her soul in the glow of its sheen,
When the Angel of Death hovered over the scene.
And the name of Jesus still dwelt on her tongue,
The praises, so many long years she had sung.

2 In life she built not for ambition and power:
God was her strength, her fortress and tower;
And she laid up her store where the moth and the rust
Can never consume nor crumble to dust.
Sainted and blest, she lived but to fill
Her mission of love, unobtrusive and still.

3 She comforted the sick, the sorrowing, the sad,
With her soul's overflow their hearts she made glad;
She sought out the abodes of sin and distress,
And pointed to Jesus who only can bless.
An evangel, she went with the "water of life,"
"Be still" she said softly to sorrow and strife.

4 In the highways and hedges, though weary, she went,
Whispering low to her own heart "the Master hath sent;"
How her example rebukes all display!
For, humble and meek, she went on her way,
Oh! may her mantle on some of us fall,
And her gentle teachings be heeded by all.

5 She bore to the homes of the wounded and sore
Sweet consolation from out her rich store;
And who shall tell what wanderers have caught
High inspiration from all she hath wrought?
"She hath done what she could," and she rests now secure.
In the home of the holy, the happy and pure.

6 W. C. T. U. we placed on her grave,
All deftly woven in the flowers we gave;
By loving hands the offerings were given,
And e'en now their odor smelleth to heaven;
But a far sweeter fragrance her spirit hath shed,
That still will live on when the flowers are dead.

7 This sisterhood here will greet her no more,
Nor wait for her coming through yon open door;
Nor list to her voice in the breathings of prayer;
But could she to-day, from her "home over there,"
Send a message the mystic chasm across,
She would tell of *her gain* outwrought from *our loss.*

8 She would bid us advance our cause, which she knew
As noble and just, glorious and true;
While in God's own way the cure will be wrought.
"Ours but to do" as Jesus has taught.
Let us then labor on while nearing the shore,
Till with her we clasp hands in the bright Evermore.

MIRIAM H. WILSON.
Springfield, Ill., 1879.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. L. B. Barrett, Secretary of the Massachusetts W. C. T. U., died May 24, 1884.

Above her placid brow th' immortelle twines,
The victor's palm rests in her passive hand.
Foremost among the strong, tried souls who stand,
And wage a hopeless war 'gainst serried lines
Of sin and woe, that ravage all the land,
She still held place; thrilled with a purpose grand,
Yet calm, as one who all to God resigns.
Out of the heat and burden of the day,
Out of the stir, and throb, and ache of life,
God called her; and His loving hand stretched down
To guide her, as she trod death's fearsome way,
To greet her, weary from the bitter strife,
With the blest words, "Well done, receive thy crown."

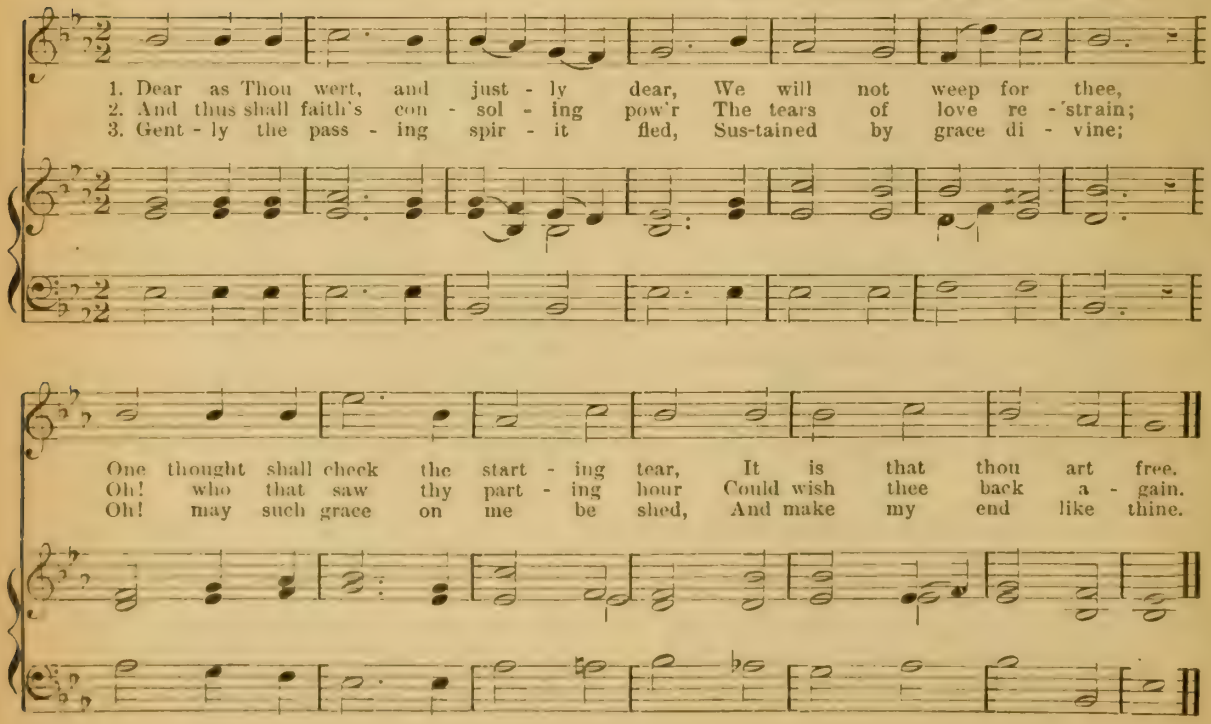
ALICE CORA HAMMOND.
Lynn, Mass. May 27, 1884.

DEAR AS THOU WERT.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF MISS ALICE WEBB.

(FOR FUNERAL OCCASIONS.)

Mrs. C. H. SCOTT, by per. from "Royal Anthem Book."



THE WOMAN'S CRUSADE.

1873——1883.

1 Lifting softly white tent curtains when the morning
stars shone dim,
Morning stars that sang together sweetly their eternal
hymn,
Looked they on the field of battle where Death
reigned in triumph grim.

2 And a cry came up before them, strong with terror,
fierce with pain,
From the stricken who were dying, from the mourner
o'er the slain.
Should they hasten? should they linger? — Ah! the
cry broke forth again!

3 One step forward,—one look backward,—there within the tent's white fold,
Cradled children softly dreaming, love-enwrapped
from harm and cold;
While o'er other mothers' darlings still the tide of
battle rolled.

4 Weaponless, unsandaled, feeble; healing oil and bending rod,
Only these and woman's weakness. Dared their
frail feet touch the sod,
Whence the right had slunk defeated, and its champions sped to God?

5 Sing their story, stars of morning; weak word-chaplets of renown
Suit but feebly brows that bent them to the press of
thorny crown;
God, who called them, knows, He only, what they
bore, and what laid down.

6 But He changed their rod of weakness to a scathing sword of might;
Filled their failing cruse of healing, fed by day and
watched by night,
Clad with armor, gave them weapons, strengthened
them in every fight.

7 Are they victors? Ask the angels, who this long decade of fight
Watched the slain and cheered the fainting, bending
from their heavenly height;
Hark the answer dropping sweetly from the battlements of light.

8 "Time is naught, nor death, nor sorrow; fight thou on, but patient wait,
Good is heir of the hereafter; triumph — glorious,
ultimate,
Hidden lies in God's to-morrow; but can God's time
be too late?"

MRS. MARY LOWE DICKINSON
New York 1883.

THE WOMEN ANGELS.

A LEGEND OF THE CRUSADE.

1 In His tender love and pity
Since the hoary days of old
God's father heart is seeking
Every wanderer from His fold.
And His loving arms outstretching
From the mountain to the sea,
Send upon the winds His welcome;
"Bid my lost ones come to me."

2 But the murky clouds which gathered
Over every wanderer's path,
Shut out God's precious sunshine,
Shut in His coming wrath;
While the accents of His pleadings
Were unheard amid the roar,
Which the mingled tones of conscience
Were raising evermore.

3 Then a smiling, sheeny figure,
Most beautiful to view,
Floated along the darkness
Saying, "I will guide thee through;"
In her hand a brimming goblet
Full of sparkling rosy wine
In her eyes the baleful flamings
Of graceless passions shine.

4 Her voice was liquid silver,
Its tones were low and sweet;
The flowers gleamed like jewels
Which sprang beneath her feet.
And the wanderers, bewildered
By the perfume of her breath,
All mirthmaking trod the pathway
Whose end was endless death.

5 Then the Father in His pity,
From His golden throne above
Gazing down upon His lost ones,
Felt His heart o'erflow with love.
"Who will go," He said, "down yonder
Where the paths of ruin be,
From the depths to save my darlings?"
And the women said, "Send me."

6 Lo! they went, those women angels,
Plain of dress and sad of mien;
No halo light around them,
On their robes no golden sheen;
But with resolute intention
As on a high emprise,
With the Father's loving pity
Clear mirrored in their eyes.

7 Plain words they spoke and homely
As they went to call the lost,
But they woke exultant echoes
High among the seraph host!
And many a homesick wanderer
Grasped tight the toilworn hand
Outstretched to guide him safely
To the distant fatherland.

8 Then chanced—the legend tells us—
This transformation rare:
A shadow dimmed the beauty
Of the maiden figure fair;
From out her brimming goblet
Crawled swarms of loathsome things;
Her hot breath burnt the flowers
And shrivelled up her wings.

9 But on the homely women
Flashed forth the Heavenly light,
And silver wings unfolded
And waved in open sight.
The rescued wanderers blessed them,
And the Father, in His love,
Said: "Welcome be the angels
Who guide my lost above."

10 O brothers! erring brothers!
Who have wandered from your way,
Our Father's loving pity
Still seeks you all to-day.
Will you listen to the syren,
Pursue the downward track?
Or be won by women angels
Whom God sends to call you back?

MARGARET E. WINSLOW.
Written for the first number of "Our Union."

THE RUM-SELLER'S REMORSE.

AN ECHO FROM CRUSADE TIMES.

1 I have come home to you, mother. Father, your wayward son
Has come to himself, at last, and known the harm he has done.
I have bleached your hair out, father, more than the frosts of years,
I've dimmed your kind eyes, mother, by many bitter tears.

2 Since I left you, father, to work the farm alone,
And bought a stock of liquors with what I called my own,
I've felt ashamed to see you, I knew it broke you down,
To think you had brought up a boy to harm his native town.

3 I've given it all up, mother; I'll never sell it more,
I've smashed the casks and barrels, I've shut and locked the door.
I've signed the temperance pledge, while the woman stood and sang;
The clergymen gave three hearty cheers, and both the church bells rang.

4 But one thing seemed to haunt me, as I came home to you;
Of all the wrongs that I have done not one can I undo.
There's old Judge White just dropping into a drunkard's grave,
I've pushed him down with every glass of whisky that I gave.

5 And there is young Tom Elliott. He was a trusty lad,
I made him drink the first hot glass of rum he ever had.
And now he drinks night after night, and acts a ruffian's part,
He has maimed his little sister, and broken his mother's heart.

6 Then, there is Harry Warner, who married Bessie Hyde,
He struck and killed their baby, when it was sick and cried.
And I poured out the poison that made him strike the blow;
And Bessie raved and cursed me. She is crazy now, you know.

7 I tried to act indifferent, when I saw the women come,
There was Ryan's wife, whose children shivered and starved at home;
He had paid me, that same morning, his last ten cents for drink;
When I saw her poor pale face, it made me start and shrink.

8 There was Tom Elliott's mother, wrapped in her widow's veil,
And the wife of Brown, the merchant, my whisky made him fail.
And my old playmate, Mary, she stood among the band,
Her white cheek bore a livid mark, made by her husband's hand.

9 It all just overcame me! I yielded, then and there;
And Elder Thorp, he raised his hand, and offered up a prayer.
I knew that he forgave me, and yet I had to think
Of his own boy, his only son, whom I had taught to drink.

10 So I have come back, father, to the home that gave me birth,
And I will plow, and sow, and reap the gifts of mother earth.
Yet, if I prove a good son now, and worthy of you two,
My heart is heavy with the wrongs I never can undo.

MRS. L. G. M'VEAN. 1884.

THE UNION SIGNAL.

An answer to the question, "What has the Crusade done for you?"

1 I've read its latest number through,
Eagerly, as I always do,
Rejoicing that there is unfurled
A Signal true, to all the world,
Warning that doom and ruin stand
At door of "Home and Native Land."

2 I've paused o'er many a cherished name,
Have viewed the wondrous gentle flame
That melts all creeds to pliant mould,
Formed when the blessèd Master told
Who should accounted worthy be,
Even those who "did it unto me."

3 Although the hour be late at night,
I take the pen and haste to write
(Even while midnight oil must burn),
That dear old workers all may learn
Of one who went ten years ago,
With firm resolve to face the foe;
Who ne'er has learned the cause to yield,
Though changed her home to distant field.

4 One who through screened or prison door
Saw visions, all undreamed before,
Who learned anew the power of sin,
As these dark haunts she entered in,
Sweetly sustained by Him who gave
His precious life from sin to save.

5 What hath the crusade done for me?
Shown doors of opportunity;
From restful home of quiet ease,
Where friends and self I wrought to please,
Led out to heights grand and sublime,
Displayed new charts for life and time.

6 As now I glance adown the years,
Recall the songs, the prayers, the tears,
In church, in prison, and saloon,
What wonder there has come so soon
To be one mighty praying band,
Whose faith and works circle our land.

7 As I have read the annals through,
Recalled the old, received the new,
Which span the wonderful decade,
The *then* and *now* of our crusade,
The record glows with this one thought:
Behold the wonders He hath wrought!

8 The prayer of faith, it does prevail;
We gathered then at marts of sale;
We're coming in this later hour
To plead our cause in halls of power;
And while we come with voice of love,
Bearing the emblem of the dove,
We also rear on banners high,
Our matchless eagle of the sky.

9 Shall the proud pinions trail in dust,
That hover o'er each sacred trust?
Remember, mightier than the sword
Is declaration of our Lord:
The nation that forsaketh me,
That nation shall forsaken be.

MRS. L. H. WASHINGTON.

Essex, Conn. Jan. 7, 1884.

TEN YEARS AGO.

December 23, 1873–1883.

1 From the hallowed hush of churches dim;
From wrestling prayer, and triumphant hymn;
From a self-surrender, wrought through pain,
Of hopes deferred and efforts vain;
From a consecration fresh and new,
And its baptismal, holy dew;—
Hushed and reverent, silent and slow,
Out the devoted women go.
Two by two march the praying brigade,—
Two by two to the holy crusade!

2 With faces lit with the olden glow,
Still the marching myriads go!
Still fancy hears the low, rhythmic beat—
The gentle fall of willing feet!
All o'er the land, still memory sees
The hosts that enlisted on their knees,
In silence marching, softly and slow,
As in the days ten years ago!

3 Then the bugle call to women came;
Then the fiery baptism's touch of flame!
Then the helpless on the Helper laid
That woe too great for human aid!
Then they leaned with all their weight of care
Heaven's altar on; and offered there
Each quivering fibre of their lives,
Their very selves, for sacrifice!

4 O ye, who marched with a martyr's faith
To meet earth's bitterest ban and wrath,
And dauntless, where the strong might flee,
Met fiendish men with prayer and plea!
O gently reared, noble, pure and sweet—
Dark paths grew hallowed 'neath your feet;
And, with your presence, came floating in
A breath of heaven to dens of sin!

5 O band that walked 'neath the wondering skies,
Clad in the robe of self-sacrifice—
You touched with that shining robe's outline
The border rim of the divine!
Nor is martyr's wreath too bright or good
To crown such saintly womanhood
As gave its all—aye, with joyful hand—
For God, for Home, for Native Land!

MARY A. LEAVITT

Vernon, Ind., Dec. 23, 1883.

AWAKENED.

In answer to the question, "Do I dream, or is this real?"

1 No, ah no! thou art not dreaming.
Better far than simply seeming,
Truer than dim faint ideal,
Is the living present real.

2 See ye not yon waving banner?
Hear ye not the glad hosanna?
Sure it is no phantom throng,
Which bears the flag and sings the song.

3 Behold they march with rapid stride!
Each cheers the comrade by his side,
With peace, joy, love and life to gain,
And all to lose, if basely slain.

4 With arms presented now they stand,
In one long phalanx brave and grand;
And bid defiance to the thrall
Of that grim tyrant Alcohol.

5 Oh! blest awak'ning of this hour,
To see him shorn of his dark power;
To see strong men throw off his chain,—
The weak and faint take heart again.

6 Then bid adieu to darksome night,
And hail with joy the breaking light,
Behold the dawn is grandly beaming!
Ah no! my friend, this is not dreaming.

MRS. LUCY WASHINGTON.
Jacksonville, Ill. 1878.
In "Echoes of Song."

THE OLD AND THE NEW CRUSADE.

FOR MEMORIAL DAY. DEC. 23, 1873.—DEC. 23, 1883.
DEDICATED TO THE W. C. T. U.

1 Tell us not, O song of poet, tales of how their white plumes tossed
Like the snow-capped waves in sea-storm, when the knightly lances crossed,
And Christian warred with Saracen for tomb, beloved and lost.

2 Blood and anguish little counted, life and courage all unpriced,
Gave they to this holy warfare,—nought too much, yet nought sufficed;
For an empty tomb *they* battled, *these*—the living Christ.

3 Christ, the Christ alive, yet buried, wrapped and hidden in His own,
Under fold on fold of evil, till the heart, meant for His throne,
Is a grave from whose dark doorway none could roll away the stone.

4 By such tombs watched weeping women, darksome night and dreary day,
For one sight of Christ the Master, through the folding shroud of clay,
For the coming of an angel who could roll the stone away.

5 And God sent, not one but many, soft of word and sweet of face,
And the stony portal trembled at this miracle of grace,
Till the buried Christ awakened, and His presence filled the place.

6 From that day, where'er the evil shrouds the good in hearts of men,
Is this miracle of wonder wrought afresh, until again
Good, that stifled in its grave-clothes, reappears to mortal ken.

7 And defeated souls and fettered, loosed from bonds, in freedom stand,
Ready both to do and suffer at the King's divine command;
And the angel touch that frees them—is a loving woman's hand.

MARY L. DICKINSON.

MUSTERING THE BOYS.

1 Hark! they come, hear the beating and the throbbing of the drum,
To muster up the boys at dawn; they come, yes, here they come.
Our country is in danger, boys, Oh! rouse ye, every one,
To meet the foe we now must go, nor wait the rising sun.
CHORUS—Hark! they come; hark! they come;
Hear the beating and the throbbing of the drum;
Hark! they come; hark! they come;
Hear the beating and the throbbing of the drum.

2 Hear the tread, firm and steady, and the solemn, lonesome tones,
The music cleaves the misty air and mingles with our moans;
May heaven bless our soldier boys; they love their friends and home,
But hear the call, their country's call—let every patriot come.

3 Cruel war—love is bleeding and thou heedest not, O war.
But gaily float your flags on high, and to destruction draw.
You loudly prate of glory won, and lead with fiery breath,
And bugle blast and cannon's roar, into the jaws of death.

4 Pride and power are thy pinions, and they float their raven wings
Where hissing shot and shrieking shell doth pierce with deadly stings,
'Mid throbbing drum and battle-cries the crimson life-tide flows,
Till pale and cold and still they lie, and night with starlight glows.

5 Yet they left home and loved ones, and so firmly marched they on,
For country's sake they fought, they fell;—the victory was won.
The cry to arms we cease to hear; the booming of the gun
O'er peaceful fields no more shall sound, for well their work was done.

6 Hero boys, we will ever with our grateful songs of praise
Float freedom's flag of hallowed stripes, and costly starry rays,
And proudly we will trace your names on marble and on stone,
While lonely hearts shall dirges chant, and sighing say they're gone.

CHORUS—They are gone, they are gone;
They were dying 'mid the throbbing of the drum.
They are gone, they are gone;
They were dying 'mid the throbbing of the drum.

EMMA E. ORENDORFF.
Delavan, Ill., 1884.

Set to Music by Prof. J. R. SWENEY, Chester, Pa.

THE RIGHT WAY.

C. M.

1 At home, abroad, by day or night,
In country or in town,
If asked to drink, we'll smile and turn
Our glasses upside down.

2 The ruby wine, or bright champagne,
Or lager rich and brown,
We'll never touch, but always turn
Our glasses upside down.

3 If friends shall say 'tis good for health,
'T will all your troubles drown,
We'll dare to differ and to turn
Our glasses upside down.

4 Companions gay and maidens fair,
And men of high renown,
May sneer; but never mind, we'll turn
Our glasses upside down.

5 We mean to conquer in this strife,
To win the victor's crown,
And so we'll always bravely turn
Our glasses upside down.

HELEN E. BROWN.

THE CHILDREN'S RALLYING SONG.

Tune "*We are coming, Father Abra'm.*"

1 We are coming, O Columbia, a brave ten million more,
From Mississippi's winding streams and from New England's shore,
From rocky northern hilltop, from sunny southern plain,
From Mexico's blue waters, and from far Pacific main.
We bring the loyal true hearts, we bring the willing hands,
And souls afire with earnest zeal to do thy high commands;
Our banners white are gleaming like sunrise in the sky;
"For God and home and native land!" resounds our patriot cry.

REFRAIN—We are coming, we are coming, our native land to save,
We are coming, O Columbia, the young, the true, the brave.

2 You may see us onward marching adown the path of time,
Our bands increasing day by day—a multitude sublime;
From hillsides and from valleys you may hear our tramping feet,
Like the billows of the ocean as upon the rocks they beat.
A mighty host advancing, we wax each day more strong,
How its echoes glad resounding from each hill, and rock, and glen,
"For God and home and native land!" Loud swells the grand "Amen."

3 Oh! the conflict is before us with a fearful giant foe,
But our armor bright is ready, we will give him blow for blow;
In the strife we will not falter, for the victory is sure;
Even we shall yet behold it, if we to the end endure.
Quail then, monster, at our onset, O thou demon fierce and strong,
Thou who dar'st our land to darken with the foul and bitter wrong;
Like returning tides that slowly, surely sweep along the strand,
We will hurl thee, hateful tyrant, from our own, our native land.

REFRAIN—We are coming, we are coming, home and native land to save;
In the name of God we're coming, we, the young, the true, the brave.

META E. B. THORNE, 1884.

COLD WATER ARMY PLEDGE.

C. M.

1 God help me evermore to keep,
This promise that I make!
I will not chew, not smoke, nor swear,
Nor poisonous liquors take.

2 For poison drinks are very bad,
I know the names of some;
Ale, brandy, whisky, wine and beer,
With cider, gin, and rum.

3 I'll try to get my little friends,
To make this promise too;
And every day I'll try to find
Some temperance work to do.

ANNA GORDON.

TO THE COLD WATER ARMY.

Tune—"*Half has never been told.*"

1 We can hear the glad sound of their coming,
The fall of their feet by the way,
And we know by the murmurs which reach us,
That numbered by thousands are they.
'T is a right royal road they are treading,
These children so sturdy and true,
And above them floats out a bright banner—
The banner of red, white and blue.

2 'T is the army of children, yet ever
To conquests anew they march on,
And though many the enemies conquered,
Their warfare is hardly begun.
Not a fear of the demon Intemperance
Lurks near them as onward they go;
But they cry, "We are valiantly ready
To strike at the heart of our foe."

3 O children! be brave and be steadfast;
To you do we look to fulfill
All these hopes which the heart of the nation
Now feels but the embryo thrill.
To the winds toss your banner out proudly,
The red, white and blue, let it wave;
For no flag was there ever unfolded
More worthy to shadow the brave.

BELLE KELLOGG TOWNE. 1884.

COLD WATER ARMY MARCHING SONG.

1 Hark! hark! the battle-cry
Is sounding o'er the hill,
Quick to your duty now,
And haste the ranks to fill;
Let us rally round our standard,
Like the heroes of the past,
And to those who fight with courage bold,
There's victory at last.

CHORUS—Marching on together,
Singing ever as we go,
Truth shall be our watchword,
And the world our traitor foe;
But salvation is our helmet,
And our sword can never fail,
For our Captain we will nobly fight,
And in His strength prevail.

2 Who will join our army?
Hark! we call for volunteers,
Yonder in the distance see,
Our beacon light appears;
When our way is dark and dreary,
We will keep it still in view,
And we'll fight the battle of the cross,
And bear our colors true,

3 Who will join our army?
Though the struggle may be long,
Nobly we will brave it,
For our hearts in God are strong;
If we trust our great Commander,
Aid and comfort we shall find,
And he'll drive the foe before us,
Like the chaff before the wind.

4 Onward, ever onward,
Then our steady course we'll keep,
Onward, ever onward,
Till we climb the mountain steep;
For our Captain's gone before us,
And the war will soon be past,
He has promised all His faithful ones
A glorious crown at last.

FANNY CROSBY.
Set to Music by T. E. PERKINS.
By per. Biglow & Main.

THE COLD WATER ARMY, OR THE ROYAL ARMY.

"Put on the whole armor of God." Eph. vi: 7.
Old Tune—"*Memories of Earth.*"

1 We're a band of valiant soldiers,
And we're out upon review,
We have joined the royal army,
And we ever will be true.

CHORUS—Come and hoist the flag for Jesus,
Marching to the heav'nly land;
Come and hoist the flag for Jesus,
Come and join our temperance band.

2 We're a band of merry marchers,
As have ever trod the field,
And with Jesus as our Captain,
Then we know the foe must yield.

3 And we're every one reciting,
Come and gird the armor on,
For we want to muster forces now,
To gain the promised crown.

4 Come and rally round our banner,
For we every one must fight,
And our war-cry is Hosanna,
Trusting in our Captain's might.

MAY CLIFTON.
Set to Music by W. A. OGDEN.
Copyright 1883, by Emma Pitt. In "Gospel Light."

TRUE COURAGE.

Tune—"*Never be afraid to work for Jesus.*"

1 Never be afraid, O patient workers,
Though thy foes are gathering fast;
Darkest hour proclaims the daylight,
Then be faithful to the last.

CHORUS—Never be afraid! never be afraid!
Never, never, never;
Our good cause is blessed by Jesus,
Then, Oh! never be afraid.

2 Never be afraid, O weary workers,
Stronger power than man's shall sway,
Overturning wicked plotters;
Brief their triumph, brief their day.

3 Never be afraid, O faithful workers,
For thy cause is just and right,
Higher wisdom seek to guide thee,
Truth is power, truth is light.

MRS. S. M. S. WOODIN.
Detroit, Mich., Jan., 1884.

(The Chorus may be omitted, if desired.)

TREMBLE, KING ALCOHOL.

THE CHILDREN'S TEMPERANCE MARCH.

Respectfully inscribed to Miss Frances E. Willard.

1 From the North and the South, from the East and the West,
We, the boys and the girls, are enlisting for life,
And are rising by thousands a foe to contest,
While the Lord, who hath called us, is leading the strife.

CHORUS—We now do our utmost this evil to quell,
We've enlisted to war 'gainst the fiend of the cup,
And the day will soon come which our elders foretell,
Tremble, King Alcohol, we shall grow up.

2 Now this foe may grand palaces build yet awhile,
And may deck them with gold from his traffic in souls;
But the doom shall be sealed of an evil so vile,
When the child of the present shall stand at the polls.

3 Then let trumpets of victory sound through the land,
And this king plead in vain while his minions shall rave;
For the conquest is sure when the Lord doth command
All His earnest recruits who their country would save.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS, by per.
Set to Music by ADAM GEIBEL.

MARCHING ORDERS.

DEDICATED TO THE COLD WATER ARMY.

Tune—"*Christmas.*"
C. M.

1 The marching orders we've received,
The children's temp'rance band;
Our color blue, our motto true,
The soldiers of the land.

2 Already has the war begun,
Many the battles fought,
And many vict'ries have been won
Against the fatal draught.

3 So right and left we onward move,
All keeping place and time,
The army brave, marching to save
From the liquor traffic's crime.

4 And as we move in rank and file
We'll drum for volunteers;
And far and wide, on every side,
Shall ring our welcoming cheers.

5 No longer will our homes despair,
Nor children cry for bread;
With frugal care and toil to share,
All will be clothed and fed.

MRS. S. A. GORDON.

WE ARE COMING.

COLD WATER ARMY SONG.

1 We are coming, we are coming,
An army bright and strong;
We are coming, we are coming,
To help the cause along.
Our hearts are young and hopeful,
Our motives pure and true,
So, men and women, if you wish,
We'll march along with you.

CHORUS—We'll march along with you,
We'll march along with you,
So, men and women, if you wish,
We'll march along with you.

2 We are coming, we are coming,
Like David, long ago,
We are coming, we are coming,
To lay the giant low;
For when we cast our ballots,
He'll surely lose his head,
And on our banners we will write,
That wicked king is dead!

3 We are coming; yes, we're coming,
An army bright and strong;
We are coming; yes, we're coming,
To help the cause along.
We're proud to show our colors,
The red, the white, the blue,
So men and women, if you wish,
We'll march along with you.

MRS. ALEXANDER COOPER. 1884.

CAPTAIN "NO!"

Old Tunes—"*I want to be an Angel,*" (E flat). "*The Morning Light is Breaking,*" (B flat).

1 Come, join the famous army
That's soon to lead the world,
And let its glorious banner
Be proudly now unfurled;
For we've a gallant captain
Who leads where'er we go—
Hurrah for our brave captain!
Our gallant Captain "No!"

2 We want the best and bravest
From every farm and town
To trample on the evil,
And put its mischief down;
We'll have no sneaking coward
Who is afraid to go
Right in the fiercest battle
With gallant Captain "No!"

3 Our men are brave and hearty,
Well fed, and staunch, and true;
The day you come among us
You'll never learn to rue,
For we are never ragged,
Black eyes we never show;
Oh! we're a jolly army
That follows Captain "No!"

4 The enemy is watchful,
He keeps his spies around—
He'd laugh in fiendish glory
To see us losing ground;
But we will ever show him
We are not dull nor slow;
We'll vanquish him by shouting,
"Hurrah! for Captain 'No!'"

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH. 1883.

WHO WILL JOIN OUR ARMY?

1 Oh! we are all engaged in the great and noble strife,
That's always being waged on the battle-field of life;
We've girded on the sword and our armor is all bright,
And these our marching words, "For the Truth and for the Right."

CHORUS—Oh! come and join our army,
Oh! come and join our army,
Oh! come and join our army,
"For the Truth and for the Right."

2 Our leader is the Lord, in the greatness of His might,
The spirit is the sword that conquers in the fight,
No weapons could avail us that were of earthly power,
When hosts of sin assail us, and trying is the hour.

3 Then let us look to Jesus whose arm is strong to save,
And who can free us from death and from the grave;
And when the strife is ended our glory then shall be,
By angel bands attended, dear Lord, to rise to Thee.

KATE CAMERON.

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COME AND HELP US.

1 Don't you know how *much* you're needed
In the army for the right?
Loud the bugle notes are calling,
Full the enemy's in sight.
Wont you come and join our army,
Join God's army for the right?

2 Don't you see their hosts advancing,
Flushed with riot, pride and wrong?
Shouting loud they'll surely triumph,
Full of ribald jest and song.

3 Don't you know who is our Leader?
Lord of Hosts, He is our King;
Stand before Him! Pray while working!
Songs of victory soon we'll sing.

MRS. SARAH M. SYKES WOODIN.
Detroit, Mich., Jan., 1884.

THE WHISKY-JUG'S REVELATION.

1 Here is plenty of poverty, shame and disgrace,
An imbecile mind and a red, bloated face,
A cold, stony heart and a trembling hand,
A strong man so feeble he scarcely can stand.
Friend, look at these pictures awhile ere you pass,
They cost little money—just ten cents a glass.

2 Here are dirt and disorder, starvation and cold,
And misery greater than words ever told;
Here are anger and hatred, contention and strife,
A hell for a home and existence for life.
Friends, think of these evils awhile ere you pass,
And say if you'll buy them at ten cents a glass.

3 Here are ruin, perdition, remorse and despair,
Aye, wretchedness greater than words can declare;
Long ages of pain for short moments of mirth,
Souls bitterly cursing the hour of their birth.
O friend, dare you suffer such warnings to pass,
And swallow destruction at ten cents a glass?

ANGIE FULLER.

THE PLEASANT GLASS.

Composed after reading the remark of a deaf-mute:
"We went into a saloon to take a pleasant glass."

1 Oh! look not on the "pleasant glass,"
Though it most brightly gleams,
For with a curse, a woe untold,
Its every globule teems.

2 Oh! touch it not, the "pleasant glass,"
Though good it be to view,
For it with sharp and cruel thorns
Your path of life can strew.

3 Oh! drink it not, the "pleasant glass,"
Though warm and sweet it taste,
For it has power to work more ill
Than pencil ever traced.

4 Oh! dash it down, the "pleasant glass,"
As poison, ruin, death,
Turn quickly from it as you would
Turn from the spoiler's breath.

5 Yes, dash it down, until it lies
In fragments at your feet,
For only thus will your escape
From ruin be complete.

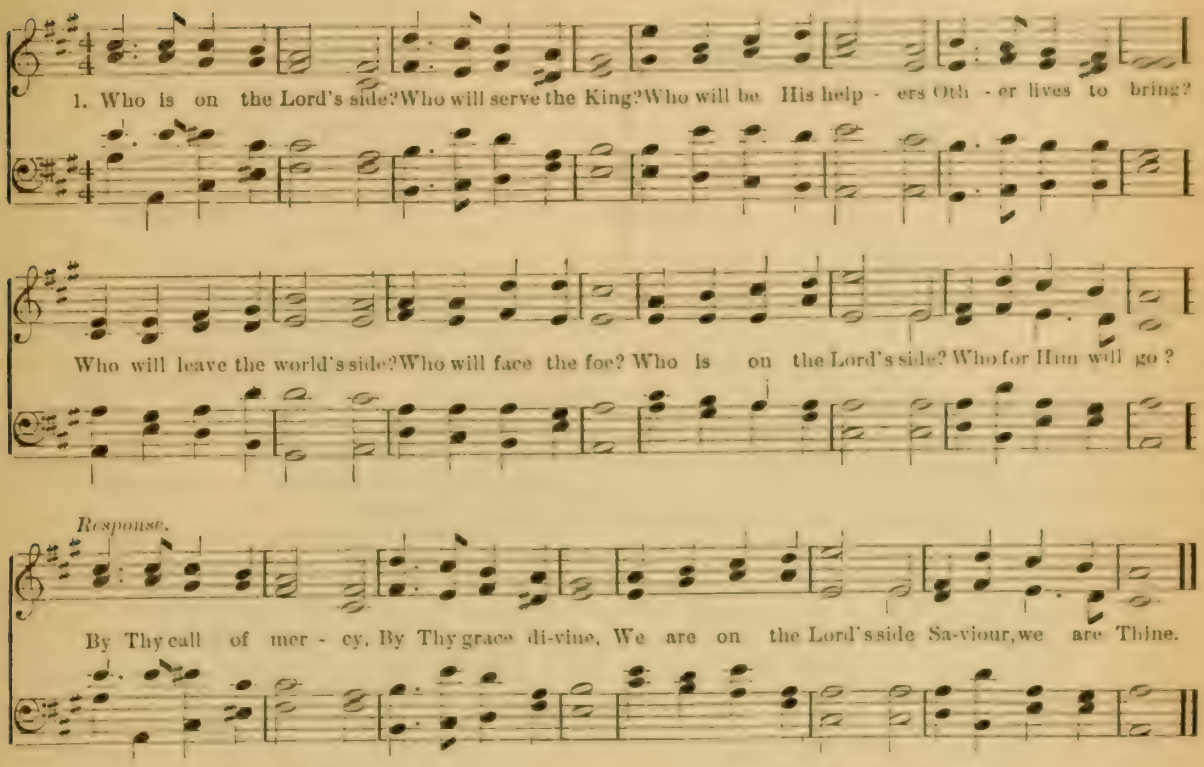
6 And call it not the "pleasant glass,"
For ruined millions know
That *poisoned*, CURSED, are fitter words
Its subtle power to show.

ANGELINE FULLER,
One of the Silent Sisterhood.
Savanna, Ill. 1883.

ON THE LORD'S SIDE

"Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse." 1 Chron. xii. 18

Words and Music by Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.



2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior-psalm.
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom he died,
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging
Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure,
Joyfully enlisting
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

5 Chosen to be soldiers
In an alien land,
"Chosen, called and faithful"
For our Captain's band.
In the service royal,
Let us not grow cold,
Let us be right loyal,
Noble, true and bold.
Master, Thou wilt keep us,
By Thy grace divine,
Always on the Lord's side,
Saviour, always Thine!

LIBERTY.

CHARACTERS:—*Goddess of Liberty, Fairies, Youth struggling with temptations, Band of Hope.*

PLAN OF STAGE.

The stage, profusely decorated with flowers, flags, and shrubbery. Liberty dressed in the national colors, with red and blue predominating. Some of the fairies dressed in blue, some in red, and some in white. The little girls representing fairies should not be more than eight years of age.

Band of Hope.—The girls dressed in three colors combined, white predominating; the boys wearing blue scarfs.

Liberty, Fairies, Band of Hope, all carrying flags.

Before the curtain rises, instrumental music. Air: "The Star Spangled Banner." *Liberty* and *Fairies* occupy the elevated platform. *Youth* and *Band of Hope* occupy the first platform. They enter and pass before the elevated platform.

Liberty standing before the throne when the curtain rises.

LIBERTY.

Again I greet this day with tender love,
And pray the powers high to bless and keep
The land. This Western world so bright with flowers,
Has been my steadfast faith a hundred years.
'Tis Joy, and Peace, and Love, that's Liberty;
They are the subjects of my watchful care.
All, all that elevates the soul with beauty:
The song of birds, the sunset's crimson clouds,
The fragrant flowers, the gorgeous rainbows,
Are earthly symbols bright of Liberty.
The human mind in harmony with these,
Has never need of laws that are restraint.
As well restrain the sunshine and the air!
Far better these were banished from the earth,
Than cherish that which drives out peace and joy.
My soul rejoices over every deed
Performed to fill the land with happy homes.
I've seen the liberation of a race
With such a joy as only gods can know;
Such deed as *that* is one uplifting wave
That bears upon its crest a sinking ship,
And casts it safely forward on the beach.

Enter *Fairies*. (Drums heard.)

FAIRIES.

A mortal comes,
We hear his moan,
From distant drums.
Why does he roam?
This joyful day
All should be gay,
And hail with mirth
The nation's birth.

Liberty and *Fairies* conceal themselves behind flags.

YOUTH.

Weakness within; temptations without. A thousand demons are holding out the wine-glass as the surest way to secure my soul. Their open doors entice day and night. They scoff and jeer when I stand, and revel in fiendish delight when I fall. This solitude has witnessed a hundred resolves, but of what avail? I go back to human companionship but to fall! Oh! for a hermit's cell! Oh! for prison's bolts and bars! Anywhere, anywhere, to escape this whirlpool of temptation that is drawing me to its centre. Is this the boasted land of liberty? The stars and stripes are waving over a tyrant from Satan's dominions, that is working the ruin of America's sons, and overthrowing her freedom. We believe ourselves strong. We see the danger upheld by society and laws. We awake from our dream of safety to find ourselves bound. What is the bondage of labor? The *soul* is free. Oh! it is *slavery* indeed that debases honor and manhood—that dethrones reason. O God, have pity!

Liberty and *Fairies* appear. *Liberty* seated on the throne, her head bowed.

LIBERTY.

Alas! alas! Why are my powers fixed? For *one* such moan the nation should arise. I must have *human* help. Away, away!

Fairies disappear and re-enter.

FAIRIES.

They come, they come,
A valiant band,
A million strong
Throughout the land.
From South and North,
And East and West,
They rally forth
At thy behest.

BAND OF HOPE (singing).

Air "*Yankee Doodle.*"

America's sons and daughters rise,
When liberty is calling,
Our hearts beat high, our steps are firm,
Our souls with ardor glowing.

CHORUS—(waving flags).
Wave our starry banners bright
O'er nothing but the true;
Inspire our hearts to thus protect
The red and white and blue.

We've joined to make the land as free
As sunshine and the air,
Establish and maintain the cause
That blesses everywhere. CHO.

The aged look to us in hope,
The children for protection;
The fallen plead for helping hands,
We march in their direction. CHO.

To voters, shame! lo, in the dust
They do our colors drag;
We'll soon make laws that will uphold
The symbols of our flag. CHO.

Three cheers for our dear native land,
For slavery's abolition;
A greater blessing soon we'll hail,
When we have prohibition. CHO.

(Tableau, all waving flags and colored lights.)

EMMA R. SORTON. 1883.
In "Union Signal."

SOWING SEED.

1 "What shall it be?" a pretty urchin said,
As on his mother's knee he leaned his head,
With some faint stirring of a future plan;
"What shall I be when I shall be a man?"
"My child," the mother smiled, "I could not tell,
One cannot guess the future very well;
But high or low, or rich or poor, you can,
My darling, be a splendid temperance man."

2 A flash of wonder lit the hazel eyes,
Uplifted to her own in swift surprise;
"You mean I must not drink, it is a sin;
Well, if I mustn't, couldn't I begin,
Even as little as I am to-day,
To be a 'splendid temperance man' in play?"
She clasped him in the gladness of her joy,
And whispered, "Yes, my dear, my precious boy."

3 It was not long ago, counted by days;
But could you see his earnest, serious gaze,
As oftentimes beside his mother's chair,
He talks of drunkards with a childish air,
And with his loving, rosy lips apart,
He vows that he will never break *her* heart,
And seals the vow with kisses, you would say,
He *is* a temperance boy and *not* in play.

4 I think some day a noble man will stand,
And lift unto the world a warning hand,
I think that he will paint with vivid tongue
The sorrow that a million hearts hath wrung;
And this I know, whatever else may be,
He learned his lesson at his mother's knee,
And whatsoever may befall life's plan,
That temperance boy will make a temperance man.

5 O mothers, in the sweetness of your home,
Remember that your boy will sometime roam,
That he will wander from your tender care,
And where he cannot hear your voice in prayer;
And now before shall come that hour of woe,
Train him to walk as you would have him go,
And by and by the harvest you shall scan
Will be a brave, God-fearing temperance man.

MRS. C. W. WHITE. 1882.
"Gospel Tidings."

NOTHING AND SOMETHING.

1 It is nothing to me, the Beauty said,
With a careless toss of her pretty head;
The man is weak, if he can't refrain
From the cup you say is fraught with pain.

2 It was something in her after years,
When her eyes were drenched with burning tears,
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,
And startled to hear a staggering tread.

3 It is nothing to me, the Mother said;
I have no fear that my boy will tread
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken his name.

4 It was something to her when that only son
From the path of right was early won,
And madly cast in the flowing bowl,
A ruined body, and sin-wrecked soul.

5 It is nothing to me, the Merchant said,
As over his ledger he bent his head;
I'm busy to-day with tare and tret,
And have no time to fume and fret.

6 It was something to him when over the wire
A message came from a funeral pyre—
A drunken conductor had wrecked a train,
And his wife and child were among the slain.

7 It is nothing to me, the young man cried;
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride—
I heed not the dreadful things ye tell,
I can rule myself I know full well.

8 'T was something to him when in prison he lay,
The victim of drink, life ebbing away,
As he thought of his wretched child and wife,
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

9 It is nothing to me, the voter said;
The party's loss is my greatest dread—
Then gave his vote for the liquor trade,
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards made.

10 It was something to him in after life,
When his daughter became a drunkard's wife,
And her hungry children cried for bread,
And trembled to hear their father's tread.

11 Is it nothing for us to idly sleep
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep,
To gather the young and thoughtless in—
And grind in our midst a grist of sin?

12 It is something—yes, all, for us to stand,
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand—
To learn to labor, live, and fight,
On the side of God and changeless right.

* MRS. FRANCES E. W. HARPER. 1882.

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

1 "Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?
"Five cents a glass," I hear you say,
"Why, that isn't very much to pay."
Ah, no, indeed; 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb;
And if that were all you gave away,
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

2 The price of drink! Let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride,
And lies a grovelling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast, to-day.

3 The price of a drink! Let that one tell
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,
And feels within him the fires of hell.
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth;
Hopes of manhood, and wreath of fame,
High endeavor and noble aim—
These are the treasures thrown away
As the price of a drink, from day to day.

4 "Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed,
As over the bar the young man quaffed
The beaded liquor; for the demon knew
The terrible work that drink would do;
And ere the morning the victim lay
With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away;
And that was the price he paid, alas!
For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

5 The price of a drink! If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through that wretched tenement over there,
With dingy windows and broken stair,
Where foul disease, like a vampire, crawls
With outstretched wings o'er the moldy walls.
There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed as demons, for lack of food;
There shame, in a corner, crouches low;
There violence deals its cruel blow;
And innocent ones are thus accursed
To pay the price of another's thirst.

6 "Five cents a glass!" Oh! if that were all,
The sacrifice would, indeed, be small!
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay; and whoever will keep account
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follows the ruinous appetite.
"Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. 1880.
In N. O. "Christian Advocate."

* The colored poet. Superintendent of work among the colored people, Nat. W. C. T. U.

A KNELL.

"Be not deceived. God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

1 Down to the brink of hell,
Led by the men who—well,
Sing of the city bright,
Pray for the robes of white,
Which all the saints shall wear
In that pure world; and where
Christ is the light.
Then why link their votes with those
Who, as the story goes,
Care not for human woes?

2 Down to the depths of hell
Once the bright angels fell,
Now blighting this fair earth
Under a mighty curse,
Urging the saints e'en now
Not to Christ's conquest bow.
Keep back your vote and prayer,
Still let the drunkard wear
Cain's mark on cheek and brow
One more year, anyhow.

3 Let sin's gates open wide,
Draw in its restless tide,
Let the fields wave with grain,
Mark of a drunkard's pain;
Brewers and maltsters tell
How pockets plethoric swell
While in the jaws of hell,
March sixty thousand.

4 Oh! on that dreadful day
When the books open lay,
Four hundred and fifty-six they say,
Paved the wide open way
By their vote cast that day,
That the fair youth might stray
Into the loathsome way
With sixty thousand.

MRS. C. E. REED.
Phelps, N. Y.

KATY'S PLEDGE.

1 We stood one evening 'mid a crowd
Of poor—made poor by sin—
To tell them of the love that could
Their souls from evil win;

2 And of the poison-drink that wrecked
The body and the soul;
And bid them come and pledge themselves
Against the maddening bowl.

3 A little maid with sunny hair,
And eyes of violet blue,
Tripped from her seat with fairy step,
And asked: "May I sign, too?"

4 "Oh! yes," we said; "but tell us first,
What is the pledge you take?
You are so little; do you know
The promise you would make?"

5 A smile swept o'er the childish face;
Slowly she spoke, and clear:
"It means to give my heart to God,
And never taste of beer."

6 Right willingly we put the pen
Within the childish hand;
"If others fail," we softly said,
"Katy will surely stand.

7 "For to the heart she gives to God
Will come a holy power,
To keep His little trusting child
Safe in temptation's hour."

MRS HELEN E. BROWN. 1882.
"Morning Light."

A GRAPE.

A RIDDLE FROM THE SWEDISH.

1 I have no wish to drink
The sparkling, glowing wine,
When I may taste a grape,
More fragrant and more fine.

2 It hath a pearly crown,
Where reddest ruby glows:
Its sweet aroma down
In rosy wavelets flows.

3 I drink with pure delight
This nectar sweet of mine,
Always more clear and bright
Than all the rarest wine.

4 And, though this grape is pressed,
Almost each day and hour,
To change its charming taste
No time or clime hath power.

5 What is this lovely grape
I press so oft, so free,
That from a pearly crown
Its ruby gives to me?

LYDIA M. MILLARD. 1883.
New York City.

FOR WHAT DO WE LIVE?

What do we live for? Is it to be
The sport of earthly power;
To launch our bark on fortune's sea,
And float, perhaps, an hour;
To waste our time in idle dreams
Of what may be to-morrow;
To glean with care from present scenes
The source of future sorrow?
Nay, we were formed to search for truth
Through paths made plain by reason;
To hail the light in earliest youth
Which shines in every season;
Yea, we were made to work below,
The prize hereafter given,
To help dispel each wily foe,
And find our home in heaven.

ANNA ERVIN.

IN ANSWER.

1 "Madam, we miss the train at B——."
"But can't you make it, sir?" she gasped,
"Impossible; it leaves at three,
And we are due a quarter past."
"Is there no way? Oh! tell me, then,
Are you a Christian?" "I am not."
"And are there none among the men
Who run the train?" "No—I forgot—
I think this fellow over here,
Oiling the engine, claims to be."
She threw upon the engineer
A fair face, white with agony.

2 "Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."
"Then, O sir, wont you pray with me,
All the long way, that God will stay,
That God will hold the train at B——?"
"'T will do no good, it's due at three
And"—"Yes, but God *can* hold the train;
My dying child is calling me,
And I *must* see her face again.
Oh! *wont you* pray?" "I will," a nod,
Emphatic, as he takes his place.
When Christians grasp the arm of God
They grasp the power that rules the rod.

3 Out from the station swept the train,
On time, swept on past wood and lea;
The engineer, with cheeks aflame,
Prayed, "O Lord, hold the train at B——."
Then flung the throttle wide, and like
Some giant monster of the plain,
With panting sides, and mighty strides,
Past hill and valley swept the train.

4 A half, a minute, two are gained;
Along those burnished lines of steel
His glances leap, each nerve is strained,
And still he prays with fervent zeal.
Heart, hand and brain, with one accord,
Work while his pray'r ascends to heaven,
"Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord,
And I'll make up the other seven."

5 With rush and roar through meadow lands,
Past cottage homes and green hillsides,
The panting thing obeys his hands,
And speeds along with giant strides.
They say an accident delayed
The train a little while; but He
Who listened while His children prayed,
In answer, held the train at B——.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE. 1880.
Yonkers, [illegible]

BIDDY FLYNN'S REASON WHY.

1 "Hurrah for the Foorth av July!"
"But where," said the priest, "is the b'y,
Who can spake up and just tell me why
Yez all shout for the Foorth of July?"

2 Says Barney O'Rourke, "It's not me;"
"Me nayther!" says Micky McGree.
"And it's not shpaking furst I would be."
But "Hurrah! all the same," thought all three.

3 And so, up and down, through the class,
The priest with his questions did pass—
Till he came to a sweet little lass,
With a smile like the dew on the grass.

4 "Shpake up, Biddy Flynn! not a b'y
Remimbers the rale rayson, why
We swing up the banners so high,
And cilibrate Foorth av July."

5 "'Dade, Fayther," said Biddy O'Flynn,
"It's because there's a battle to win,
And Ameriky's bound to begin
To drive out the whiskey and gin.

6 "Me rayson, it may not be thrue;
But me taycher, she said 'it would do,'
When she asked all us gurrls if we knew;
And me mother agrade wid me too.

7 "The ould counthry owned us one day,
But we licked! And we drove thim away
With the band Yankee Doodle to play—
And the flags all a flyin' so gay.

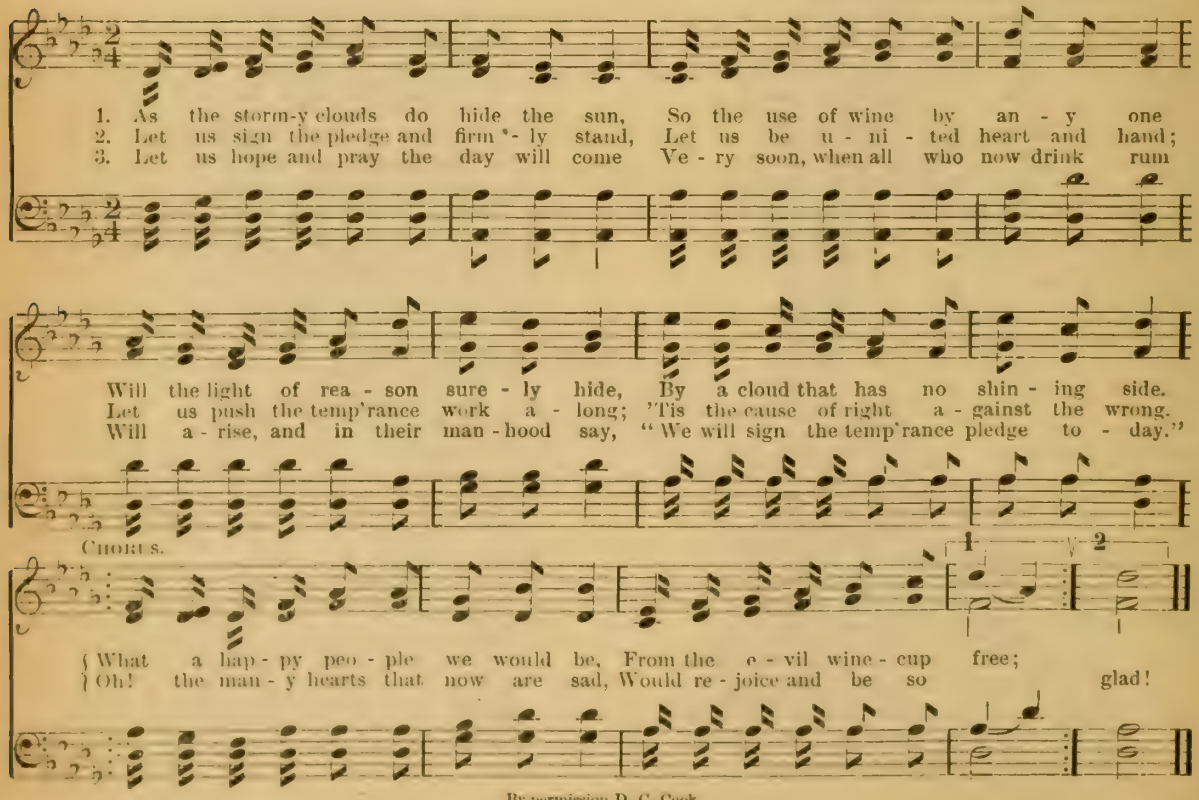
8 "But new masthers wint for us thin,
They licked,—bastely whiskey and gin!
Thrue fradom can niver begin
Till we bate 'em"—says Biddy O'Flynn.

9 Says Barney O'Rourke, "Thrue for you!"
Says Micky McGree, "Faith, it's thrue!"
Says I, "When it comes, I'm the b'y
To hurrah for that Foorth of July."

MARY LOWE DICKINSON, 1884.

WHAT A HAPPY PEOPLE.

Words and Music by PEARL J. SPRAGUE.



By permission D. C. Cook.

A BOY'S HYMN.

[Rev. Morlais Jones "wished he could write expressly for boys another Version of Charlotte Elliott's hymn, 'Just as I am, full of bright dreams and happy anticipations.']

1 "Just as I am," thine own to be,
Friend of the young, who lovest me;
To consecrate myself to thee,
O Jesus Christ, I come.

2 In the glad morning of my day,
My life to give, my vows to pay,
With no reserve and no delay,
With all my heart I come.

3 I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my might,
Therefore to Thee I come.

4 "Just as I am," young, strong, and free,
To be the best that I can be
For truth and righteousness and Thee,
Lord of my life, I come.

5 With many dreams of fame and gold,
Success and joy to make me bold;
But dearer still my faith to hold,
For my whole life, I come.

6 And for Thy sake to win renown,
And then to take my victor's crown,
And at Thy feet to cast it down,
O Master, Lord, I come.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.
In "London Christian World."

ONLY NOW AND THEN.

1 Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then.
Better to be careful
As you go along,
If you would be manly,
Capable, and strong!

2 When you have a habit
That is wrong, you know,
Knock it off at once, lads,
With a sudden blow.
Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then!

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

"ONLY A GLASS OF CIDER."

It was only a glass of cider
From the hands of a fair young girl;
How could he decline the kindness?
She would deem him a manner less churl.
It was only a glass of cider,
But it kindled anew the flame
Which had burned up his noble manhood,
And left him in grief and shame.
He had broken away from the tempter;
He stood on the rock again;
No longer the penniless drunkard,
He stood a man among men,
When only a glass of cider
Threw open the gates again
To a pathway of pain and sorrow,—
To a death of hopeless pain.

MRS. E. J. RICHMOND
"Our Union," 1881.

ASK ME NOT TO DRINK

1 Oh! ask me not to sip the wine,
The sparkling, ruby wine,
For though within the goblet bright
It harmlessly may shine,
A horrid spell, a fatal charm
Unseen is lurking there,
Which, if they once but touch the soul,
Will lure it to despair.

CHORUS—Oh! ask me not, Oh! tempt me not
To sip the sparkling wine,
For, left within the goblet bright,
It harmlessly may shine.

2 Oh! tempt me not to taste the wine,
The sparkling, ruby wine,
For though within the goblet bright
It harmlessly may shine,
In every drop a serpent lurks,
To sting the trusting heart,
And lure it from all lovely things
Forevermore to part.

3 Oh! urge me not to drink the wine,
The sparkling, ruby wine,
For though within the goblet bright
It harmlessly may shine,
It holds a flame to wrap the life
In more than midnight gloom,
And set upon the precious soul
The seal of hopeless doom.

4 I dare not, will not, sip the wine,
The sparkling, ruby wine,
For though within the goblet bright
It harmlessly may shine,
If I should sip the treach'rous draught,
A brother or a friend
Might be thereby induced to drink,
And ruin be the end.

ANGIE FULLER.

WATCH THE BOYS.

1 They laid him down with happy smiles
In his tiny, curtained bed;
They gently smoothed the pillow fair
Where reposed his little head.
And loving words from every one
Gave greeting of joy to the first-born son.

2 They watched around him day by day,
Till the little limbs grew strong;
They taught in simple, childlike words
Of the ways of right and wrong.
And loving hearts kept record sure
Of each baby action so sweet and pure.

3 They laid him down, with faces grave,
In his coffin, cold and dread;
No loving hand to spread the pall
O'er the strangely silent dead;
No word of hope, — in speechless awe
They gazed on the face they should see no more.

4 Far, far from home, in foreign soil,
He was hid from mortal eye;
No record of his life on earth,
But 'tis written up on high,—
The story of a drunkard's shame,
His wasted life and his blighted fame.

MARIETTA A. CASSELL, 1879.

WHAT WE NEED.

To be spoken before a collection is taken.

1 To carry on the temperance cause
And do the work we plan,
Will take much time and labor hard
If we do all we can.
There are so many things we need
To bring about success,
Suppose I tell you what they are,
For you might never guess.

2 We need stout hearts and willing hands
To do the Master's work;
Hearts that are filled with Christian love,
And hands that never shirk;
A kindly feeling towards the poor
Degraded slaves of drink;
Strong purposes to save them all
From ruin's fearful brink.

3 There is another thing we need,
And cannot do without,
And with it triumph sure will come,
I have no fear or doubt.
"The root of evil," some folks say,
When it is sore abused,
I think it can do so much good,
If it is rightly used.

4 Of course you know now what it is
I'm going to ask of you;
To help us in our noble work,
To aid our cause so true.
'T is *money*, that you've surely guessed,
Now, kind friends, one and all,
Just look into your pocket-books
For sums both great and small.

5 Then cheerfully please give to us
From out your treasured store;
We'll use it in the wisest way,
And thank you o'er and o'er.
I know the mite you'll never miss,
That helps God's cause along,
That comfort brings to needy ones,
And makes the weak man strong.

IDA M. BUXTON. 1882.

THE BOY WHO SAVED HIS COUNTRY.

A TRUE STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

1 The land in Holland is flat and low
And soon the sea would dash it away,
Had not the Dutch outwitted their foe
And built broad dikes to keep it at bay.

2 But the sea forevermore doth roll,
Roll and dash, and beat hard 'gainst the wall,
And if it could find the smallest hole,
The country would not be safe at all.

3 For the smallest hole might soon increase
And let in the water more and more,
And the work of ruin would not cease
Till Holland became old ocean's floor.

4 A boy, returning from school one day,
Discovered the water trickling through
A hole in the dike:—In sore dismay
He wondered what in the world he'd do!

5 He screamed for help! Not a soul came near!
How could a boy the great sea control?
He sank on the ground in anxious fear
And stuffed one small hand into the hole.

6 And he dared not leave to go for aid;
So there all night on the cold, damp ground,
In the dark he lay—brave though afraid;
And there in the morning he was found.

7 Some workman passing at break of day,
Heard his loud sobs and piteous dole
As he wept the weary night away,
Keeping his hand thrust tight in the hole.

8 So his one small hand kept out the sea
Till strong ones came to mend up the banks;
And evermore a hero was he—
A hero to whom all Holland gave thanks.

* * * * *

9 In our own dear land we've a greater foe
Than e'en Holland had in the mighty sea,
And it threatens to bring to endless woe
And enthrall for aye "the land of the free."

10 For it first enslaves, and then it despoils
Of houses and lands, pride, honor and will:
Both body and soul are lost in the toils
Of this cruel, crafty "worm of the still."

11 King Alcohol is this foe so dire,
And the floods he loosens upon the land
Both drown like water and burn like fire;
They poison the brain, and palsy the hand.

12 But our Bands of Hope we'll train for the fight,
And we'll drive out this foe from our dear land.
We'll work with our wills, we'll work with our might,
To help keep him out, we'll each give a hand!

ELIZABETH L. TATUM.
Glenelg, Md.

JEM AND VELVET.

1 Poor little Jem! and yet not poor,
With one rich treasure close beside him;
For Jem in Velvet had a friend,
Though fortune many gifts denied him.

2 And though the breakfast fare be slim,
And dinner prove a morsel meagre,
Still Jem a precious bit will save
For Velvet's plea so keen and eager.

3 Come, Velvet; though the world is dark,
And all about us grows so dreary,
I'll take a lesson from your love,
In acts of kindness not to weary.

4 If but a half-filled cup you find,
You never lose your playful cunning;
No snarling looks, though hunger bite,
From eyes with mischief overrunning.

5 Poor Jem! like Velvet he is doomed
To find full oft a scanty larder;
And he has many things to bear,
To him than hunger-pangs far harder.

6 It is not long since one sweet face,
Where love for him was always beaming,
Grew paler than its wonted white—
Grew stiller than when hushed in dreaming!

7 And when they bore from out his home
The one he loved above all other,
The world grew dark indeed to Jem—
A drunkard's son—without a mother!

8 When harsh words fell upon his ear,
If but a mother's smile could reach him!
When rude blows crimsoned his brown cheek,
Could but a *mother's* patience teach him!

9 The quiet of his own bare room,
With Velvet purring close beside him,
What wonder if he learned to prize
That love that all the world denied him.

10 O ye whose walks in life are fair,
And blooming all the way with roses,
Search out the secrets of dark homes,
Where rum its hidden sting discloses!

11 And if but vain you deem the task,
To break the drunkard's chains in sunder—
In vain the vender's ear to reach—
Dead to soft tones, or tones of thunder—

12 There yet remains within your power
The words of friendliness to offer;
On aching, orphaned hearts bestow
An open hand, with generous proffer.

13 Take a few roses from your path,
Along his cheerless way to scatter;
Your own will all the brighter bloom,
And weary feet more lightly patter.

14 To-day seek Jem, in his bare room,
With only Puss to share his sorrow;
Fill both his hands, and Velvet's cup,
And look *again* on them to-morrow.

MRS. JULIA F. BALLARD. 1881.

Mrs. Ida H. Kepley,

One of the most indefatigable temperance workers, is a lawyer, associated with her husband in a successful practice at Ethnigram, Ill. She is at the head of the German work, in Illinois, and being herself of German extraction, is tireless in her efforts to educate her people up to a higher plane of thinking and living, as regards the great temperance issues of the day. In giving a description of the costumes of the children who sang the following ode on the Fourth of July, she says: -

"The boys wore white and blue suits, with broad blue badges, on which 'Temperance' was printed, and they drew a small cannon after them. The girls were dressed in white, with blue badges, each child carrying a flag. While the chorus was being sung, the flags were waved by all. Large white banners, decorated with evergreen and scarlet flowers, with blue streamers attached, and bearing such mottoes as 'The Cold Water Army,' 'The Future Voters,' 'Death to King Alcohol,' 'Tremble, King Alcohol, we shall grow up,' were carried aloft by some of the older boys, making a very spirited and inspiring display."

This exhibition may aid some other Cold Water Army in a Fourth of July celebration.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Tune—"*Hold the Fort.*"

1 Hail Columbia, Home of Freedom,
Strong on land and sea,
We, thy children, gladly greet thee,
Mightier to be.

CHORUS—Wave your flags, the time is coming
When our land shall be
Free from vice, the Hydra-monster,
Temperance, through thee.

2 Hail fair natal day of freedom
That our fathers won;
Base oppression flees before thee,
Liberty's bright sun.

3 East and West the guns are booming,
North and South as one,
Meet as brothers, greet as brothers,
Whate'er their native sun.

4 We, thy children, singing greet thee,
Promising to be
Faithful soldiers in thy armies,
Truth and Liberty.

ADA H. KEPLEY.
Effingham, Ill., 1883.

THE COLD WATER ARMY.

A word to the little children,
The children good and true:
Come join the temperance army,
And fight the battle through.
Here's wine and beer and cider,
Fair little snakes that creep
Around our dear hearthstones
And fatten while we sleep.
Boys, set your heel upon them,
Don't toy with them, I pray,
For they'll sting you while you pet them,
While they seem in sportive play.
Here's the dirty page, Tobacco,
Who waits on the rum-king,
And to his treacherous clutches
Does many a victim bring.
Don't take a filthy meerschaum
Or odorous cigar
Into your rosy lips, boys;
'T were better, sirs, by far
To lose your tops and marbles,
Your skates and treasures fine,
Than to lose your hopes of manhood
In tobacco or in wine.
A true and noble boyhood
Will make a manhood fine;
Then shun the treacherous cider,
Tobacco, ale, and wine.
And join you all together
In a legion good and true,
To fight for truth and temperance
Till you see the battle through.

MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.
"Band of Hope Review," 1884.

THE BREWER'S DOG.

1 The brewer's dog is abroad, boys,
Be careful where you stray;
His teeth are coated with poison,
And he's on the watch for prey.
The brewery is his kennel,
But he lurks on every hand,
And he seeks for easier victims, —
The children of the land.

2 His eyes gleam through the windows
Of the gay saloon at night,
And in many a grocer's window
He crouches full in sight.
Be careful where you enter,
And if you smell his breath,
Flee as you would from a viper,
For his fumes are the fumes of death.

3 O boys! would you kill the bloodhound?
Would you slay the snarling whelp?
I know that you can do it
If everyone will help.
You must make a solemn promise
To drink no ale or beer,
And soon the feeble death-wail
Of the brewer's dog we'll hear.

4 For, if all keep the promise,
YOU CAN STARVE HIM OUT, I KNOW,
But if boys and men keep drinking
The dog will thrive and grow.

ELLA WHEELER, 1883.

POOR LITTLE BLOSSOM.

1 "Oh! dear! I's so tired and lonesome;
I wonder why mamma don't come?
S'e told me to s'ut up my b'ue eyes,
And 'fore I waked up s'ed be home.

2 "S'e said s'e was going to see g'andma;
S'e lives by the river so bright;
I 'spect that my mamma's fallen in there,
And p'r'aps s'e won't tum home to-night.

3 "I dess I'se af'aid to stay up here,
Wivout any fire or light;
But Dod's lighted the lamps up in heaven;
I see 'em all twinkling and bright.

4 "I dess I'll go down and meet papa;
I know he has stopped at the store;
It's a great pretty store, full of bottles,—
Wish he wouldn't go there no more!

5 "Sometimes he's so sick when he comes home,
He stumbles and falls up the stair;
And once, when he comed in the parlor,
He kicked at my poor little chair.

6 "And mamma was all pale and frightened,
And hugged me close up to her breast,
And called me her poor little Blossom,
And,—des I forgetted the rest.

7 "But I 'member he striked at poor mamma,
His face was so red and so wild,
And I 'member he striked at poor mamma,
And hurted his poor little child.

8 "But I loves him, and dess I go find him;
Perhaps he'll come home with me soon,
And then it won't be dark and lonesome
Waiting for mamma to come."

9 Out into the night went the baby,—
The dear little Blossom so fair,
With eyes that were blue as the clear sky,
With halo of golden-brown hair.

10 Out into the night went the baby,
Her little heart beating with fright,
Till her tired feet reached a gin palace,
All brilliant with music and light.

11 The little hand pushed the door open
(Though her touch was as light as a breath),
And the little feet entered the portal
That leads but to ruin and death.

12 Away down the long floor she pattered,
The pretty blue eyes opened wide,
Till she spied in a corner her papa,
And the tiny feet paused at his side.

13 "O papa!" she cried, as she reached him,
And her voice rippled out sweet and clear,
"I thought if I comed I should find you,
And now I'm so glad I is here.

14 "The lights are so pretty, dear papa,
And I fink that the music's so sweet,
But I dess it's most supper time, papa,
For Blossom wants someting to eat."

15 A moment the bleared eyes gazed wildly
Down into the face sweet and fair,
And then as the demon possessed him,
He grasped at the back of a chair.

16 A moment, — a second, — 'twas over,
The work of the fiend was complete;
And the poor little innocent Blossom
Lay, broken and crushed, at his feet.

17 Then swift as the light came his reason,
And showed him the deed he had done,
With a groan that a demon might pity,
He knelt by the quivering form.

18 He pressed the pale lips to his bosom,
He lifted the fair golden head;
A moment the baby lips trembled,
Then poor little Blossom was dead.

19 Then the law, in its majesty, seized him
And exacted just penalty, death;
For only a fiend or a madman
Would deprive such a baby of breath.

20 But the man who had sold him the poison
That made him a demon of hell,
Why, — he must not be less respected,
Because he is *licensed* to sell.

21 He may rob men of friends and of money,
Send them down to perdition and woe,
But so long as he *pays for his license*,
The law must protect him, you know.

22 God pity men, women and children,
Who are crushed by the Juggernaut, "*Rum*."
May press, pulpit and platform united
Fight strong till deliverance come.

MRS. F. H. RIDWELL.

"Good Times." 1884.

"FROW IT DOWN."

1 A "Band of Hope" teacher has told me, dear children,
A sweet little story, so full of good cheer
That I cannot refrain from just telling it over,
To help you to fight down old whisky and beer.

2 She went to the dear kindergarten one morning,
And a cute little fellow caught hold of her hand,
"I am one of your temperance scholars," he murmured,
"I's signed to the pledge and belong to the Band."

3 "You've signed to the pledge," said the teacher, half smiling,
"And what does it mean to be signed there, my dear?"
"Oh! it means I'm to drow up and vote prohibition,
And never touch whisky nor 'bacco nor beer.

4 "You told us that beer makes the start for a drunkard,
And my mamma had some, on just t'other day"
The dear little features grew sadly o'erclouded,
"And tell me," said teacher, "then what did you say?"

5 "I said," lisped the sweet little lips, "Don't you touch it!"
His white rounded forehead grew stern with a frown,
And his voice grew as deep as childhood could make it,
"I said, 'Frow it down, mamma dear, frow it down!'"

6 "And somehow this incident cheered me and thrilled me,"
Said the Band of Hope teacher, "for Oh! don't you see,
The Band of Hope children are going to save us,
And win in the future a grand victory."

7 The sweet little voices now influence mothers,
And fathers will quail at the sight of the frown.
And won't the curse cease and saloons totter over
When our grand coming army shall shout "Throw them down?"

FANNIE BOLTON. 1884.

FOR DECORATION DAY.

FOR GOD.

1 She had pulled her white carnations
And pansies and roses bright,
All dripping with dewy tear-drops
And gleaming in the light.

2 Then the bleeding heart and the lily,
She wreathed in the chaplet, and thought
Of the hearts of our honored soldiers;
Of the costly peace they bought.

3 She thought of the hands so valiant
Close folded upon each breast:
Of the camp's lone Sabbath stillness
And the tent's long day of rest.

4 The crystal gates of the morning
Broke wide o'er a world of bloom;
And she stood in a moment's vision,
Of that rapturous heavenly home.

5 Then in awe and delight her spirit
Pressed on, in the stillness of love;
As she whispered, "This day is God's day,
These moments drop down from above."

AND HOME.

1 Then she opened her soul as a garden,
That the sunlight and beauty and bloom,
Might waken the hearts of her loved ones;
His spirit pervade and perfume.

2 Then the rosy lips of childhood,
And the lilies pure of love,
Bloomed in her earthly Eden,
With a fragrance born above.

3 No flowers so full of meaning
On that Decoration morn,
As the white thoughts of God's glory,
In the souls of her children born.

4 His angel with golden trumpet,
Seemed treading on buoyant air:
She whispered, "This home is God's home,
"This, a hallowed house of prayer.

AND NATIVE LAND.

1 Then the freshly clustering garlands,
And the fluttering flag on the breeze,
And the measured march of veterans
Brought other thought than these:

2 She prayed as the people marshalled
At the stirring beat of the drums,
For her Native Land beloved,
With its thousand, thousand homes.

3 Though a shadow swept their thresholds,
And a moment of trembling fear,
She whispered, "This land is God s land,
And His arm of might is near."

4 Then she gave her pure flowers, praying
All lands His mercy may share,
Till the white badge of "Our Union,"
The nations in triumph shall wear.

MARTHA WINTERMUTE.
Newark, O., May, 1884.
In "Union Signal."

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

For Recitation, or can be sung to "Memories of Earth," Gospel Hymns.

1 Oh! I hear them singing, mother,
Of a day they say will come,
When through all the land about us
Will be no drunkard's home!
When the dark door of temptation
Will not be open wide,
Nor the screen set, where the guilty
May seek its shade and hide.
Is it coming, dearest mother?
Is it coming, do you think,
When man will be too noble
To ensnare a man to drink?

2 Is it coming, dearest mother,
That blest morn, when all the land
Shall be redeemed from sorrow,
And a proud temperance band
Shall wave their snowy banners,
And lift their signal high,
Appealing for approval
To God's all-searching eye?
Is it coming, dearest mother,
Or is the thought too grand?
And must this evil ever
Enslave our native land?

3 It is coming, dearest daughter;
The Lord will hear the prayer
That floats to heaven each morning,
And on the evening air;
From hearts all sad and mournful,
Whose light of life is fled,
Whose earthly hopes, once radiant,
Lie fainting, pale and dead.
He hears their tender pleading,
And He will not forget;
Their day, so dark with sorrow,
Shall end in brightness yet.

4 Within my memory lingers
A morning fair and bright,
When I left my father's dwelling
To follow love's clear light.
But the hand I thought would lead me
My heart-strings clove in twain;
The young hopes, brightly blooming,
Droop low in sorrow's train.
But for you, my darling daughter,
May a brighter morning dawn:
And the bells of peace ring in the day
When these sad years are gone!

EMILY PUTNAM WILLIAMS.
August 10, 1882.

A SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

Tune—"*Home, Sweet Home.*"

1 Our Father, we thank Thee for Thy tender care,
For loving to hear our young voices in prayer,
For all the sweet comforts with which we are blest,
For our temperance home, which is dearest and best.

CHORUS—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
We thank Thee, dear Father, for our temp'rance home.

2 We thank Thee for teachers of wisdom and truth,
Who warn us to shun the temptations of youth;
For loving companions, who lead not astray,
But lighten our hearth with affection's pure ray.

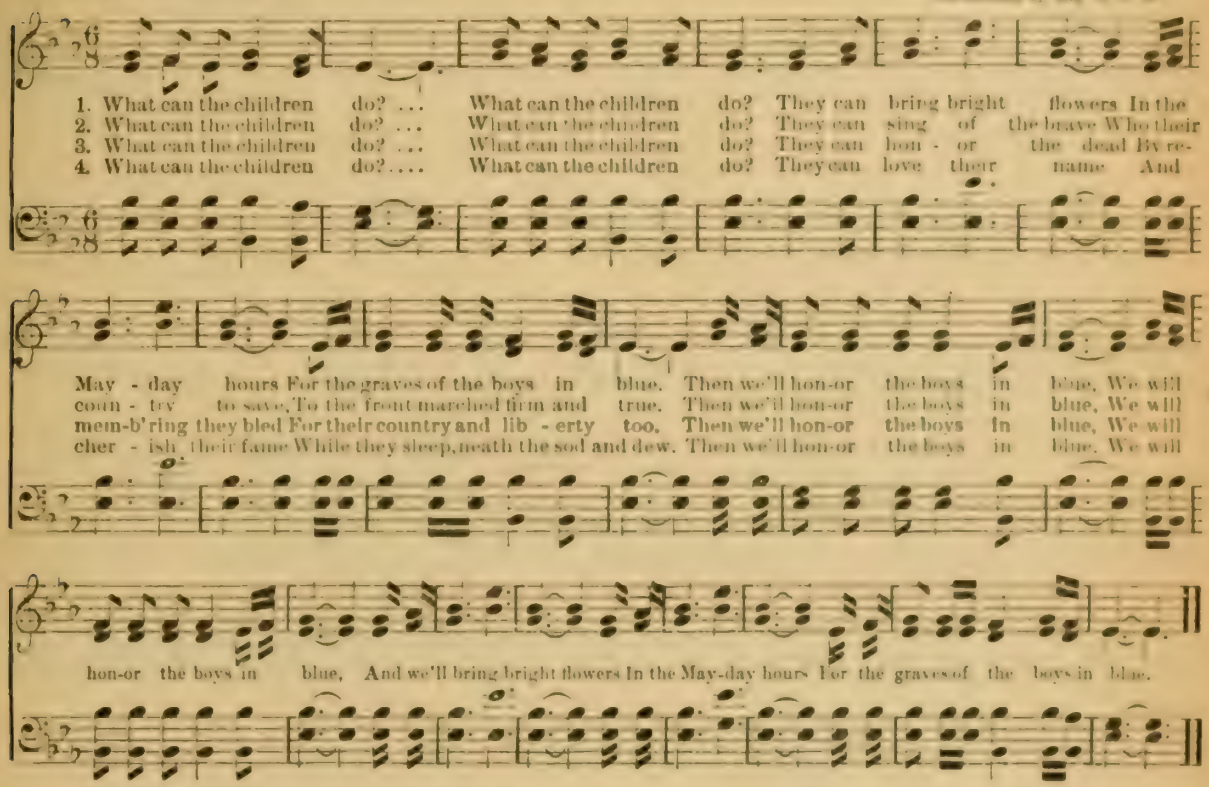
3 And when, like a vision, our childhood has flown,
And we must encounter life's trials alone,
Oh! then may our pathway, wherever we roam,
Shine forth from the light of a dear temp'rance home.

MISS ELLA M'AFFERTY, 1882.

CHILDREN'S DECORATION HYMN.

Written for and sung on Decoration Day, 1883, by the children of Delevan, Ill., who went forward one by one and placed bouquets on the soldiers' monument.

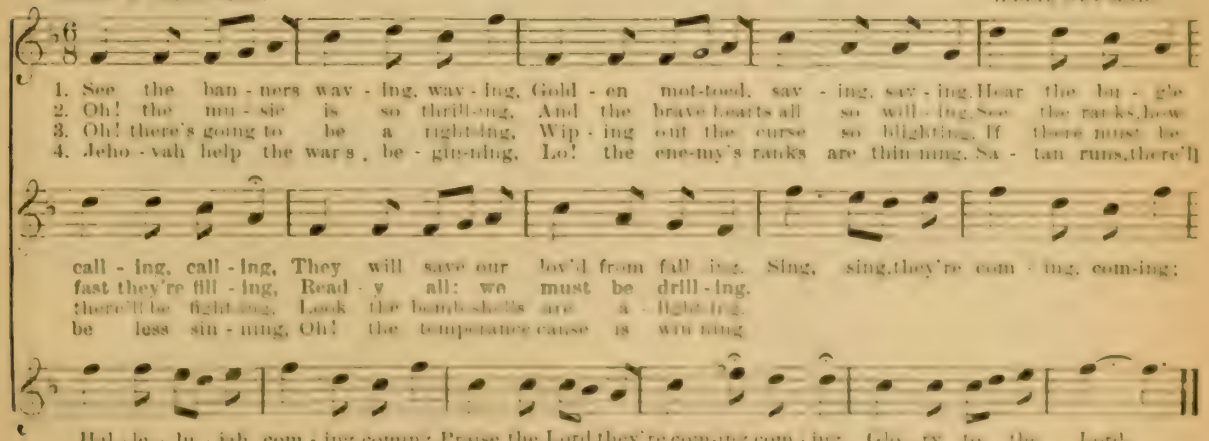
EMMA E. ORENDORFF. Music by ALBERT NEWMAN. Harmonized by Mrs. G. C. S.



COLD WATER ARMY SONG.

May be sung to "Rise, Shine, give God the Glory."

EMMA E. ORENDORFF. ALBERT NEWMAN.

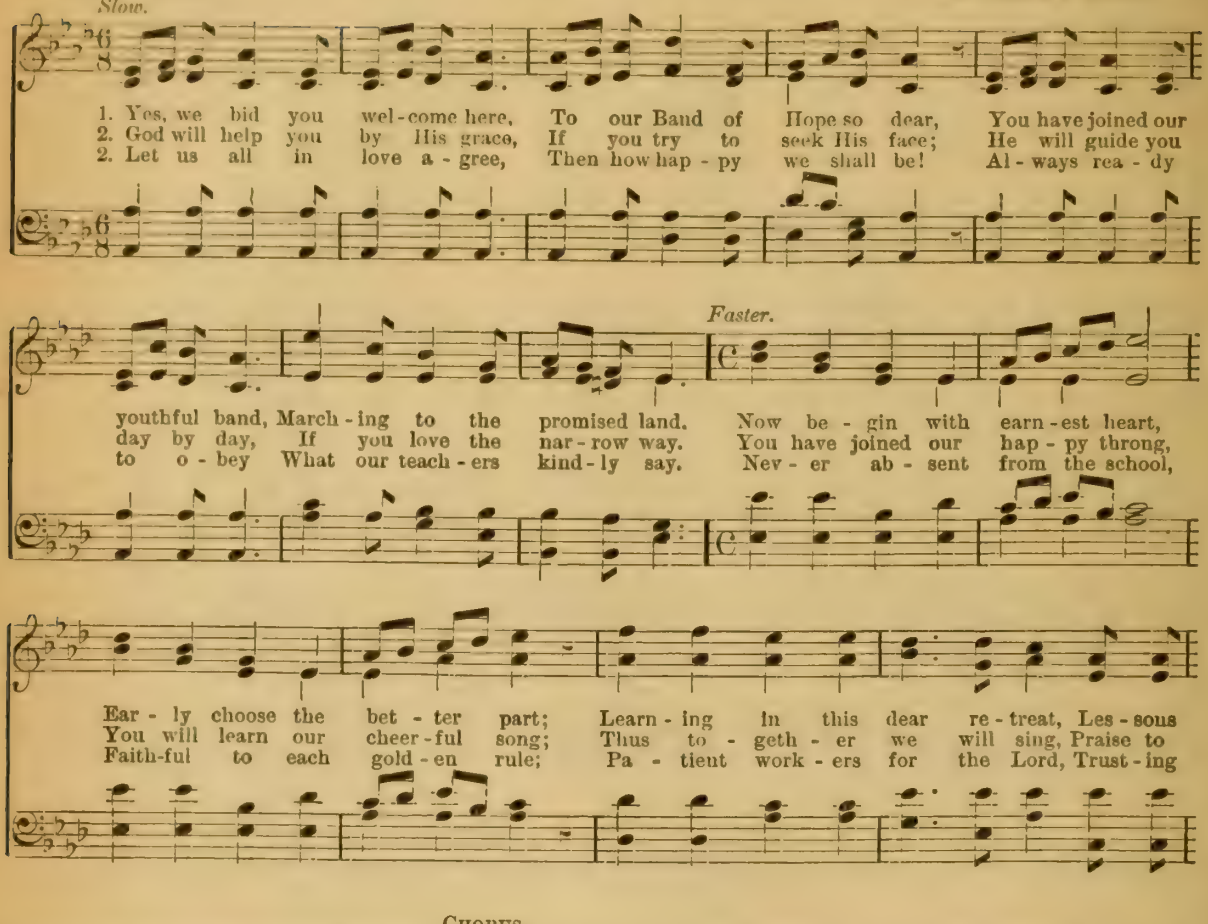


WELCOME.

TO BE SUNG AT THE RECEPTION OF NEW SCHOLARS.

FANNY CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

Slow.



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WHEN WE ARE OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE.

Tune—"*Yankee Doodle.*"

1 When we are old enough to vote,
We'll make a great commotion;
We'll sweep the land of whiskey clean,
From ocean unto ocean.

CHORUS—"Old Alcohol" will have to fall
From his exalted station;
We'll smite him right, we'll smite him left,
And drive him from the nation.

2 In Alcohol's old castle strong,
In chains his slaves are wailing;
We'll enter in and set them free,
By scores his stronghold scaling.

3 Some day the world will bless the men
Who now are only boys, sir,
For we are learning lessons true
With all our fun and noise, sir.

4 Oh! right is right, and wrong is wrong;
We know the way that's best, sir;
We'll choose the right and fight the wrong,
And leave with God the rest, sir.

5 So, when we're old enough to vote,
There'll be a mighty rattle
Of falling forts and castles gray,
For Right will win the battle.

6 We will not fear to speak the words
That God would have us speak, sir;
With Him for our right hand, you know,
We never can be weak, sir.

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH, 1881.

RESOLVES.

Tune—"*Webb.*"

1 O boys! the New Year's coming,
The time when folks begin
To make a cleaner record
By leaving off each sin.
We'd better all get ready,
And make a brand-new start
To drive out every error
And blemish from each heart.

2 Let's save our spending-money
For books and useful things,
Not waste it in such foolish trash
As balls, and toys, and rings.
Economy is learned in youth;
The thoughts we have to-day
Take root and strengthen with our strength,
And follow all the way.

3 No one of us, I'm very sure,
Would touch a drop of drink,
Not one would touch a cigarette—
We're all right there, I think.
But we will strengthen others,
And lead them in the right;
And now clasp hands, my boys, upon
Resolves we've made to-night.

ELLA WHEELER. 1882

GOD BLESS OUR TEMPERANCE BAND.

Old Tunes—"*America,*" Gr. "*Italian Hymn.*"

1 God bless our temp'rance band!
Firm may we ever stand
For truth and right;
Help us to work and pray;
Teach us in wisdom's way,
Our nation's curse to stay
By Thine own light.

2 Help us the chains to break
That greed and av'rice make
By licensed laws;
Help us that we may be
Champions of liberty;
Help set the bondman free
Thro' our dear cause.

MRS. J. A. OSBURY.

TOUCH IT NEVER.

1 Children, do you see the wine
In the crystal goblet shine?
Be not tempted by its charm;
It will surely lead to harm.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never!
Fight it ever!

2 Do you know what causeth woe
Bitter as the heart can know?
'Tis that self-same ruby wine
Which would tempt that soul of thine.
Children, hate it!
Touch it never!
Fight it ever!

3 Never let it pass your lips:
Never even let the tips
Of your fingers touch the bowl;
Hate it from your inmost soul.
Truly hate it!
Touch it never!
Fight it ever!

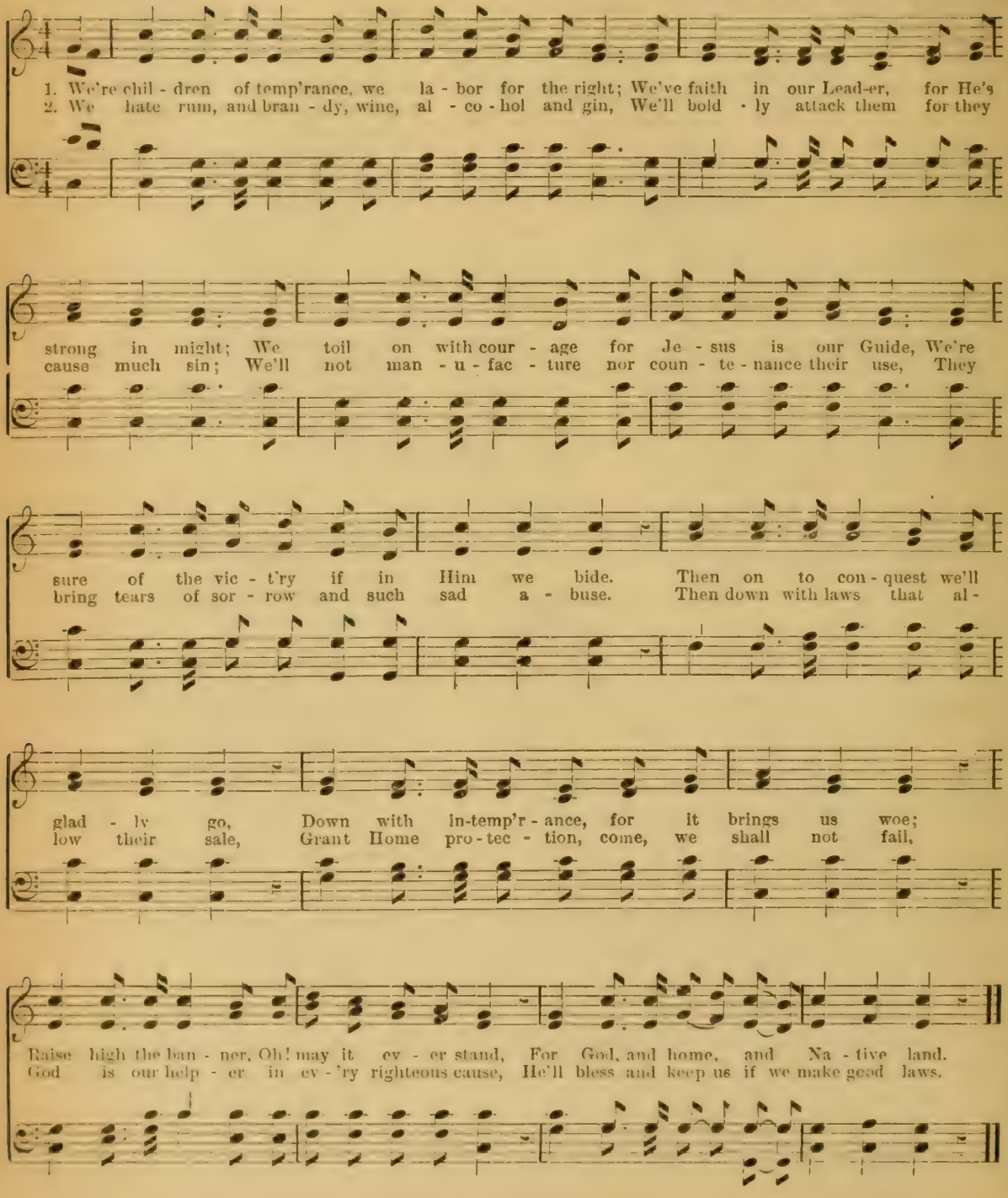
4 Fight it! With God's help stand fast
Long as life or breath shall last,
Heart meet heart, and hand join hand—
Hurl the demon from our land.
Oh! then, hate it!
Touch it never!
Fight it ever!

EUNICE S. ARNOLD. 1882

CHILDREN'S HOME PROTECTION SONG.

DEDICATED TO THE COLD WATER ARMY, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

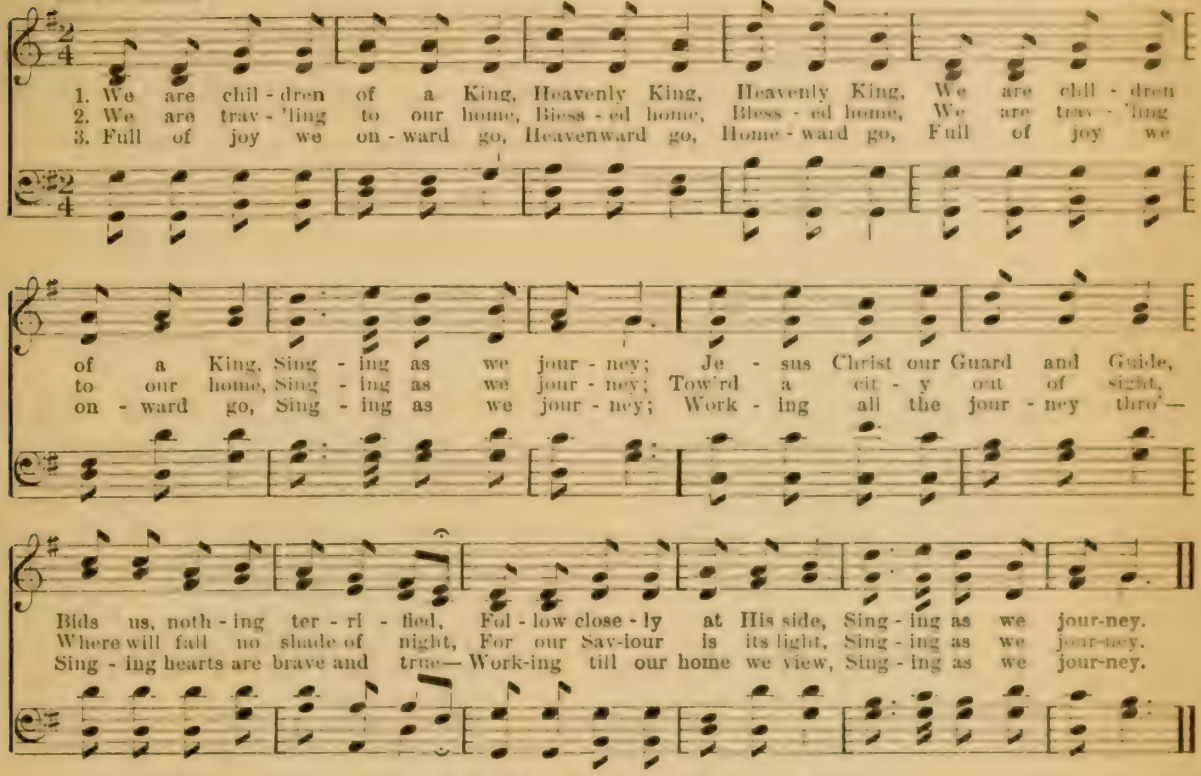
Words and Music by Mrs. G. C. SMITH. 1879.



SINGING AS WE JOURNEY.

"Then was our mouth filled with singing." Ps. cxxvi: 2.

LUCY J. RIDER. LUCY J. RIDER.



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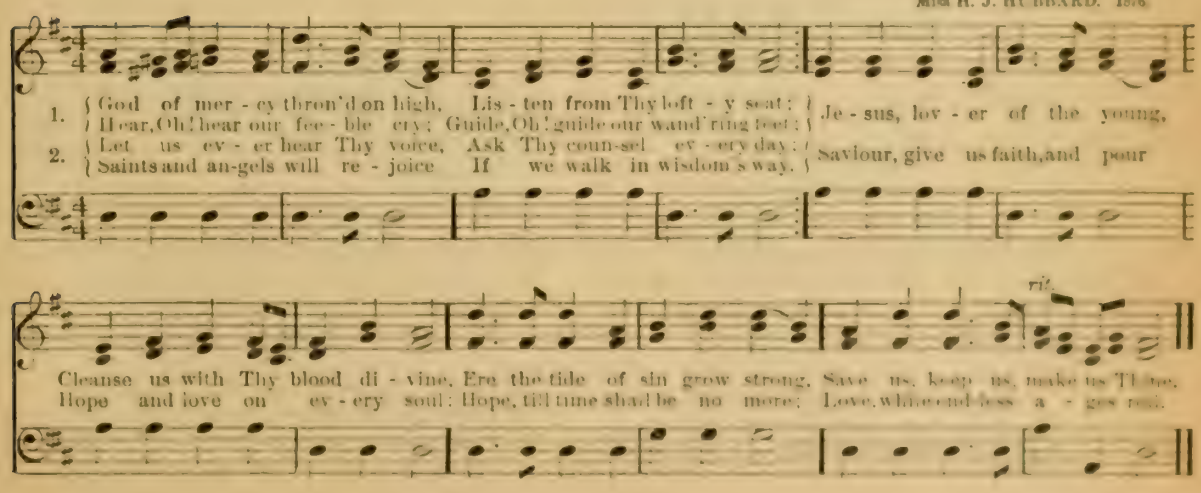
GOD OF MERCY THRONED ON HIGH.

Miss H. J. HUBBARD. 1876.



A TRUE STORY OF HOW A LITTLE GIRL EMPTIED THE JUG.

1 In one of the homes on a little back street
A father and mother were sitting at meat,
There was bread and potatoes and plenty to eat,
But alas! into glasses all crystal and clear,
They poured from a pitcher the brown, foaming beer.

2 Then in came a dear little girl. In her hand
She carried a card from her temperance band;
But her sweet face was troubled. "O papa, my dear,
Please don't ever send me for any more beer,
It's awful bad stuff and t'will hurt you, I fear.

3 "I have promised this day not to touch it again,
It has caused so much sinning and sorrow and pain,
That I just hate the sight of it. Please, papa, dear,
Don't ask me to go any more for your beer,
And I wish you would sign the pledge with me here."

4 The father and mother laughed loud at their pet,
And told her she'd turn out a lecturer yet;
But the next time they wanted some beer they just said,
"Please go to the corner for vinegar red,
And give this small note to the clerk, Mr. Ned."

5 The dear little girl started off with a song,
Nor dreamed there was anything said that was wrong.
She asked for the vinegar, acid and strong,
Gave the note to the clerk, who smiled and said, "Dear,
Pray hand me the jug," and then went to the rear
And filled it right up from a keg of brown beer.

6 The little one started to take the jug back,
But just as she ran to the great railroad track,
The cork gave a start and flew out with a crack.
A whiff of the odor of beer reached her nose,
She stopped in amazement, and what do you s'pose?

7 "Why, that isn't vinegar, smells very queer,
It's naught in the world but that horrid old beer.
What a stupid! Well, no! I just won't take it back,
The horrid old stuff must be spilled on the track;"
And out it came gurgling with snort and with smack.

8 Then home ran the maiden and told without fear
How Ned didn't know vinegar from brown beer.
"And where is the beer?" asked her father, "no doubt
We can manage to use it." "I poured it all out,"
Laughed the brave little girl, "and it's gone up the spout."

9 "Why! why! what was that for?" said her father, annoyed,
Then the child with his whiskers half-playfully toyed.
"Well, you see," said his pet, in a sweet, bird-like note,
"That beer jug is spoiling my temperance vote,
And I thought 'twas better spilled there than spilled down your throat."

10 The father grew sober in deep, painful thought,
And spelled out the lesson his little one taught.
"I never will send you again, my sweet dear,
Just bring me your pledge, I will sign it right here,
And we'll never drink whiskey again or brown beer."

11 Well, wasn't she happy! she laughed and she cried,
Her mother just kissed her and called her her Pride.
And so they got married,—Oh! no,—let me see,
That isn't the end of this story of glee;
But they lived happy after as happy could be.

FANNIE BOLTON. 1884.

THE SCHOLAR AND THE ECHO.

1 What is this I hear them saying,
In the Band of Hope displaying
Bright new cards, a promise making
Always to abstain from drinking?
Must I also sign the pledge?
Sign the pledge.

2 But when Christmas comes so jolly,
With its mince pies and its holly,
Mince pies flavored with rich wine,
Wine which comes from our own vine,
Must I always answer no?
Answer no.

3 But, my Echo, this is trying,
And for cider I ll be sighing,
Cider which comes sweet and clear
In the autumn of the year.
Must I also this refuse?
This refuse.

4 Echo, *thou* shalt be my teacher.
Never known was such a preacher.
Will *my* signing help another?
Is each one my sister, brother?
Will I gain a sure reward?
A sure reward.

JENNIE SPEAR.

THE RAINBOW

To be recited by seven children, each costumed in one of the colors representing the verse spoken, jaunty tissue paper cap, sash about a yard and a half long by three-eighths of a yard wide, extending front and back, terminating on the left shoulder with rosette, and confined at the waist under the right shoulder. They enter in the order of the rainbow colors, and form a semi-circle before speaking.

(Introduction spoken by all in unison.)

1 The rainbow colors blended bright,
Show us how fair are rays of light.
In union we, with heart and hand,
Work for the conquest of the land.

RED.

2 In blushing red, like queenly rose,
Or sunset sky at evening's close,
I give no license to the bowl,
Where lies the foe that drowns the soul.

ORANGE.

3 I come in richest orange hue,
To image forth our cause most true;
No evil genius' deadly art
Pierced me with alcoholic dart.

YELLOW.

4 All yellow, bright with glittering light,
The wily tempter weaves his spells,
But leaves his victim dark as night,
Where he a wreck his virtue sells.

GREEN.

5 Green as the meadow in the spring,
Threaded by streamlets' generous flow,
So free and pure my mottoes ring,
Stick to the pledge! that's right, I know.

SKY BLUE.

6 Pure as the blue in summer's sky,
With which no other shade can vie,
Here let us pledge our honor bright,
To shun all drinks that are not right.

INDIGO.

7 Blue like the ocean's rolling tide,
Forming the arch with span so wide,
The bow of promise I proclaim,
No baleful foe in my domain.

VIOLET.

8 In modest violet I'm arrayed,
No earthly skill can reach my shade;
I teach in pure celestial light,
Shun every drink that blinds the sight.

MRS. M. B. M'CLURE, 1883.

OPEN THE GATES.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates."—Psa. xxiv: 7.

1 Open your gates, O east and west!
O north and south, give way!
The land is lifting its song of praise,
By the mouth of babes this day.
They come, the legions of little ones,
With banner and sacred song;
Blessing and honor and praise they sing,
To Christ our Lord belong.

2 Open the gates to the little feet,
Unfold the holy word!
The children crowd to the Saviour's side,
Their eyes discern the Lord.
A hundred summers have rolled away
Since one stooped down and smiled,
Opening the gates of a Bible school,
To welcome a ragged child.

3 Open the gates for the little ones,
The Saviour bids them come;
His arms shall gather the tender lambs,
His hands shall lead them home.
The wise and mighty may seek Him here,
Who came as a little child;
Narrow the way and the door is low
To the kingdom undefiled.

MARY A. LATHBURY, 1883.
Set to Music by I. BALTZELL, in "Gates of Praise."

ALWAYS DO RIGHT.

Tune—"*Home, Sweet Home.*"

1 Do right is our motto,
Do right is our aim,
We strive not for glory,
For wealth nor for fame;
A pure spotless banner
We'll raise with our might,
With this for our motto,
"Always do right."

CHORUS—Onward and upward,
We'll sing with our might,
With this for our motto,
"Always do right."

2 Do right to our friend,
Do right to our foe;
Do right to all people
Wherever we go;
Let this be our standard,
Kept high in our sight,
Right onward and upward,
"Always do right."

JENET PIERCY.

Lillie Dickerman

Was born 1866, and died 1882. How shall we better interpret the lesson of such a life than in her own sweet words—written three years since—which so touchingly at such a time as this move upon the chords of the heart.

ONLY A LITTLE DEWDROP.

1 "I am only a little dew-drop,
But I'll do whatever I can,
For even a little drop of dew
Is part of our Father's plan.

2 "I can cool a burning blossom
That has withered 'neath the sun;
I can cheer one drooping flower
When my little life is done."

3 "You're mistaken, little dew-drop,
Your life has just begun,
For the lesson you teach us lingers
Long after your work is done."

LILLIE DICKERMAN.

JOY AMONG THE ANGELS.

"There is joy in heaven over one sinner." Luke. xv: 7.

1 There is joy among the angels
That fill the courts above,
O'er a wand'ring soul returning
To ask a Father's love.
When the heart is bowed beneath the cross,
And tears repentant fall,
And the earnest prayer of faith can say,
"Here, Lord, I give Thee all."

2 There is joy among the angels,
They tune their harps in heaven,
When the new-born soul with rapture
Can feel its sins forgiven;
And the healing stream of pard'ning grace
Has washed its guilt away,
And the eye looks up without a tear,
And hails the opening day.

3 There is joy among the angels,
The shining portals ring,
When a band of happy children
Their hearts to Jesus bring;
Like the tender breath of early flowers
Their grateful songs shall rise,
Till the answering note from ransomed choirs
With heavenly joy replies.

FANNIE CROSBY.

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PRAISE.

Tune, —"*Hendon.*"

1 Praise to Him who built the hills;
Praise to Him the stream who fills;
Praise to Him who lights each star,
Sparkling in the blue afar.

2 Praise to Him who makes the morn,
Rays of light and hopes new born;
Draws the shadows of the night,
Curtains o'er our wearied sight.

3 Praise to Him who gives us food,
Praise to Him who lights our way;
Praise Him for each earthly good
We receive from day to day.

MARIA L. TAFT.

Set to Music in "Song Echo," by H. S Perkins.

I send you the only hymn I ever wrote. It was composed at thirteen, and as I still find the same difficulty in governing my kingdom, it still expresses my soul's desire, and I have nothing better to offer.

Yours truly,

L. M. ALCOTT.

CONCORD, Oct. 7, 1883.

MY KINGDOM.

1 A little kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell;
And very hard the task I find
Of governing it well.
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will misleads,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.

2 How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should,
Honest and brave and never tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart—
To sweetly sing all day?

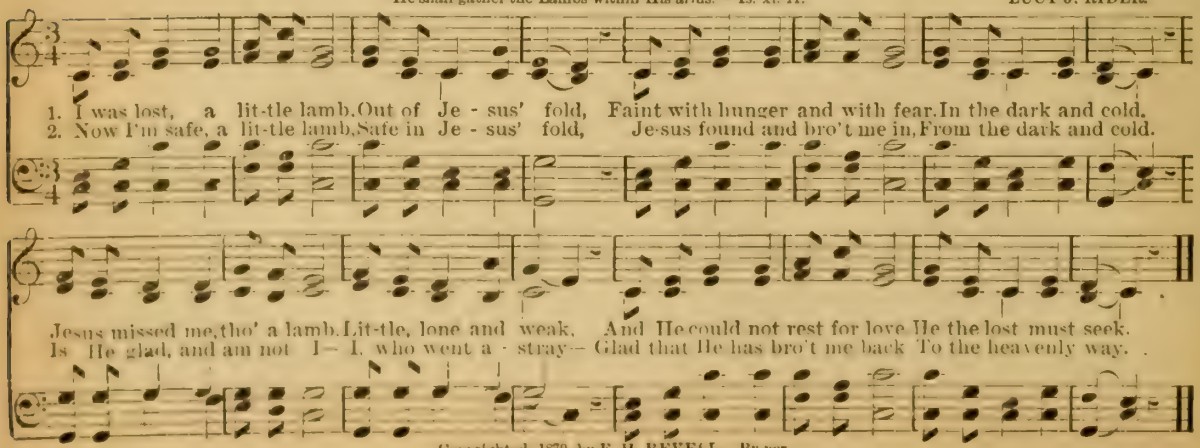
3 Dear Father; help me with the love
That casteth out my fear:
Teach me to lean on Thee, and feel
That Thou art very near:
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since Thou, with patience infinite,
Doth soothe and comfort all.

4 I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.

LOUISE M. ALCOTT.

I WAS LOST, A LITTLE LAMB.

"He shall gather the Lambs within His arms."—Is. xl. 11. LUCY J. RIDER.



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WHAT ARE THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS?

1st Part. (To be sung in dialogue or chorus.)
What are the loves of the angels
Up in their mansions so bright?

2d Part.
The dearest of all are the children
Who dwell in the city of light.

Chorus—Dear is the love of the angels
Up in their mansions so bright;
Pure is the love of the children
Who dwell in the city of light.

1st Part.
What are the songs of the angels
Up in their homes of delight?

2d Part.
Their songs are the songs of salvation
In which little children unite.

Chorus—Beautiful songs of the angels
Up in their homes of delight
Beautiful songs of redemption
In which little children unite.

1st Part.
What are the joys of the angels
Up in yon glittering height?

2d Part.
To praise and adore their Redeemer
Who reigneth supreme in His might.

Chorus—Sweet are the joys of the angels
Up in yon glittering height;
Praising the blessèd Redeemer
Who reigneth supreme in His might.

MRS. S. A. GORDON. 1882.
From "Joy Bells" by per.

THE CUP OF THE LORD.

It may not harm nor you, nor me;
But chance some lamb amidst the flock,
Here, tasting first the fiery draught,
May, at the table of the Lord,
Be bound with chains more hopeless far,
Than all the fetters earth can forge?
Shall such as they, in after years,
Point to the supper of the Lord
As the fell snare, which led their tender feet
Into the slippery, dark abyss?
Shall that, which was to be our pledge of faith,
Prove but to them e'en as the gates of hell?

ANNIE D. MANSON.
St. Paul, May 10, 1884.

It is stated by Hebrew scholars that the word used by the Saviour to designate approval of the use of wine for instance at the Lord's supper, when properly translated means "fruit of the vine," that is the unfermented juice of the grape. A different word was used when the use was discountenanced, showing distinctly that there were two kinds of wine.

THE FRUIT OF THE VINE.

1 You may sing to the praise of the wine-cup and tankard,
And talk of the flavor of Mumm and Tokay;
But what can compare with the ripe, juicy Concord,
Or rival in fragrance Catawba bouquet?

2 You may hold up your glass in the beams of the sunlight
And point out the *bead* like a topaz most rare;
But your glass will not equal, e'en more than a rush-light,
The amber-bloom chalice—the lush Delaware.

3 You may start with the A's, and go through the story,
Recounting the fame of ferment and distill;
But you cannot, in all the decayed category,
Find a flavor or odor but "taints of the mill."

4 Oh! would that some minstrel, with voice and with sonnet,
Could sound forth the praise of the vintage—array
In its *unbroken* purple, its lambent, pale garnet,
The hues of the rainbow in Nature's own way.

5 The spoiled blood of the grape spoils the blood of the nation!
The toasts and the feasts take the heart out of men!
Shall we longer descant with a maudlin oblation
On that which destroys beyond all human ken?

6 Away with the song, with the paint-brush and pallette,
That glorify sin in a Bacchean way;
Cast aside every pen, with the block and the mallet,
That makes calves for the people to worship to-day.

7 Bring forth every virtue, win back every power,
Make Hebe relent and old Bacchus give o'er,
Till all stolen fruit form a Temperance dower
For Columbia, our daughter of Freedom, once more.

FANNIE J. BARNES.
September 7, 1880.
In "Our Union."

End of Temperance Department.

MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT.

MOTHERHOOD.

PREFATORY NOTE.

George MacDonald says: — "The true mother is she who numbers her children by the thousand." A lady writer adds: — "I will go further, and assert that no woman has any legitimate claim to motherhood, who will not recognize a wrong done to the most unfortunate of life's children, as a wrong to her own child."

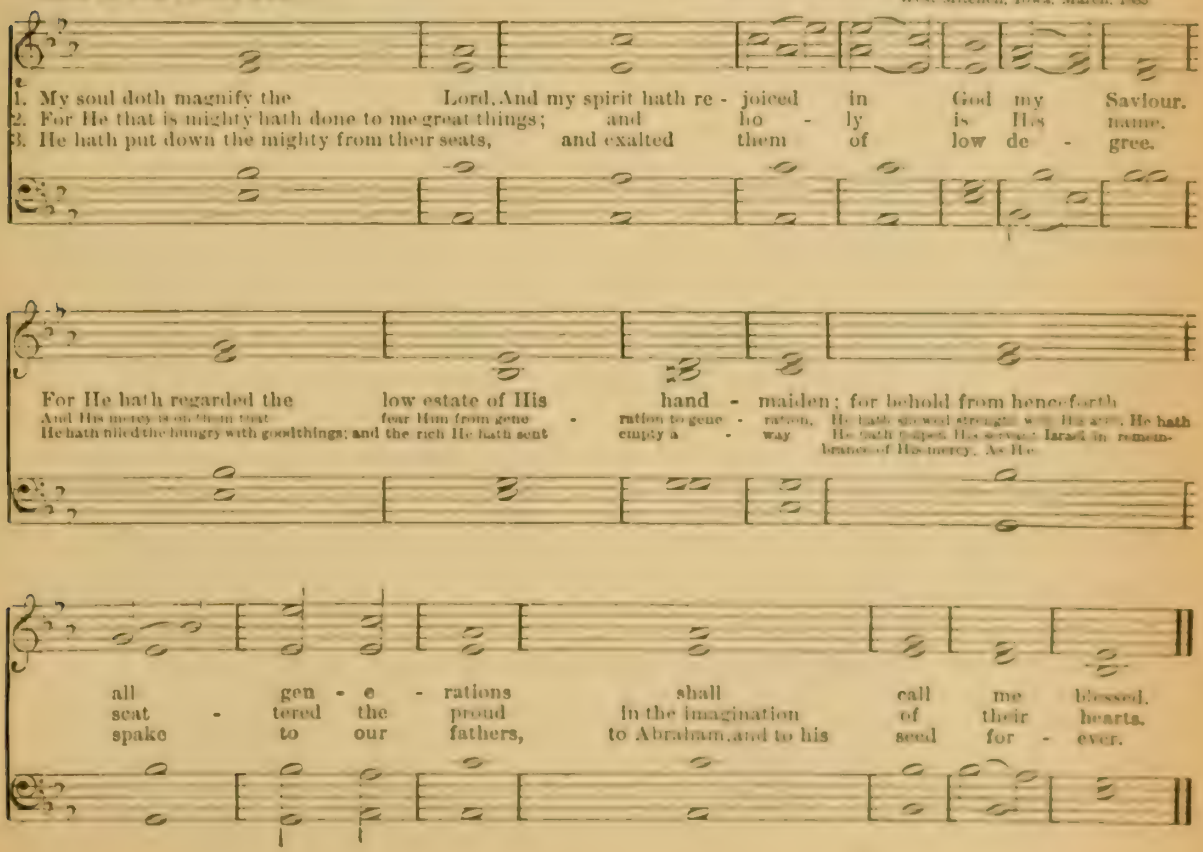
Still another: — "Many a woman who has never borne children, is more of a mother in God's sight, than she who has. Unless the heart goes out in sympathy to all God's little ones, it has not the true mother instinct."

Another thus expresses the same idea: — "She who is a mother only to her own children, has not the true mother instinct. The heart must take in all earth's suffering ones, if it would be recognized by God. If one has not this true mother instinct, let it be cultivated. If one has it, let it be exercised. 'The world is wide and needy.'"

THE MAGNIFICAT.

SONG OF THE VIRGIN MARY.

Music written for this work by MARY FRANCES ENGLISH.
West Mitchell, Iowa, March, 1883



THE "HAIL MARY."

O grand white angel! in a sweet surprise
I lift to thee my tear-suffuséd eyes.
Thou art so virgin-pure, thy starry zone
Girdles my room with lustre all thine own!
I kiss thy garment's hem, I dare not touch
Thy gentle hand outstretched, nor overmuch
Gaze on thy queenly stature in its grace,
Nor meet the recognition of thy face.
Hold out thy lily-sceptre, gracious one,
That I may feel thy blesséd reign begun,
And while I breathe its incense, purify
Thy temple for this holy mystery!
Or who or what am I, that God has sent
His angel to my house, and for me meant
The very chrism of life, the seal of love,
The secret hope all other hopes above.

L. P. H. 1881.

By permission Messrs. Lee & Shepard.

HYMN OF MOTHERHOOD.

1 Oh! beautiful new life within my bosom,
New life, love-born, more beautiful than day,
I tremble in thy sacred presence, knowing
What holy miracle attends my way!
My heart is hushed, I hear between its beating
The angel of annunciation say,
"Hail, blesséd among women!" while I pray.

2 O all-creative Love! thy finger touches
My leaping pulses to diviner heat.
What am I, that thy thought of love should blossom
In me, in me thy tide of life should beat?
Beat strong within me God-tide, in high passion,
With quickening spirit earth-born essence greet!
Fountain of life! flow through me pure and sweet.

3 O all-sustaining Love! come close beside me,—
Me, so unworthy of this wondrous gift.
Purge me, refine me, try me as by fire,
Whiten me white as snow in glacier-rift,
That neither spot nor stain nor blemish darken
These elements that now to being drift;
Inspire, sustain me, all my soul uplift!

4 O all-sufficient Love! I am as nothing;
Take me, thy way, most facile to thy need;
Enraptured, let me feel thy spirit moulding
The germ that thou hast made a living seed.
And while the currents of my life are speeding
This life immortal in its growth to feed,
To one dear purpose all my forces lead!

L. P. H. 1881.

By permission Messrs. Lee & Shepard.

FAITH.

1 What though my heart's darling
May ne'er see the day,
Was it but a stray starling
That flashed o'er my way?
I have loved, I was promised
Forever and aye.

2 I may weep for my nestling
So lost to my eyes,
But feel God's behest bring
A sweeter surprise,
Faith conquers doubt wrestling;
Love born never dies.

3 I can trust though He sever
In blindness and pain.
My child, we can never
Be parted again.
God's promises ever
Are yea and amen.

L. P. H. 1881.

By permission Messrs. Lee & Shepard.

DEDICATED TO ——.

1 O life, that beats beneath mine own,
Thou bringest thought too great for speech!
Thy spirit lies so sweetly resting
Safe from life's cold and bitter reach!
All of love's bars thou art undoing
While the presence of thy life I feel,
Yet God's. Ah! more than mine thou art,
Behold me! at His feet I kneel.

2 Give me this jewel of Thine to wear,
This rose that breathes from Paradise;
The fairest of all the gifts from Heaven—
A life that's been hid in the bosom of Christ!
'Mong the people who list to Thy teaching
Or wait for Thy touch and word,
Parent, so rich in the tenderest love,
Tell me my pleadings are kindly heard!

3 With contrite heart on bended knee,
The pleader and the woman wait,
Hark! 'tis the sound of the warder's tread,—
He who unbars that outer gate
When the pleading soul its God must gain;
The book in his hand I see unroll,
He reads—his gaze on the kneeler there—
"Thy prayer we grant—with the trust of a soul!"

E. ADDIE HEATH, 1884.

MOTHERHOOD.

1 Far, far away, across a troubled sea,
My wistful eyes espy
The quiver of a snowy sail,
Unfurled against the sky.

2 So faint, so far, so veiled in soft obscure
Its quiet shimmering,
Sometimes methinks no mortal thing it is,
But gleam of angel's wing.

3 And yet the currents of my life so set
Towards this vision fair,
I know, I know for me it pales and glows;
It will not fade in air.

4 With my own heart-throb, throbs the tiny sail,
My sighs its pennons move;
And hither steadfast points its magnet towards
The pole-star of my love.

5 What precious gifts do freight this mystic bark
There is no sign to show;
What frail, small mariner is there enshrined
No mortal yet may know.

6 I only know the soul divine moves there,
'Mid two eternities;
Before this secret of the Lord I bow
With veiled and reverent eyes.

7 And vainly does my restless love essay
To haste the coming sail;
Dear God! Not even to save from sunken reefs
Can love of mine avail.

8 Yet will I keep my vigil, and in peace,
Like Mary, "dwell apart;"
Close to the mysteries of God art thou,
My brooding mother heart.

9 Ah, heavenly sweet will be thy recompense,
When, every fear at rest,
The little bark all tranquilly shall lie
Safe anchored on thy breast!

MARY H. FIELD.
Santa Clara, Cal., 1882.

MY NURSLING.

1 Baby and I are alone,
Just baby and I!
His eyes look up and mine look down,
And the love that flashes in sympathy,
Is the gem in the crown.

2 His dimpled hand is at rest
Like a soft rose-leaf,
And cheek and lip lie on my breast
With pressure of trust, dear past belief;
So true, so blest!

3 So close to my heart!
One clear life-tide
Coursing between; my holy part
To feel the current warm from my side
At God's touch start;

4 Then flush into rosy beams
From his glowing face,
Answering back in brighter gleams
Springing up with a sweeter grace
Than my sweetest dreams!

LOUISA P. HOPKINS. 1881.
By permission Messrs. Lee & Shepard.

THE SICK CHILD.

1 Dear little eyes, with their fringéd lids
Lifted so heavily, piteously,
Would I could see in their depths once more
The flash and sparkle of childhood's glee!

2 Dear little lips, that have known no guile,
Innocent, beautiful, fever red,
Would ye were ringing again with mirth,
As in the days that so soon have fled!

3 Dear little gentle and pensive face,
Wasted and sunken and shadowed now,
The high brow white with an unknown light,
Would thou wert rosy with health's warm glow!

4 Dear little patient and suffering child,
Pleading for pity with dying eyes!
Oh! it is cruel and hard to stand
Powerless to aid while a loved one dies.

5 Art thou departing, my precious dove?
Dearest and tenderest lamb of the fold;
Thoughtful and wise as a woman now,
Beautiful darling, but five years old.

6 Father in heaven, Thy will is mine,
With Thee my darling were safe and blest;
But Oh! that Thy wisdom and love could see
That now to restore her to life were best!

HELEN BRUCE.

MATERNITY.

1 Sickness and pain, and wakeful midnight hours;
Care-laden months, that weakened all my powers
Of mind and body; what have I to show,
As payment, for that weary weight of woe?

2 A little face most marvellously fair;
A shining crown of wavy golden hair;
Two dusky eyes, like pansies in a mist;
A smiling mouth, all ready to be kissed;
A trusting heart, that giveth full and free
Its boundless wealth of purest love to me.

3 Ah me! when night's dark banners float above,
And slowly, at their prayers, the sweet lips move;
When, shadowed deep, the earnest, thoughtful eyes
Seem gazing up to their own paradise,
My soul shrinks back from that far-reaching gaze,
And humbly, to be pure and stainless, prays.

4 And when, at last, the bright head finds repose,
And o'er the sleepy eyes the white lids close,
I pray: "O God! let every care and pain
Be mine to know and suffer thrice again,
And through it all my soul shall grateful be,
If only this young life be spared to me."

ADDIE F. DAVIS. 1884.
In 'Gems of Poetry.'

THEN SHALL YE KNOW.

FROM A POEM.

And this is ours! ours of the dust and ashes,
Cradled in weakness, lullabyed with woe;
Not Heaven's rainbows, nor celestial flashes,
To gaze at, but the *Lord Himself to know.*

MARGARET E. WINSLOW.

MY MISTAKE.

1 Dear little feet, so soft and white,
What miles of steps I see—
Of hill and vale and desert sand,
Of all that in a life is spanned;
These feet now clasped in mother's hand,
How weary they will be!

2 The baby hands, so dimpled, fair—
What toils for them ahead!
Patience 'mid many a tread-mill thrall,
Waiting till God shall bless it all;
And mother love can build no wall
'Gainst sweat of brow for bread.

3 Thus mused I once as on my lap
A first-born babe lay sleeping;
The lamp burned low, the house was still,
The winter winds were blowing shrill,
And thoughts of good were mixed with ill,
As I lone watch was keeping.

4 But ah! those little feet and hands,
None fairer ever moulded,
Had *no* rough steps in life to take,
No toils to meet, no weary ache,
For soon, alas! my heart to break,
In quiet *death* were folded!

5 Thus taught of God, I learned full well
To cease my poor forecasting,
And for the children that remain,
To neither fear nor hope again,
But clasp by faith this one strong chain,
God's love and care are lasting!

MRS. ANNA L. PRICE.
Clinton, Va., 1882.

CHRIST LOVETH THEM THAT FALL.

1 Wee, winsome girl, that nestling at my breast,
Contented sighs and sinks to sweetest rest,
To-night I con thy dear face o'er and o'er,
Press thee to my heart and wild implore,
God keep my child from fate of those who cry,
In bitterest depth of woe, "I die, I die,
And high and low alike despise my call,
There's naught but death for women when they fall."

2 I see to-night the quick, defiant glare,
Of one I met beneath the gaslight's flare,
One I had known in girlish, happier days,
Ere she had learned to tread such evil ways.
I would have spoken, but like hunted deer
She sped away into the darkness drear,
Nor heard my earnest, eager pleading call,
O Nina, Christ yet loveth them that fall.

3 Dear baby mine, sweet nestling at my breast,
When the cold sod shall on thy mother rest,
Can some foul wretch bedight in fairest shape,
Lure thee, so sure, to such revolting fate!
My heart leaps up with hot, defiant throb,
Save me, to save my child, O God!
From worse than other ills intensest thrall,
Though Thou, O Christ, yet loveth them that fall.

4 Ah, woe is me! it cannot, cannot be,
I too must vanish in death's silent sea:
Who then, should evil overtake my child,
Will loving kiss the lips so much defiled;
Will smooth the hair above her fair white brow,
And whisper, child, I knew not love till now,
Till I did draw thee from thy filth and thrall,
Back to self, and Christ who loveth them that fall?

5 God keep thee, darling babe; I cannot keep!
Alas! that I but love, implore and weep.
But from this night my solemn vow I keep,
That from my heart I'll love and pity reap,
For those my Master bade "Go, sin no more,"
For those that doting mothers' hearts bleed o'er,
And with intensest, yearning anguish, call,
"Bring back, O Christ, who loveth them that fall."

MRS. J. V. MURCH.
In "Illinois State Journal."

WHICH COULD I SPARE?

1 I sometimes wonder, that if death should come,
With stealthy tread, unto my happy home,
To tell me, that of those I love so well,
One in his silent, shadowy realm must dwell

2 No hope, no refuge, from his fatal dart;
Which could I yield him first? O loving heart,
Which of mine own, my blessèd household band,
Could I resign? though for the better land.

3 Not *he* to whom my early vows were given,
Whose love has made this earth seem like a heaven;
Oh! no! oh! no! the dark and cheerless tomb
May not enclose him, with its voiceless gloom.

4 Not *she*, who first made glad my parent-heart;
Our first to love, of our young life a part;
Whose opening bloom has blest us day by day;
O Death!—I pray thee take not her away.

5 Nor *him*, of noble soul and manners mild,
Whom one short year we've loved to call our child;
Oh! no—not him, that high and loving heart
I fain would shield from thy unerring dart.

6 Our absent child? Oh! no! destroyer, no!—
Near her bright path I pray thee do not go:
We wait to welcome her around our hearth,
And long to listen to her voice of mirth.

7 Our fair young boy—with free and happy soul,
Enjoys the moments that so brightly roll;
I would not see that flashing eye grow dim,
Sealed in thy slumbers—ask thou not for him.

THE ANGEL WHISPER. Page 675.

8 Not my loved parents! take thou not from me
The arms that were my childhood's panoply;
Life would be sad and drear unto their child,
Missing the love that o'er my days has smiled.

9 My own dear brother? no, thy ways pursue;
Ye may not take him—for we are but two;
My heart with keenest sorrow would o'erflow,
If to the grave this cherished one should go.

10 All—all too dear! each golden link so bright—
Death! cast no shadow on love's rosy light—
Father! thou gavest them all—to thee we look—
To us the future is a sealéd book.

FRANCES B. W. BROTHERTON.

MY BIRD.

1 Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, Oh, so lovingly!
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

2 From morn till evening's purple tinge
In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose leaves with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

3 There's not in Ind a lovelier bird:
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
O God! thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters nevermore shall rest!

4 This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me, — to me, Thy hand has given.

5 The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue from mine; —
This life which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with Thine.

6 A silent awe is in my room;
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and Eternity are here.

7 Doubts, — hopes, — in eager tumult rise;
Hear, O my God! one earnest prayer:
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel-plumage there!

EMILY C. JUDSON.
"Religious Herald."

THE LITTLE HAND.

1 Thou wak'st, my baby boy, from sleep,
And through its silken fringe
Thine eye, like violet, pure and deep,
Gleams forth with azure tinge.

2 With what a smile of gladness meek
Thy radiant brow is drest,
While fondly to a mother's cheek
Thy lip and hand are prest!

3 That little hand! what prescient wit
Its history may discern,
When time its tiny bones hath knit
With manhood's sinews stern.

4 The artist's pencil shall it guide?
Or spread the adventurous sail?
Or guide the blow with rustic pride,
And ply the sounding flail?

5 Through music's labyrinthine maze,
With dexterous ardor rove,
And weave those tender, tuneful lays
That beauty wins from love?

6 Old Coke's or Blackstone's mighty tome
With patient toil turn o'er?
Or trim the lamp in classic dome,
Till midnight's watch be o'er?

7 Well skilled, the pulse of sickness press?
Or such high honor gain
As, o'er the pulpit raised, to bless
A pious, listening train?

8 Say, shall it find the cherished grasp
Of friendship's fervor cold?
Or, shuddering, feel the envenom'd clasp
Of treachery's serpent-fold?

9 Yet, Oh! may that Almighty Friend,
From whom existence came,
That dear and powerless hand defend
From deeds of guilt and shame.

10 Grant it to dry the tear of woe,
Bold folly's course restrain,
The alms of sympathy bestow,
The righteous cause maintain,—

11 Write wisdom on the wing of time,
Even 'mid the morn of youth,
And with benevolence sublime
Dispense the light of truth;

12 Discharge a just, a useful part,
Through life's uncertain maze,
Till, coupled with an angel's heart,
It strike the lyre of praise.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

The last words uttered by Mrs. Sigourney were—"Heaven's peace be with you all! Farewell! Farewell."

THE ANGEL WHISPER. (See page [illegible])

In a letter concerning the following poem, the author says:—"The Angel Whisper! It pervades me with a strange sense of [illegible]. Written to illustrate an engraving the thought [illegible]. Would that by its reading even one mother might be led to feel more surely that her child is of God."

"In heaven their angels always behold the face of my Father."

1 Deep mystery of human life, that holds
Within the tiny form the hopes of heaven,
The love and joy of earth! In restful sleep,
The baby lies, while the tired mother speeds
To humble household tasks; and all unseen,
An angel bends above with whisper sweet.
A lifting of the little hands; a smile
That parts the rosy lips; a lingering sigh,
A quiet look of perfect peace, is all
The sign that baby gives in greeting back.

2 O little sailor on this life's rough sea!
What is it that the angels whisper thee?
As on thy cradle bed their light hands rest,
As close above thee heaves the loving breast!
Thou hast but feet to climb; they wings to fly;
Their's life eternal; thou must live and die!
The light of home dwells with thee, little one!
Close in the father's arms when day is done,
Thou whisperest back what angels tell to thee;
Or cooing sweetly on thy mother's knee,
With lips the angels kiss, repeat the strain,
And every day repeat it new again!

3 Ah! dim and pathless track that lies between
The doors of earthly homes and homes unseen,
Whence from the Father's face the angel feet
Come to the little child with whisper sweet!
Could but the veil be dropped from wondering eyes,
How could we trace thee to the boundless skies!
What lessons should we learn of courage true,
How strong be made to suffer and to do!
What matchless glimpses of a Father's love,
What sureness of the home prepared above!

4 No cradle bed too poor to have thy care,
No burdens that the little child may bear,
Of sin or shame, dear angel whisperer sweet,
E er bars the way for thy swift willing feet!
How do we stand revealed to thee, to thee,
O guardian angel from our home to be!
With paltry loves, with things of vain alloy,
Making this life our best and dearest joy;
Unheeding that the surest path to God,
The way of blessing, is by angels trod!

ESTHER T. HOUSH.
In "Woman's Magazine," Oct. 1884.

Dinah Maria Mulock Craik

Was born at Stoke upon-Trent, Staffordshire, Eng., 1826. She married Mr Craik in 1865. Her chief prose work, "John Halifax," was written in 1857. Among her many beautiful poems, the following is called her best.

PHILIP, MY KING.

"Who bears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereiguty."

1 Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my king!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's royal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible sceptre laden;
I am thine Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find thy queen handmaiden,
Philip, my king.

2 Oh! the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my king!
When those beautiful lips 'gin suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest love-glorified,—rule kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my king!

3 I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my king!
The spirit that there lies sleeping now,
May rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one Heaven—chosen amongst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer,
Let me behold thee in future years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my king;

4 A wreath, not of gold but palm. One day,
Philip, my king,
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and cruel, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But march on glorious,
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sittest at the feet of God victorious,
Philip, the king!

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

* Emily Putnam Williams

Was born in Springfield, Ohio. She became a Christian during her youthful days and united with the Presbyterians in 1840. She has always written with ease and grace. Many of her productions have been published in more than twenty religious weeklies and secular papers, usually without her signature, or with the simple initials only. At present (1886) she is editor of a paper called "The Temperance Call." Her poems would fill a good-sized volume, and her prose sketches are more numerous. All of her literary work is carefully done, and yet, as stated, with the ease and readiness indicating talent and true poetic ability.

For several years her home was in Lawndale, Ill., but she is now a resident of Appleton City, Mo. She is very domestic in her tastes and reigns queen of the home circle.

In regard to "We are co-laborers with God," which appears in the Missionary department of this collection, she writes:—

"It was in May, 1882, that I went to a Methodist meeting in Appleton City, Mo. I was a stranger and did not even know the preacher's name. I learned that he was the presiding elder in that district. He preached a sermon from the above which made a deep impression on my mind. For some days I remembered the whole sermon, and I don't know but I could have written it word for word. After some weeks, fearing it would fade from my mind, in time, I sat down to write what I could recall of the sermon I had heard a month before. To my surprise it fell into verse, and thus I wrote it; following, as near as I could, the plan of the preacher and adding some thoughts suggested by the theme. The closing thoughts in reference to the death and burial of Christ were different from the sermon, but I thought more appropriate for the poem."

MOTHERHOOD.

1 O mother! with the bright young face,
Touched with a softer, purer grace,
While bending fondly o'er the bed
Which cradles now the little head,
Thou hast so oft with rapture prest
Against thy gentle, loving breast;
I greet thee with a pleasant thought,
Which gazing at thy face hath brought.
What blessing is so bright and good
As God's sweet gift of motherhood?

* Daughter of Judge John Hunt, of Ohio. She was born 1827, married to John Williams, then a merchant of Troy, Ohio, in 1847. Her first verses were published in the Springfield "Republican," when she was fifteen years old.

2 What else could wake thy tenderest care
As this, thine infant sweet and fair?
What else could draw thee out of self
As he, the beauteous little elf?
A mother's love may not forget
The child on whom her heart is set;
But self-forgetfulness to you
That child will bring, as eve the dew.
Thus thou wilt find there's naught so good
As God's sweet gift of motherhood.

3 If future days all blessings bring,
The sweetest song thy heart will sing,
In all thy time of ease and joy,
Will be thy love-song to thy boy.
Thy grandest gifts are all for him,
His cup of joy full to the brim
Thy hand will press, nor shrink from pain,
If one more pleasure it would gain
For him who through thy mother heart
Hath wound a cord that will not part.

4 And if adversity should fill
Thy days with dark presage of ill,
Still thy most tender, earnest care,
Will be for him: thy fondest prayer
Would fain avert from him the blow;
'Twixt it and him thy form would throw
Its loving shield, and bear the weight,
While unto him an open gate
Thy hand would hold, and point the street
Where safer paths invite his feet.

5 How sweet the task to watch the powers
Of mind unfold through childhood's hours;
To train them as the yielding vine,
Around the props of truth to twine!
How sweet the task the feet to guide
Away from folly's foaming tide!
To hold thy husband's constant love,
By proving that thou art above
The careless ones who see no good
In God's bright gift of motherhood.

6 Thus shall a mother's love refine
Thy heart's best gold, till it will shine
Like roses with bright dew weighed down,
Like jewels burnished for a crown!
And selfishness shall melt away,
And truer, grander thought bear sway;
Devotion's incense shall arise
From thy heart's altar to the skies,
And thou wilt prove how great and good
Is God's sweet gift of motherhood.

EMILY P. WILLIAMS.
February, 1881.

MOTHERHOOD.

1 Now God be praised, that in His will,
I'm reckoned worthy to fulfill
Such place of honor. With what still

2 And solemn presence, do I stand
Holding His gift in earthly hand—
Biding His purpose, His command.

3 Profoundly solemn as, I should,—
That in my life is such great good
So rich a boon as motherhood.

4 My baby! Oh! how tender, sweet,
The pearly-tinted hands and feet,
And all the tiny form complete.

5 The winsome mouth, the gentle eyes,
Opened on life with such surprise,—
What heavenly depths within them lies.

6 How vain the pomp, the gloss, the show,
Of outside life; such bliss I know
By baby's cradle, singing low.

7 My baby, more than all beside,
Do I give thanks, I had not died,
With this best blessing still denied.

8 Father I praise! Oh! grant there be
Such growth of grace uprise in me,
As trains an angel up for Thee.

AUGUSTA SCOTT CAMPBELL.
Chicago, Feb. 20, 1884.

SWEETS OF WOMAN'S LIFE.

1 A baby at rest on mother's breast,
Too young to smile or weep,
Conscious of naught but mother's love,—
So sweet is infant's sleep.

2 A child at play in meadows green,
Plucking the fragrant flowers,
Chasing the bright-winged butterflies,—
So sweet are childhood's hours.

3 A maiden fair as early dawn,
Radiant with every grace,
Gladd'ning the eye that looks on her,—
So sweet is beauty's face.

4 A softly-blushing, downcast look,
Murmur of startled dove,
Answering another's tender words,—
So sweet is maiden's love.

5 A white-robed virgin, kneeling low,
Before God's altar bows,
Forever joined two hearts and hands,—
So sweet are marriage vows.

6 A youthful mother bending o'er
Her first-born, beauteous boy,
Forever hers till death shall part,—
So sweet a mother's joy.

7 The matron in life's autumn-time,
With young life clustered o'er,
Her children's children clasp her knees,—
So rich is autumn's store.

ISAIA GREENWOOD.

ONLY A GIRL.

Close the door carefully, muffle the tread,
Drop the white curtains 'round the white bed;
A pale mother's sleeping, aye, give her rest;
See the fresh rosebud upon her white breast.
She has struggled with pain, she has wrestled with death,
Hers is the victory, let not a breath
Awaken her slumbers; hark! there's a tread
Nearer and nearer approaching the bed;
Manly his bearing—yea, noble his mien,
Lowly he bends, the fair sleepers between;
Lifts the frail flowret with womanly care,
Breathlessly gazing, his lips part—in prayer?
No! there's a chill in the ambient air.
Each word falls distinctly and painfully slow,
Curdling and freezing the blood in its flow:
"It's only a girl!" a hush as of death
For a moment suspended each listener's breath.
In the pause the pale sleeper uplifted her eyes—
"I must have been dreaming," she said in surprise;
"I thought that a cold hand of iron clutched my heart,
While hard, cruel words, like a poisonous dart,
Pierced my soul to the core; I sprang for my babe;
'It's only a girl!' were the words I heard said,
And Elmer! O Elmer! that voice was like thine.
That hand—angels spare me!—once warmly clasped mine,
As you called me more precious than ruby or pearl,
And yet it was when I was only a girl!
If a girl is thus dear, then the mother and wife
To every man true is as dear as his life!"
She clasped her cold hands o'er her hot, throbbing brow,
The blood had all rushed to that citadel now;
Then her words, quick and scathing, burned into the soul,
Emotion swayed reason beyond her control—
"It's only a girl!"—"O man, in thy strength,
Know that God measures souls by their depths—not their length.
The streamlet may wind over miles of fair earth,
Yet bear on its bosom no proud ship of worth.
A man may hold kingdoms, and nations control—
What is that to the birth of one beautiful soul?
The germ in your strong arms, unfolded with care,
May, like Harriet Hosmer or Rosa Bonheur,
Move the world by its art, or lull it to rest
With poesy's magic, the balm of the blest.
The mission of motherhood! Man, do you dare
With sneers stain this sanctum sanctorum of prayer?
This Holy of Holies—this mightiest dower?
Dare to scoff at the sex in which lies this power?
Ah! where were the monarch, the duke, and the earl,
Had not each a mother—once 'only a girl?'
And whence came thy being, and all the proud van
You marshalled in battle—yes, every man?
The magnet that led them through storm and through strife
Was a mother, a sister, a sweetheart, or wife.
Each closely enshrined in his heart like a pearl,
And yet each fair image was 'only a girl.'
It was 'only a girl' that the Deity chose
To incarnate the Christ; the story in prose
Sweeps down through the ages, like stars through the night,
To illume the world with its God-given light;
'Twas only frail women that wept at the tomb,
And talked with the angels when Jesus had gone,
And women that bore the glad tidings to man
That Christ, the Belovéd, had risen again.
Go to the reeking battle-fields of yore,
And read the records writ in human gore,
Of woman's valor, mercy, courage, love,
And point to me one name that's carved above
The name of woman in such deeds as these,
And I will pray to heaven on bended knees
That every child henceforth may be a boy,
That every father's heart may leap with joy;
But ere in scorn you breathe 'only a girl,'
Beware lest you ignore a genuine pearl."

MRS. A. E. N. R., 1885.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

1 Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro;
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below;

2 Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe, and slow.
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down, and watching us below.

3 And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best;

4 So when we are weak and wretched,
By ourselves weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

5 O great heart of God, whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed —
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost!

6 Love divine! of such great loving,
Only mothers know the cost —
Cost of love which, all love passing,
Gave itself to save the lost.

"SAXE HOLM."

MARY AT THE CROSS.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother."

1 O wondrous mother! Since the dawn of time
Was ever joy, was ever grief like thine?
Oh! highly favored of thy joy's deep flow,
And favored e'en in this, thy bitterest woe!

2 Poor was that home in simple Nazareth,
Where thou, fair growing, like some silent flower,
Last of a kingly line, — unknown and lowly,
O desert lily, — passed thy childhood's hour.

3 The world knew not the tender, serious maiden,
Who, through deep loving years, so silent grew,
Filled with high thoughts and holy aspirations,
Which, save thy Father, God's, no eye might view.

4 And then it came, that message from the Highest,
Such as to woman ne'er before descended;
Th' almighty shadowing wings thy soul o'erspread,
And with thy life the Life of worlds was blended.

5 What visions, then, of future glory filled thee,
Mother of King and kingdom yet unknown —
Mother, fulfiller of all prophecy,
Which through dim ages wondering seers had shown!

6 Well did thy dark eye kindle, thy deep soul
Rise into billows, and thy heart rejoice;
Then woke the poet's fire, the prophet's song
Tuned with strange, burning words thy timid voice.

7 Then in dark contrast came the lowly manger,
The outcast shed, the tramp of brutal feet;
Again, behold earth's learnéd, and her lowly,
Sages and shepherds, prostrate at thy feet.

8 Then to the temple bearing, hark: again
What strange, conflicting tones of prophecy
Breathe o'er the Child, foreshadowing words of joy,
High triumph, and yet bitter agony.

9 Oh! highly favored thou, in many an hour
Spent in lone musing with thy wondrous Son,
When thou didst gaze into that glorious eye,
And hold that mighty hand within thy own.

10 Blessed through those thirty years, when in thy dwelling
He lived a God disguised, with unknown power,
And thou, His sole adorer, — His best love, —
Trusting, revering, waitedst for His hour.

11 Blessed in that hour, when called by opening heaven
With cloud, and voice, and the baptizing flame,
Up from the Jordan walked th' acknowledged stranger,
And awe-struck crowds grew silent as He came.

12 Blessed, when full of grace, with glory crowned,
He from both hands almighty favors poured,
And, though He had not where to lay His head,
Brought to His feet alike the slave and lord.

13 Crowds followed; thousands shouted, "Lo, our King!"
Fast beat thy heart; now, now the hour draws nigh:
Behold the crown — the throne! the nations bend,
Ah, no! fond mother, no! behold Him die.

14 Now by that cross thou tak'st thy final station,
And shar'st the last dark trial of thy Son;
Not with weak tears or woman's lamentation,
But with high, silent anguish, like His own.

15 Hail, highly favored, even in this deep passion,
Hail, in this bitter anguish — thou art blest —
Blest in the holy power with Him to suffer
Those deep death-pangs that led to higher rest.

16 All now is darkness; and in that deep stillness
The God-man wrestles with that mighty woe;
Hark to that cry, the rock of ages rending —
"'Tis finished!" Mother, all is glory now!

17 By sufferings mighty as His mighty soul
Hath the Jehovah risen — forever blest;
And through all ages must His heart-beloved
Through the same baptism enter the same rest.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, 1854.
From "The Mayflower."

WEIGHING THE BABY.

1 "How many pounds does the baby weigh —
Baby who came a month ago?
How many pounds from the crowning curl
To the rosy point of the restless toe?"

2 Grandfather ties the 'kerchief knot,
Tenderly guides the swinging weight,
And carefully over his glasses peers
To read the record, "only eight."

3 Softly the echo goes around;
The father laughs at the tiny girl;
The fair young mother sings the words,
While grandmother smooths the golden curl.

4 And stooping above the precious thing
Nestles a kiss within a prayer,
Murmuring softly, "Little one,
Grandfather did not weigh you fair."

5 Nobody weighed the baby's smile,
Or the love that came with the helpless one;
Nobody weighed the threads of care,
From which a woman's life is spun.

6 No index tells the mighty worth
Of a little baby's quiet breath —
A soft, unceasing metronome,
Patient and faithful until death.

7 Nobody weighed the baby's soul,
For here on earth nor weights there be
That could avail; God only knows
Its value in eternity.

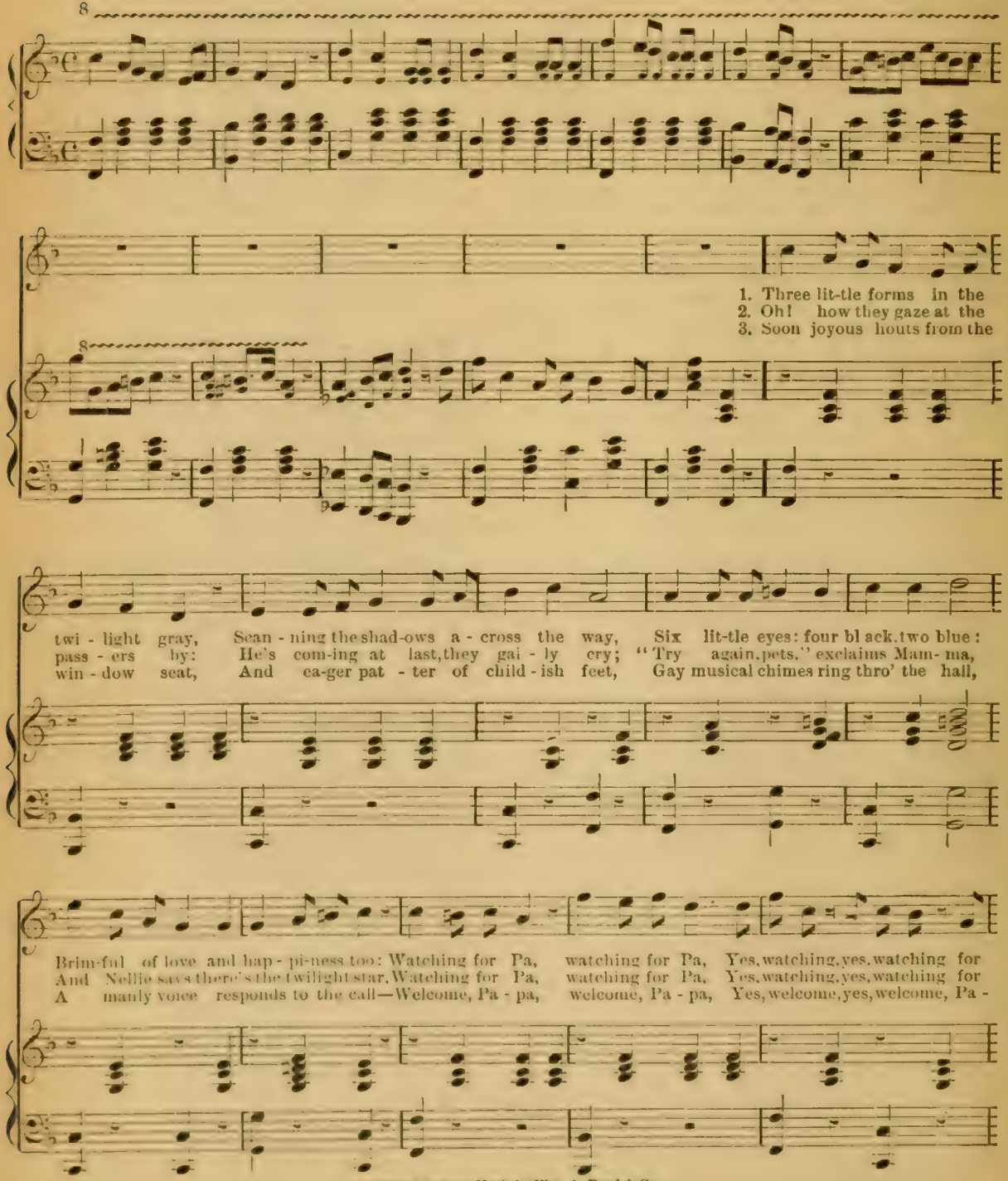
8 Only eight pounds to hold a soul
That seeks no angel's silver wing,
But shrines it in this human guise,
Within so frail and small a thing!

9 O mother! laugh your merry note;
Be gay and glad, but don't forget
From baby's eyes looks out a soul
That claims a home in Eden yet.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

WATCHING FOR PA.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, by per.



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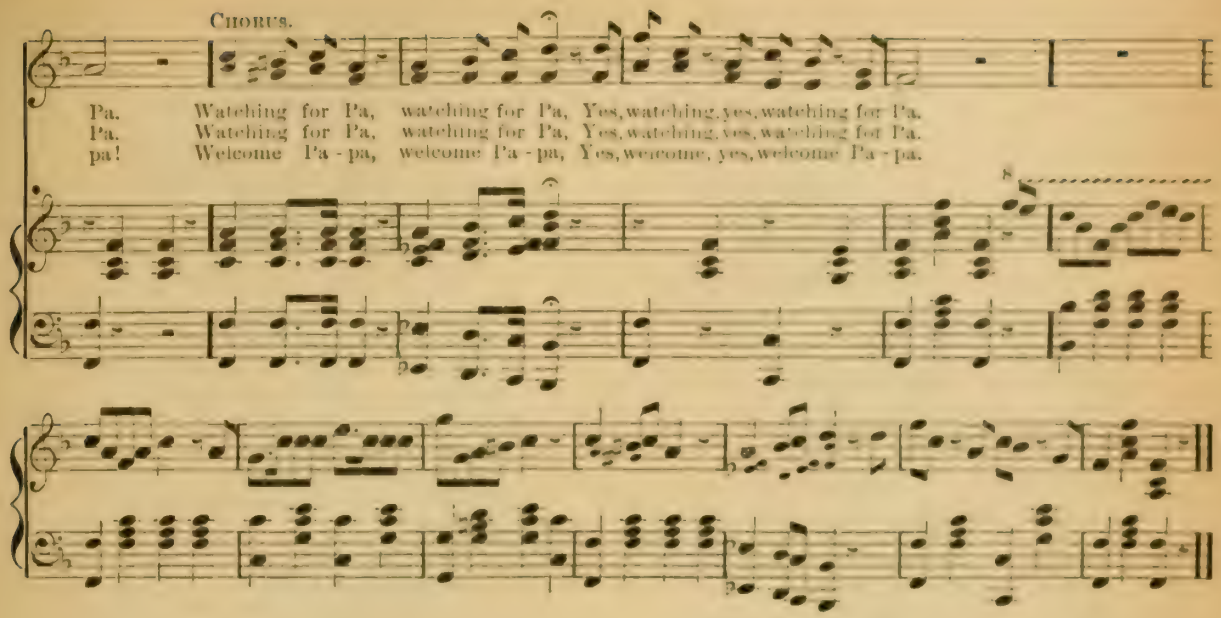
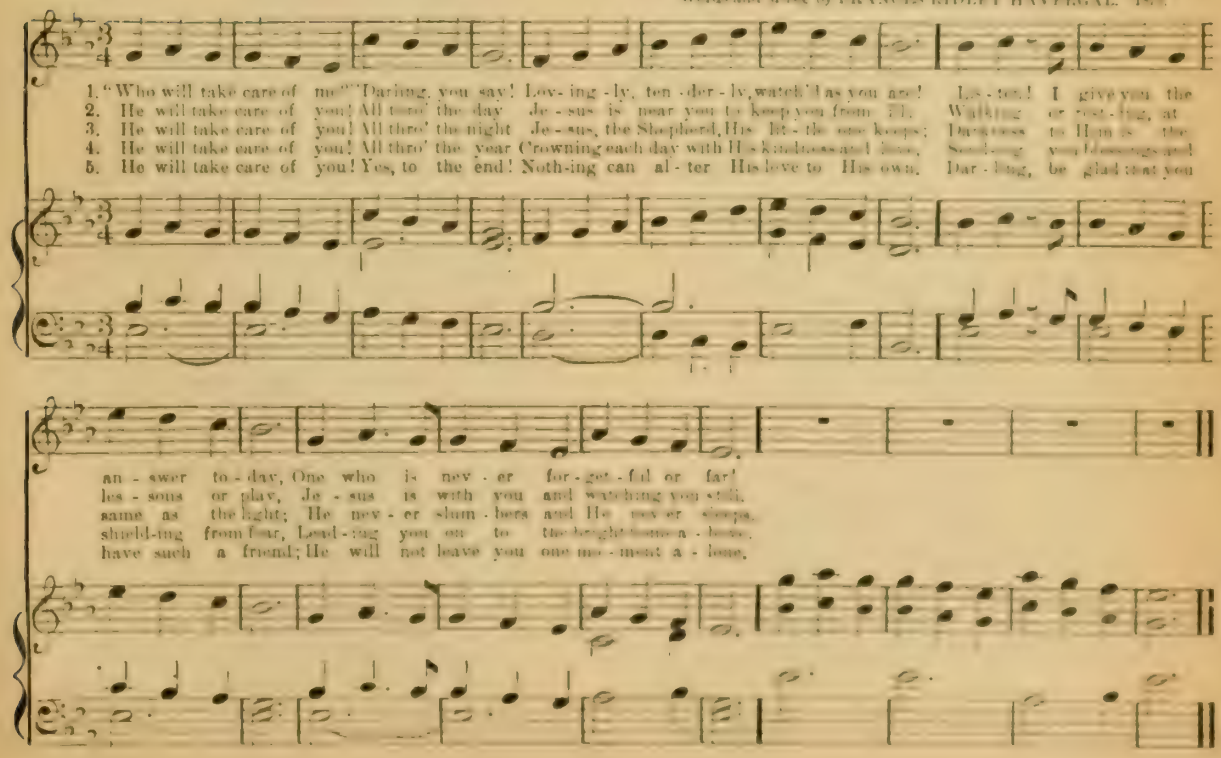


WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF ME?

OR, THE ORPHAN CHILD.

Words and Music by FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. 1871.



AUCTIONING OFF THE BABY.

1 What am I offered for baby?
Dainty, dimpled and sweet,
From the curls above his forehead
To the beautiful rosy feet,
From the tips of the wee pink fingers
To the light of the clear brown eye;
What am I offered for baby?
Who'll buy? who'll buy? who'll buy?

2 What am I offered for baby?
"A shopful of sweets?" Ah no!
That's too much beneath his value
Who is sweetest of all below!
The naughty, beautiful darling!
One kiss from his rosy mouth
Is better than all the dainties
Of East, or West, or South!

3 What am I offered for baby?
"A pile of gold?" Ah, dear,
Your gold is too hard and heavy
To purchase my brightness here.
Would the treasures of all the mountains
Far in the wonderful lands,
Be worth the clinging and clasping
Of those dear little peach-bloom hands?

4 So what am I offered for baby?
"A rope of diamonds?" Nay,
If your brilliants were larger and brighter
Than stars in the Milky-way,
Would they ever be half so precious
As the light of those lustrous eyes,
Still full of the heavenly glory
They brought from beyond the skies?

5 Then *what* am I offered for baby?
"A heart full of love and a kiss;"
Well, if anything ever could tempt me,
'T would be such an offer as this!
But how can I know if your loving
Is tender and true and divine
Enough to repay what I'm giving
In selling this sweetheart of mine?

6 So we will not sell the baby!
Your gold and gems and stuff,
Were they ever so rare and precious,
Would never be half enough!
For what would we care, my dearie,
What glory the world put on,
If our beautiful darling were going;
If our beautiful darling were gone!

M. E. B.

In "Wide Awake."

FIRST STEPS.

1 Hush! the baby stands alone—
Hold your breath and watch her;
Now she takes a step—just one—
Wavers, stops. Quick, catch her!
Courage! Life's first step will cost.
Now again she's trying.
One, two—three! she walks, almost,
Trembling, stumbling, crying.

2 Precious baby! up once more,
Tiny feet advancing,
Little arms stretched out before,
Bright eyes upward glancing,
Where mamma, with cheering smile,
To her darling beckons,
Softly coaxing baby, while
Her first steps she reckons:

3 One, two, three—Oh! she will walk
Now, before we know it;
Hear her sweet-voiced baby-talk,
Little bird, or poet!
Prattling, toddling, there she goes,
Stepping off so proudly,
Turning in her untaught toes,
Pleased, then laughing loudly.

4 First exploit of self-content;
Now she's growing bolder,
Strength and courage yet unspent,
One can hardly hold her.
So she presses to advance
In her baby-learning—
Pulls so—Ah! by what mischance
Is this overturning!

5 There lies baby on the floor,
Sprawling, rolling, screaming!
Are life's first attempts so poor?
Baby was but dreaming
When she felt so bold and strong;
Gladly now she's clinging
To the one whose soothing song
Back her smile is bringing.

6 Hurts are cured by mamma's kiss.
Brave again as ever,
See the plucky little miss
Make her best endeavor;
Walks right off—the darling pet—
Rush now to caress her!
Come what will of first steps yet,
All good angels bless her!

ELIZABETH C. KINNEY, 1884.

In "St. Nicholas."

SYMPATHY.

OR THE MOTHER'S CURE.

1 What, art thou hurt, Sweet? So am I,
Cut to the heart;
Though I may neither moan nor cry,
To ease the smart.

2 Where was it, Love? Just here? So wide
Upon thy cheek?
O happy pain that needs no pride,
And may dare speak!

3 Lay here thy pretty head. One touch
Will heal its worst;
While I, whose wound bleeds overmuch,
Go all unnursed.

4 There, Sweet! Run back now to thy play;
Forget thy woes.
I, too, was sorely hurt this day —
But no one knows.

GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD. 1884
In the "Atlantic"

A FATHER'S STORY.

1 "Jump into my arms, my darling,"
I cried to my little Ray,
As he stood on the edge of a jutting roof
Where he had climbed to play;
But whence in fear he was gazing
Some safe descent to find.
He obeyed my call, then laughed in glee
As my neck his arms entwined
With a close, warm clasp, rejoicing
As I bore him swift along: —
"I wasn't afraid, papa," said he,
"For I knew your arms were strong!"

2 O simple faith of childhood!
Would mine were as firm and grand;
Thro' all the years of my pilgrimage
From my Father's bounteous hand,
I have seen along my pathway,
His tender care to prove,
Each day the manna of Heavenly grace —
The blossoms of Heavenly love;
I have felt His arms around me,
A refuge in sore distress,
In darkness and danger His light has shone
My guide thro' the wilderness;

3 On the fateful field of battle,
When terrible was my need,
With hosts He has come to my defence,
To victory to lead.
And yet when some new shadow
About me seems to lower
I ofttimes tremble in sad dismay,
So weak in that trying hour.
Fain would I trust that compassion
That has sheltered me all along,
Fain would I confide in the darkest hour,
For "my Father's arms are strong."

MRS. E. D. THORNE. 1883

TAKE MY HAND.

1 "Please take my hand," she lisped with a tear
On the baby-lashes sweet,
For tangled vines in the pathless wood
Were tripping the tired feet.

2 Then on with a child's meek trust she went,
Content with her hand in mine,
Till we saw the welcome lights of home
In the gathering darkness shine.

3 Thus let me, Lord, with my hand in Thine,
Through the tangled mazes go,
Till the golden lamps of Paradise
Through the gloom of evening glow.

MARY E. SLEIGHT
Sag Harbor, N. Y. 1884.

WAIT FOR THE WINGS.

1 My little maiden of four years old—
No myth, but a genuine child is she,
With her bronze-brown eyes and her curls of gold—
Came quite in disgust, one day, to me;

2 Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,
(As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her),
She cried, "O mother! I found on my arm
A horrible, crawling caterpillar!"

3 And with mischievous smile she could scarcely smother,
Yet a look, in its daring, half-awed and shy,
She added, "While they were about it, mother,
I wished they'd just finished the butterfly!"

4 They were words to the thoughts of the soul that turns
From the coarser form of a partial growth,
Reproaching the infinite patience that yearns
With an unknown glory to crown them both!

5 Ah! look thou largely, with lenient eyes,
On whatso beside thee may creep and cling,
For the possible beauty that underlies
The passing phrase of the meanest thing!

6 What if God's great angels, whose waiting love
Beholdeth our pitiful life below,
From the holy height of their heaven above,
Couldn't bear with the worm till the wings should grow?

MRS. A. D. T. WHITNEY. 1882

"WILL GOD KNOW ME, WHEN I'M THERE?"

1 Little hands on the window rest,
Under the head of sunny curls,
Fair as the stars on evening's breast,
That banner of night unfurls.

2 Eyes that have caught the misty hue
Of the depths of summer air,
Ask with the lips so tender, true —
"Mother, will God know me when I'm there?"

3 Oh! the wisdom of tiny years,
Scarce thrice-told on the wave of time!
With perfect love that knew no fears,
From mother to God, one step to climb!

4 Was it a flutter of angel wings?
Or was it the song of seraph rare?
That a voice we love in silence sings:
"Mother, God knows me! I am there!"

ESTHER T. HOUSH.
Brattleboro, Vt. 1884.
In "Woman at Work."

IN TWILIGHT.

1 "I'm *so* big, mamma," and the little hand
Marked where her brown head reached against the wall;
"Don't hold me, mamma, I don't need your arm
Around me; such a large girl cannot fall."

2 The twilight shadows gathered o'er the hills,
A childish figure nestled close to me;
"I'm such a little girl," she pleading said,
"Please, mamma, take your baby on your knee."

3 Flushed warm with youthful home and pride,
"The world is ours to have and hold," we cry;
"We'll conquer it alone; no help we need;
Courage like ours fails not of victory."

4 But when the shadows of declining years
Over our pathway fall, we humbly pray,
"Dear Father, take us in Thy sheltering arms,
We are such children, put us not away."

SALLIE J. WHITE.
In "Youth's Companion." 1883.

LITTLE FEET.

1 Two little feet so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand,
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land.

2 Dimpled and soft and pink as peach-tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days,
How can they walk among the briery tangles,
Edging the world's rough ways?

3 These white-rose feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas! Since woman has the heaviest burden
And walks the hardest road.

4 Love for awhile will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth and fair—
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there.

5 But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from the sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

6 Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's tearful shades,
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty
Whose sunlight never fades?

7 Will they go toiling up ambition's summit,
The common world above,
Or, in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with love?

8 Some feet there be which walk life's track unwounded,
Which find but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there be to which this life is only
A round of happy days;

9 But they are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope or friend;
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

10 How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so strange and wide?

11 Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

FLORENCE PERCY.

GROWING.

1 Baby is only one year old,
Fair and sweet as a daffodilly;
Hair as bright as the crinkled gold
Hid in the heart of a water-lily.

2 Baby is only two years old,
Tongue like a piping bob-o'-lincoln,
Trills more songs than can e'er be told,
Or ever a birdie would dare to think on.

3 Baby is only——who's been stealing
Out of my arms and off my knee
My baby? The gypsy years came kneeling,
And stole my baby away from me.

ANNA F. BURNHAM, 1883.
Amherst, Mass.

BABY ALTA.

1 Come hither, hither, little one!
O darling, come to me—
Thou rosebud drifting on the waves
Of Life's unfathomed sea!
And may it e'er reflect, as now,
Sweet-glancing smiles and angel brow!

2 Come with thy rosy, pouting lips,
And bright cheeks all aglow,
And glad, blue eyes that laugh beneath
Thy brow's unshadowed snow!
And may its snow, through calm or strife,
But typify thy stainless life.

3 Come with thy sweet lips dropping pearls,
As the fairy-maid of old,
And voice attuned to the magic birds
In the hidden fairy-world!
Yet I may not pray that life may be
A fairy-land, sweet one, to thee.

4 For other purpose wert thou sent,
O child whose eyes of light
Speak wistfully of earnest thought,
Whose tendrils seek the light.
Oh! may they find sure prop and stay
Till they have gained the "perfect day!"

5 Thy pure thoughts come and go like stars,
Swift-flashing, clouds between,
And soft reflected from bright waves
'Tween banks of sunny green—
Perfect and holy, living stars,
Whose light no watery medium mars.

6 I plead, O blue-eyed, sinless one,
That the years with tranquil flow
May bear thee from Youth's Eden-land
To moorings safe, though low,
Where high, pure thoughts, that bless life's even,
May light thy path from earth to heaven.

MAGGIE A. COYNE.
Union Star, Ky.
In "Chicago Tribune."

LITTLE STEENIE.

1 Sturdy Steenie, rose-cheeked, bright-eyed,
Standing at the open door,
Bidding me good-bye with kisses
And with promises a score —
"I'll be just as good as — apples!
'Bey my aunties and not cry,
Not tease Mabe or wake the baby
Till you comes, mamma, — good-bye!"

2 So I started, musing softly,
On the blessings God had given
In my children — "Surely," said I,
"They are cherubs strayed from heaven!
Hearts so full of tender loving,
Eyes with earnest impulse bright —
Round them still there seems to linger
Halos of celestial light!"

3 Two hours' labor, home returning
Languidly, with weary feet,
Standing in the self-same doorway
Little Mabe I chanced to greet;
Bright blue eyes all flushed with weeping,
Lips a-quiver, cheeks a-flame;
Eagerly, to pour her sorrows
Into mamma's ears, she came.

4 "Mamma, Steenie's been *so* naughty!
First he told aunt Sallie 'won't,'
Then he scratched my little table,
Though I asked him 'please to don't!'
Then he screeched and waked the baby,
Frightened him most to a fit,
And when aunt Belle called him naughty,
Said he didn't care a bit!

5 "Then he made a face at Dolly,
Said she was an 'ugly sing,'
Said some day he's going to hang her
To the door-knob with a string.
Then I told him if he did it
You would send him right to bed,
So he thumped me on the shoulder, —
See the place — it's *awful* red!

6 "When he saw you coming, mamma,
He hid hisself behind the door,
And he's wearing out his slippers,
Poundin' with 'em on the floor.
Mamma, if he is so wicked,
Does so many dreffful things,
Will he *ever* be an angel
Up in heaven with shiny wings?"

7 With a sudden jerk, my visions
Of celestial cherubs fled,
Frowningly my brows contracted;
In an accent stern, I said,
"Come to me, you naughty fellow!
What are all these things I hear?
Rude to aunties! striking sister!
I must punish you, I fear!"

8 From his stronghold came the culprit,
Seeming not at all afraid;
Round his mouth the dimples lurking,
Brown eyes beaming undismayed;
By my knee he took his station,
Small defiance in his air,
Answering only to my chidings
Saucily, "I doesn't care!"

9 In my eyes the tear-drops started,
Anger giving place to pain,
"O my baby, how you grieve me!
Are my teachings *all* in vain?"
Suddenly, two arms were round me —
Little fingers softly drew
Down my quiv'ring lips to meet his.
"Kiss me mamma — I loves — *you!*"

10 This was all of his confession;
All his plea for pardoning grace,
Yet I knew that I had conquered
By the love-light in his face, —
So I gave him absolution, —
Though I pondered sadly still
On this mingled human nature,
Half of good, and half of ill.

11 Inwardly I prayed for wisdom,
Safe my little band to guide
Through the perils that beset them,
Hedge them in on every side.
And an answer seemed to reach me,
Softly falling from above,
"Safest guard and guide, O mother,
Is the holy power of *love?*"

ANNA [illegible]

AS LITTLE CHILDREN.

1 Hourly my little child with flying feet,
And cheeks all flushed with happy play,
Comes calling to me in her voice so sweet:
"Mamma, you were too far away!"

2 Then, for a little space, quiet she lies
Within my folding arms, her face
Turned upward, while her smiling, trustful eyes
Tell her content in that embrace.

3 Sometimes, when Joy has seemed to us akin,
Smiling upon us with fresh grace each day,
There comes a sudden, thrilling want within —
Our Father is too far away!

4 Ah! could we then, as He would have us do,
Fly to our refuge near His heart,
The joys of life would glow and bloom anew,
When, childlike, told to Him apart.

5 Or, when our souls are dumb with mighty pain,
Could we but mutely reach His side,
His love would know it all, and we would gain
Peace like a river, full and wide.

EDITH EDDY LYONS. 1884.
Detroit, Mich.

NED'S SUGGESTION.

1 "Where did you buy her, mamma?"
Asked three-year-old Ned of me,
As he leaned o'er the dainty cradle
His "new little sister" to see.

2 "An angel brought her, darling,"
I answered, and he smiled,
Then softly bent his curly head,
And kissed the sleeping child.

3 But a sudden change came over him
And he said, "If I'd a been you,
While I was about it, mamma,
I'd have caught the angel, too!"

LOUISE R. SMITH.
In "St. Nicholas."

CRYING FOR THE MOON.

1 In the nurse's arms one night,
In the balmy month of June,
Lay a baby, spent and tired
With crying for the moon,
And so loftily we smiled,
Said, "Poor, silly little child!
He'll know better soon."

2 Vainly had he tried to leap
Up toward the glowing sky,
And because kind Love restrained
He only could fret and cry;
And we said, and proudly smiled,
"He'll know better, silly child!
Better, by-and-by."

3 Will he? Please to tell me when;
I don't think it will be soon.
If he's like most other men
He will always want the moon.
As a boy, he'll want the toys
And ponies of far richer boys;
These will be his moon.

4 As a youth, be in distress
For some beauty rich and fair,
For some furniture or dress,
For some toy he counteth rare.
And far older men will say:
"He'll grow wiser every day;
Wiser, unaware."

5 As a man he'll sigh for wealth,
Long for power, and hope for fame;
And because he gets them not
Idly murmur, wrongly blame.
Crying still for some great boon
Far above him as the moon;
Babe and man the same.

6 Oh! 'tis well some mighty arm
Is around us everywhere.
Many a fall we all should have
But for that strong, loving care;
For life has no greater boon
Than the love that whispers "No,"
And that will not let us go
When crying for the moon.

LILLIE E. BARR. 1882.
New York City.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

1 "The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"He is healing the people who throng Him
With a touch of His finger, they say.
And so I will carry the children,
Littie Rachel, and Samuel, and John;
I shall carry the baby Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

2 The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head and smiled:
"Ah! who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?
If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 't were well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

3 "Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan!
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master
Perhaps I shall leave it there.
If He lay His hand on the children
My heart will be lighter, I know,
For a blessing forever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

4 So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;
'Moug the people who hung on His teaching,
Or waited His touch or His word;
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

5 "Now why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how from morning to evening
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"
Then Christ said: "Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto Me;"
And He took in His arms little Esther,
And Rachel He set on His knee.

6 And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As He laid His hands on the brothers
And blessed them with tenderest love;—
As He said of the babes in His bosom:
"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven;"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

FRANCIS LOCKE FAILEY

Extract from a letter from Rev. Wm. Goodell, D. D., of Constantinople, Turkey, to Rev. Dr. Prime, of New York:

"I come to ask a special favor of you, viz: that you will see that sweet singer in Israel, and composer, Mr. ——, and ask him to make a tune for that beautiful hymn beginning with, 'The Master has come over Jordan.' The tune should be a very simple one, and suited to the popular ear, that all Christian mothers in the world may learn to sing it by hearing it once. We shall pray that Brother —— may be where John was 'on the Lord's day' not in exile, but in the spirit, and may be assisted to make a tune which shall be sung in every land and by every tongue, not only till the beginning of the Millennium, but straight through till the very end of it, and even far beyond."

THOUGHTS ON BABY'S HAND.

1 Will it ever grow hard with toiling?
Will it ever be stained with crime?
Will it wield the pen of the gifted,
And trace out its soul-song in rhyme?

2 Will it soften the pillow of sickness,
And smooth out the wrinkles of care?
Will it guide the steps of the penitent,
And point to the altar of prayer?

3 Will these wee, waxen fingers,
Which now lie quiet in mine,
Be rough and harsh when years have flown,
Or be white and wear jewels that shine?

4 Dear, dear little hand full of dimples,
My wish is that when childhood has flown,
Thy clasp may be true, and each that meets yours
May be as sincere as thine own.

5 Receiving and giving and blessing,
Pressed only in friendship and love,
And, when it no longer has earth-work to do,
Join hands with the angels above.

MRS. A. F. BUCKARIS, 1884.

THE ROBIN'S FUNERAL.

1 A Maying, the little ones, Jessie and Phil—
Her hair like the moonlight on torrent and rill,
His eyes the dark waters where hazels droop low,
Her cheek pink arbutus half hidden in snow,
His lips red as berries in mosses that lie,
The violet mirrors its blue in her eye;
And Philip her King, in his armor of green,
Trails all his bright banners to Jessie his Queen.

2 Lo, out on the lawn a red robin asleep!
Their laughter has died as the singer they weep,
And all the rich spoil they had found in the wood
Lies here at the feet of their lost Robin Hood.
"And we were so happy," moaned Jessie; "behold
His beautiful breast-plate of crimson and gold,
The soft little throat where the music was born,
Yet his soul is alive—it was well in the morn.

3 "But he must be buried (his body, you know),
Bring the white Christmas-box, and do, Philip, move slow.
Here's moss for his pillow; anemones sweet
Shall circle his wings and smile up from his feet;
This tiny white star in his bright little bill—
He shall lie here 'in state' for an hour. Brother Phil,
And mamma will be the chief mourner—she knew
This very same robin before she saw you."

4 White ribbon, white flowers for three, "Robin Adair,"
Small dimpled white fingers played funeral air;
A grave by the arbor; a snowy card said
In a child's tender text, that a singer was dead.
O trusting young hearts! if cold reason denies
The hope that lights up your great innocent eyes—
God grant our dead robins may sing to us yet
In the faith of a love that can never forget.

HELEN H[illegible]
In "Springfield R[illegible]"

WAIT TILL I GET RICH

1 Dark the night, and dreary
Moaned the wintry wind,
Cheerless and a-weary,
For my rest I pined;
But my task unended
On my lap was spread,
Task on which depended
All the morrow's bread.

2 At my elbow blinking,
Nodding, half asleep,
Striving spite his winking
Wide awake to keep,
Sat my boy, my treasure,
All earth held for me,
Sharer of my pleasure,
Pride and poverty.

3 Something caught his vision,
Maybe 't was a tear,
Wrested from its prison
By the night-wind drear;
One kiss, then another,
Checked my purposed stitch,
"Never mind, mother,
Wait till I get rich!"

4 Bless the voice so cheery!
Bless the words he spoke!
From my shoulders weary
Slipped the chafing yoke;
Swiftly, as though fairy
Tipped it with her wand,
O'er the fabric airy
Flew my quickened hand.

5 Soon the will that speeded
Stayed the blust'ring gale;
Soon my task completed
From my fingers fell;
Wreathed in every gather,
Bound in every stitch—
"Never mind, mother,
Wait till I get rich!"

6 Sealed in happy slumber
Now, the eyes of blue;
From each cow'ring ember
Light had faded too;
But a star had risen
On my darksome lot,
Lighting in her prison
Long-benighted Thought:

7 And in fancy winging
Down the coming years,
Hope kept blithely singing
In my listening ears
This song—and none other
Could my siren pitch—
"Never mind, mother,
Wait till I get rich!"

8 So I bore my treasure
To his trundle-bed,
With a gladder measure
In my lightened tread;
And I kissed him over
Lips, and cheek, and brow,
Raptured as a lover
O'er his maiden's vow.

9 Well I knew my laddie
Never rich might be;
That the feet so ready
E'en might stray from me;
But I blessed the token
Of a hopeful heart;
'T was though God had spoken
To myself apart.

10 'Twas though, outward peering
At the darkling sky,
Dart and danger fearing,
God spake, "It is I!"
'Twas though, seaward veering,
Dreaded rocks ahead,
O'er the waves came cheering
God's "Be not afraid!"

11 Now, with vision lengthened,
Shorter seems the road;
And, with courage strengthened,
Lighter seems the load.
He my stint doth measure,
Knoweth every stitch;
If it were His pleasure,
He could make me rich.

M. A. MAITLAND.
In "Gems of Poetry."
Stratford, Ont., 1884.

BED-TIME

1 The children are going to bed
In nurseries shaded and clean,
And many a bright curly head
Is nestling the white sheets between.
Little faces, all washed white as snow,
Are dewy with kisses to-night,
And young lips are murmuring low
Sweet prayer-words from consciences white.
Tiny dresses, and jackets, and shoes,
Lie folded away till the morn,
Like the chrysalis, no more of use
To the gaily striped insect new-born.
The angel of sleep hovers near,
And curtains the room with his wings;
That incense to angels is dear
Which from nursery altars upsprings.
Little eyelids quite tired with play,
Are drooping and closing like flowers,
And restless young forms laid away
To sleep through the long midnight hours.
In cottage, and castle, and hall,
In valley, on prairie or hill,
The calm hush of evening doth fall,
And life hath grown suddenly still.
At sunset a blessing comes down,
And peace upon all things is shed,
For in city, and village, and town,
The children are going to bed.

2 The children are going to bed,
Such bed as their lives ever know,
In alley, and attic, and shed,
And cellar-way fetid and low.
In homes where fierce wrangle and din
Turns night into hideous noon,
Where voices of shame and of sin
Will break their light slumbers too soon.
All tumbled and dirty they lie,
No kiss on the heavy young brow,

A tear scarcely dried in the eye,
The flush of a blow ling'ring now.
They sleep upon pavement or floor,
With never a low word of prayer,
Or gasp at the window or door
For a breath of the life-giving air.
Far up in the tenement high
They sob at the falling of day,
And angels bend down from the sky
To hear what the poor children say.
It may be that even in Heaven
Some bright tears of pity are shed,
And sins of the day all forgiven
When the children are going to bed.

3 The children are going to bed!
Hushed voices speak gently the word;
All muffled the mother's light tread,
No merry "good evening" is heard.
No breath stirs the ringlets of gold,
No dimple the passionless cheek,
No tossing limbs ruffle a fold
Laid over the hands folded meek.
Oh! quiet the cradle, though small,
Where the children are laid to their rest;
There is room, and to spare, for them all,
In earth's warm and welcoming breast.
What matter if castle or cot
Once held the fair image of snow;
All alike are they now in their lot
As they nestle the flowers below.
Then cover them up from our sight,
Spread the freshest green turf o'er their head,
Bid them one more caressing "good night,"
The children are going to bed.
'T is only the jackets and shoes
We fold in the casket away,
They'll find them again fit for use
When morning brings in a new day.
The children are folded in dreams,
Bright angels have sung them to sleep,
And stars with their pure, solemn beams,
Loving watch o'er their tired forms keep.
No waking to sorrow or gloom,
No hunger, no shame, and no sin,
Oh! faithful and loving the tomb
That safe from life's ills shuts them in.
The sweet name of Jesus, our Lord,
Once more o'er their pillows be said;
And praise, that secure in His word,
The children are going to bed.

MISS M. E. WINSLOW. 1873.
By Permission.

HER ANGEL.

1 Margery cowered and crouched in the door of the beautiful porch,
There were beautiful people in there, and they all "belonged to the church,"
But Margery waited without; she did not "belong" anywhere
Except in the dear Lord's bosom, who taketh the children there.

2 And through the open doorway came floating a lovely sound;
She shut her eyes and imagined how the angels stood around
With their harps like St. Cecilia's in the picture on the wall —
Ah! Margery did not doubt that so looked the singers all.

3 "Suffer little children!" sang a heavenly voice somewhere,
Or the soul of a voice that was winging away in the upper air;
"Let the children come to me!" sang the "angel" in her place,
And Margery, listening, stood with upturned eyes and face.

4 "Let them come! let them come to me!" And up the aisle she sped
With eyes that sought for the Voice, to follow where it led.
She did not say to herself: "I'm coming! Wait for me!"
But it shone in her face, and it leaped in her eyes, dear Margery!

5 Up the stair to the singer she ran — she touched the hem of her dress,
But the choir were bending their heads, the preacher had risen to bless
The reverent throng, and, alas! bewildered Margery,
The Voice has ceased, and the singers have turned their eyes on thee.

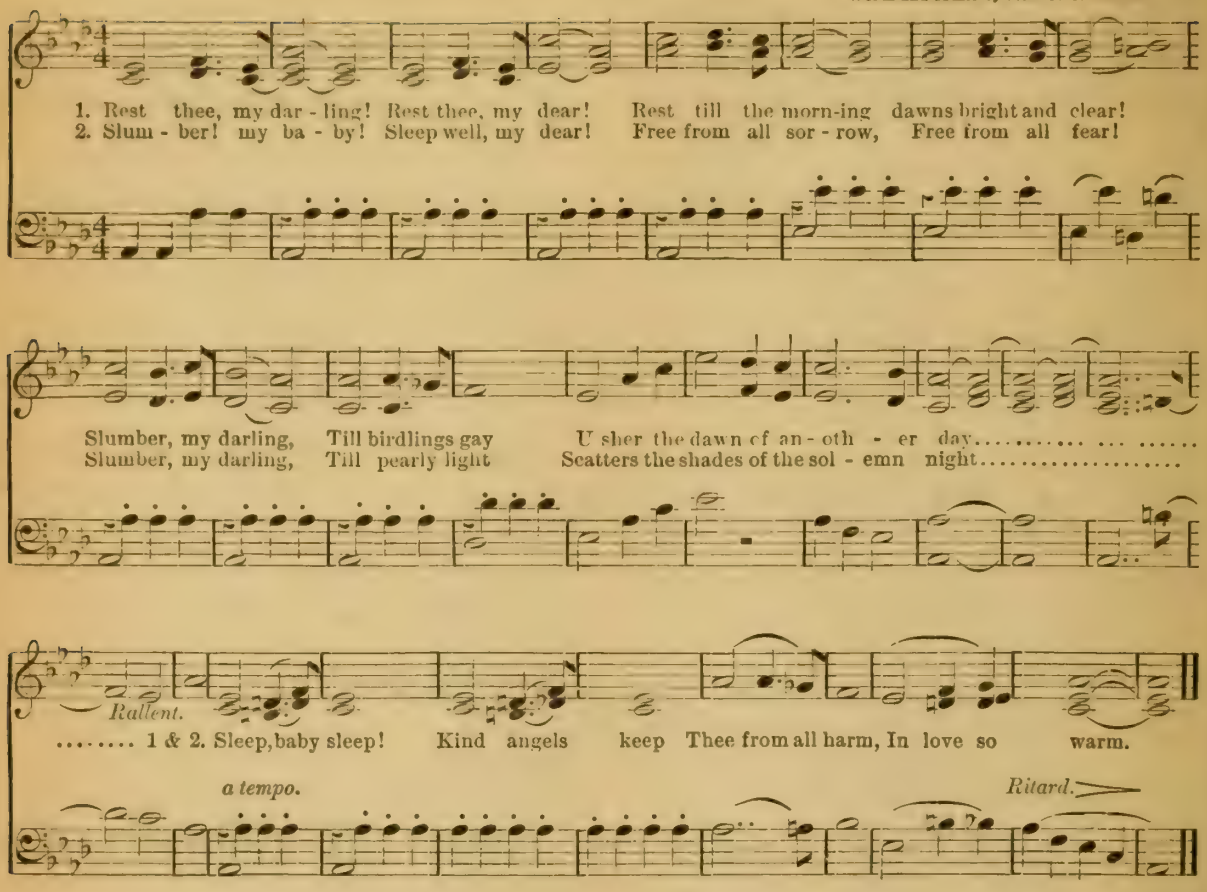
6 They look with surprise at her feet, and again at her ragged gown,
And one by one they pass with a careless smile or a frown;
But the sweetest face bent near, and — "I came," said Margery,
"For I thought 'twas an angel sung, 'Let the children come to me!'"

7 With a tender sigh the singer took the child on her knee;
"I sang the words for the dear Lord Christ, my Margery,
And so, for the dear Lord Christ, I take thee home with me!"
"It *was* an angel sang!" sobs little Margery.

ANNA P. [illegible]
In "Wide Awake."

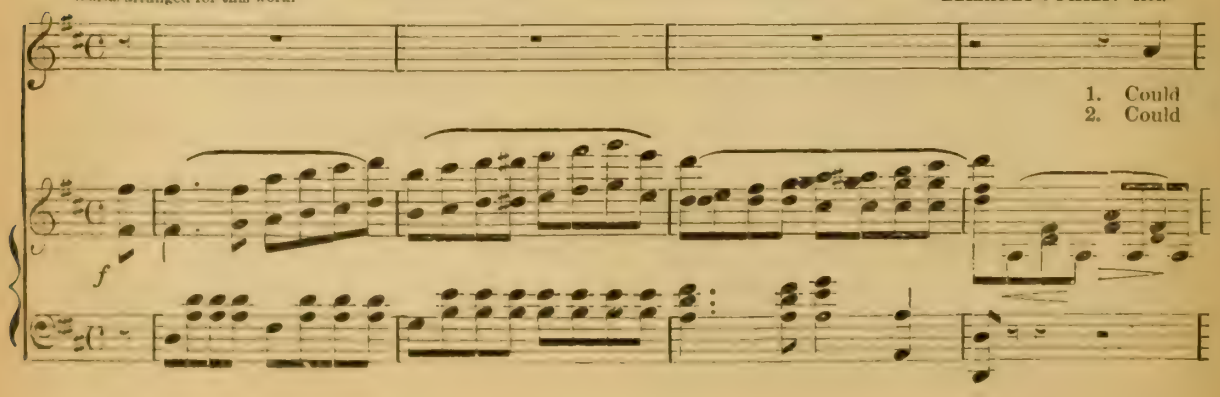
LULLABY.

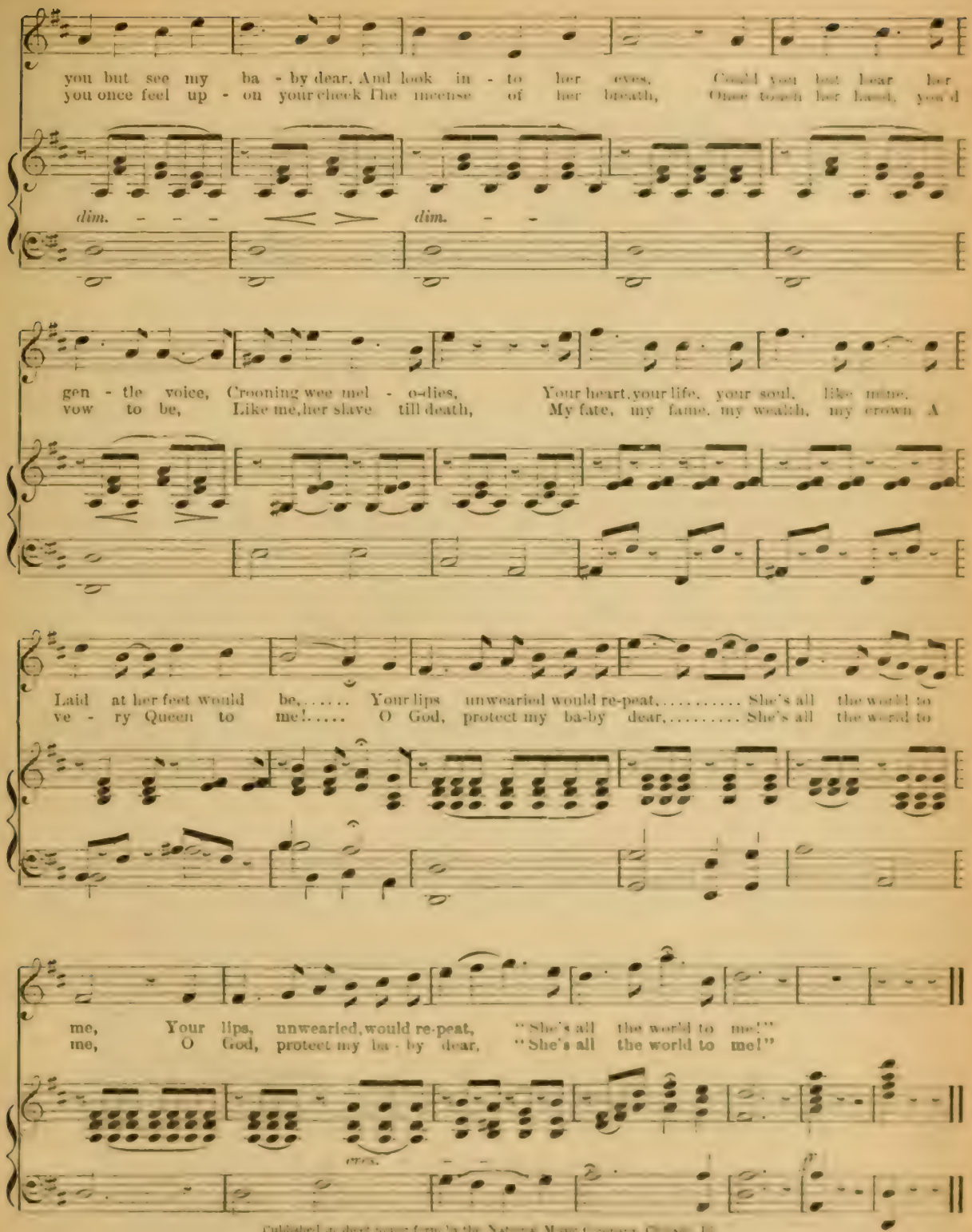
Words and Music by Mrs. G. C. SMITH.



"SHE'S ALL THE WORLD TO ME."

Words arranged for this work. ELIZABETH PHILP. 1884.



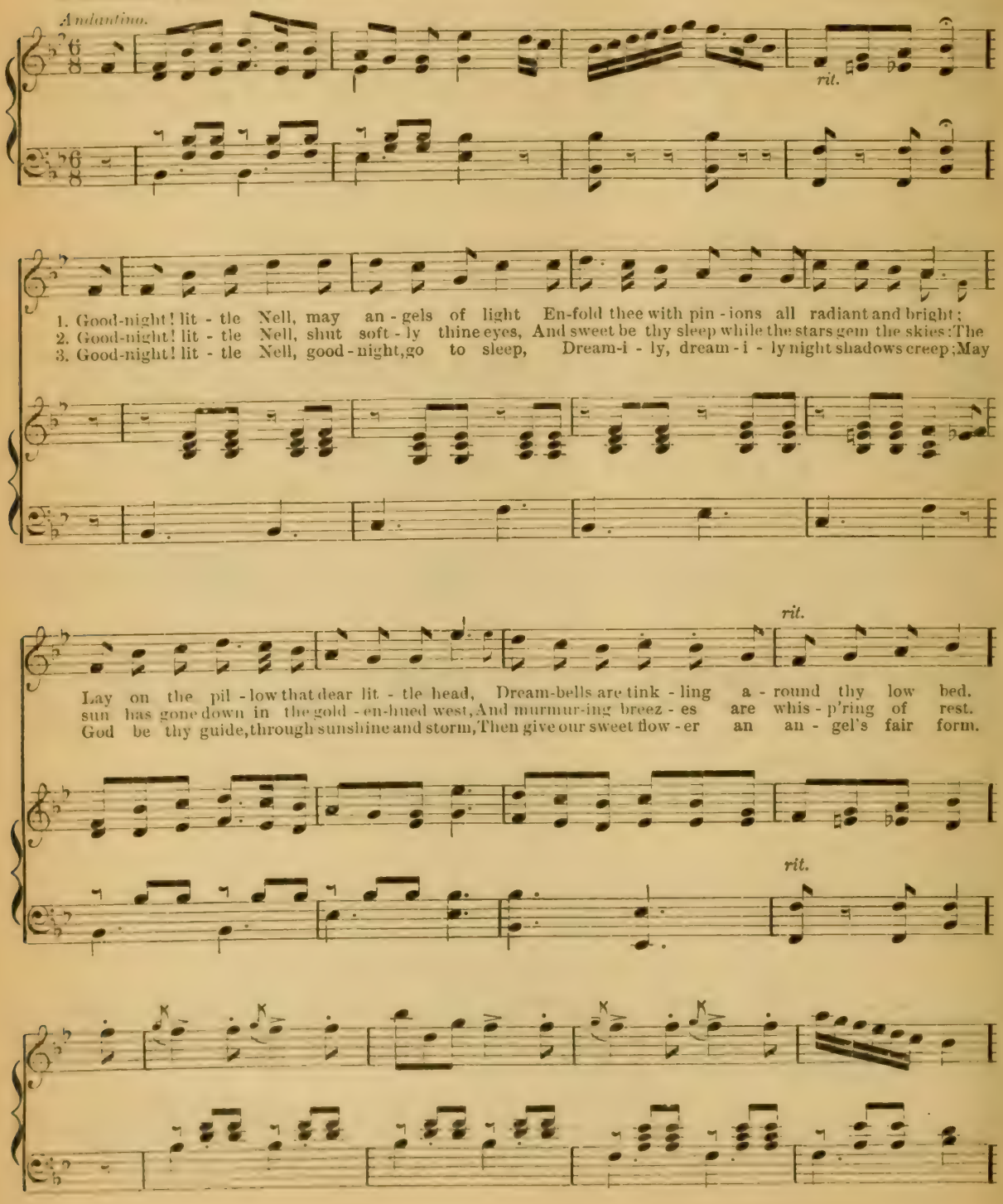


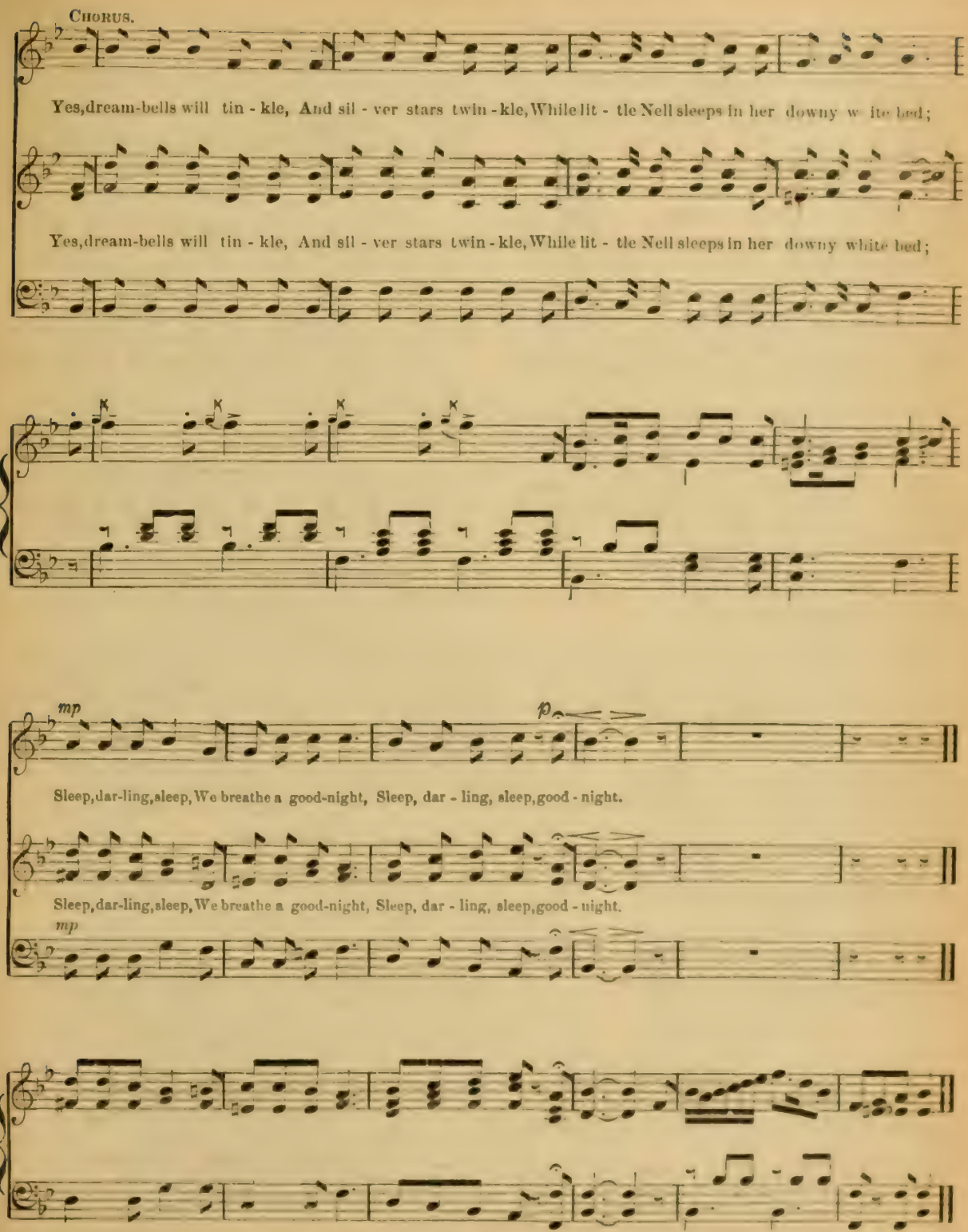
Published in sheet music form by the National Music Company, Chicago, Ill.

GOOD NIGHT! LITTLE NELL.

Mrs. J T WHITMAN. 1874.
By per MESSRS LUDDEN & BATES, Savannah, Ga.

GERTRUDE MANLY.




Chorus.
Yes, dream-bells will tin - kle, And sil - ver stars twin - kle, While lit - tle Nell sleeps in her downy w ite bed;
Yes, dream-bells will tin - kle, And sil - ver stars twin - kle, While lit - tle Nell sleeps in her downy white bed;
mp
p
Sleep, dar-ling, sleep, We breathe a good-night, Sleep, dar - ling, sleep, good - night.
Sleep, dar-ling, sleep, We breathe a good-night, Sleep, dar - ling, sleep, good - night.
mp

THE BABY'S CHRISTENING.

1 Sweetheart! thou hast no name,
Only such tender words as love can frame;
Christened anew with kisses every hour,
Our pearl, our dove, our flower!

2 So we have come to-day
A name in blessing on thy brow to lay,
Wreathing the font with buds of palest dyes,
And violets like thine eyes.

3 O child! we cannot see
All that the coming year may bring to thee;
If on thy path the dews drop cool and sweet,
Or stones shall bruise thy feet.

4 And if our love could choose
Life's sweetest gifts, and all its ill refuse,
Perchance the treasure we should deem the best,
Would fill thee with unrest.

5 We, we who love thee dear,
Lift empty hands to One who waiteth near,
Praying, "In all our lives Thy will be done;
Bless Thou the little one!"

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.
In "Southern Churchman."

MOTHER'S SONG.

1 Jesus is the Gardener,
We are but the flowers;
If He prune the branches,
If He bring the showers,
How should we rebuke Him?
Is the garden ours?

2 If He pluck a lily,
Joying in its white;
If He choose a rosebud
For His own delight;
If He take it from us,
Has He not the right?

3 Jesus is the Shepherd;
If a lamb He bear
Unto higher pasture,
Into purer air,
Should the flock that missed it
Vex itself with care?

4 There the little lambkin
Nothing shall distress;
There no cold shall chill it,
There no heat oppress;
There no wolf shall enter
Wearing shepherd's dress.

5 After snow the summer;
Rainbow after rain;
Weeping but endureth
With the night's short pain;
When the morning breaketh
Joy will come again.

6 In the garden yonder,
Eden of the blest,
We shall find the blossoms
That we loved the best;
We shall find our lambkins
Safe on Jesus' breast.

UNA L. BAILEY, 1882.

I HEARD A MOTHER SINGING.

1 I heard a mother singing,
Music soft and sweet,
'Twas "Father, keep my darling,
Guide his little feet."

CHORUS—"Keep, Oh! keep my darling,"
Came so low and sweet,
"In the truth, dear Father,
Guide his little feet."

2 I watched the rosy fingers,
Feeling for the light,
I heard a mother saying,
"Father, guide aright."

3 I saw the drooping eyelids
Cover eyes so blue,
I heard a mother singing,
"Father, keep him true."

4 I saw the shining forehead
Pure, and Oh! so fair,
I heard the mother singing,
"Write his name up there."

EMMA PITT.
Set to Music and Copyrighted by
W. A. OGDEN. 1881.

BABY'S SWEET SLEEP.

1 She rocked the cradle to and fro,
She murmured lovingly and low,
"Oh! sleep, my baby, sleep!"
The little face was drawn with pain,
The baby could not hear the strain
The mother sang, and sang again,
"Oh! sleep, my baby, sleep."

2 The Saviour lent a list'ning ear,
And heard the mother singing here,
"Oh! sleep, my baby, sleep!"
He sent an angel pure and bright
To take the babe to worlds of light;
He whispered "Thou shalt sleep to-night,
Yes, sleep, my baby, sleep."

3 The mother kissed the smiling face,
And said, "Dear Jesus, in thy grace,
Thou gav'st my baby sleep;
Now, all I ask is when I die
My babe may be a spirit nigh,
To lead me to the world on high;
Then blessèd now such sleep."

MISS MAGGIE WARREN.
Set to Music by P. P. BLISS.

A GERMAN MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN. — *Page* 605.

THE LULLABY.

1 In her pretty willow cradle softly swaying,
Lulled to slumber by my tender rhythmic praying,
Lies my baby, while my mother heart is saying,
"God keep her there!"

2 Keep, Oh! keep her sunny head upon its pillow,
Shining out between the twining withes of willow,
Rocking lightly as a bark on fairy billow,
"God keep her there!"

3 Breathing sweetly with a baby's soft pulsation,
To the measure of the cradle's light vibration,
In the cadence of my panting aspiration,
"God keep her there!"

L. P. H. 1881.
From "Motherhood," by per.
LEE & SHEPARD.

A LULLABY.

1 Softly sleep, little one,
Snug in thy nest,
Cradled so lovingly
On mother's breast;
Mother's eyes watch thee,
Mother's own arm
Folds thee so tenderly,
Safe from alarm.

2 Softly sleep, pretty one!
God watcheth too;
Watcheth the mother-heart,
Beating so true!
High are the hopes for thee,
Sad are its fears;
Life, though it seem to smile,
Oft bringeth tears.

3 Sleep on, my little one!
All will be well,
Thou art the Saviour's lamb,
So thou dost dwell
Close in His heart of love;
Safe there He'll keep
Thee and thy mother, too;
Sleep, baby, sleep!

MARY E. A. STONE, 1885.
Cambridge, Mass.

SHELTERED.

1 Dear wee birdies in their nest,
Covered warm by a feathered breast,
Sheltered from the wind and storm,
Fear no ill and feel no harm;
Never mind about the weather,
Mother and nestlings close together.

2 Dear little baby, taking rest,
Warmly folded to mother's breast,
Knows no ill and fears no harm,
Gathered close by mother's arm;
Never mind about the weather,
Mother and baby close together!

3 Dear tired heart by ills oppressed,
Fly to the shelter of God's breast!
What can hurt thee or alarm,
Within the circle of God's arm?
Never mind earth's stormy weather,
God and His own are close together!

MARY F. BIGELOW, 1882.

NIGHT-FALL.

1 Sweet light is gone; and thro' the quiet glooming
Comes to my ear a tired baby's cry,
While tender mother-voice is crooning, crooning
An evening lullaby.

2 "Sleep, little one, by guardian angels tended,
Safe shalt thou lie upon thy mother's breast,"—
And baby woes are hushed, and cares are ended
In love, and home, and rest.

3 Sweet day is fled, and deeper, darker falling
The chill and heavy glooms of evening come.
My aching head and burdened heart are calling
For love, and rest, and home.

4 And like the weary child, by love inspired,
Close to the Heart of Tenderness I creep,
Whispering, "Take me, Lord, for I am tired,
Hush me to sleep."

CHARLOTTE REYNOLDS, 1883.

HE'S COMING.

1 Sleep! baby, sleep!
Rest those dimpled fairy feet
On the bare, brown, rustic seat,
While the weary little head
Showers its silken golden thread
On a softer, warmer bed—
Sleep! baby, sleep!

2 Rest! baby, rest!
'T is my prettiest muslin dress
That your peachy cheek doth press,
But those precious rings of gold—
Moist with night-dews half unrolled—
Hiding in each airy fold—
Cannot fade its azure hue:
Close them pet, those eyes of blue,
Sleep! baby, sleep!

3 Sleep! baby, sleep!
While I silent sit and look
Far across the moonlit brook—
O'er the meadows—up the hill—
On the pathway to the mill,
Close beside yon rippling rill—
Sleep! baby, sleep!

4 Rest! baby, rest!
Eyes so bright must not grow dim,
I must watch alone for him;
'T is not yet your weary fate
Thus at eventide to wait,
Like a lone dove for its mate.
Sleep, then, precious darling, sleep!
While my lonesome watch I keep,
Sleep! sweetly sleep!

5 Wake! baby, wake!
You must share my brighter fate!
He is almost at the gate!
Raise that pretty gold-crowned head
From its low, uncurtained bed,
Listen to the well-known tread!
Wake! baby, wake!

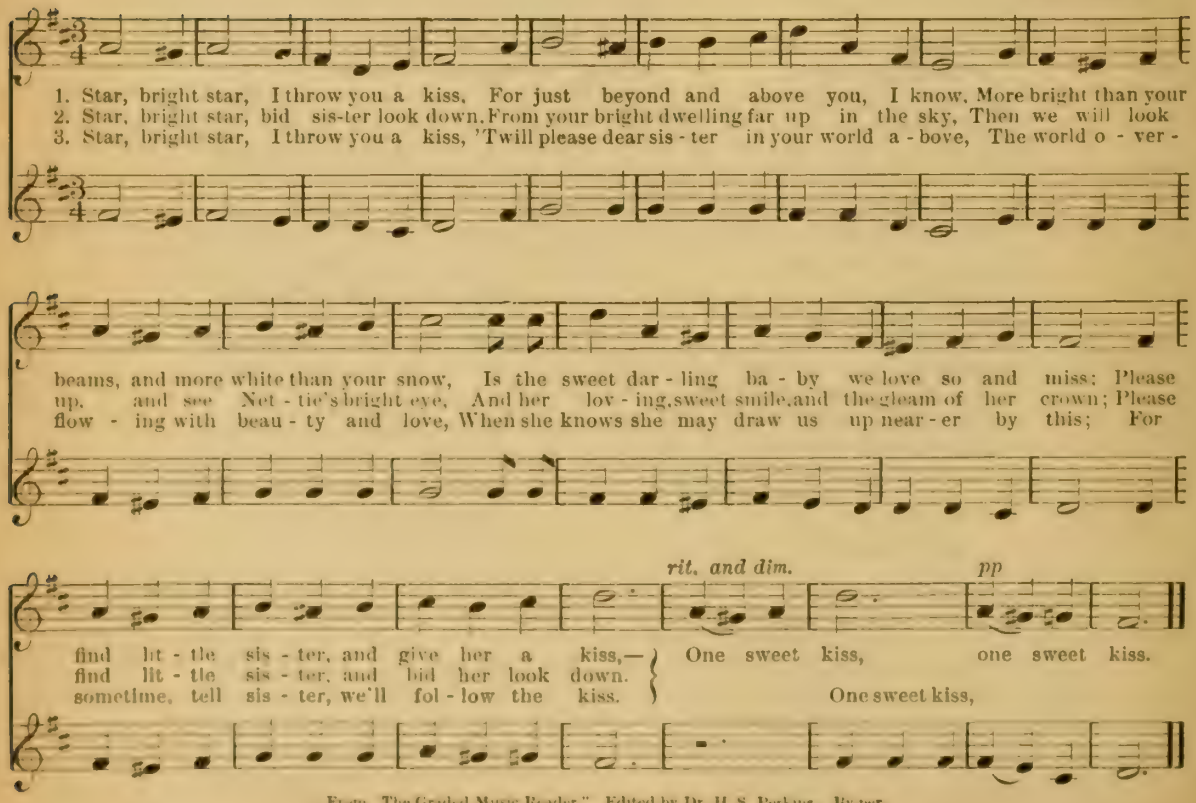
6 Wake! baby, wake!
Let the silken fringes rise
That now veil those starry eyes;
I would have their tender light,
Ever radiant, ever bright,
On your father shine to-night.
He is coming — drawing near —
Coming! coming! almost here!
Wake! baby, wake!

ANNA MARIE SPAULDING. Jan. 4, 1861.
Lewisburg, Va.

MOTHERHOOD. THE NURSERY. NURSERY RHYMES.

STAR, TAKE A KISS TO LITTLE SISTER.

FLOY FENNO.



From "The Graded Music Reader." Edited by Dr. H. S. Perkins. By per

A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE.

Very many will like to see the last article written by Mrs. Slade, — birthday rhymes for her name grandchild, Mary Slade Hopkins, one year old, March 6, 1882. Mrs. Slade died in April, 1882.

1 If I had all the flowers that bloom
  All over all the prairies,
 I'd pile them in this dining-room,
  And they should all be Mary's.

2 And all the birds that fly about,
  From March to January,
 Right in this room I'd let them out
  To sing a song for Mary.

3 And all the kitties I could call,
  In Hempstead or Fall River,
 Right in this house I'd bring them all,
  And every one I'd give her.

4 And every golden chain and ring,
  On all the pretty ladies,
 I'd have them take right off and bring
  To be my darling Maidie's.

5 But grandma's got to give it up,
  Because she is not able,
 And so she gives her pet a cup,
  To drink her milk at table.

6 Oh! grandma loves her very much,
  And hopes, when she is twenty,
 She'll have of gifts, if not just such,
  Of all she needs, a plenty.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

MY GOOD FOR NOTHING.

1 What are you good for, my brave little man?
 Answer that question for me if you can;
 You with your fingers as white as a nun,
 You with your ringlets as bright as the sun,
 All the day long with your busy contriving,
 Into all mischief and fun you are driving;
 See if your wise little noddle can tell
 What you are good for—now ponder it well.

2 Over the carpet the dear little feet
 Came with a patter to climb on my seat:
 Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee,
 Under their lashes looked up unto me;
 Two little hands, pressing soft on my face,
 Drew me down close in a loving embrace;
 Two rosy lips gave the answer so true,
 "Good to *love you, mamma,* good to love you."

EMILY H. MILLER, 1880.

TEN LITTLE TOES.

Baby is clad in his nightgown white,
Pussy-cat purrs a soft good night,
And somebody tells, for somebody knows,
The terrible tale of ten little toes.

RIGHT FOOT.

This big toe took a small boy Sam
Into the cupboard after the jam;
This little toe said, "O no! no!"
This little toe was anxious to go;
This little toe said, "'T is n't quite right;"
This little tiny toe curled out of sight.

LEFT FOOT.

This big toe got suddenly stubbed;
This little toe got ruefully rubbed;
This little frightened toe cried out, "Bears!"
This little timid toe, "Run up stairs!"
Down came a jar with a loud slam! slam!
This little tiny toe got all the jam!

CLARA G. DOLLIVER.
In "Our Little Ones."

THE LITTLE RUNAWAY.

1 Dear little, golden-haired Fay,
  Where are you wandering away,
   From mamma and home?
Though Jacky, your dog, walks close by your side,
Looks into your face with evident pride,
The world, for Jacky and you, is too wide
  From mamma to roam.

2 Sweet little, golden-haired Fay,
  Wandering away and away,
   With dignified mien;
You are going down to some hidden nook,
Where ripples and dances the babbling brook,
Only "just for once," with Jacky to look
  For flowers, I ween.

3 Run away, golden-haired Fay,
  Happy and bright on this day,
   As onward you go;
Mamma's soft foot-fall escapes Jacky's ear,
As, with curious smile, she hovers near,
And listens, with wrapt attention, to hear
  Your words, soft and low.

4 Pure little, golden-haired Fay,
  We wish to hear what you say,
   Down close by the brook;
You look all about with wondering eyes,
At the dancing rill and the calm, blue skies,
Then comes into your face, so sweetly wise,
  A mysterious look.

5 Mystified, golden-haired Fay,
  Your little soul thinking to-day
   Of things deep and high;
"Isn't Dod dood, don't you sink, Jacky dear,
Evy sing is so butiful, *butful*, down here?"
And Jacky, responsive, drew lovingly near,
  With his mute reply.

6 Then, with a reverent look,
She kneels on the moss by the brook,
In the silent wood.
"Dear Dod, we's so glad we come here to-day,
And we loves you, 'cause you show us the way,
So *please* hear Jacky and me while we pray,
For we sinks you is dood."

7 Pure little, golden-haired Fay
And Jacky steal softly away,
With never a flower;
Mamma, not daring to linger so nigh,
Lest Jacky or Fay her form should espy,
Speeds homeward, and wipes the tear from her eye,
As she thinks of that hour.

MRS. H. M. BARNARD. 1884.
De Luz, Cal.

OFF FOR BOY-LAND.

1 Ho! All aboard! A traveller
Sets sail for Baby-land!
Before my eyes there comes a blur,
But still I kiss my hand,
And try to smile as off he goes,
My bonny, winsome boy!
Yes, *bon voyage!* God only knows
How much I wish thee joy.

2 Oh! tell me, have ye heard of him?
He wore a sailor's hat
All silver-corded round the brim,
And—stranger e'en than that—
A wondrous suit of navy-blue,
With pockets deep and wide;
Oh! tell me, sailors, tell me true,
How fares he on the tide?

3 We've now no baby in the house;
'T was but this very morn,
He doffed his dainty 'broidered blouse,
With skirts of snowy lawn;
And shook a mass of silken curls
From off his sunny brow;
They fretted him—"so like a girl's!
Mamma can have them now."

4 He owned a brand-new pocket-book,
But that he could not find;
A knife and string was all he took;
What did he leave behind?
A heap of blocks with letters gay,
And here and there a toy;
I cannot pick them up to-day,
My heart is with my boy.

5 Ho! Ship ahoy! At Boyhood's town
Cast anchor strong and deep!
What! tears upon this little gown
Left for mamma to keep?
Weep not, but smile; for through the air
A merry message rings:—
"Just sell it to the rag-man there!
I've done with baby things!"

EMMA H. NASON. 1884.
In "St. Nicholas."

WILLIE-WEE'S GRACE.

1 He wasn't two years old, you see;
He couldn't utter well
A single word,—this Willie-Wee,
Of whom I'm going to tell.

2 Yet if you gave him something good,
He always tried to say
His "thank you, ma'am," as best he could,
In pretty, baby way.

3 And, kneeling by his little bed,
In gown of dainty white,
He shut his great blue eyes, and said
"*Our Father*," every night.

4 One morning, when the bell for prayers
Had summoned all the house,
He glided down the nursery stairs
As softly as a mouse.

5 "Hi, honey! wha' ye gwine widout
You' hy'ar been smooven down?"
His mammy * cried: "The chile's about
Some mischief, I'll be boun'.

6 "Come back dis minit, till I put
You' shoes and stockin's on!"
She shouted down the passage; but
The runaway was gone.

7 And to himself she heard him say,
As, muttering, on he went,—
"Papa away! papa away!"
And wondered what he meant.

8 Into the breakfast-room he pressed,
Mounted his father's chair,
And gravely waited till the rest
Came in for morning prayer.

9 And when mamma, and sisters three
Had taken, each, her place,
And paused a moment, quietly,
To say their silent "grace,"—

10 His head our Willie-Wee low bowed,
And, folding palm to palm,
Shut close his eyes, and said aloud,
"*Our Fader,—t'ank ou, ma'am!*"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.
In "Wide Awake."

* The invariable name for nurse, with all Virginia children.

GRANDMA'S BABY, SWEET IRENE.

1 God bless my little darling,
Sweet, beautiful Irene,
'Mong all the baby girls,
She is the very queen.
She is a born princess,
A little lady rare,
With ways so wise and wonderful,
And face so sweet and fair.

2 She is a tiny wee thing,
And only nine months old;
A precious dimpled fairy,
The lamb of all the fold,
Our graceful little princess,
Our baby, queen, and dove,
Reigns over all the household,
And fills each heart with love.

3 She is a dimpled wee thing,
With eyes so large and brown,
With perfect head, and auburn hair,
And skin like white, soft down.
With little hands so lovely,
Stretched out to every one;
And warmest kisses for her friends,
And sweet smiles for the throng.

3 She's music, and she's sunshine,
She's light and life to me,
The joy and comfort of my heart,
Our beautiful baby.
She's grandma's pet and darling,
The one that I love best,
The sweetest, and the rarest,
The beautiful and blest.

MRS. M. E. DE GEER CALL, 1879.
In "The Crusader."

A LOGICAL CONCLUSION.

1 Grace tosses back her bonnie hair,
Soft and fine as a skein of silk,
And her blue eyes darken dreamily
Over her bowl of bread and milk.

2 What is she meditating upon—
This earnest thinker, not yet seven?
She ponders awhile, then slowly asks—
"Mamma, is there milk in heaven?"

3 O wise mamma, who sees at once
That should she answer "No,"
The little brown-haired questioner,
Would have no wish to go!

4 So she waits a minute, half doubtfully,
And then, with a loving caress,
And thinking of "milk and honey" texts,
She fearlessly answers "Yes."

5 Grace plies her spoon contentedly
With a cheerful little clatter,
As if her mind were now at rest,
On a very important matter.

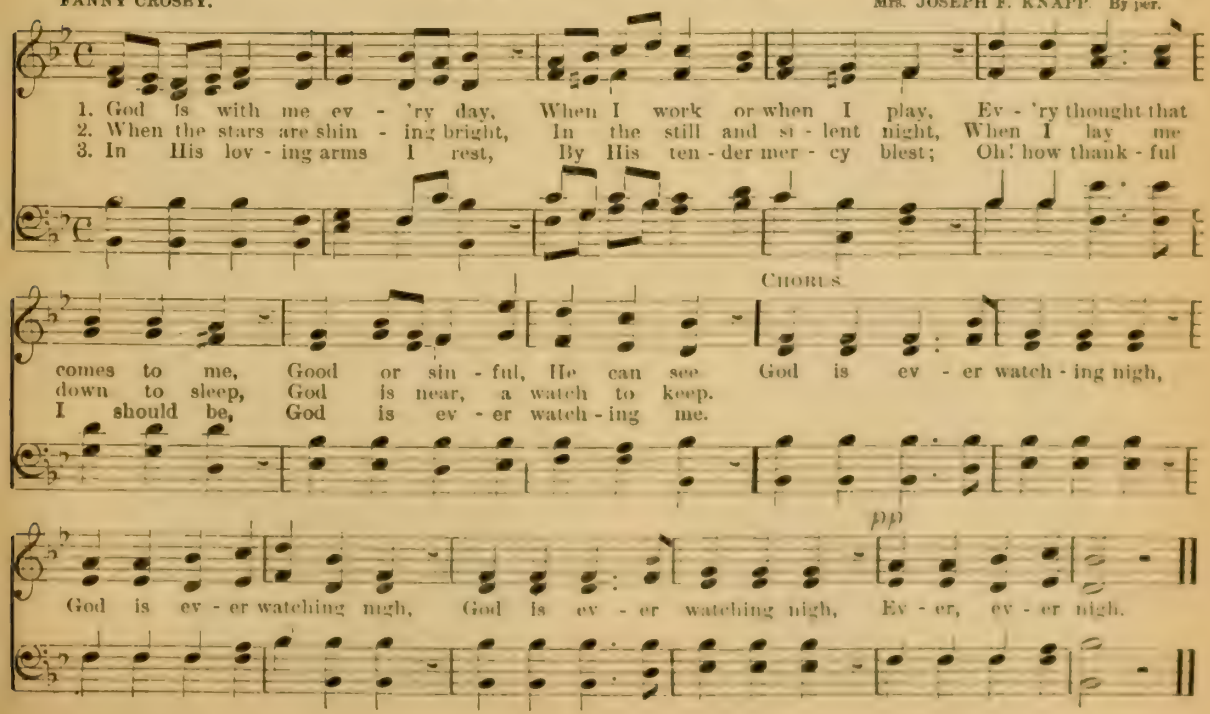
6 But her next remark is one of those
Surprising, unlooked-for things!
For she asks in simple childish faith,
"Then, mamma, do the cows have wings?"

BESSIE CHANDLER, 1882.
In "Good Cheer."

MOTHERHOOD. THE NURSERY. THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

GOD EVER NEAR.

FANNY CROSBY. Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. By per.



THE TENDER SHEPHERD.

8s & 7s.

1 Gracious Saviour, holy Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to Thee;
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
In Thy bosom, may they be
Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
From all want and danger free.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave them
From Thy fold to go astray;
By Thy warning love directed,
May they walk the narrow way:
Thus direct them, thus defend them,
Lest they fall an easy prey.

3 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned,
Glad thank-offerings may they bring;
Then with all the saints in glory,
Join to praise their Lord and King.

MISS LEESON.

JESUS, GENTLE SHEPHERD, HEAR ME.

The prayer, for such it is, was written by Mary Lundee Duncan, who, if memory does not lead astray, was the daughter of a Scotch clergyman. It was composed for her little children's prayer, and may be found in her "Memoir," which contains many beautiful thoughts, and is to be found in many Sunday School Libraries.

1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb to-night:
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

2 All this day Thy hand hath led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed, and fed me;
Listen to my evening prayer.

3 Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

MARY LUNDEE DUNCAN.

THE CHILDREN'S PRAYER.

The dreamy night draws nigh.
Soft airs, delicious, breathe of myriad flowers,
And on the wings of fragrance fly the hours.
The moon is high;
See, in yon rustic lane,
A cottage bright with vines: one tremulous ray
Steals out to where the silvery moonbeams play,
From the low casement pane;
Within, two babes their innocent faces bow,
Four little hands clasp softly—spotless now—
Four rosy lips with holy worship part.
Listen, O worldling, skeptic if thou art,
Those tender vespers make the quick tears start.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

MRS. M. A. DENISON, 1882.

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

1 I want to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.
There right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.

2 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
And many little children
Have gone to Heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish
And lay me down and die,
Oh! send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky.

JULIA GILL.
About 1854.

A GOOD-NIGHT PRAYER.

1 Forgive all my sins,
Lord Jesus, to-night,
And make my heart spotless
In God's holy sight.

2 Oh! help me to grant
Forgiveness to all
Who've troubled or hurt me,
Or made me to fall.

3 And when my eyes close,
Be Thou my soul's light,
To bring me to heaven,
That hath no good-night.

MARY A. K. STONE 1885.
South Orange, N. J.

FLOWERS.

1 Her little prayer at night she said,
Then looked with wistful eyes,
Half tenderly and half afraid,
Up to the starry skies.

2 For daily bread, ne'er sought in vain,
She asked the heavenly powers.
"Please, God!" she whispered low again,
"Div' me my daily f'owers!"

3 Her daily flowers, her baby days,
In one bright garden flew;
And like a flower in all her ways,
The dimpled creature grew.

4 As fair and sweet a tiny maid
As any new-born blossom
That dawn and dew's soft stress persuade
From mother earth's broad bosom.

5 And flowers like kin the darling loved;
She bore the fragrant band,
Where'er she played, where'er she roved,
In apron or in hand.

6 And while she prayed, with look askance
As if she asked a treasure
Too great for God to give, perchance,
For just her baby pleasure,

7 I echoed in my heart her prayer,
Remembering earth's sad hours,
And weary weight of sin and care,
"Give us our daily flowers!

8 "The kindly word, the smile serene,
The greeting of good-morrow,
The brotherhood in speech and mien,
That soothes our common sorrow.

9 "These human blossoms of the heart
Give to our daily needing!
Dear Lord! are not these too a part
Of thine immortal feeding?"

10 And back the sudden answer fell:
"Whate'er my hand hath given,
My constant love and care to tell,
Is truly bread from heaven."

ROSE TERRY COOK, 1881.
"Sunday School Times."

THE BABY'S PRAYER.

1 She knelt with her sweet hands folded;
Her fair little head bowed low;
While dead vines tapped at the window
And the air was thick with snow.
Without, earth dumb with winter;
Within, hearts dumb with care;
And up through the leaden silence,
Rose softly the baby's prayer.

2 "Bless all whom I love, dear Father,
And help me be good," she said.
Then, stirred by a sudden fancy,
She lifted the shining head.
Did she catch on the frozen maple
Some hint of the April green,
Or the breath of the woodland blossoms,
The drifts of the snow between?

3 "The beautiful trees," she whispered,
"Where the orioles used to sing;
They are tired of the cold, white winter,
Oh! help them to grow in spring;
And the flowers that I loved to gather,
Lord, bring them again in May;
The dear little violets, sleeping
Down deep in the ground to-day."

4 Ah! earth may be chill with snowflakes,
And hearts may be cold with care,
But wastes of a frozen silence
Are crossed by the baby's prayer;
And lips that were dumb with sorrow
In jubilant hope may sing;
For when earth is wrapped in winter,
In the heart of the Lord 'tis spring.

ALICE M. [illegible], 1884.
Detroit.

CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

Tune—"*Home, Sweet Home.*"

1 Our Father in Heaven
We hallow Thy name!
May Thy kingdom holy
On earth be the same!
Oh! give to us daily
Our portion of bread,
It is from Thy bounty
That all must be fed.

2 Forgive our transgressions
And teach us to know
That humble compassion
Which pardons each foe:
Keep us from temptation,
From weakness and sin,
And Thine be the glory,
Forever—Amen.

SARAH J. HALE.

WOULD NOT SAY HIS PRAYERS.

1 "Mamma can go down stairs;
I shall not say my prayers,
For I've nothing to be thankful for!" my wilful Robert cried.
"There's all the other boys
With multitudes of toys,
And books, and dogs, and ponies; but we're poor, and I'm denied."

2 "Ask Papa!" And I sought him;
With eager steps I brought him
(Myself so shocked and wondering I scarce knew what to do);
But still the boy kept saying:
"Papa, I'm through with praying;
For God gives nothing worth our thanks to me, nor yet to you."

3 His father heard with sorrow;
But simply said: "To-morrow
You'll find His choicest blessings unto both our lives are known.
God guard you while you're sleeping,
I leave you in his keeping."
Then down the stairs we softly went, and left our boy alone.

4 But in the early morning,
His father, without warning,
Placed bandages across his lips, his ears, and hazel eyes.
Deaf, dumb, and blind together,
My boy would soon learn whether
God had given him any blessings that e'en the poor would prize.

5 Long ere the morning ended
His grateful thanks ascended
For the blessèd gifts of sight and speech,— ascended to that One
Who gives unstinted measure
Of light and sound. With pleasure
He meekly said his little prayer that night at set of sun

In "Independent," 1884.

LITTLE MARGERY.

1 Kneeling, white-robed, sleepy eyes,
Peeping through the tangled hair,
"Now I lay me— I'm so tired—
Aunty, God knows all my prayer;
He'll keep little Margery."

2 Watching by the little bed,
Dreaming of the coming years,
Much I wonder what they'll bring,
Most of smiles or most of tears,
To my little Margery.

3 Will the simple, trusting faith
Shining in the childish breast
Always be so clear and bright?
Will God always know the rest,
Loving little Margery?

4 As the weary years go on,
And you are a child no more,
But a woman, trouble-worn,
Will it come—this faith of yours—
Blessing you, dear Margery?

5 If your sweetest love shall fail,
And your idol turn to dust,
Will you bow to meet the blow,
Owning all God's ways are just?
Can you, sorrowing Margery?

6 Should your life path grow so dark
You can see no steps ahead,
Will you lay your hand in His
Trusting by Him to be led
To the light, my Margery?

7 Will the woman, folding down
Peaceful hands across her breast,
Whisper, with her old belief,
"God, my Father, knows the rest,
He'll take tired Margery"?

8 True, my darling, life is long,
And its ways are dark and dim;
But God knows the path you tread;
I can leave you safe with Him,
Always, little Margery.

9 He will keep your childish faith
Through your weary woman years,
Shining ever strong and bright,
Never dimmed by saddest tears,
Trusting little Margery.

10 You have taught a lesson sweet
To a yearning, restless soul;
We pray in snatches, ask a part,
But God above us knows the whole,
And answers, baby Margery.

MRS. S. J. WHITE.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

1 The sun is down, the stars are out,
The clocks are striking eight,—
And pausing in their flight,
The angels of the night
Fold their white wings and wait.

2 For sweet as call the vesper bells,
Heard through the twilight air,
The chiming clocks proclaim,
Night after night the same,
The children's hour of prayer.

3 And at the gentle summons, lo!
The fairest sight on earth;
For swift, with laughing eyes
Grown strangely grave and wise,
The darlings hush their mirth;

4 And, kneeling by the mother's side,
Or by their snowy beds,
With fringed lids lying meek
Against the dimpled cheek,
They bow their sunny heads.

5 Tread softly. Let no jarring sound
The tender silence break,
While with uplifted hands
The white-robed suppliant bands
Their brief petitions make.

6 "Our Father," some are whispering low
With filial faith sincere—
A faith whose fearless hold
On precepts worn and old
Defies the skeptic's sneer;

7 And "Now I lay me" murmur lips
Already kissed by sleep,
With baby thoughts astray
In dreamland while they pray,
"The Lord my soul to keep."

8 And smiling down, the Lord Himself
Leans from His throne of light
And stops the harping choirs to hear
His children's sweet good-night.

MARY B. SLEIGHT.
Sag Harbor, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

1 When the midnight bells are ringing,
And their throbbings faint and low
The Christmas morn are bringing,
With echo of the singing
Of the angels long ago,
And fleecy clouds are winging
As they scud across the snow,

2 'T is said the children sleeping,
Locked in rosy slumbers fast,
Never hear the winter's weeping,
Nor the night winds onward sweeping,
Never shudder at the blast;
But safe in holy keeping
Smile as angels hurry past.

3 And their eyes in slumber holden,
See what ours may never see,—
The branch of roses golden,
With blood-red heart enfolden,
Plucked from the Eden tree
By an angel, in times olden,
The Christmas flower to be.

4 Ears tuned to earthly whining
Hear not those rustling wings,
Nor see their sheeny shining,
While fretting and repining
At loss of earthly things;
Self-centered hearts are pining
Although an angel sings.

5 To them the Christmas roses
Show neither snow nor gold;
No hard green bud encloses,
No angel hand disposes
The flowers as they unfold,
Or reverently discloses
The heart of love untold.

6 Oh! as the bells toll slowly,
As our Christmas draweth nigh,
To be like children lowly!
Pure, simple, true and holy,
When the angel passes by,
And to catch the Christmas glory
As it echoes through the sky.

7 To hush our selfish weeping,
And forget our little woes,
That the angel of its keeping,
In the smiling of our sleeping,
To us also may disclose
The gold and white and crimson
Of the children's Christmas rose.

8 But the children, not yet knowing
Of sin or self or guile,
To their peaceful slumbers going,
Of the coming Christmas knowing,
In their sleep are seen to smile;
At the Christmas roses glowing
Before them, all the while.

MARGARET E. WINSLOW, 1884.

THE GHOST OF CHRISTMAS PAST.

1 The Ghost of Christmas Past
Has been with me to-night!
Out from the vale of by-gone years,
And seen through mists of unshed tears,
It glows, a form of light!

2 Two little childish forms I see,
A sister and a brother;
I see the little trundle-bed
On which the brown and flaxen head
Lie lovingly together.

3 The ruddy fire upon the hearth
Lights up the dear old room;
It shows, upon the chimney wall,
The stockings waiting, great and small,
For Santa Claus to come.

4 Scant sleep the little dreamers had,
And, when the morning broke,
Who can forget the shouts of joy,
The transport over book and toy,
The well-remembered joke?

5 O wondrous power of memory!
To-night, though years have fled,
I hear my brother's tones of glee,
I sit upon my father's knee,
His hand upon my head.

6 My mother plies her knitting-work
In the old rocking chair;
Dear mother-eyes, they're saddened now,
Tears of care are on her brow,
And silver in her hair.

7 O Ghost of merry Christmas Past!
Dear home, and broad hearth-light!
O father's look and mother's smile!
"You're in my heart to-night!"

ELIZABETH PALMER MATTHEWS, 1872

ANNIE'S AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

1 'Twas the eve before Christmas; "Good-night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heavy with sighs.
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they must retire precisely at seven
Instead of eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before.
He told them he thought this delusion a sin.
No such a thing as "Santa Claus" ever had been.
And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this is the reason why two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.

2 Eight, nine, and the clock in the steeple tolled ten—
Not a word had been spoken by either till then;
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,
"I've tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa had said there is no 'Santa Claus;'
Now *we* know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died;
But then I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked Him to send Santa Claus here
With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tan't we p'ay dest as mamma did then,
And ask Him to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so, too," and without a word more
Four bare little feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.

3 "Now Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive,
You must wait just as still till I say Amen,
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.
Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we're asking of Thee:
I want a nice book full of pictures, a ring,
And a writing-desk, too, that shuts with a spring.
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us as much even as he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie, amen!"
"Please, Desus, 'et Santa Claus tome down to-night,
And bring us some presents before it is 'ight.
I want he sould dive me a bright little box,
Full of ac'obats, some other nice blocks,
And a bag full of tandy, a book, and a toy,
Amen, and then, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads.
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds;
They were soon lost in slumber—both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dream-land were roaming in sleep.

4 Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half-smothered sighs.
And to see the big tears standing in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed,
But when I was troubled—my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.
But of course they've forgot their troubles ere this,
And then I denied them the thrice asked-for kiss;
But just to make sure I'll steal up to their door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arriving at the door heard both of their prayers,
His Annie's "bless papa" draws forth the big tears.
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange, I've forgotten," said he, with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.
I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers, ere I sleep in my bed."

5 Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown,
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street—
A millionaire facing the cold winter sleet;
He first went to a wonderful "Santa Claus" store
(He knew it, for he'd passed it the day before),
And there he found crowds on the same errand as he,
Making purchase of presents, with glad hearts and free,
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything
From a box full of candy to a tiny gold ring.
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score!
Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's aid in the nursery 'twas stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for a tea,
A writing desk then in the centre was laid,
And on it a ring for which Annie had prayed;
Four acrobats painted in yellow and red
Stood with a block house on a beautiful sled;
There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree;
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready for more presents to drop;
And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid;
And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I have been for a year.
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before,
What care I if bank stock falls ten per cent. more!
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve."

6 So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And tripped down stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found;
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus had brought in the night
(Just the things they had wanted) and left before light.

7 "And now," said Annie, in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know;"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be;
And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said,
That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God, up in heaven, had answered her prayer!
"Then we dot up and prayed dust as well as we tould,
And Dod answered our prayers; now wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that He was if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please
(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'T would be cruel to tell him I did it myself)."

8 Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent?
And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent?
'T was the Being who bade you steal softly up stairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

SOPHIA B. SNOW.

HANGING THE STOCKINGS.

1 Three little worsted stockings hanging all in a row,
And I have patched two scarlet heels, and darned a crimson toe.
Over the eyes of azure, over the eyes of brown,
Seemed as though the eyelids could never be coaxed down.

2 I sang for a good long hour before they were shut quite tight;
For to-morrow will be Christmas, and St. Nick comes to-night;
We laughed as we dropped the candies into heel and toe,
For not one little stocking was missing from the row.

3 And when our work was ended, we stood a little apart,
Silently praying the Father to soothe that mother's heart
Who looks on her unworn stockings amid her falling tears,
Whose darling is keeping Christmas in Christ's eternal years.

* * 1865

MY TREE.

1 Which is the best of all the trees?
Answer me, children all, if you please
Is it the linden, with tassels gay,
Or the willow there where the catkins sway?
Is it the oak, the king of the wood,
That for a hundred years has stood?
The graceful elm, or the stately ash,
Or the aspen, whose leaflets shimmer and flash?

2 Is it the solemn and gloomy pine,
With its million needles so sharp and fine?
Ah, no! The tree that I love best,
It buds and blossoms not with the rest,
No summer sun on its fruit has smiled,
But ice and snow are around it piled;
But still it will bloom and bear fruit for me,
My winter bloomer! my Christmas-tree!

3 Its blossoms are candles, all shining gay,
And it bears its fruit in the queerest way!
All tied by ribbons to everything,
Big and little, and little and big,
Dolls and trumpets, and balls and bats,
Horses and monkeys, and dogs and cats,
Drums and whistles, and guns and whips,
Crying babies and flying ships;
Every conceivable kind of box,
With all conceivable kind of locks;
Tigers and elephants swinging in air,
Singular fruit for a tree to bear!
But so it blooms and bears fruit for me,
My winter bloomer! my Christmas-tree!

4 Elm and linden may both be fair,
But they have no elephants swinging in air;
Ash and maple may gracefully grow,
But they have no fifes nor whistles to blow;
The oak may be king of the forest wide,
But he has no parcels with ribbons tied,
No guns, no rattles, no books, no boats,
No pigs, no lions, no cows, no goats,
No dolls, no cradles, no skates, no tops,
Nor oranges, candies, or lollipops.
Nothing that's pretty, and nothing that's good,
But leaves and acorns, and bark and wood.
So the tree of all others that's best to me
Is my winter bloomer! my Christmas-tree!

LAURA E. RICHARDS

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

1 In the warm parlor, so cosy and bright,
Five little people were gathered one night;
And each merry voice was brimful of glee
In planning their gifts for the Christmas tree.

2 Said Jonnie the brave, "I think I will buy
A good many things, if things are not high."
Then Annie and Jennie each told her plan,
And fat little Ted said, "I'll buy all I can."

3 Then spoke little May, in her sweet earnest way,
"Mamma, you say Christmas is Christ's birthday;
If for Him a gift I hang on the tree,
Will Jesus be glad, and come here to see?"

4 "My dear little girl," the kind mother said,
While softly she smoothed the bright, curly head,
"The Saviour you love we cannot see here,
But all that you say is heard by His ear.

5 "He said long ago, that if we will take
Good things to the poor for His dear name's sake,
His heart will be glad, He'll thank us the same,
As if we should mark each gift with His name.

6 "Now down in the lane, all covered with snow,
Is a poor little home—the place you all know—
Where three little girls and three little boys
Have very few clothes, and not any toys."

7 Then all spoke at once: "Mamma, let us take
Some presents to them for the dear Christ's sake;"
And little May said, "We can't mark His name,
But mamma says Christ will be glad all the same."

8 So each little girl and each little boy
Bought mamma a gift—a book or a toy;
And kind mamma said, while counting them o'er,
That she and papa would add to their store.

9 So when the day came for the Christmas tree
(I wish every one had been there to see),
The poor little folks had so much on that tree,
All were as happy as children can be.

MARY H. ROWLAND
In "N. W. Advocate."

EMPTY CRADLES.

1 Oh! the empty, empty cradles,
That must now be put away,
For the little ones will need them
Nevermore by night or day.
Pure and lovely, dreamless sleepers,
Need not to be rocked to rest;
Their bright heads upon the pillows
Shall no more be softly pressed.

2 In the still and solemn nightfall
Death's pale angel noiseless sped;
"I have gathered only lilies
For my Lord to-day," he said;
Oh! the lilies, the white lilies,
That made earthly homes so bright,
Many, many buds are missing
Since the happy morning light.

3 Waxen hands, with blossoms in them,
Faces very white and fair,
Curtained eyes like hidden sunlight,
Silken rings of sunny hair.
Hushed and still we gaze upon them,
And we scarcely know our loss,
But to-morrow we shall feel it,
Almost crushed beneath the cross.

4 Little robes so richly broidered,
Wrought with so much love and pride,
Dainty laces, pale, pure ribbons,
They must all be laid aside,
For in glorious robes of brightness
Are the little ones arrayed;
All unstained by earth the whiteness,
Such a little while they stayed.

5 Past the busy, busy mornings,
And the nights of anxious care;
Now there is no need of watching,
There'll be time enough to spare.
Hushed the sweet voice, how we'll listen,
Thinking that we hear it oft;
On our face no baby fingers
Touch us like the rose leaves soft.

6 Never mind the noisy household,
Nor loud footfalls on the stair;
They'll not wake the peaceful sleeper,
There's no baby anywhere.
In a casket white as snowflakes,
Nestling all among the flowers,
Are the pure and stainless lilies
That a little while were ours.

7 In our dreams, 'midst dazzling brightness,
And a rapturous burst of song;
Through our tears we see above us,
Radiant, a spirit throng.
In their arms so softly cradled,
Our own little ones we know,
And we seem to hear them whisper,
"The white lilies from below."

8 Wide the shining gates are opened,
For the children are at home;
Back to earth float the sweet echoes,
"Jesus suffers them to come."
Put away the empty cradles,
Keep we only in our sight
That bright glimpse of the new dwelling
Which the children have to-night.

9 *They* are safe; but Oh! *so* many
Who the cradles have outgrown,
Wander far in sinful pathways,
Farther than our fears have known.
You, who sit and nurse your sorrow,
Go and seek such souls to-day;
Guide the feet once pure and stainless
Back the peaceful, homeward way.
Mothers of pure angels, go
Save the mother's boys who perish,
Sinking 'neath the drunkard's woe.

MRS. GEORGIA HULSE M'LEOD.
Baltimore, Md., 1883.

DEAR LITTLE HANDS.

Words and Music by Mrs. S. W. SPENCER.
Arranged by S. W. BARRETT.

1. Dear little hands, I
2. Dear little hands, I
3. Dear little hands, they've
4. Dear little hands, when thy

love them so, And now they are ly - ing un-der the snow; Un - der the snow so cold and white, I
miss them so, All through the day wher - ev - er I go; All thro' the night how lonely it seems, For
gone from me now, Nev-er a-gain will they rest on my brow; Nev - er again smooth my sorrowful face,
Mas - ter calls, I'll welcome the summons that comes to us all; When my feet touch the waters so cold And I

can-not see them or touch them to-night They are quiet and still at last, ah, me! How bu - sy and restless they
no little hands wake me out of my dreams. I miss them thro' all the wea - ry hours, I miss them as oth ers miss
Never clasp mine in their childish embrace. My forehead grows wrinkled and aged with care. Thinking of hands once
catch a bright glimpse of the city of gold, I'll keep my eyes fixed on the heavenly gate, O'er the tide where the white-robed

used to be: But now they can never reach thro' the snow, Dear lit-tle hands, I love them so.
sunshine and flow'rs; And daytime or night-time, wherever I go, Dear lit-tle hands, I miss them so.
rest - ing there; But I know in a hap - pi - er, heaven - ly clime, Dear lit-tle hands I shall clasp some time.
an-gels wait; Shall I know you, I won-der, a-mong the bright band, Will you beckon me o-ver, O dear lit-tle hands?

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MY GIFT.

I thought that prattling girls and boys
Would fill this empty room;
That my rich heart would gather flowers
From childhood's opening bloom.
One child and two green graves are mine,
That is God's gift to me;
A bleeding, fainting, broken heart—
That is *my* gift to Thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTISS, 1852.

SUGGESTIONS.

1 If we could always keep the forms we prize,
Earth, now so desolated, soon would be
Heaven's counterpart, and we, with tearless eyes
Would speak of Heaven and of Eternity.

2 No thoughts of sweet reunion by and bye,
Would rouse within us longings to be pure,
Nor nerve us with courageous zeal to try
Time's tests and trials bravely to endure.

3 And where we now have cherished images
Of lovely children and well-guarded graves,
We would have grown folks, always growing old,
And, like ourselves, to toil and trouble slaves.

4 So it is well that Death doth jealously
Look on our darlings, and bid some depart
To people Heaven; constrain us to be wise,
Fear God and serve Him with a perfect heart.

ANGIE FULLER, 1883.

PARENTS' TREASURES.

1 A picture fair and true
Of a child-face we thought more sweet and dear
Than any other that we ever knew
Within the whole world's compass, far or near.

2 A lock of silken hair,
Some toys and little garments laid away,
And guarded with a mother's tender care,
As treasures much too precious for decay.

3 A grave wherein is laid
A childish form that we were wont to fold
Close to our hearts, thinking we would not trade
Nor barter it for tons of glittering gold.

4 Just there where we had hoped
For long possession and devoted care,
For noble growth, for honor, joy and pride,
And a brave voice to echo praise and prayer.

5 Just there, yet something more,
Sweet thoughts that cheer and comfort all our grief,
Our child awaits us on the spirit shore,
The hours fly fast, and life, at most, is brief.

ANGIE FULLER, 1883.

May Louise Riley

Was born in Brighton, N. Y., in 1842. The place is a suburb of Rochester, in which city she was married to Albert Smith, Esq. Her present home is New York city. She began writing very early in life. Those who knew her well, testify to her warm, impulsive, sympathetic nature, which breathes itself out so gracefully and cheerily, continually striking responsive chords in every reader's heart. From good authority, it is learned that "If," and "Tired Mothers" (which follows this sketch), were both written before Mrs. Smith came to the woman's royal crown, showing that she possessed the true mother instinct. Mothers have wept over these genuine bits of poetry, thus standing as pathetic witnesses against a theory held by some, that poets must learn by actual experience what they teach in song. Truly is it said— "That which you read with a heart-throb, was written with a heart-throb." The poems of very few authors have been so universally copied anonymously into the general press, as have those of Mrs. Albert Smith, thus causing confusion as to the true author. "Sometime," which appears in this collection, has been credited to H. H., but unjustly. In response to a query from a friend concerning it, Mrs. Smith replied— "Yes, I wrote "Sometime" on the cars one day, journeying from Chicago to Springfield, Ill., (at which latter city she resided several years.) It was suggested by the conversation of a lady and gentleman occupying seats in front of me. She held in her hand the portrait of a lovely child, and sometimes kissed it, and as she talked of the little one, her tears fell like rain. I grew sober and sad, and drew my pencil from my pocket and wrote my thoughts on a piece of crumpled paper."

The poem entitled "In Prison," which appears in the Temperance Department of this volume, and is so appropriate for our W. C. T. U. Flower Mission Day, sometime after its first appearance was sent to the Chicago Tribune as the production of an inmate of the penitentiary at Joliet, Ill., and a paragraph prefaced it, recognizing the deep feeling expressed, also remarking that the prisoner-poet was worthy of a better fate. Afterward when the editor learned of the imposition upon the true author and himself, his indignation knew no bounds. In his biographical sketch of Mrs. Smith, A. A. Hopkins, Esq., says:—"Poetry born of passion is ever debasing. Were Burns, Byron, Moore and Hood estimated by the rule that nothing is truly poetical in which the heart shows chiefly, it would rob them of half or all of their laurels. Poetry begotten of heartfulness, ennobles and uplifts.

Granting this, May Riley Smith is a truer poet than many, because truer to the purest instincts of the soul. Even Longfellow and Bryant are not truer than she, unless they have made deeper impress on the heart of humanity."

TIRED MOTHERS.

1 A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
The child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair,
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over-much
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

2 But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day,
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly,
The little child that brought me only good.

3 And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet in their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then!

4 I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging at their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my house once more;

5 If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite, to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss, is dead!

MRS. ALBERT SMITH.
"Aldine."

COMPENSATION.

1 She folded up the worn and mended frock
And smoothed it tenderly upon her knee,
Then through the soft web of a wee red sock
She wove the bright wool, musing thoughtfully:
"Can this be all? The great world is so fair,
I hunger for its green and pleasant ways;
A cripple prisoned in her restless chair
Looks from her window with a wistful gaze.

2 "The fruits I cannot reach are red and sweet,
The paths forbidden are both green and wide;
O God! there is no boon to helpless feet
So altogether sweet as paths denied.
Home is most fair; bright are my household fires,
And children are a gift without alloy;
But who would bound the field of their desires
By the prim hedges of mere fireside joy?

3 "I can but weave a fair thread to and fro,
Making a frail woof in a baby's sock;
Into the world's sweet tumult I would go,
At its strong gates my trembling hand would knock."
Just then the children came, the father too;
Their eager faces lit the twilight gloom;
"Dear heart," he whispered, as he nearer drew,
"How sweet it is within this little room.

4 "God puts my strongest comfort here to draw
When thirst is great and common wells are dry.
Your pure desire is my unerring law;
Tell me, dear one, who is so safe as I?
Home is the pasture where my soul may feel,
This room a paradise has grown to be;
And only where these patient feet shall lead
Can it be home for these dear ones and me."

5 He touched with reverent hand the helpless feet,
The children crowded close and kissed her hair.
"Our mother is so good, and kind, and sweet,
There's not another like her anywhere!"
The baby in her low bed opened wide
The soft blue flowers of her timid eyes,
And viewed the group about the cradle side
With smiles of glad and innocent surprise.

6 The mother drew the baby to her knee
And, smiling, said: "The stars shine soft to-night;
My world is fair; its edges sweet to me,
And whatsoever is, dear Lord, is right."

MARY RILEY SMITH.

Mrs. M. B. C. Slade

Was born at Steep Brook, a northern part of Fall River, Mass., and died April 15, 1882, at the age of 56 years.

She began to write at a very early age, and although writing much in both prose and verse for older people, as she advanced in years, her chief work was for the children whom she loved so tenderly and who in return loved her and the songs and little plays written by her for them. For years she edited "Good Times," then published at Fall River, now in Boston. She also did much editorial work in various Sunday School papers, and published several books for day and Sabbath schools.

No one ever appealed to her in vain for assistance in anything that lay in her power to grant.

Among her chief hymns that have appeared in many publications, "Ship of Zion" is pronounced one of the finest of any by late writers.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

1 The angel of Death came all unseen
And severed the spirit from that still clay;
The angels of Love came down, serene,
And gently bore her away! away!—

2 Away to that beautiful home above,
Leaving behind her a name well won;
Leaving behind her, her deeds of love;
To the "Promised Land" for aye she's gone!

GRACIE HOLMES.

(After Mrs. Slade's death, one of her grandchildren, our four-year-old Grace, said, "Every night I shall look up to the moon and see Grandma smiling.")

A SMILE FROM HEAVEN.

1 Papa, I am looking, looking up to heaven to-night,
Up where the moon is shining, so clear, so pure, so bright;
And, papa, I am thinking grandma's smile I see,
And each beam that's falling downward is a kiss that falls on me.

2 And so I'll keep on looking; glad of darkness I will be;
For darkness opens heaven, so that grandma's smile I see.
And, papa, let us *both* look,—look at the sky so bright,
Look through our gloom and sadness,—see! grandma comes with light.

F. E. HOPKINS.
For "Goldie."

EIGHTEEN.

1 Oh! grown a dim and fairy shade,
Dear child, who, fifteen years ago,
Out of our arms escaped and fled,
With swift, white feet, as if afraid,
To hide beneath the grass, the snow,
That sunny little head.

2 This is your birthday! Fair, so fair!
And grown to gracious maiden height,
And versed in heavenly lore and way,
White-vested as the angels are
'Mid very light of very light,
Somehow, somewhere you keep the day,

3 With those new friends—whom "new" we call,
But who are dearer now than we
And better known by face and name;
And so they smile and say: "How tall
The child becomes, how radiant—she
Who was so little when she came."

4 Darling, we count your eighteen years—
Fifteen in heaven, on earth but three—
And try to shape you grown and wise,
And all in vain; there still appears
Only the child you used to be—
Our baby with the violet eyes.

SUSAN COOLIDGE. 1883,
In "Independent."

IF WE KNEW.

1 If we knew the woe and heartache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be?
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

2 If we knew the baby fingers
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

3 Ah! these little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track!
How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by and by.

4 Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone;
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one-half so fair
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air!

5 Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day;
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents,
Through the portals of the tomb.

6 Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

MAY RILEY SMITH, 1867.

(As originally printed, Feb. 23, 1867, in "Rochester Union and Advertiser."

LITTLE WILLIE.

I heard the voice of an angel
That chanted sweet and low:
"O fond pale mother, with cheek so wet,
If thou could'st only know!
Thy son died on thy bosom,
And his hands were pure from sin;
I carried him up to the temple above
The new song to begin,—
I carried him up to the fold of love,
And the Shepherd took him in.
On the ladder that reaches from heaven to earth
Unseen I come and go,
And I hear the cry of mothers who weep
For their sons who died—not so!"

UNA LOCKE BAILEY, 1879.

ALL ALONG LIFE'S JOURNEY.

1 A dear little girl by her mother's knee
Stands, trying with earnest look,
To spell out the words that seem so hard
On the leaves of the Blessèd Book.
"See, mother, these words are meant for me —
'Suffer little children to come to me.'"

2 The maiden waits on the threshold now
Of a new and dawning life.
Over her head is youth's golden glow,
Unmixed with the world's dark strife.
For her are these words in their tender truth,
"Remember Him, now, in the days of thy youth."

3 Happy wife, working with heart and hand,
Busy from rising to setting of sun;
Hoping, and planning, and caring for all,
Thinking your labor is never done,
This is the promise He giveth to thee —
"As thy day may demand shall thy strength ever be."

4 Mother-heart, broken and burdened and crushed,
Arms that are empty, and eyes that must weep,
Where can'st thou turn when thy treasures are gone
Out into the world, or in death's quiet sleep?
Cast all thy burdens and woes on the Lord,
He promises comfort and strength in His word.

5 Weary and worn is the pilgrim now,
Earth and its shadows are vanishing fast;
Laughing and sighing and sorrow and toil
Soon will be ended and over-past.
What shall now comfort the lonely one?
That tender promise, of all the best —
"Their labors o'er — there remaineth now
For the people of God — a rest — a rest!"

ELIZABETH MATTHEWS.
Carlinville, Ill., Feb. 1884.

THE WATCHER.

1 The night was dark and fearful
The blast swept wailing by;
A watcher, pale and tearful,
Look'd forth with anxious eye;
How wistfully she gazes —
No gleam of morn is there!
And then her heart repraises
Her agony of prayer!

2 Within that dwelling lonely,
Where want and darkness reign,
Her precious child, her only,
Lay moaning in his pain;
And death alone can free him —
She feels that this must be:
"But Oh! for morn to see him
Smile once again on me!"

3 A hundred lights are glancing
In yonder mansion fair,
And merry feet are dancing —
They heed not morning there.
O young and lovely creatures,
One lamp, from out your store,
Would give that poor boy's features
To her fond gaze once more.

4 The morning sun is shining —
She heedeth not its ray;
Beside her dead, reclining,
The pallid mother lay!
A smile her lip was wreathing,
A smile of hope and love,
As though she still were breathing —
"There's light for us above."

SARAH J. HALE, 1848
Philadelphia.

ARE THE CHILDREN SAFE?

1 Thank God that my darling is resting
Safe in the bosom of God!
Praise Him for little hands folded
Under the church-yard sod!
I'm glad that on the white forehead
I've printed the last, long kiss;
Do you ask why I'm glad and thankful,
And can praise God so for this?

2 Last night as I sat in my window,
Looking out on the moonlit street,
My neighbor's once beautiful boy
Went by with unsteady feet;
And I remember how I had envied
His mother that sorrowful time,
When God sent his white-winged angel,
And leaving her, took mine.

3 And now she sits in her lonely home,
In tears, broken-hearted, and old;
While the stainless feet of my darling
Are walking the streets of gold.
Thank God for taking my child so soon,
Lest he might have gone astray!—
For none are safe while doors of sin
Stand wide as they do to-day.

4 I pity the children of years to come,
And mothers, who little know
What lies for them in the future
Of tears and bitterest woe:
For as long as men are licensed to sell
The horrid, accursèd thing,
If we cry not aloud against it,
The curse on ourselves we shall bring.

5 You may be the one next to suffer,
Though little you think it now;
The stamp of sin may be printed next
On your boy's pure, white brow.
Draw him ever so carefully, lovingly,
Tenderly, close to your heart;
Remember the day is soon coming
When mother and son must part,
When he must go out in the busy world,
Alone, a man among men.

6 Shall we fling wide the doors of temptation
To lure our boys in them?
We all have a voice in the matter,
And you and I'll have to stand
In the great Day of Judgment,
At the bar at God's right hand,
To give account whether for or against
This evil we raised our voice;
How for God or sin, for gold or souls,
We made everlasting choice.

MRS V. K. LEWIS,
In "New York Evangelist"

Emma Alice Brown. (Mrs. E. A. Bevar)

Is a lineal descendant of the English poet, Mrs. Hemans, whose maiden name was Brown, and has much the same graceful, pathetic style, which partakes of a delicacy of poetic fervor, not often seen. Miss Brown is the daughter of a Southern clergyman, Rev. Wm. A. Brown, who died while his daughter was quite young. At the age of thirteen she was a contributor to the Louisville, Ky., "Journal," Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," and other prominent papers and periodicals, for which she received good remuneration. Her present home is in Danville, Ill., where in the quiet sadness of her widowed life, she devotes herself to literary pursuits. Among her numerous poems, all of which are so much admired, *Measuring the Baby* has been selected as one of the most tender and touching, as well as appropriate to this department of *Woman in Sacred Song*.

MEASURING THE BABY.

1 We measured the riotous baby,
Against the cottage wall—
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall!
A royal tiger lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jewelled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

2 Without, the blackbirds whistled
High up in the old roof trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still—
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced on the lattice-sill.

3 His eyes were wide as bluebells—
His mouth like a flower unblown—
His little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
That had yet a touch of pain,
When June rolls round with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again.

4 Ah me! In a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like bitter rain,
We measured our boy to-day.
And the little bare feet that were dimpled,
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose.

5 Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

6 We measured the sleeping baby,
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below,
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan—
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one has grown.

EMMA ALICE BROWN,
(Mrs. E. A. Bevar.)

THE OLDEST DOLL IN THE WORLD.

1 In Britain's Great Museum, on a shelf
In the Egyptian room, I saw last year
The oldest doll in all the world; an elf,
Grimy and grim, and cold, and very queer,
With head of blackened clay—the rudest toy
That ever gave a little maiden joy.

2 Taken from out the dusky, mummied arms
Of a small child, it had perchance been bought,
In hundred-gated Thebes, while yet alarms
Of the fierce Shepherd-Kings were kept in thought,
And put with her beneath the coffin lid,
When men were building the first Pyramid.

3 Legless and armless, it had made a part
Of one sweet life; in loving arms had lain
Close to an innocent, warm, beating heart;
Been kiss'd and scolded, and then kiss'd again,
Just as our waxen beauties, fair and gay,
Delight the little maidens of to-day.

4 Oh! I could bring again that long past hour,
The priests of Isis, and the stately town,
The temples white with sacred lotus flower,
The patient, wide-eyed people, grave and brown;
The dusky chamber, and the narrow bed,
The white robed maidens singing round the dead.

5 But Oh! it was a mother's heart, I know,
That thought perchance the childish hands might miss
Their plaything; I can see her bending low
To give the small set face its last, last kiss,
And place this shapeless doll upon the breast
That had so early found eternal rest.

6 And so the uncouth toy gets sudden grace;
Heart touches heart beyond three thousand years;
And mother stands by mother in that place
Where all alike have shed heart-breaking tears.
O sad Egyptian! I can understand
The doll within the coffin—take my hand.

LILLIE E. BARR.
In "N. Y. Ledger."

CONSOLATION

1 In smothered tones they said,
"The child must die."
I turned me from the bed
And bowed my bruiséd head,
Then with sharp pain I fled
His parting sigh.

2 My heart was rent in twain,
My soul forlorn,—
When bursting through the pain
Like heaven's blesséd rain
This vision not in vain
To me was borne.

2 Celestial radiance streamed
From vista far.
Through shining ranks out-gleamed
Fond eyes that on me beamed,
Happy with God's redeemed,
As seraphs are.

4 I knew him for my own
In raiment bright.
His fleecy robe outshone
The light where he had flown
His mother's love, outblown
In garment white!

5 So peaceful from that hour
I can abide;
Content that love and power
Are his eternal dower,
And life's transcendent flower
Is glorified!

LOUISA PARSONS HOPKINS.
By permission Lee & Shepard, 1881

FROM "BABY LOOKING OUT FOR ME"

Two little waxen hands,
Folded soft and silently;
Two little curtained eyes
Looking out no more for me;
Two little snowy cheeks,
Dimple-dinted nevermore;
Two little trodden shoes,
That will never touch the floor,
Shoulder-ribbon softly twisted,
Apron folded, clean and white;
These are left me—and these only
Of the childish presence bright.

ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

Mrs. Rounds

Is a resident of Chicago. She is ever a ready writer in both prose and verse, and is one of the most prominent among Illinois workers and lecturers in behalf of the Temperance Reform, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U.

"FROM HIS HEART."

"For the Lord will not cast off for ever."
"But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies. For He doth not afflict willingly (from His heart) nor grieve the children of men." Lam. iii. 31–33.

1 "From His heart," so reads the margin,
God doth not afflict nor grieve;
Oh! what comfort comes, and courage,
As these words I now believe.

2 Now believe! e'en while the sorrow
Pierces with its sharpest sting,
Waiting not for some to-morrow,
And the balm that time may bring;

3 But just now, while heart is breaking,
Every joy and comfort fled,
Even life I turn from,—clinging
Close and closer to my dead.

4 Then how precious just to trust Him,
As His "waves and billows" roll,
And to hear above the tempest
Jesus speaking to my soul.

5 Hear Him say He'll have "compassion,"
Though He cause me deepest grief,
"Multitudes of tender mercies,"
Bringing to my swift relief.

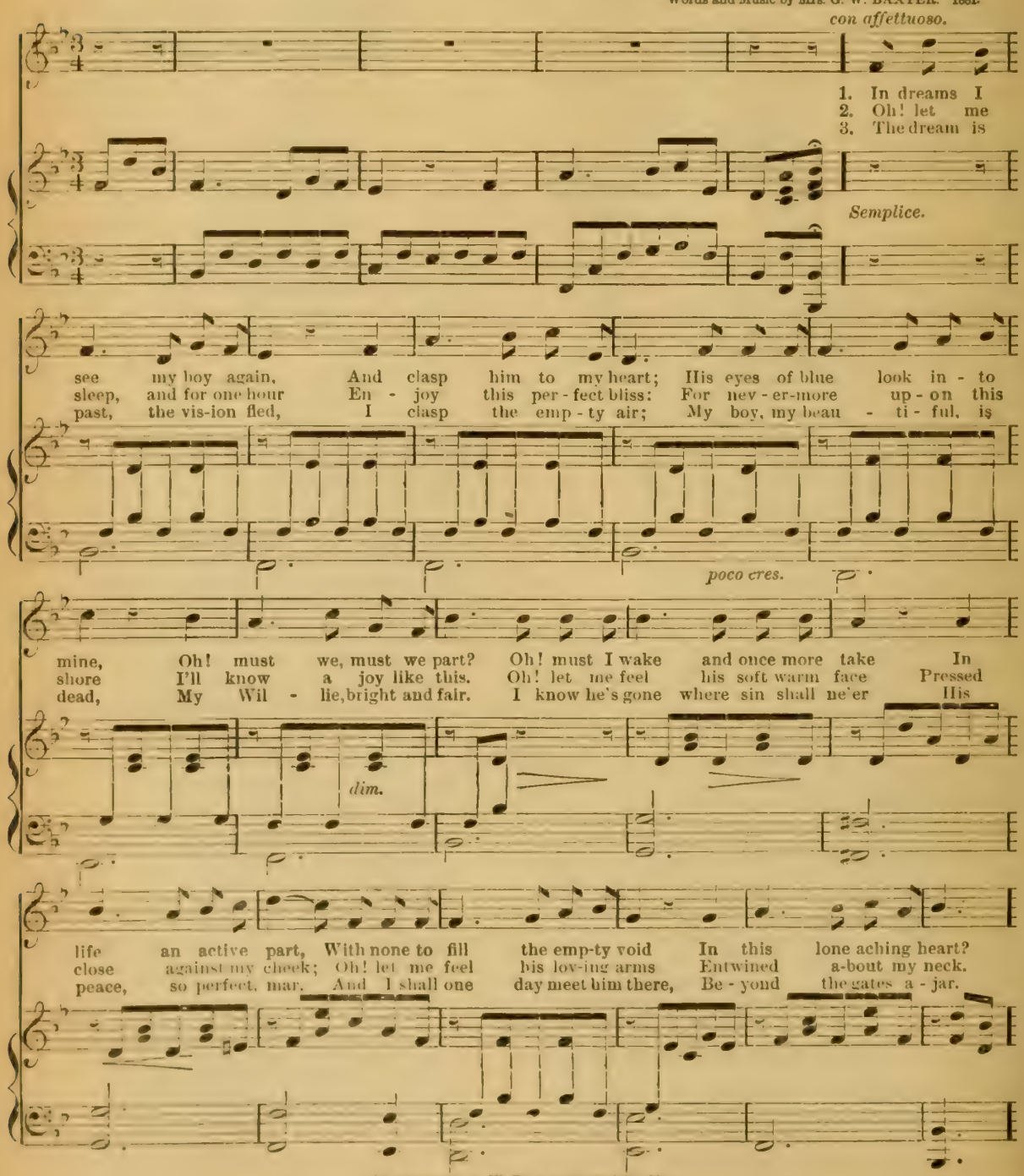
6 "From His heart!" how sweet the record,
Link it with "For God is love,"
Question not the wise "chastisement,"
It but leads to rest above.

LOUISE S. ROUNDS. 1885.
"Union Signal."

MY WILLIE IS GONE, OR, WAS IT ONLY A DREAM?

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by Mrs. G. W. BAXTER. 1881.



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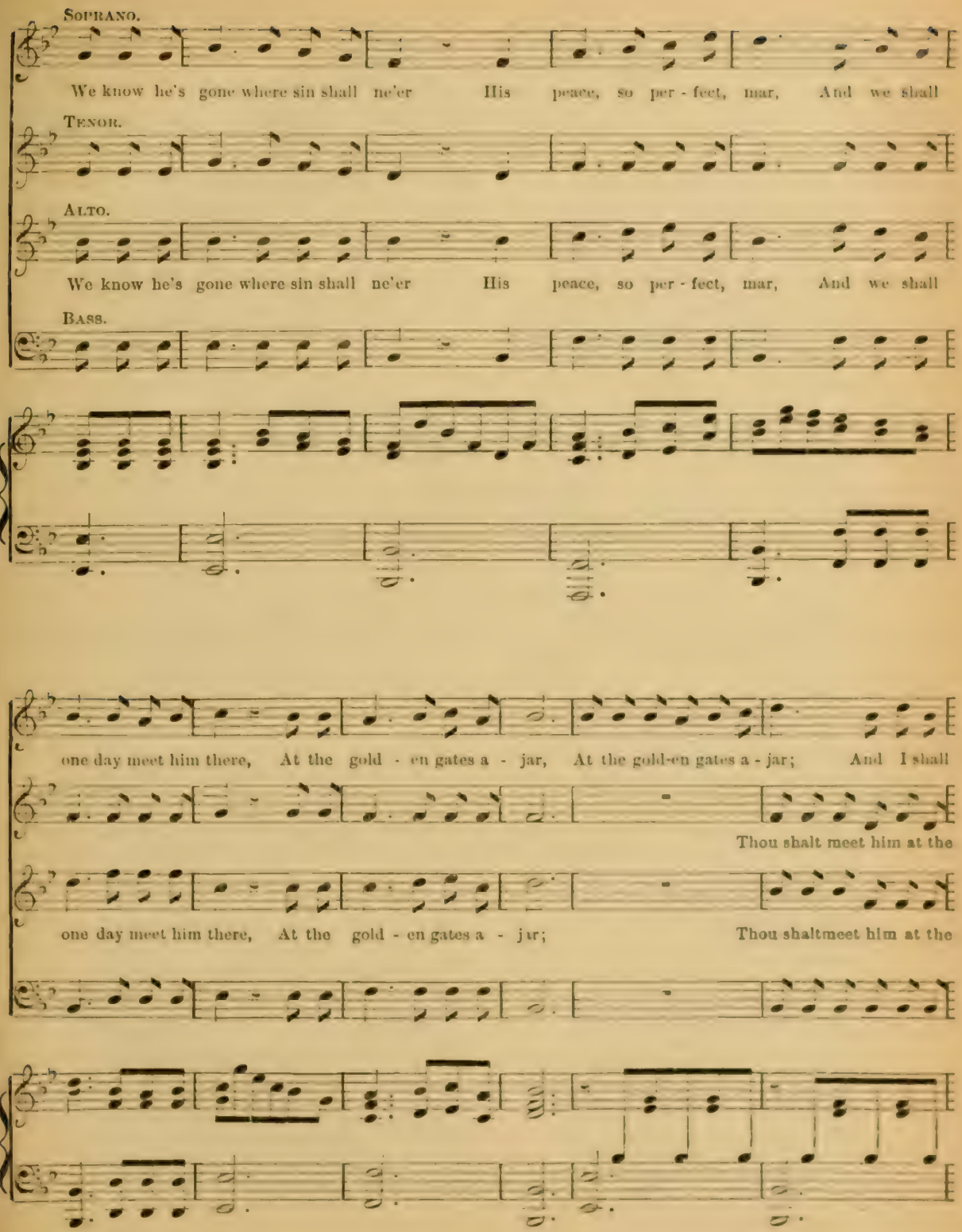
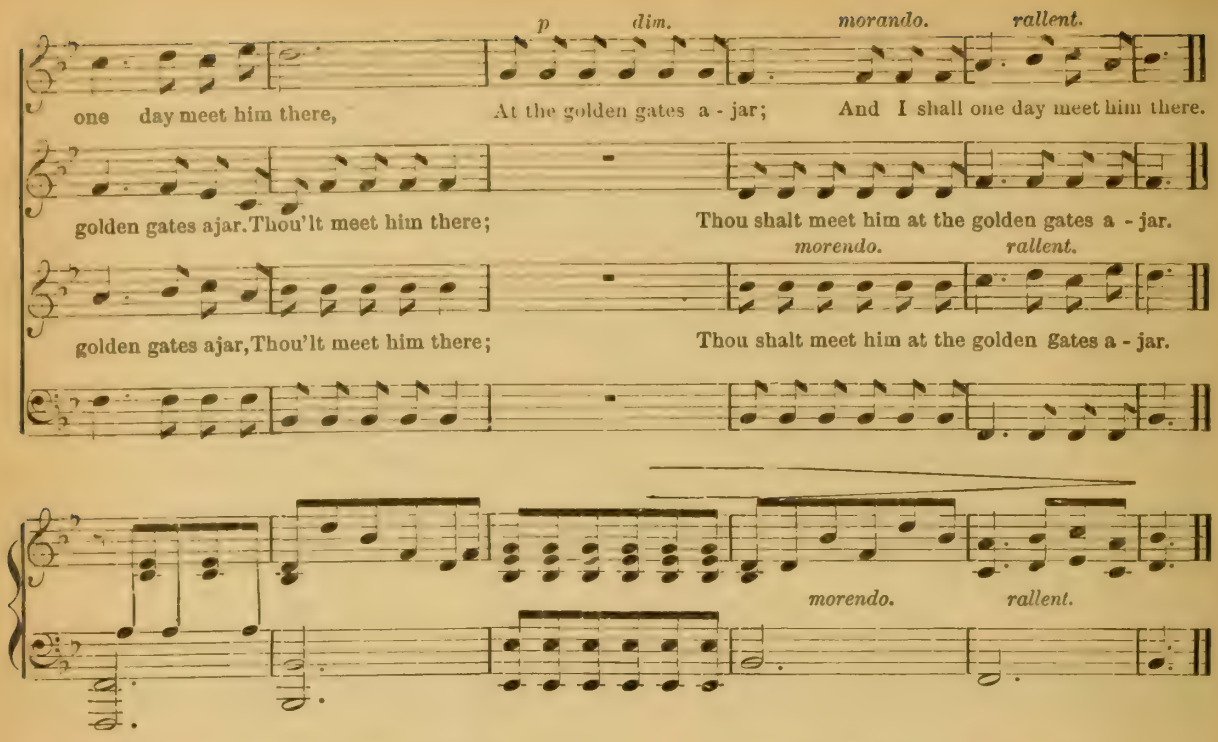

Soprano.
We know he's gone where sin shall ne'er His peace, so per - fect, mar, And we shall
Tenor.
Alto.
We know he's gone where sin shall ne'er His peace, so per - fect, mar, And we shall
Bass.
one day meet him there, At the gold - en gates a - jar, At the gold-en gates a - jar; And I shall
Thou shalt meet him at the
one day meet him there, At the gold - en gates a - jar; Thou shaltmeet him at the



TO THE MEMORY OF BIRDIE.

Who came into this life and entered into life eternal, October 3, 1883. Thsaintem, East Africa. Child of Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Shaw, now missionaries at Kisalutini.

1 Baby Birdie! why, Oh! why,
Did you only come to die?
Tell us why your little wing
Swiftly flew where angels sing?

2 Precious Birdie! such a nest
Waited you on mother's breast;
Father's strong and loving arm
Safe would shield you from alarm

3 First-born Birdie, precious gift,
With our bleeding hearts we lift,
Lay thee on thy Shepherd's breast
Safely gathered, sweetly rest!

4 Wondrous Birdie! breath divine,
And immortal spirit thine,
Thine the vesture snowy white,
Thine the mansion fair and bright.

5 Ransomed Birdie! welcomes ring
From thy dear ones near the King,
*Auntie's song will surely greet
Amy's "little one" so sweet.

6 Farewell, Birdie! will you wait,
Very near the pearly gate?
While we toil 'mid scorching heat,
Sheaves to lay at Jesus' feet.

7 Birdie's Master! we will bring
Afric's sons to own Thee King;
Jewel dark, and heathen gem,
Flash in Thy bright diadem.

MARIA V. G HAVERGAL.

*Francis Ridley Havergal, who died in 1876.

Julia H. Scott, nee Kinney,

Resided in Towanda, Pa., a place whose wild romantic beauty has been celebrated by many of her sister poets. She died in 1842. Her friends published a volume of her poems in Boston, soon after her death. Her style was simple and melodious, yet full of imagery, poetic idea, and sincere feeling.

FROM A POEM ENTITLED "MY CHILD."

"There is one who has loved me, debarr'd from the day."

1 The foot of Spring is on yon blue-topped mountain,
Leaving its green prints 'neath each spreading tree;
Her voice is heard beside the swelling fountain,
Giving sweet tones to its wild melody.
From the warm South she brings unnumbered roses
To greet with smiles the eye of grief and care;
Her balmy breath on the worn brow reposes,
And her rich gifts are scatter'd everywhere:
I heed them not, my child!

* * * * * * * * * *

2 Upon the breast of pitying love thou leanest,
Which oft on earth did pillow such as thou,
Nor turn'd away petitioner the meanest—
Pray to Him, sinless—He will hear thee now.
Plead for thy weak and broken-hearted mother;
Pray that thy voice may whisper words of peace,
Her ear is deaf, and can discern no other;
Speak, and her bitter sorrowings shall cease:
Come back to me, my child!

3 Come but in dreams—let me once more behold thee,
As in thy hours of buoyancy and glee,
And one brief moment in my arms infold thee
Beloved, I will not ask thy stay with me!
Leave but the impress of thy dove-like beauty,
Which memory strives so vainly to recall,
And I will onward in the path of duty,
Restraining tears that ever fain would fall!
Come but in dreams, my child!

JULIA H. SCOTT.

HOW SHALL I BEAR MY PAIN?

1 How shall I bear my pain?—the pain that mothers feel
When on the brow of their first-born, dread Death hath set his seal.
How shall I bear my pain? I will not let me rest;
It clutches me and holds me, till my heart bleeds in my breast.
My tears unshed burn hot within their stony source;
And oft I wince beneath the lash of conscience or remorse.

2 How shall I bear my pain? To God I cannot come;
I try to pray—I turn away—my angry lips are dumb.
I think I would be glad to lay me down and die,
Would that not make more suffering for better ones than I.
How shall I bear my pain? for it must still be borne,
It will not give my spirit rest at noon, at eve, or morn.

3 How shall I bear my pain? How make a gain of loss?
I'll to my bosom press it, as the old saints pressed the cross.
And when I feel its hurt, I'll closer press the thorn,
Till out of deepest suffering, a purer life is born.
From God's dear hand has come each blessing of my life;
Shall I forsake His banner, then, in sorrow's fearful strife?

4 Ah! No! May God forgive my torn heart's bitterness;
His gift so dear, I give again, and still His name I bless.
I will not lift to Heav'n a face all wet with tears;
I will not show my faithful God a heart all black with fears.
Though round me night and storm, and all unseen the way,
Though He should slay me, I will trust, and wait His perfect Day.

MRS. K. M. KIRKPATRICK, 18[illegible].
Dillon, Montana.

MY SHELLS.

1 I stood beside Love's brimming sea;
The bright waves broke in melody
On golden sands, close up to me.

2 More beautiful the waters seemed
Than maiden heart had ever dreamed,
As over them the sunlight beamed.

3 The waves brought treasures from a land
Afar, to many an outstretched hand
Of those who waited on the strand.

4 To one, sprigs of anemone;
A gem to one, most fair to see;
Two little shells, at last, to me.

5 Two little shells, as snow-flakes white,
Whose lips, kissed by the rosy light,
Were flushed with crimson, soft and bright.

6 And from their lips there came a tone
So low and sweet—half song, half moan—
Learned of the ocean's waves alone.

7 And all day long, beside the sea,
Entranced by the strange melody,
I sat, and heard them sing to me—

8 Until they to my heart had grown,
Until I claimed them for my own,
And they and I were only one.

9 They were not mine, alas for me!
The waves rolled high, and angrily
Bore heart and shells into the sea.

10 And all the night I sat alone
Upon a cold and naked stone,
And to the waters made my moan:

11 O cruel waves! O mocking sea!
Within thy breast can pity be?
Bring back my heart, my shells, to me.

12 But still the waves beat calmly on;
For other hands their gifts were strewn,
And till the morn I sat alone.

13 Then came a voice most soft and still,
That did the air like perfume fill,
And all my waiting spirit thrill:

14 "The fount of Love eternal dwells
Within the sea;
Thither the waves thy treasure bore,
To guard for thee.
Embraced within its clasping shells,
That heart of thine,
At last, to pearl-like beauty grown,
A gem shall shine.

Earth's poisonous air thy lovely shells
Had dimmed erelong,
Thy heart grown restless, and have strayed
On with the throng.
Say, from their calm and peaceful home—
Their native sea—
Shall I bring back thy heart, thy shells,
To moan to thee?"

15 Gladly I answered to the wave,
As it my weary feet did lave,
"Nay, keep, Oh! keep the gifts ye gave."

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY, 1863.

BEYOND THE RAIN.

The cold and pitiless rain
Is pouring from the cloud,
And under the wet sod
My darling in a shroud,
Lies calm and still, her meek white hands
Folded in death's unyielding bands.
The pale flowers withered on her breast,
Her eyes closed, in a dreamless rest,
The damp curls on her pallid brow
The warm breeze ne'er will flutter through.
Life will no more its crimson flush
Paint on her cheek; the solemn hush
Of death is there. I hear the rain,
And my heart throbs with sudden pain;
I long to clasp her close once more
In my arms, and sing as oft of yore,
A soothing lullaby in her ear:
"My love, the rain can't come in here."
O yearning arms, ye reach in vain!
O longing heart, each throb is pain!
The king of terrors has claimed thy gem,
And set it in his cold diadem;
I cannot reach, or bring it back,
To cheer my life's dull, solemn track,
But beyond the grave, in pastures green,
Where no dark river rolls between
The loved and ever living, there,
Blessed by the tender Shepherd's care,
My darling I may find again,
Beyond the grave—beyond the rain.

EMILY P. WILLIAMS.
Atlanta, Ill., October, 1864.

COMFORT AT BABY'S GRAVE.

1 The leaves are falling, falling,
All gold, and red, and brown,
In many-colored showers
They flutter, noiseless, down.
On hills, now sere and faded,
Where, through the summer days,
The green grass springs, and the wild bird sings,
And the frolic sunbeam strays.

2 The flowers are fading, fading;
Where is the Wild-Rose bloom?
White Lily, and purple Violet,
And Larkspur's nodding plume?
Long, long ago they vanished,
And all that is left of them—
Of the tender bloom and the sweet perfume—
Is the withered leaf and stem.

3 Our hopes are falling—fading;
Where the summer grass did wave
On the hillside, starred with blossoms,
We laid them in the grave.
Some day for the earth new flowers will bloom,
Fresh leaves will deck the plain;
Ah! hopes so dear, that lie buried here,
Will ye comfort our hearts again?

4 Sleep, little flowers—Rest, buried hopes!
We trust in the Father's love.
Bright as of yore, shall ye bloom once more,
In the summer-land above!

ELIZABETH A. MATTHEWS.
Carlinville, Ill., 1884.

THE RINGS OF HAIR.

1 I have two sunny rings of hair,
Preserved for years with tenderest care;

2 Intwined together they are laid,
The two half-linked in golden braid.

3 The twilight veil that shrouds the past,
My memory penetrates at last.

4 I see the two bright beings now,
And those soft curls upon each brow.

5 The shadowy veil they've long since passed,
And swept alike by wint'ry blast,

6 Or summer's mild and fragrant breath,
They heed not, locked in arms of death.

7 Though seven changeful years have fled
Since they are numbered with the dead,

8 Their tones of childish music still
Bring to my heart the old time thrill;

9 And in remembrance still, I keep
Their last words, as they fell asleep.

10 Sweet words! "I'm going — going home."
They saw the light — we felt the gloom,

11 But those words, like a healing leaf,
Lay on the bleeding wounds of grief.

12 Ah! much we murmured, and repined,
Refusing long to be resigned.

13 But these last words would ever come;
Until we felt they were at home;

14 At home in heaven among the blest —
Saved from all sin — at peace — at rest.

15 And this all murmuring thoughts must quell,
It is the Lord — He doeth well.

ANNA MARIE SPAULDING.
Summerfield, Ill.

Miss Louise M. Alcott.

Miss Alcott was born, 1832, in Germantown, Pa. Her present residences in Concord, Mass. Although Miss Alcott's literary achievements have been mostly in prose, she has written some choice bits of verse. Her first attempt at writing was in rhyme, at the age of eight years.

[May Alcott Nerriker, sister of Louise M. Alcott, and the youngest of her four "Little Women," died recently in Paris, whither she went a year or two ago to pursue her art studies.] 1884.

OUR MADONNA.

1 A child her wayward pencil drew
On margins of her book:
Garlands of flowers, dancing elves,
Bird, butterfly and brook.
Lessons undone, and play forgot,
Seeking with hand and heart
The teacher whom she learned to love
Before she knew 'twas Art.

2 A maiden, full of lofty dreams,
Slender and fair and tall
As were the goddesses she traced
Upon her chamber wall.
Still laboring with brush and tool,
Still seeking everywhere
Ideal beauty, grace and strength
In the "divine despair."

3 A woman, sailing forth alone,
Ambitious, brave, elate,
To mould life with a dauntless will,
To seek and conquer fate.
Rich colors on her palette glowed,
Patience bloomed in power;
Endeavor earned its just reward,
Art had its happy hour.

4 A wife, low sitting at his feet
To paint with tender skill
The hero of her early dreams,
Artist, but woman still.
Glad to shut the world away,
Forgetting even Rome;
Content to be the household saint
Shrined in a peaceful home.

5 A mother folding in her arms
The sweet, supreme success,
Giving a life to win a life,
Dying that she might bless;
Grateful for joy unspeakable,
In the brief, blissful past;
The picture of a baby face
Her loveliest and last.

6 Death, the stern sculptor, with a touch
No earthly power can stay,
Changes to marble in an hour
The beautiful, pale clay;
But Love, the mighty master, comes,
Mixing his tints with tears,
Paints an immortal form to shine
Undimmed by coming years.

7 A fair Madonna, golden-haired,
Whose soft eyes seem to brood
Upon the child whose little hand
Crowns her with motherhood;
Sainted by death, yet bound to earth
By its most tender ties,
For life has yielded up to her
Its sacred mysteries.

8 So live, dear soul! serene and safe,
Throned as in Raphael's skies,
Type of the love, the faith, the grief
Whose pathos never dies.
Divine or human, still the same
To touch and lift the heart;
Earth's sacrifice is heaven's fame,
And Nature truest Art.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
"Woman's Journal"

Miss Ingelow

Was born at Ipswich, England, something over fifty years ago. 1885. Her poems are universally admired, as are her prose works, prominent among which are two novels, and considerable literature for children.

SEVEN TIMES SIX.

GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

1 To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:
To see my bright ones disappear,
Drawn up like morning dews;—
To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:
This have I done when God drew near
Among His own to choose.

2 To hear, to heed, to wed,
And with thy lord depart
In tears that he, as soon as shed,
Will let no longer smart;—
To hear, to heed, to wed,
This while thou didst I smiled,
For now it was not God who said,
"Mother, give ME thy child."

3 O fond, O fool, and blind!
To God I gave with fears;
But when a man like grace would find,
My soul put by her fears.
O fond, O fool and blind!
God guards in happier spheres;
That man will guard where he did bind
Is hope for unknown years.

4 To bear, to heed, to wed,
Fair lot that maidens choose,
Thy mother's tenderest words are said,
Thy face no more she views;
Thy mother's lot, my dear,
She doth it nought accuse;
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love—and then to lose.

JEAN INGELOW
From "Songs of Seven"

SEVEN TIMES SEVEN.

LONGING FOR HOME.

1 A song of a boat :—
There was once a boat on a billow :
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
And bent like a wand of willow.

2 I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went curtesying over the billow,
I marked her course till a dancing mote
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear loved home ;
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

3 I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short :—
My boat, you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port.
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me—
Ah me !

4 A song of rest :—
There was once a nest in a hollow :
Down in the mosses and knot-grass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim.
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

5 I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long :—
You shall never light, in a summer quest
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That wind-like did come and go.

6 I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah ! happy, happy I !
Right dearly I loved them : but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly.
Oh ! one after one they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going too.

7 I pray you, what is the nest to me,
My empty nest ?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west ?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed ?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed ?

Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be,—
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—
Ah me !

JEAN INGELOW.

THE CHILDLESS MOTHER.

1 I lay my tasks down one by one,
I sit in the silence in twilight's grace,
Out of its shadow, soft and dun,
Steals like a star my baby's face.

2 Mocking cold are the world's poor joys,
How poor to me all its pomp and pride !
In my lap lie the baby's idle toys,
In this very room the baby died.

3 I will shut these broken toys away
Under the lid where they mutely bide ;
I will smile in the face of the noisy day,
Just as if baby had never died.

4 I will take up my work once more
As if I had never laid it down,
Who will dream that I ever wore
Motherhood's regal, holy crown ?

5 Who will deem my life ever bore,
Fruit the sweeter in grief and pain ?
The fleeting smile that the baby wore
Outrayed the light of the loftiest brain.

6 I'll meet him in the world's rude din,
Who hath outlived his mother's kiss
Who hath forsaken her love for sin—
I will be spared her pang in this.

7 Man's way is hard and sore beset,
Many may fall, but few can win.
Thanks, dear Shepherd ! my lamb is safe,
Safe from sorrow and safe from sin.

8 Nevertheless, the way is long,
And tears leap up in the light of the sun,
I'd give my world for a cradle song,
And a kiss for baby—only one.

MARY CLEMMER.

IN HIS KEEPING.

1 You give your little child a costly book,
Full of gay pictures and engravings rare,
But only let him on its beauties look,
And then remove it with a loving care ;
"Not now, my child," you say in gentle tone,
"It is too costly, and too rich a treasure,
But bye and bye, when you have older grown,
And can more perfectly enjoy the pleasure,
I will restore the pretty book again ;
You know your mother would not cause you pain."

2 O trusting childhood! He resigns the gift
Into your loving hands without a sigh!
He knows the tenderness that fills your heart
Will not refuse it to him, bye and bye.
Poor mother, bending o'er the empty crib
Where slept your little one, with baby-smile,
Think that the One who gave the precious gift,
Hath but removed it for a little while.
Are you so wise, that you would dare withhold
Your tender lambkin from the heavenly fold?

3 How can you tell what your poor care would do?
Even at the best, you could not shield him quite;
Even with your wisest thought, you could not know
Always to guide those little feet aright.
Can you not let God have the charge of him?
He never takes away what He hath given,
And your sweet child will always be your own,
Though you are left on earth, and he in heaven.
He keeps him for you with a holy care,
And you shall shortly go and find him there!

MRS. DR. MATTHEWS.
Carlinville, Ill., 1884.

A FACE AT THE WINDOW.

1 Once as I wandered down the street,
I saw at a window a face *so* sweet—
The tiny face of a baby-girl,
With a soft, clear eye, and a silken curl—
And I looked o'er my shoulder again to see
The sweet, sweet face that smiled on me,
With a look in the eyes that seemed to say,
"I have come from heaven, but not to stay."

2 Adown the street as I walked again,
I looked for the face at the window-pane;
But the blind was drawn, and I heard it said,
As I passed along, that the child was dead.
O happy baby! O cherub girl,
Borne up out of the din and whirl,—
Out of the sorrow and saddened strife
That burden even the brightest life—
Out of the darkness and out of the gloom,
A bud in the garden of God to bloom—
Safe from danger, and care, and cold—
Sheltered forever within the fold.

3 What have you missed, O dainty dove,
By flying so soon to the realms above?
Missed earth's sorrows and missed earth's fears,
A woman's pains and a woman's tears,
The bitter lees of a cup too sweet,
The aching head and the weary feet,
Danger, and sickness, and death, and loss,
And all the pleasures that are but dross.

4 Sweet, sweet face with the soulful eyes,
Look from the windows of God's fair skies—
Look with those beauteous orbs of thine,
And draw me nearer to things divine.
Walking along Life's troubled way,
Let me look up, as I looked that day,
And know that a fair and cherub face
Smiles upon me through leagues of space.
Help me to keep from the snares, my sweet,
That lie unnumbered about my feet;
Watch when I stumble, that I may rise
Cheered by the light of thy smiling eyes
And when my journey of life is done,
May I see thy face, O cherub one!

ELLA WHEELER.

"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

1 "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
And the blue eyes, dark and deep,
Let their snowy curtains down,
Edged with fringes golden brown.
"All day long, the angels fair,
I've been watching over there;
Heaven's not far, 'tis just in sight,
Now they're calling me, good-night;
Kiss me, mother, do not weep,
Now I lay me down to sleep."

CHORUS.— "Over there, just over there,
I shall say my morning prayer;
Kiss me, mother, do not weep,
Now I lay me down to sleep."

2 Tangled ringlets, all smooth now,
Looped back from the waxen brow;
Little hands so dimpled white,
Clasped together, cold, to-night;
Where the mossy, daisied sod
Brought sweet messages from God,
Two pale lips with kisses press'd
There we left her to her rest,
And the dews of evening weep
Where we laid her down to sleep.

CHORUS.— Over there, just over there;
List! the angels' morning pray'r
Lisping low thro' fancy creep,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

MISS HATTIE A. FOX.

ONLY A YEAR

1 One year ago a ringing voice,
A clear blue eye,
And clustering curls of sunny hair,
Too fair to die.

2 Only a year,— no voice, no smile,
No glance of eye,
No clustering curls of golden hair,
Fair but to die.

3 One year ago, what loves, what schemes
Far into life!
What joyous hopes, what high resolves,
What generous strife!

4 The silent picture on the wall,
The burial-stone,
Of all that beauty, life, and joy,
Remain alone!

5 One year, one year, one little year,
And so much gone!
And yet the even flow of life
Moves calmly on.

6 The grave grows green, the flowers bloom fair,
Above that head;
No sorrowing tint of leaf or spray
Says he is dead.

7 No pause or hush of merry birds,
That sing above,
Tells us how coldly sleeps below
The form that we love.

8 Where hast thou been this year, beloved?
What hast thou seen?
What rising fair; what glorious life.
Where thou hast been?

9 The veil! the veil! so thin, so strong!
'Twixt us and thee;
The mystic veil! when shall it fall,
That we may see!

10 Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone;
But present still,
And waiting for the coming hour
Of God's sweet will.

11 Lord of the living and the dead,
Our Saviour dear!
We lay in silence at Thy feet
This sad, sad year!

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

LOST.

1 Lost your treasures, little maiden?
No! Do not cry.
Mother keeps them safe for thee;
And by-and-by,
When the study hours are o'er,
You shall play with them once more.

2 Lost your lov'd ones, tired heart?
Nay! Do not sorrow.
God doth keep them safe from harm.
Some glad to-morrow,
When life's lessons all are through,
God will give them back to you.

ZELLA ALLEN.
In "Gems of Poetry."

THE BRIDE OF HEAVEN

1 How beautiful she lies, upon her pure white bed,
While pale flowers o'er her brow a holy incense shed;
The eyelids tremble not, so peaceful is her rest,
That even her maiden heart lies silent in her breast.

2 Why o'er the sweet calm face, fond mother, dost thou weep?
Wouldst thou awake thy child from such a quiet sleep?
She is asleep, with Him whose love alone is pure,
Within whose presence bliss shall evermore endure.

3 No grief, no care, no pain, can ever pierce her heart;
No loved voice say again, "sweet sister, we must part!"
The living waters sweet have quenched her spirit's thirst,
And on her soul the light of Holiness has burst.

4 Why weep we then for her whose days of pain are o'er?
Dear hands have wiped her tears, and she shall shed no more.
To agony and tears the brides of earth are given—
Oh! bless her, as she lies, the pure young bride of Heaven.

LYDIA JANE PIERSON, 1840.

PASS UNDER THE ROD.

1 I saw the young bride in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array;
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay;
And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
At the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which her tenderness wove.
But I saw when those heart-strings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two,
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief,
And her bloom for the paleness of woe!
But the Healer was there, pouring balm on her heart,
And wiping the tears from her eyes;
He strengthened the chain He had broken in twain,
And fastened it firm to the skies!
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
"I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!"

2 I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy;
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Oh! sweet as the rosebud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent and cold,
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told!
But the Healer was there who had stricken her heart,

And taken her treasure away;
To allure her to heaven He has placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whispered a voice—'twas the voice of her God—
"I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!"

3 I saw a father and mother who leaned
On the arms of a dear gifted son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast-coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet;
And the starlight of love glimmered bright at the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.
And I saw them again bending low o'er the grave
Where their heart's dearest hope had been laid;
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And the joy from their bosom had fled.
But the Healer was there, and His arms were around
And He led them with tenderest care;
And He showed them a star in the bright upper world—
'T was their star shining brilliantly there!
They had each heard a voice—'t was the voice of their God—
"I love thee, I love thee—pass under the rod!"

MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

Set to music by MRS. SUE INGERSOLL SCOTT.
Music copyrighted by J. Church, Jr. 1862.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

1 Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're neither white nor small;
And you, I know, would scarcely think
That they are fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be;
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
Most beautiful to me.

2 Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart were weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That the children might be glad.
I almost weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

3 Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They're growing feeble now;
For time and pain hath left their mark
On hand, and heart, and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And the sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be!

4 But Oh! beyond this shadow-lamp,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well these dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear.
Where crystal streams, through endless days,
Flow over golden sands,
And where the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

ELLEN M. GATES.

TO MY MOTHER.

1 The sweetest face in all the world to me,
Set in a frame of shining, silver hair;
With eyes whose language is fidelity,—
This is my mother; say, is she not fair?

2 Ten little heads have found their sweetest sleep
Upon the pillow of her loving breast;
The world is wide: yet nowhere does it keep
So safe a haven—so complete a rest.

3 Her hands are neither beautiful nor fair,
Yet seemed they lovely in her children's eyes;
We found our daily strength and comfort there,
And if her hands were rough, we were not wise.

4 'T is counted something great to be a queen,
And bend a kingdom to a woman's will;
To be a mother such as mine, I ween,
Is something better and more noble still.

5 O mother! in the changeful years now flown,
Since as a child I leant upon your knee,
Life has not brought to me, nor fortune shown,
Such tender love! such yearning sympathy!

6 Let fortune smile or frown, whiche'er she will;
It matters not. I scorn her fickle ways!
I never shall be quite bereft, until
I lose my mother's honest blame and praise!

MAY RILEY SMITH.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

1 Through fifty years of wedded life
Love's golden chain has bound us,
We'll enter soon the pearly gates,
Its links still clasped around us.

2 For though, perchance, an angel band
Escort one first to heaven,
We still may grasp love's golden chain,
And not one link be riven.

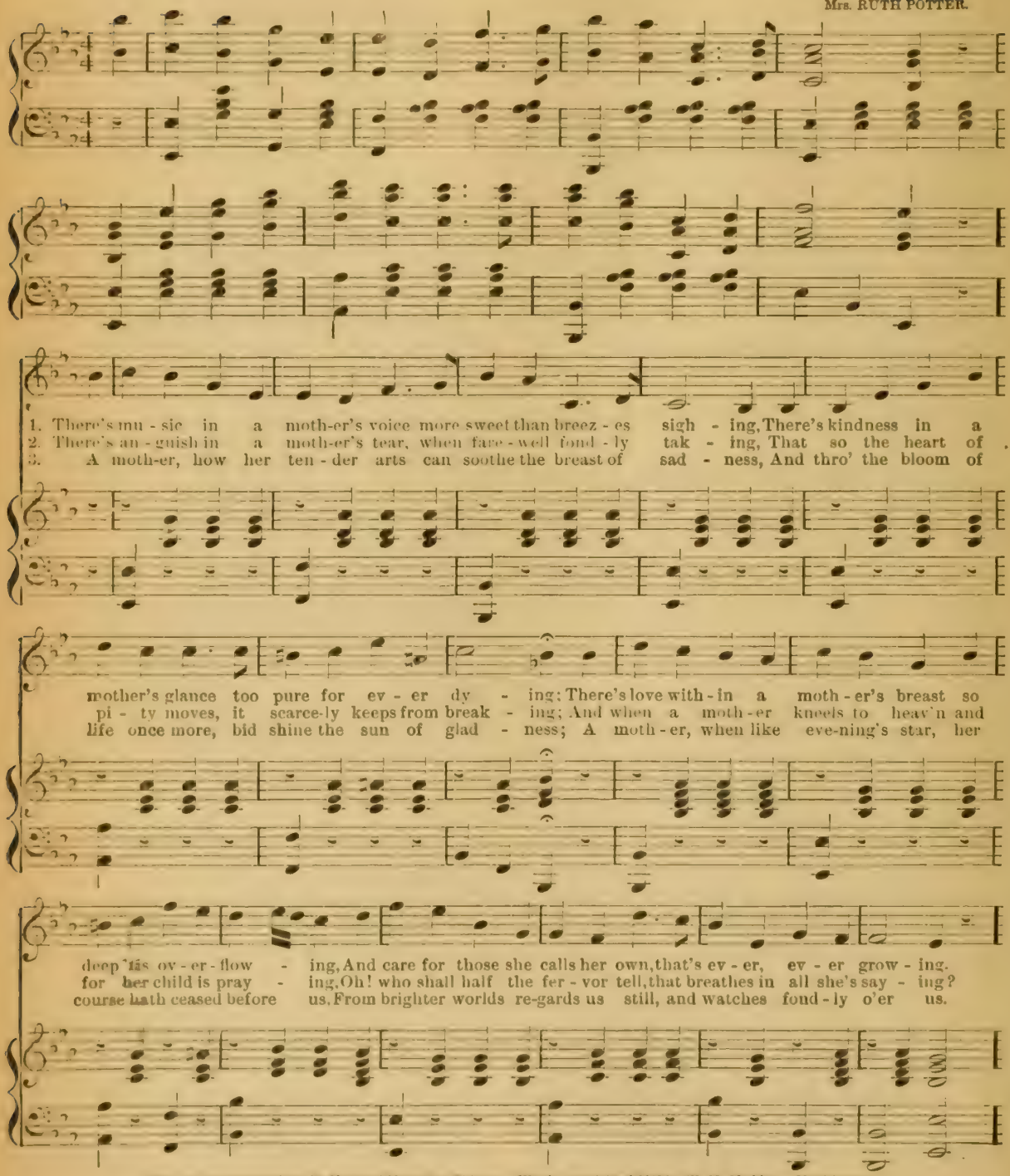
3 And when adown the golden streets
We wander by the river,
We'll gather from the tree of life
Love's golden fruit, forever.

ELLEN C. MENETT.
New Haven, Conn. 1881.

DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER.

THERE'S MUSIC IN A MOTHER'S VOICE.

Mrs. RUTH POTTER.



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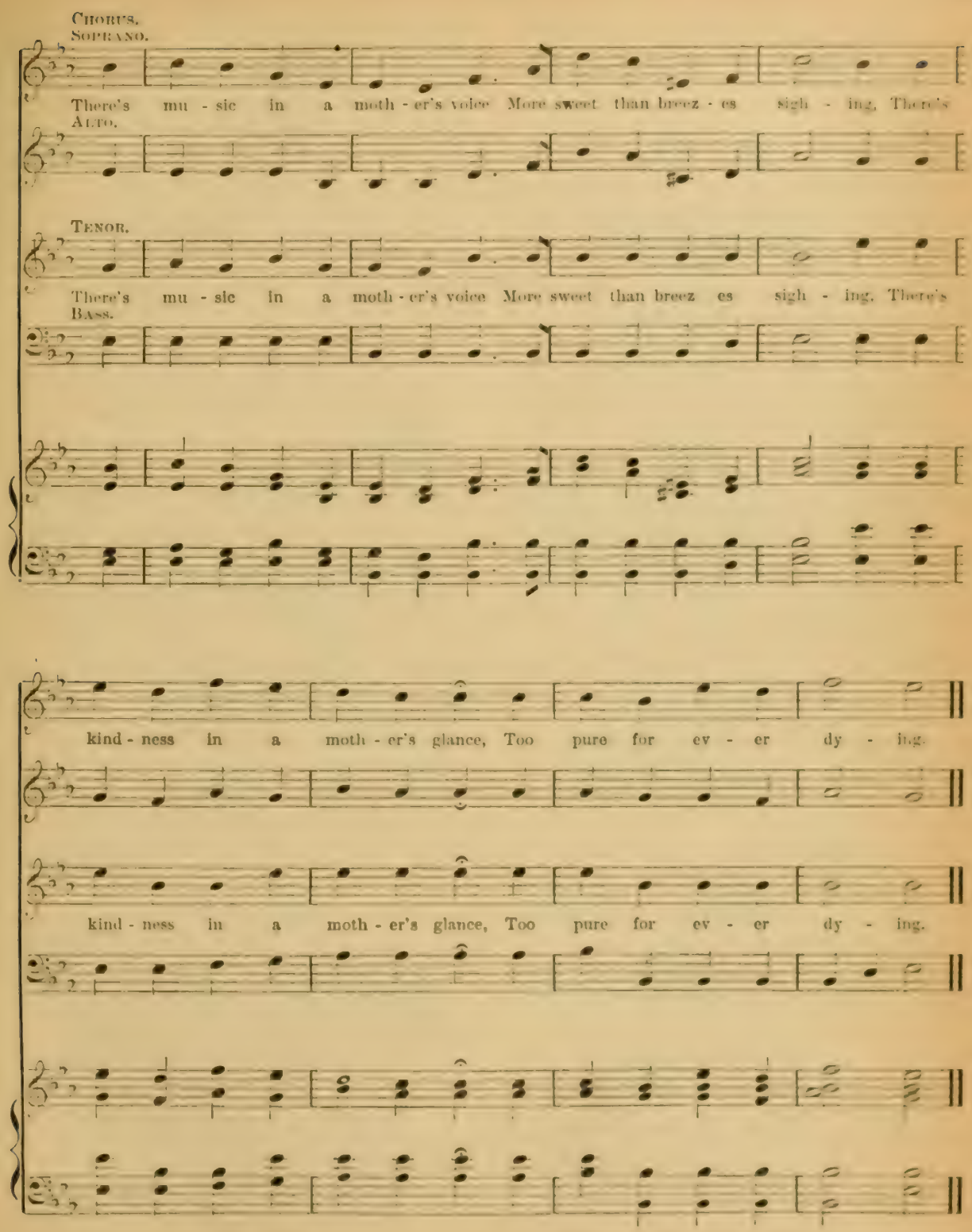

Chorus.
Soprano.
There's mu - sic in a moth - er's voice More sweet than breez - es sigh - ing, There's
Alto.
Tenor.
There's mu - sic in a moth - er's voice More sweet than breez es sigh - ing, There's
Bass.
kind - ness in a moth - er's glance, Too pure for ev - er dy - ing.
kind - ness in a moth - er's glance, Too pure for ev - er dy - ing.

Eliza Cook

Was born in Southwark, London, in 1817. Of her many songs, this has been the most extensively sung, for a full half century.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

1 I love it! I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs;
'T is bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell? a mother sat there!
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.

2 In childhood's hour I lingered near
That hallowed seat with a listening ear,
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live;
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.

3 I sat and watched her many a day
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray,
And I almost worshipped her when she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled:
I felt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.

4 'T is past! 't is past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering lip and throbbing brow;
'T was there she nursed me, 't was there she died,
And memory still flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
As the scalding tear-drops down my cheek;
But I love it! I love it! and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm chair.

ELIZA COOK.

Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen

Was born in 1832 in Strong, Franklin Co., Maine. She married the sculptor Paul Akers, who died the following year. She afterwards became Mrs. Allen, and resided in New York city. Under the name of Florence Percy, she has written many beautiful gems of song, among which "Rock me to sleep, mother," is prominent.

She was paid $5 for it, and her publishers, who had in three years gained $4000 by its sale, offered her $5 apiece for any songs she might write. Some years after, when a poor widow and in need of money, she sent them a song which was promptly rejected.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

1 Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,— rock me to sleep!

2 Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep.

3 Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

4 Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep:—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

5 Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

6 Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

"FLORENCE PERCY."

Mrs. Crane.

Mrs. Crane of Oakhampton, England, is the sister of the lamented Frances R. Havergal. She is the author of "Records of the life of Rev. William Havergal,— Hon. Canon of Worcester Cathedral," a most interesting memoir of that useful man and composer of sacred music. She edited "Specimen Glasses," published 1 Paternoster Buildings; and she is the editor of "Swiss Letters," written by her sister Frances.

TO MY FATHER,

THE REV. WM. M. HAVERGAL, ON HIS 73d BIRTHDAY.

While we reckon up thy years,
Balancing our hopes and fears,
Praise we our Redeemer's grace,
Shining on thy pilgrim race.
He hath given thee work to do,
And the task to suffer too;

He hath given thee art to twine,
Music-chords with song sublime,
Holy chant and choral hymn,
Praise-notes fit for seraphim;
Tuneful voice and ready pen
Charm and teach the souls of men;
And thy God hath given thee skill
Guiding youth to do His will;
And as pastor in His fold,
Christ's salvation to uphold.
Now a time for rest is thine
In the land of Beulah's shine,
Where the angels come and go,
Bringing help and hope, and low
Sweet echoes of the heavenly chime,
Cheering on the flight of time.
Oh! may health and peace be given
Till the ties of earth be riven,
And this birthday happy be
With the light of heaven on thee!

J. MIRIAM CRANE.
(Née Havergal.)

SILVER WEDDING OF REV. AND MRS. F. B. DOE.

1 How swift the noiseless years go by,
Like carrier-birds that homeward fly,
In changeless course, through dark and light,
Yet have their shadows, dim and wide,
But lightly touched the groom and bride,
Who plight anew their vows to-night.

2 He looks on her with tender eyes,
That through all matronly disguise
See girlhood's bloom yet crown her head;
And she—"Dear heart!" she whispers low,
"Not five-and-twenty years ago,
But yesterday, we two were wed."

3 To love no earthly span is lent,
Here is the heavenly measurement!
As some fair saint in chapel lone,
Who tells her rosary o'er and o'er,
She numbers all the years before
By treasures that the years have won.

4 The joys and sorrows shared so long;
The tried affections true and strong;
The friends who gathered at their board;
Fair brows of children where the light
Of household hearth shines warm and bright:
These are the wealth the years have stored.

5 Nor these alone the hopes that rise
Beneath these bending autumn skies,
Whose tender bloom must fade at last;
Light, clear when earthly beacons pale,
And faith that far within the vail
Hath sure and steadfast anchor cast.

6 Then while you linger on the way,
Dear friends, to keep this wedding-day,
The hearts whose love you knew of old
Would send you greetings true and warm!
God keep you safe through sun and storm,
And turn life's "silver" all to "gold."

MRS. S. [illegible]
Appleton, Wis.

Ada C. Sweet.

Ada C. Sweet is the daughter of the late Gen. B. J. Sweet. She was born at Stockbridge, Wis., Feb. 29, 1852. Moved to Chicago in 1863, where her father was in command of the U. S. post at Camp Douglas. After the war, the family took up a permanent residence near that city. Her father, losing his right arm in the battle of Perryville, Ky., she began to assist him in his office work, he was then over [illegible] years of age. In 1865 he was appointed U. S. agent for paying pensions at Chicago, and she continued to assist him. After two years she took entire charge of the business, under her father's direction, of course, and when he left, to take the place of Supervisor of Internal Revenue in April 1871, she remained with her successor as chief clerk, until Jan. 1872, when she joined her father at Washington, where he was appointed Deputy Commissioner of Internal Revenue. She acted as his secretary until his death, Jan. 1, 1874. She was the eldest of four children, and to her, they and her mother looked mainly for support. In Washington she had many influential friends among whom was Gen. Grant, who, knowing how faithful she had been in discharge of her duties, promptly acted upon the proposition that she be appointed U. S. agent for paying pensions at Chicago. The nomination was made in March 1874, and confirmed by the Senate. She was re-appointed by President Hayes and then again by President Arthur. During eight years, she disbursed twenty five million dollars. This was the first instance of a woman being disbursing officer for the U. S. She continued to retain this position until feeling forced to resign in 1885 on account of the new administration. She asserts that many of the best positions under her authority were held by women and never did one fail to meet all the responsible duties entrusted to her.

Miss Sweet has written much, considering her occupation. Her prose is always enjoyable, and the following gem of poesy has the true ring. It will be enjoyed by all who read it, and find a sympathetic chord in many hearts.

THE GARDEN.

1 I lean against the shaking fence,
And look upon the dwelling whence
Have gone the hearts that made it home.
No well-belovéd face looks out;
The vines no longer climb about
The doors, and blossom into foam.

2 Around the house there is no sign
Of aught that made it home of mine,
Well known, familiar, yet 't is strange.
But in the garden I can see
The trace of loving care, to me;
The flowers smile,—"We do not change."

3 Three summers now the sun and rain
Above those patient hands have lain
That worked and planted flowers here;
And yet the red petunias stand,
Unchecked by weeds on every hand,
And tall blue larkspur shows no fear.

4 One tiger-lily rears its head
Close to the ruined gravel walk,
And nods across the grass to me;
White feverfew shines bright and fair,
Lifting its face to sun and air,
And mignonette grows rank and free.

5 Yet mother, mother, all of those
You loved the best, your favorite rose—
Your pets and darlings are no more.
They could not live but by your side;
They flourished in your simple pride;
For you their buds and blossoms bore!

6 But in a garden that you know,
Even yet, some flowers you planted grow,
And those you cherished, loved the best.
They do not fade with passing years;
No winter blights, no summer sears
The leaves your tears and prayers have blessed.

ADA C. SWEET.
September, 1882.

IN MEMORIAM.

On the death of Miss Frances R Havergal's Mother, Jane Havergal, July 5, 1848.

1 Lift, lift thy eye, poor mourner, see her now,
No earthly anguish wreathing that fair brow;
Fairer than when in youth's opening days,
It met her sister's fond, admiring gaze;
Dazzling and fair, and with a starry crown
Before her Saviour's feet cast humbly down.

2 Such tears, such bitter tears, dear friend, as thou,
Art shedding to her sainted memory now,
Such tears, those dove-like eyes no more can shed,
No more in anguish droop that throbbing head.
Her months of pain, her hours of anguish here
Are all forgotten in that glorious sphere
As if they had not been; save that perchance,
The new-born spirit in that vast expanse
Lifts high a song of more melodious power
To Him who brought her through each heavy hour.

3 I would not have thee musing day by day,
On sufferings, bitter once, but passed away;
Dwell on her blesséd end, when kneeling by
Her heart's belovéd saw her gently die,
And though her speechless tongue no more could frame
With sweet endearment, each remembered name,
Yet round the neck, upon each cheek and tress,
Twined her poor hand in a last sweet caress;
And her fond look was fixed on him whose love
Had imaged here her Father's care above.
Words of sweet comfort with their heavenly power
Were breathed from God's own book that solemn hour,
And anguish ceased—as the few sands at last,
After life's turmoil, from the hour glass passed.

4 Then cheer thee now, a few more passing years,
Swift in the downward course, a few more tears,
And thou shall join the blesséd ones above
And know the fullness of your Saviour's love.

MRS MARTHA ROUCH.
Canterbury, July 16, 1848.
Addressed to Mrs. Havergal's sister, Susan Stratton.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

TO GRANDFATHER AND GRANDMOTHER SCOTT.
MARCH 28, 1833 —MARCH 28, 1883.

It is the day of days in all the years
That comes but to the favored happy pair,
Who cross life's limit of three score and ten;
In marriage ties accepted in their youth,
The type of truest marriage and its best—.
Our Lord has set through all the word He made
The dual perfections of two in one,
And one in two, that life might be, and bless.
One God, one wife, one husband—discords run
Through all the warp and woof of life if this is not.
O happy pair, who sit to-day in state
With silver crowns, that glorify the head—
Nor weigh it down with fear, or care, or fret—
Life has poured out its fullness at thy feet.
Down the dim avenues of time ye look,
And see the past, with all its joys and griefs
And fears, wave like a misty curtain pale
That now seems woven full of golden threads,
That catch the blesséd glow and shine of peace,
And glint and glitter in this golden day,
Youth's toil and fret, its fierce impatience passed.
The fears and hopes of later years fulfilled,
Now cometh age, with wisdom and with peace
That reads and understands life's lessons clear.
What once did seem a tangled web of care,
Is now a "Cloth of Gold" glittering and fair.
Love, faith and hope are seated now serene
Within your souls: and all to thee is well;
Around you come to greet the day your children,
And your children's children; men and women,
Youths and maidens, and the little ones,
All with the offerings of affection laden;
To grace and joy the day, and bless the happy
Grandsire, and grandame, whose Golden Day it is.
Some are not here, but wait in the beyond—
Their memories to-day be sweet, not sad;—
Perhaps unseen they pour sweet harmonies
Along the trembling currents of your souls.
Old friends and neighbors kindly come and press
Your hands in theirs, rejoicing in your joy,
As erst they joyed or sorrowed with you when
Life was all forward, not backward looking;
The silver of the years has gently fallen
On them as upon you; the footprints of
The days are seen on brow and cheek and chin;
The eye's bright light is dimmed; the ear is dull;
The strong, staunch muscles, that in labor bent

Are shrunken; and the active tread is slow;
But the old hearts are golden with their memories,
And the brain is rich in wisdom's ripened stores;
Life's crucible has tried and tested worth,
And burned away the dross.
Kindred, and friends, and neighbors old and new
Bring their best wishes to the honored pair,
This day a full half century wed, and who,
In all their days have travelled side by side
In fair and stormy weather, faithful, fond and true;
And who stand as they who gaze upon the closing
Of a lovely day, when all the scene about
Is bathed in radiance of the setting sun;
And they who watch and wait are lifted up
In soul, and shine in beauty,
Knowing that when their day orb sets and pales
There cometh greater joy, in full glory
Of the eternal morning.

ADA H. KEPLEY.

OUR MOTHER'S SAMPLER.

1 It was wrought in silken letters,
As was the fashion then,
Stiched into our mother's sampler—
"Eliza, aged Ten!"
'T was long ago—passed sixty years!
Below the name the date appears.

2 In "eighteen hundred twenty-three!"
We often heard her tell—
She walked two miles to school that year,
And we remember well
How underneath the elm tree's shade
She rested when a little maid.

3 Above her name the Alphabet,
In letters large and small,
Was wrought in red, and "true love blue,"
And cross-stitched, one and all.
The rows divided off by lines,
Made from some old and quaint designs.

4 And through the Summer sunshine,
And through the Winter's snow,
With the sampler in her pocket,
Our mother used to go.
And afternoons, the lessons done,
She worked the letters, one by one.

5 The stitches evenly were set,
With only here and there
A misplaced one, perhaps the count
Was lost midst childish care.
Distracting things in school, perchance,
Stole from the work a thought, a glance.

6 They tell me it was beautiful,
Our mother's childhood tree,
And speak of all her kindly words,
Her ways of simple grace.
Could we have only seen her then,
That child, "Eliza, aged ten!"

7 We knew her not at morning:
But when the noon-time came,
With childish love and prattle,
We gave her the new name;
Replete with all that's pure and good—
The sacred name of motherhood.

8 And now the afternoon has passed;
It is the evening tide
Our mother has just entered in
Among the glorified.
We look her finished life-work through—
The misplaced stitches, Oh! how few!

SUSAN TEALL PERRY, 1862.
"Evangeline."

MOTHERLESS.

1 I'm standing by your grave, mother,
The winds are throbbing wild,
And the wintry stars look dimly down,
Upon your orphan child.
Dark clouds are wreathed along the sky,
In many a heavy fold,
And the moonlight on the frosty grass,
Gleams very pale and cold.

2 We had a happy home, mother,
Upon the mountain side,
When the summer birds sang all day long,
Before dear father died,
Then mother, dear, your cheek grew pale
And paler ev'ry day,
Until at last the angels came
And bore you too away.

3 I had a gentle sister then,
She is not with me now,
For the gloomy shadow of the grave
Lies on her fair young brow;
And strangers meet around the fire,
Upon the old hearthstone;
O mother, in the cold wide world,
I'm all alone, alone.

4 I'm standing by your grave, mother,
No human form is near;
And the fitful moaning of the wind
Is all the sound I hear;
I tremble when the old trees toss
Their shadows to and fro,
But I'll shut my eyes, and say the prayer
You taught me long ago.

* SARAH T. BOLTON

* One of the best writers of her day. Resides in Indianapolis, Ind., and is quite advanced in years. 1892.)

AN OLD PICTURE.

1 The sweetest picture that memory brings,
The dearest of all departed things,
Is the old brown house, with its open door,
Its wide flung windows, and spotless floor.

2 Tall hollyhocks by the footpaths grow,
The sweet old-fashioned balls of snow
That tell of a beauty-loving heart,
Unlearned in a single rule of art.

3 I can see again the tansy bed,
And the apples ripening overhead,
The mullen stalks with crowns of gold,
And the blossoming asters manifold.

4 I can hear again the patient tread
Of the gentle mother, long since dead;
I can feel her hand upon my brow,
Ah! the earth has no such healing now.

5 For the race of women has passed away
That blessed the land in its earlier day;
And quaint old houses, low and brown,
Are found unhealthy, and all torn down.

6 The world moves on, its progress brings
Grand reforms, undreamed of things;
But nothing modern can fill the place
Of the dear old home and mother's face.

MRS. C. JEWETT.
In "Portland Transcript."

CHILDHOOD'S HOME REVISITED.

1 Why do men wander up and down
In search of scenes to charm the eye,
While never sun e'er kindled sun
As do the lights of memory!
The purple hills and wayside stream
With unforgotten splendors beam.

2 No morning ever seems so fair
As that we saw when all was new;
No mountain summit poised in air
E'er rose like those in childhood's view;
No architect will ever come
To build for us a dearer home.

3 How memories cling and clothe the things
Which daily use has rendered dear,
Till each familiar object brings
A sense of fellowship and cheer;
And even furniture seems fraught
With pleasant character and thought.

4 The gayest halls ne'er held such friends
As the dear ghosts that fill these rooms;
A love-lit radiance softly lends
Its light to mellow all the glooms;
As memory fills each 'customed place,
'T is almost seeing face to face.

BELLE W. COOKE.
Springfield, May 1, 1884.

SIX LITTLE FEET ON THE FENDER.

1 In my heart there liveth a picture
Of a kitchen rude and old,
Where the fire-light tripped o'er the rafters
And reddened the roof's brown mold;
Gilding the steam from the kettle
That hummed from the foot-worn hearth,
Throughout the live-long evening,
Its measures of drowsy mirth.

2 Because of the three light shadows
That frescoed the rude old room—
Because of the voices echoed
Up 'mid the rafters' gloom—
Because of the feet on the fender,
Six restless, white little feet—
The thoughts of that dear old kitchen
Are to me so dear and sweet.

3 When the first dash on the window
Told of the coming rain,
Oh! where are the dear young faces
That crowded against the pane?
While bits of fire-light stealing
Their dimpled cheeks between,
Went struggling out in the darkness,
In shreds of silver sheen.

4 Two of the feet grew weary,
One dreary, dismal day,
And we tied them with snow-white ribbons,
Leaving him there by the way.
There was fresh clay on the fender
That weary, wint'ry night,
For the four little feet had tracked it
From the grave on the brown hill's height.

5 Oh! why on this darksome evening,
This evening of rain and sleet,
Rest my feet all alone on the hearth-stone?
Oh! where are those other feet?
Are they treading the pathway of virtue
That will bring us together above?
Or have they made steps that will dampen
A sister's tireless love?

MRS. CORNIE W. LAWS.

WAITING FOR MOTHER.

(An incident of the Chicago fire.)

1 That time of horror with its thunderous roar,
Of burning halls and hovels, stores and streets,
Its storm of firebrands, and its stifling smoke,
Moans of dumb animals and human shrieks;

2 That time, when jostling, trampling under foot,
One hundred thousand homeless people fled
O'er flaming bridges and through tunnels dark,
Dropping their household treasures as they sped;

3 When faint with fear and hunger, and the flight
For weary miles out to the open plain,
They lay unsheltered through that dismal night,
Stiffened with cold, drenched by the drizzling rain;

4 That time of horror will be often told
To children's children in the years to come;
And hearts and hands will open then as now
To give the houseless and the stranger room.

5 One scene is sadder than the ashen heaps
Where lie the hope and pride and work of years;
And sadder than the morgue with crumbling dead,
Past kiss of friends or knowledge of their tears.

6 Four hundred orphan children huddle close
As though their kindred sorrow made them one,
And watch and wait with frightened, vacant air,
And hark for footsteps that will never come.

7 But yesterday they prattled at their hearths,
Petted and fondled as our own have been;
To-day they eat the bread of charity,
And wait for stranger homes to take them in.

8 Here parents look for tender ones that fell
Unheeded in that fearful flight for life,
And many a mother tends her helpless babe,
To-day a widow, yesterday a wife.

9 Among that eager throng a father stood;
Within his arms a pretty baby slept,
Wet with the rain, exhausted by its cries;
And by his side three little children crept.

10 Waiting for mother; "When will she come?"
Over and over asked the frightened brood;
Nothing made answer save the shorter breath
Of the dear baby, dying for its food.

11 Waiting for mother; through the ghastly morgue,
Filled with its young dead, they sought their own;
Some blackened body might be hers they sought,
But death had branded all alike, "unknown."

12 Waiting for mother; through the surging crowd,
Each face he scanned until all hope seemed lost;
Could she have fallen on that dreadful night?
Trampled beneath that flying, frantic host?

13 Waiting for mother; only four to wait;
The baby nestled closer till it died;
But the three motherless and homeless ones
Sobbed vainly for her coming at his side.

14 That time of horror will be often told,
Of many a fortune lost and vanished home;
But worst of all will be that saddened host
Who waited loved ones that have never come.

SARAH K. BOLTON.
Cleveland, O.

WAIT, LITTLE MOTHER.

1 Oh! wait, little mother, a moment,
Ere folding that garment away,—
That garment on which you have labored
So many a wearisome day!

2 How fleecy and pure is its texture,
How perfect its fashioning rare;
"Just fit," you have said in your rapture,
"For one like *my* darling to wear!"

3 But I, with a gaze more impartial,
Discern what is hidden from thee,
And visions rise up from those frillings
Which mar all the beauty to me:—

4 I seem, as it were, to be viewing
The face of a mother to-night,
And angrily flushed it appeareth,—
Dost think I am seeing aright?

5 The words which that mother is speaking
Are hasty—and by them I know
The heart of the mother is burdened;
What is it that troubles her so?

6 Ah! small as it looks, now it's over,
The tucks in that gay little gown
Caused all of the mother's impatience;
And darkened her brow with its frown.

7 And looking again, I discover
A child in a dainty white bed,
But tear-stained and toss'd are the pillows
Now pressed by the bright little head.

8 A pitiful sound is her grieving,
But no loving mother draws near;
The mother is busily stitching,—
I wish, Oh! I wish she would hear!

9 The yards and the yards of white frilling,
Like sea-foam, around her lie piled;
But still does the wheel keep on turning,
And drowned is the moan of the child.

10 The days which now come, to the mother,
Are short, though she works with her might;
And often the wheel's steady humming
Is heard in the hours of the night.

11 The week with its labor is ended,
And on, toward the blessèd home light
Comes one with a wearisome footstep:
How welcome is Saturday night!

12 The burden of care, which the toiler
Has borne through the heat of the day,
Is lifted, as thoughts of his loved ones
Draw near and encircle his way.

13 Refreshingly sweet is the fragrance
The roses distil on the air:
He lingers;—sometimes soft caresses
Are waiting his coming just there.

14 But to-night, in the soft, quiet gloaming,
He finds there is no one to wait
To give him the first kiss of welcome,
From over the low wicket gate.

15 A weight settles down o'er his spirit
While hast'ning the dear one to seek;
Nor is it removed when he finds her—
A woman too weary to speak—

16 Too weary to watch for his coming;
To care for caresses this night:
Too weary to garnish the home life
With smiles that are winning and bright.

17 And this is the precious home-coming,
Which all through the heat of the day
Has brightened the heart of the worker,
And gilded his burdensome way.

18 And seeing this sad train of visions
Pass swiftly before me to-night,
What wonder that yonder small raiment
To me seems not faultless or white?

19 If only the tucks had been fewer,
And hems less exactingly laid;
If sheer glist'ning white of fine muslin
The garment's sole beauty had made,

20 What time would that mother have garnered
With which to have made her home bright!
What leisure for lullaby-humming
Have found at the coming of night!

21 What fountains of joy she'd have opened,
For all whom she met through the day!
What sweetness extracted from duties,
To cheer her own heart on its way!

22 What soft loving words would have greeted
The coming of him she loved best;
What cares would her gentle caresses
Have quietly folded to rest!

23 And Oh! how the angels above her
Would have hasten'd to quickly unfold
The story, that faithful recorders
Might write it in letters of gold!

BELLE KELLOGG TOWNE, 1880.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster has written for publications ever since her fourteenth year. At that early age she took a prize for an Essay on Temperance, over about five hundred competitors. The prize offered was a collection of standard authors, and those competing were the pupils, of both sexes, attending the various public and private schools of Brooklyn and New York. She will be remembered by many who also attended there, as a member of Williamsburg Collegiate Institute. Her earlier writings were usually over the single initials M. E. M., behind which she, even now, occasionally veils herself.

Mrs. Sangster was born in New York State, and has lived in that State and Virginia, all her life, with the exception of one year in Maryland. She is at present, 1884, the very successful associate editor of "The Christian Intelligencer," New York. The following beautiful poem —"Are the Children at Home?" was written in 1867, while sitting on her pleasant verandah in Norfolk, Va., overlooking the Elizabeth River. Its blending of pathos, tenderness, and simplicity are rarely equalled. The home impulse shines clearly through many of Mrs. Sangster's poems For a year or two she was associate editor of the popular paper "Hearth and Home," and its columns were then enriched by much of her prose and verse. Her deep religious feeling is voiced in "Wayfarers," found in this department of "Woman in Sacred Song."

ARE THE CHILDREN HOME?

1 Each day when the glow of sunset
Fades in the western sky,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go tripping lightly by,
I steal away from my husband,
Asleep in the easy chair,
And watch from the open doorway
Their faces fresh and fair.

2 Alone in the dear old homestead
That once was full of life,
Full of girlish laughter,
Echoing with boyish strife,
We, too, are waiting together,
And oft as the shadows come,
With tremulous voice, he calls me:
"It is night, are the children home?"

3 "Yes, love," I answer him gently,
"They're all home long ago."
And I sing in my quivering treble
A song so soft and low,
Till the old man drops to slumber
With his head upon his hand,
And I tell to myself the number
At home in the better land.

4 Home, where never a sorrow
Shall dim their eyes with tears,
Where the smile of God is on them
Through all the summer years.
I know, yet my arms are empty,
That fondly folded seven;
And the mother heart within me
Is almost starved for heaven.

5 Sometimes in the dusk of evening
I only shut my eyes,
And the children are all about me,
A vision from the skies;
The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way to my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blest.

6 A breath, and the vision is lifted
Away on the wings of light,
And again we two are together,
All alone in the night.
They tell me his mind is failing,
But I smile at idle fears;
He is only back with the children,
In the dear and peaceful years.

7 And still as the summer sunset
Fades away in the west,
And the wee ones, tired of playing,
Go trooping home to rest,
My husband calls from his corner,
"Say, love, have the children come?"
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,
"Yes, dear, they are all at home."

MARGARET E. SANGSTER, 1867.

THE RUINED MERCHANT.

1 A cottage home with sloping lawn, and trellised vines and flowers,
And little feet to chase away the rosy-fingered hours;
A fair young face to part at eve the shadows in the door;—
A picture thus, a home I knew, in happy days of yore.

2 Says one, a cherub thing of three, with childish heart elate,
"Papa is comin', let me do, to meet 'im at te date!"
Another takes the music up, and flings it on the air,
"Papa has come, but why so slow his footstep on the stair?"

3 "O father! did you bring the books I've waited for so long,
The baby's rocking-horse and drum, and mother's 'angel song'?
And did you see"—but something holds the questioning lips apart,
And something settles very still upon the joyous heart.

4 The quick-discerning wife bends down with her white hand to stay
The clouds from tangling with the curls that on his forehead lay;
To ask in gentle tones, "Beloved, by what rude tempest tossed?"
And list the hollow, "Beggared, lost,—all ruined, poor, and lost!"

5 "Nay, say not so, for I am here to share misfortune's hour,
And prove how better far than gold is love's unfailing dower.
Let wealth take wings and fly away, as far as wings can soar,
The bird of love will hover near, and only sing the more."

6 "All lost, papa? why, here am I; and, father, see how tall;
I measure fully three feet four, upon the kitchen wall;
I'll tend the flowers, feed the birds, and have such lots of fun,
I'm big enough to work, papa, for I'm the oldest son."

7 "And I, papa, am almost five," says curly-headed Rose,
"And I can learn to sew, papa, and make all dolly's clothes.
But what is 'poor,'—to stay at home and have no place to go?
Oh! then I'll ask the Lord to-night to make us always so."

8 "I'se here, papa; I isn't lost!" and on his father's knee
He lays his sunny head to rest, that baby-boy of three.
"And if we get too poor to live," says little Rose, "you know
There is a better place, papa, a heaven where we can go.

9 "And God will come and take us there, dear father, if we pray.
We need n't fear the road, papa. He surely knows the way."
Then from the corner, taff in hand, the grandma rises slow,
Her snowy capstrings in the breeze soft fluttering to and fro;

10 Totters across the parlor floor, by aid of kindly hands,
Counting in every little face, her life's declining sands;
Reaches his side, and whispers low, "God's promises are sure;
For every grievous wound, my son, He sends a ready cure."

11 The father clasps her hand in his, and quickly turns aside,
The heaving chest, the rising sigh, the coming tear, to hide;
Folds to his heart those loving ones, and kisses o'er and o'er
That noble wife whose faithful heart he little knew before.

12 "May God forgive me! What is wealth to these more precious things,
Whose rich affection round my heart a ceaseless odor flings?
I think he knew my sordid soul was getting proud and cold,
And thus to save me, gave me *these*, and took away my gold.

13 "Dear ones, forgive me; nevermore will I forget the rod
That brought me safely unto you, and led me back to God.
I am not poor while these bright links of priceless love remain,
And Heaven helping, nevermore shall blindness hide the chain."

CORA M. EAGER.

THE WAIL OF A MORMON WIFE.

Let every happy wife and mother who reads these lines give her sympathy, prayers and efforts to free her sisters from this degrading bondage. Let all the womanhood of the country stand united for them. There is a power in combined enlightened sentiment and sympathy before which every form of injustice and cruelty must finally go down.—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

1 There's a waeful blank at our fireside,
Since Jamie gae'd awa';
Lang in this world I canna' bide
My heart will break in twa.

2 Jamie, the faither o' my bairns'
The lover o' my youth,
Has ta'en another to his arms,
And left his ain puir Ruth!

3 Forgotten a' his love and troth
Made solemnly to me;
That death alone would part us both,
And set ilk other free.

4 Sleep, Oh! sleep, my baby dear!
An' dinna wake to weep,
'T was only mother's burning tear
That fell upon thy cheek.

5 Oh! dinna let thy mother's grief
Disturb my baby's rest,
My aching heart aye finds relief,
When thou art on my breast.

6 Oh! what can quell this inward strife
That rages like the sea,
When Jamie calls that woman *wife*?
There's *nane* his wife but me!

7 Elders an' priests may counsel gie,
And bid me "bear my cross;"
I think it naught but blasphemy,
To bid me bear my loss.

8 I canna, an' I wunna yield
To this Satanic creed,
I'll take my baby on my back,
And beg around for bread.

9 Had I ha'en wit to keep the gear
My faither left to me,
Oh! weel I ken I'd no been here,
Sae far ayont the sea.

10 But the wily saints came to my door,
Without e'er scrip or purse,
Got a' they asked frae me, an' more,
And noo I get their curse,

11 Which canna do me muckle ill,
Tho' I hae seen the day,
The murderous crew my blood would spill,
And put me "out o' the way."

12 Surely the time is close at hand,
God grant it were this hour,
When o'er this dark, benighted land,
The law would show its power

13 To exterminate polygamy,
Degrading to our lives;
And we, the broken-hearted,
Would be loving, happy wives.

JESSIE COWAN.

Salt Lake City, June, 1880.

THE LIGHT OF HOME.

1 My son, thou wilt dream the world is fair,
And thy spirit will sigh to roam,
And thou must go; but never, when there,
Forget the light of home!

2 Though pleasure may smile with a ray more bright,
It dazzles to lead astray;
Like a meteor's flash, 't will deepen the night,
When treading thy lonely way.

3 But the hearth of home has a constant flame,
And pure as a vestal fire;
'Twill burn, 't will burn forever the same,
For nature feeds the pyre.

4 The sea of ambition is tempest-tossed,
And thy hopes may vanish like foam;
When sails are shivered and compass lost,
Then look to the light of home.

5 And there, like a star through midnight cloud,
Thou'lt see the beacon bright;
For never, till shining on thy shroud,
Can be quenched its holy light.

SARAH J. HALE.

Mrs. Eunice P. Wood.

Mrs. Eunice P. Wood is a resident of Englewood — a suburb of Chicago. While visiting a year or two since (Nov. 1884,) at the home of her friend the Rev. E. S. Walker, Springfield, Ill., she saw, on coming down to breakfast one morning, an elegant Camelia just burst into fragrant bloom. She retired to her room, and in a few moments, produced the following gem of poetry. Mrs. Wood is one of the most active and able workers in the cause of Gospel temperance, and frequently addresses large audiences in its interests. She wields a graceful and facile pen, and her numerous poems are much admired and sought after by her hosts of friends and literary acquaintances.

THE HOUSE OF THE CAMELIA.

1 A gracious quiet broods upon the spot,
Apart from the still busy world afar,
A quiet telling of the peaceful lot
Of those who set its gates and doors ajar,
To welcome those who seek the sheltered shrine
Where heart-gems gleam and love and home-light shine.

2 There the Camelia blooms, a fitting type
Of fairest womanhood, a stainless flower,
That sheds its beauty o'er the common way,
And lifts the soul, by its unconscious power,
To nobler thoughts, to life's supremest height,
Breathing a thought of those "who walk in white."

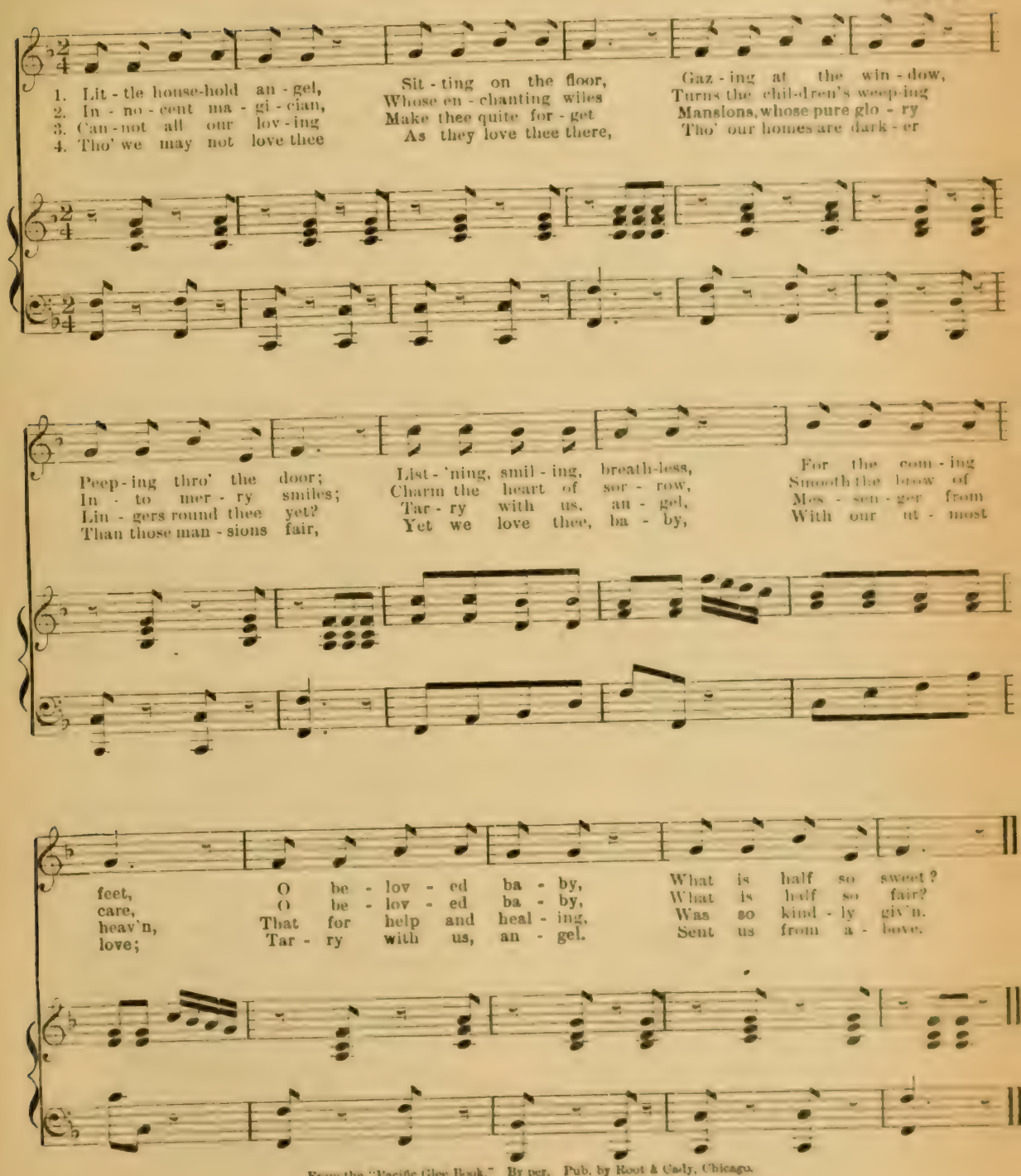
3 There growing manhood draws its deepening life
From sources rich—no mystic mistletoe—
But from the same strong soil that bore the sire,
The sturdy sons to equal heights shall grow;
Like the blest orange tree of sunnier clime,
Fair buds and flowers enrich the fruitage time.

EUNICE P. WOOD, 1884.

THE HOUSEHOLD ANGEL.

(A DOMESTIC SCENE.)

Mrs J S S



From the "Pacific Glee Book." By per. Pub. by Root & Cady, Chicago.

ON THE CHURCH AND RECTORY, ASTLEY.

Behold thy birthplace, Frances! The old house
Entwined with ivy, roses and the vine,
Beneath the shadow of the ancient shrine
Where ministered thy father twenty years.
He built the northern aisle and gave the clock,
A musical memento of his love
For tune and time and punctuality.
Fair is the garden ground! and then the flowers
Were trained with care and skill by one who now
Rests from her labors in the heavenly land.
Here life and death together meet, the tombs
Stand close beside the mossy bank where once
Sisters and brothers met in frolic play.
Around—the wooded hills in beauty rise!
Earth has not many scenes more fair than this,
And none more dear to those who called it Home.

N. B.—The clock strikes the hour and quarter on the chord of G.

J. MIRIAM CRANE.
(Sister to Frances R. Havergal.)

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

1 Tiny shoes of red morocco
Lie upon the chamber floor;
Merry eyes of sweetest sapphire
Gayly peep within the door.

2 Oh! how often, careless-hearted,
Leaned I by this window frame;
Half a score of summers younger,
Wearing still my father's name.

3 Blossoms lie, like gleams of moonlight,
On the tops of chestnut trees;
To the red lips of the clover
Go the bandit humble-bees.

4 Trembling branches dimly curtain
Now, as then, my window scene;
Now, as then, a dryad trilleth
Deep within the heart of green.

5 Here the soft wind came to kiss me
In the balmy blossom time;
Here I prayed with tears of anguish;
Here I wrote my girlish rhyme.

6 Here my lover's words of promise
Made the whole world sweet and true;
Now the tiny shape beside me
Wears his gentle eyes of blue.

7 Curls of blonde about her forehead,
One white pearl-tooth in her mouth;
Sweeter she than buds of roses
Opening in the spicy south!

8 Lo! I bring, that Thou mayst touch her,
This young child Thou gavest me!
Master, Lord, Thy hand of blessing
Lay upon her tenderly!

UNA L. BAILEY, 1880.

"THIS IS LIFE."

1 "I have planned much work for my life," she said;
A girlish creature, with golden hair,
And bright and winsome as she was fair.

2 "The days are full, till he comes to wed;
The clothes to buy, and the home to make
A very Eden, for his dear sake."

3 But cares soon come to the wedded wife;
She shares his duties, and hopes, and fears,
Which lessen not with the waning years;

4 For a very struggle, at best, is life;
If we knew the burdens along the line,
We should shrink to receive this gift divine.

5 Sometimes, in the hush of the evening hour,
She thinks of the leisure she meant to gain,
And the work she would do with hand and brain.

6 "I am tired to-night; I am lacking power
To think," she says; "I must wait until
My brain is rested, and pulse is still."

7 O woman and man, there is never rest;
Dream not of a leisure that will not come
Till age shall make you both blind and dumb.

8 You must live each day at your very best;
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you.

9 Say oft of the years, as they pass from sight,
"This, *this* is life, with its golden store;
I shall have it once, but it comes no more."

10 Have a purpose, and do with your utmost might:
You will finish your work on the other side,
When you wake in His likeness, satisfied.

SARAH K. BOLTON, 1883.

THE VOICE IN THE TWILIGHT.

1 I was sitting alone in the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
When thoughts that were morbid and gloomy,
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

2 Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half wearily setting
In the endless need of repair.

3 But my thoughts were about the building,
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold and the silver
And the precious stones should abide;

4 And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meager success I had won:

5 "It is nothing but wood, hay and stubble,"
I said; "it will all be burned—
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

6 "And I have so longed to serve Him,
And sometimes I know I have tried;
But I'm sure when He sees such a building,
He will never let it abide."

7 Just then, as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bundle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

8 My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes makes us so wise.

9 Dear child, she wanted to help me;
I know 't was the best she could do;
But Oh! what a botch she had made it—
The gray mis-matching the blue!

10 And yet—can you understand it?—
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half compassionate yearning,
I felt her grown more dear.

11 Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me:
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

12 Then straightway I knew His meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its Refuge,
Like the glad returning dove.

13 For I thought when the Master Builder
Comes down His temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended
And what must be builded anew;

14 Perhaps, as He looks o'er the building,
He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing the marring and bungling
And how far it is from right,

15 He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say as I said for her:
"Dear child, she wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur.

16 "And for the real love that was in it,
The work shall seem perfect as mine;
And because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit divine."

17 And there in the deepening twilight,
I seemed to be clasping a Hand,
And to feel a great love constrain me
Stronger than any command.

18 Then I knew by the thrill of sweetness
'T was the hand of the Blessed One,
Which would tenderly guide and hold me
Till all the labor is done.

19 So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim;
But my heart is strong and restful,
And mine eyes are unto Him.

MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.
Chicago, Ill. 1877.

WILD WEATHER OUTSIDE.

1 Wild weather outside where the brave ships go,
And fierce from all quarters the four winds blow—
Wild weather and cold, and the great waves swell,
With chasms beneath them as black as hell.
The waters frolic in Titan play,
They dash the decks with an icy spray,
The spent sails shiver, the lithe masts reel,
And the sheeted ropes are as smooth as steel.
And Oh! that the sailor were safe once more
Where the sweet wife smiles in the cottage door!

2 The little cottage, it shines afar
O'er the lurid seas, like the polar star.
The mariner tossed in the jaws of death
Hurls at the storm a defiant breath;
Shouts to his mates through the writhing foam,
"Courage! please God, we shall yet win home!"
Frozen and haggard and wan and gray,
But resolute still; 't is the sailor's way.
And perhaps—at the fancy the stern eyes dim—
Somebody's praying to-night for him.

3 Ah me, through the drench of the bitter rain,
How bright the picture that rises plain!
Sure he can see, with her merry look,
His little maid crooning her spelling-book;
The baby crows from the cradle fair;
The grandma nods in her easy-chair;
While hither and yon, with a quiet grace,
A woman flits, with an earnest face.
The kitten purrs, and the kettle sings,
And a nameless comfort the picture brings.

4 Rough weather outside, but the winds of balm
Forever float o'er that isle of calm.
O friends, who read over tea and toast
Of the wild night's work on the storm-swept coast,
Think, when the vessels are overdue,
Of the perilous voyage, the baffled crew,
Of stout hearts battling for love and home
'Mid the cruel blasts and the curdling foam,
And breathe a prayer from your happy lips
For those who must go "to the sea in ships";
Ask that the sailor may stand once more
Where the sweet wife smiles in the cottage door.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER. 1882.
"Harper's Magazine."

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

1 Mother! Oh! what living fragrance
Breathes forth from that tender word,
Mingled with far sweeter music
Than the ear hath ever heard!
Tell me not of names more lofty
Which on History's pages shine;
Not one name glows like a mother's
In the heart's most sacred shrine.

2 Mother! Wandering back to childhood,
Through the vista of long years,
We remember how she ever
Shared our joys and calmed our fears;
How she taught our lips to murmur,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Praying, too, that guardian angels
Might their vigils o'er us keep.

3 Mother! When the bloom has faded
From the cheek once young and fair,
And the hand of Age has scattered
O'er her brow the silv'ry hair,
Let us ever comfort, love her,
Guide her trembling feet along,
Till the Master's voice shall call her
To the far-off land of song.

4 Home, sweet home! A glorious halo
Seems to hover 'round this spot,
Be it found in halls of grandeur,
Or the humblest, meanest cot.
Home! If in thy sacred borders
Love and purity hold sway,
Thou art like a fair oasis,
As we tread earth's desert way.

5 Home of childhood! As wide open
Mem'ry's mystic door we throw,
Thoughts of that old homestead enter
As it was long years ago;
When we played upon the hillside,
Or beneath the shady tree,
And when 'round the family altar
We devoutly bow'd the knee.

6 But alas! this earth-home changeth;
'T is as transient as the day;
Death and Ruin trace upon it
With bold hand, "Decay! Decay!"
One by one lov'd faces vanish,
Well-known footsteps do not come,
And ere long Time's breath hath wither'd
Every trace of our old home.

7 But I turn my thoughts to Heaven,
That blest home—land of the soul—
Where grim Death can never enter,
And no changing seasons roll.
Oft we scent the fragrant odors
Wafted from its verdant hill,
But those jasper walls are hidden
By yon stream so dark and chill.

8 Heav'n! Eye hath not seen the splendor
Of thy shining streets of gold,
Pearly gates and glittering mansions,
All so wondrous to behold;
Ear hath never heard the sweetness
Of thy music's rapturous notes,
Which adown the plains of glory
On each balmy zephyr floats.

9 Heav'n! Eternal noontide streameth
From thy dome of dazzling height,
Over which no dim clouds gather,
And there falls no shades of night.
Sun or moon are needed never
To illume thy fair domains,
For the Lamb enthroned forever
King of light and glory reigns.

10 Heav'n! Bright home! When shall we wander
By thy murmuring crystal sea,
And sit down with saints and loved ones
'Neath the shade of Life's great tree?
Hope is whisp'ring, "Soon, lone pilgrim,
Shall yon mystic veil be riv'n,
And on thy ecstatic vision
Burst the endless joys of Heav'n."

SADIE O. PRINCE,
In "Gems of Poetry,"
Springfield, Nova Scotia, 1884.

WOMAN'S MISSION AND WOMAN'S WORK.

1 Her mission, to make homes and resting-places
Edens on earth,
Where men may rest from toil and prove her graces,
Her precious worth.

2 Her mission, to see other lives out-growing
From her frail frame;
Her work, to note all grief, all wayward-going,
And shield from blame.

3 Her mission, to rebuke, by virtuous life,
Vileness and sin;
Her work, to aid the erring in their strife
Lost strength to win.

4 Her mission, to be strong and brave and wise,
When man is weak;
Her work, with love-light sparkling in her eyes,
Right words to speak.

5 Her mission, to be patient, faithful, true,
Though man be false;
Her work, to do all that God bids her do,
Though flesh revolts.

6 Her mission, that of a bright star, to lead
To Heaven and God;
Her work, to soothe when men must smart and bleed
Beneath the rod.

7 Her mission, to speak words of hope and cheer
In man's sad hours;
Her work, to strew his path, when dark and drear,
With love's sweet flowers.

8 Her mission, in prosperity's bright day,
Praises to sing;
Her work, in adverse times, for grace to pray,
And aid to bring.

9 Her mission, in man's thoughtless, reckless hours,
To warn and grieve;
Her work, when pain and death reveal their powers,
To seek reprieve.

10 Her mission, man's true helper every hour
Of life to be,
His *guardian angel*, from the tempter's power,
Leading him free.

11 Her mission, with true woman tact and skill,
Life's journey through,
A thousand things which man nor can nor will,
Daily to do.

12 *Her mission*, in a way heroic, wise,
Sublime, divine,
To keep herself a constant sacrifice
On duty's shrine.

13 *Her work*, to censure and reprove and chide,
Condemn, command,
To teach, to lead, counsel, persuade, guard, guide,
Nourish, defend.

14 *Her work*, to waken tenderness and love,
And sweet-voiced hope,
And joy in other lives till joys above
To her shall ope.

ANGELINE FULLER.
In "The Venture." 1883.

THE HERITAGE.

1 In the time which will come to my darlings,
When the days of my years all are spent,
And safely at last I am sleeping
Low under the grave's green tent,—

2 Then, I trust that the children will enter
On the heritage I shall leave,
And unto it, strong and faithful,
Through life unto death will cleave.

3 I shall leave them the poor and needy,
The helpless and the oppressed,
The sad and the sick and the sinning,
To be served and gladdened and blest.

4 I shall leave to them all who suffer
From cruelty, ruth, and wrong,
And all who are weak and humble,
Oppressed by the proud and strong.

5 I shall leave them the little children,
To be taught their burdens to bear;
And the old to be gently guided
Adown life's tottering stair.

6 I bequeath to them all the battle
Of the weak against the strong,
And the crusade I surrender
Of the right against the wrong.

7 And when their years are all numbered,
And they enter into bliss,
May they leave unto their children
A heritage grand as this.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD. 1884.
"Christian Register."

MARY.

1 She was my May when my winter had come,
Bringing back music to forests all dumb!
Delicate wild-wood anemone, she!
Lily-bell, swinging out fragrance for me!

2 Crystal, as pure and transparent as light!
Moonbeam, delicious, that comforts the night—
Calming and cooling, with beauty divine,
Earth overcome with the noon's ruddy wine.

3 Shut with the few on the tempest-tossed deck—
All the world outward a blank and a wreck,
Sailing the sea of a desolate grief,
She was my dove with the green olive leaf.

4 'T was Mary who cradled our Lord on her breast;
A Mary who loved Him and pleased Him the best;
A Mary it was who anointed His head;
A Mary who welcomed Him first from the dead.

5 Thank God! with the sorrow of wearisome years,
He sendeth us Marys to wipe off our tears,
To touch the sick brain with His infinite calm,
To bind up the crucified heart with His balm!

URANIA LOCKE BAILEY. 1879.

Mrs. Anne Grant.

Mrs. Anne Grant, of Laggan, was born in Glasgow in 1755. Her father was an officer in the army, and her husband was the minister of Laggan, the Rev. James Grant. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Grant removed to Edinburgh, and, in 1803, her poetical talent was employed in a work entitled, "The Highlanders, and Other Poems." She also wrote "Letters from the Mountains" in which she gives an account of the massacre of Glencoe, "Memoirs of an American Lady," and many other works. She died in Edinburgh in 1838. (Eng. Cyb.)

HYMN FOR THE SONS OF THE CLERGY.

1 How blest these olive plants that grow
Beneath the altar's sacred shade,
Where streams of fresh instruction flow,
And comfort's humble board is spread.

2 'T was thus the swallow reared her young,
Secure within the house of God,
Of whom the royal prophet sung,
When banished from that blest abode.

3 When, like the swallow's tender brood,
They leave the kind paternal dome,
On weary wing they seek their food,
Or find in other climes a home;

4 Where'er they roam, where'er they rest,
Through all the varied scenes of life,
Whether with tranquil plenty blest,
Or doom'd to share the deadly strife;

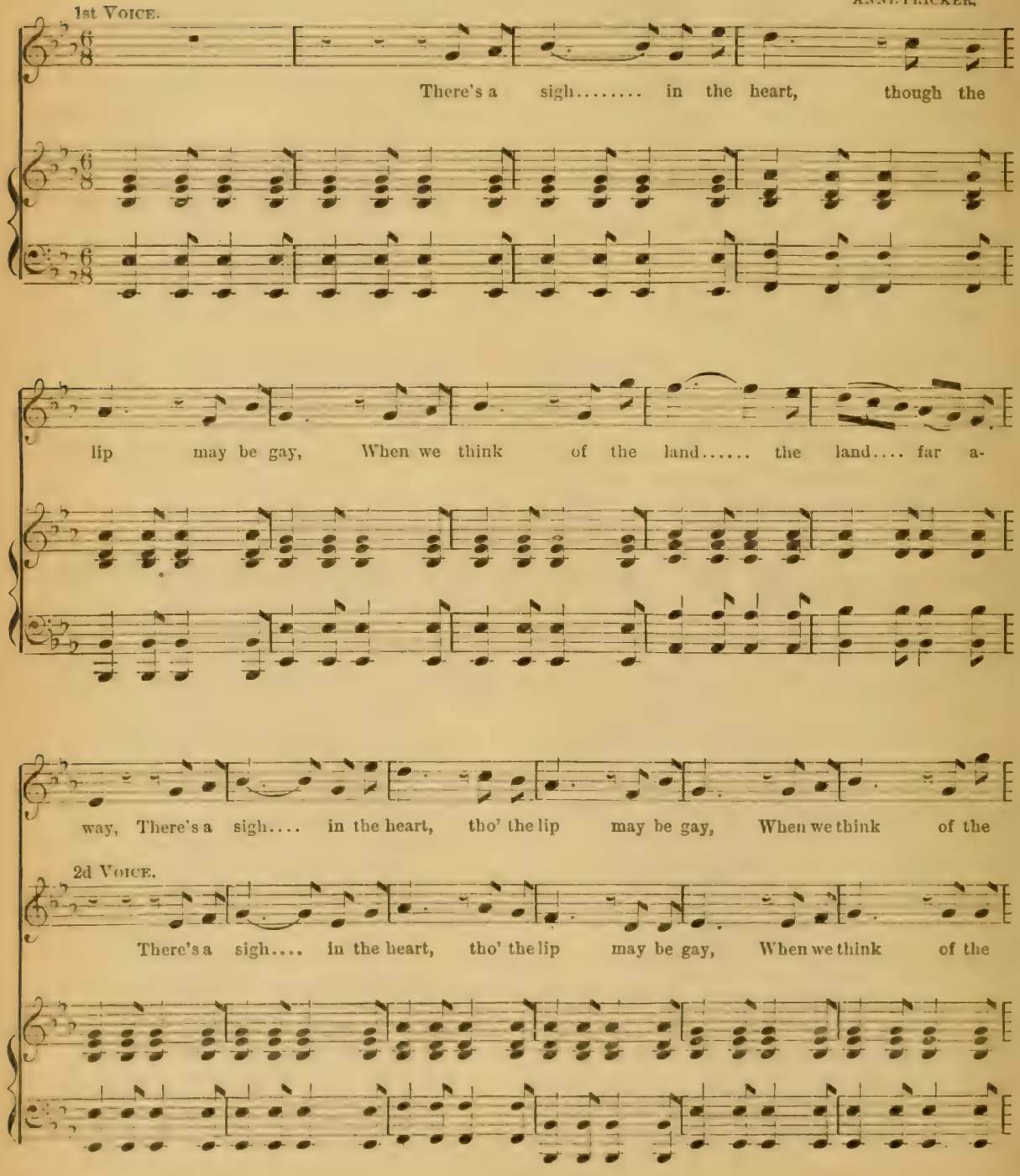
5 And when the faithful shepherds view
Each ransomed flock around them spread,
How will they bless the plants that grew,
Beneath the altar's sacred shade!

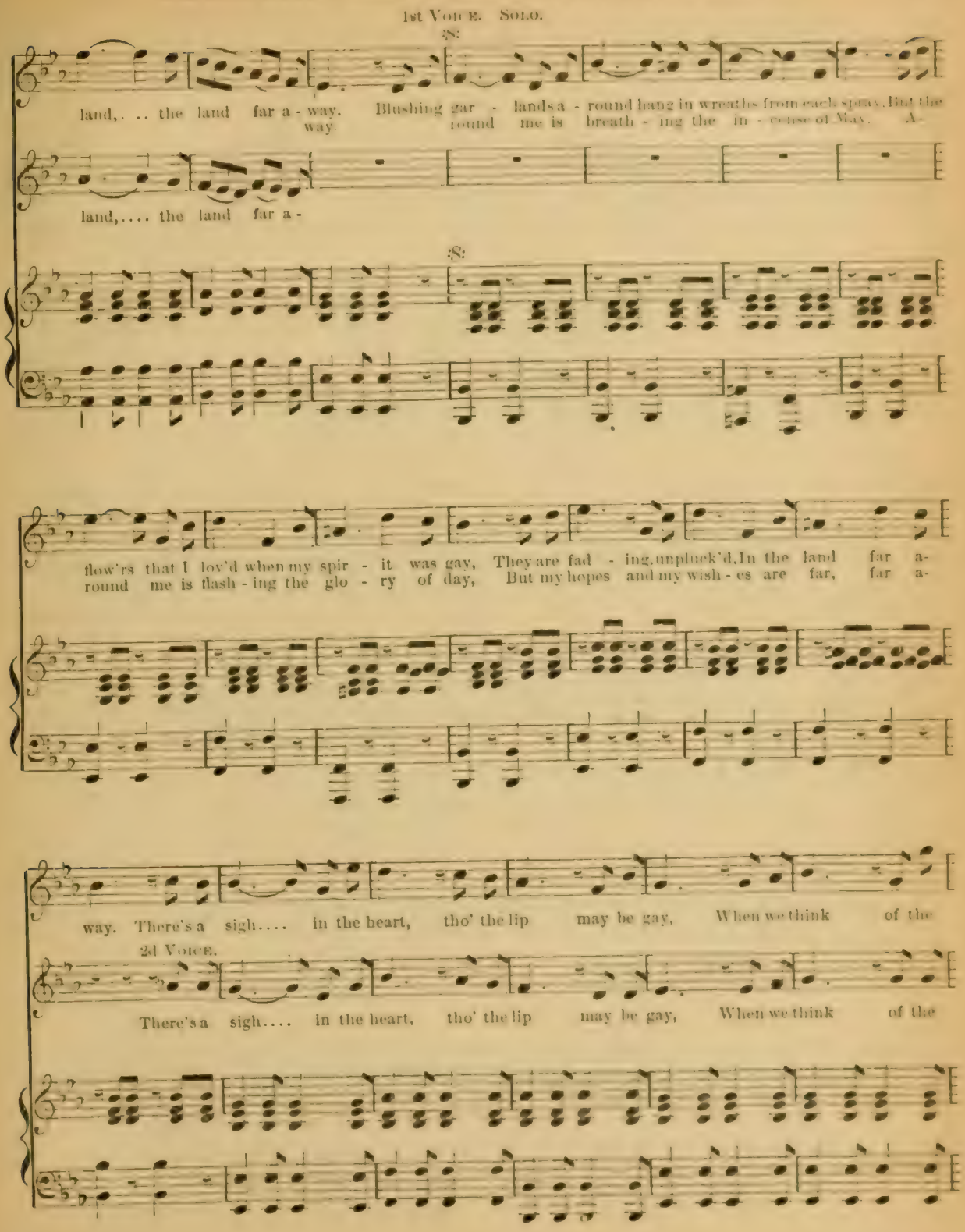
MRS. ANNE GRANT.

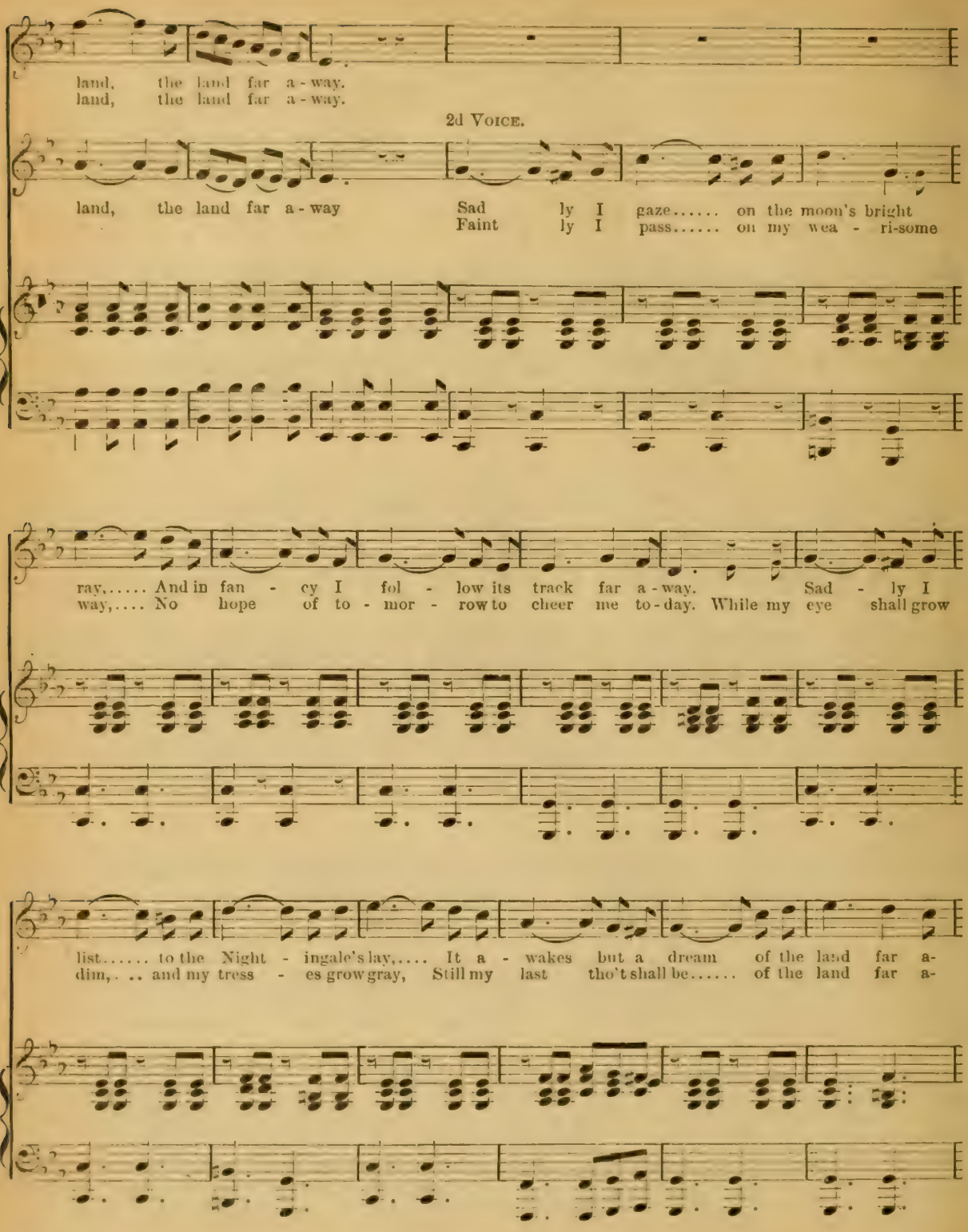
LONGING FOR HOME, LOVE OF HOME,

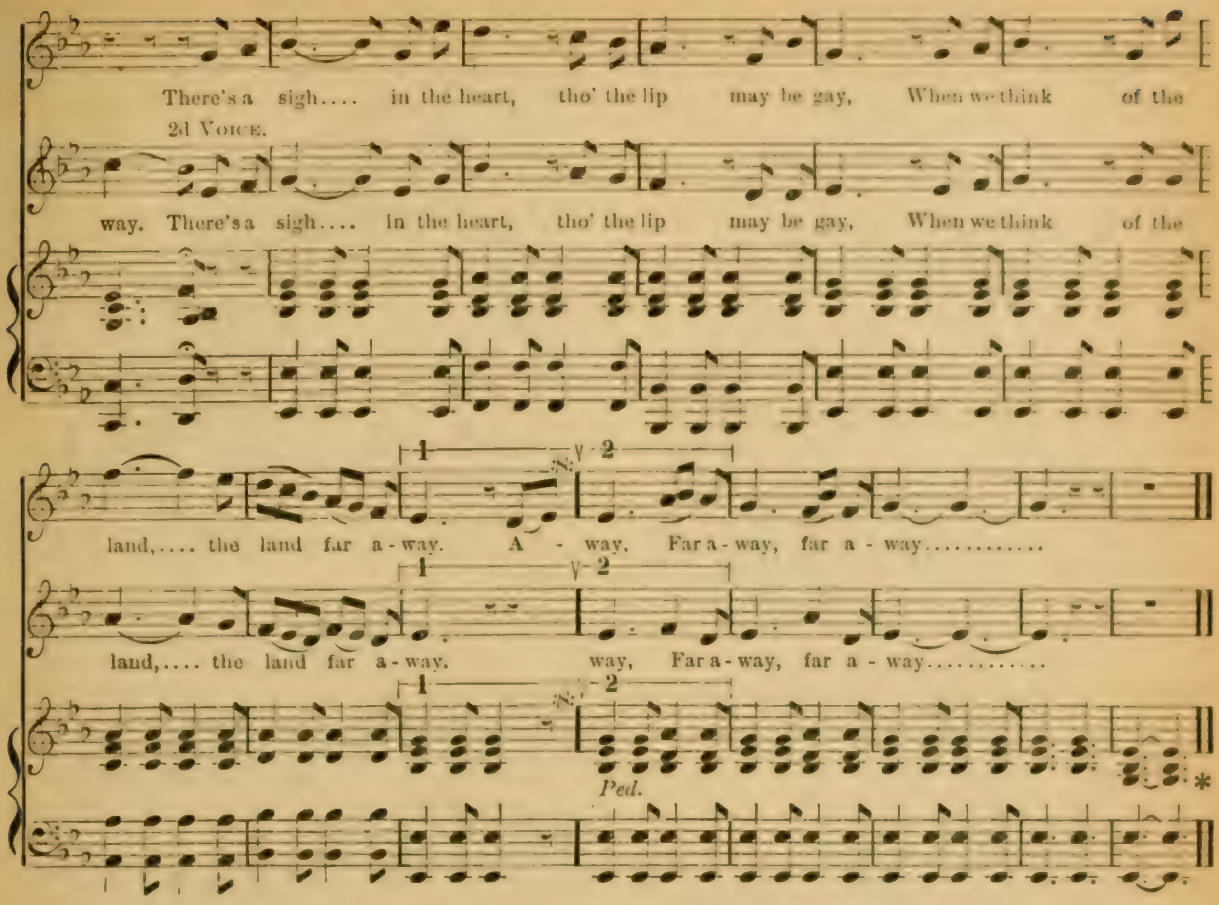
OR, THERE'S A SIGH IN THE HEART.

ANNE FRICKER.




1st Voice. Solo.
:S:
land, . . . the land far a - way. Blushing gar - lands a - round hang in wreaths from each spray. But the
way. round me is breath - ing the in - cense of May. A-
land, ... the land far a -
:S:
flow'rs that I lov'd when my spir - it was gay, They are fad - ing, unpluck'd, In the land far a-
round me is flash - ing the glo - ry of day, But my hopes and my wish - es are far, far a-
way. There's a sigh. . . . in the heart, tho' the lip may be gay, When we think of the
2d Voice.
There's a sigh. . . . in the heart, tho' the lip may be gay, When we think of the


land, the land far a - way.
land, the land far a - way.
2d Voice.
land, the land far a - way
Sad ly I gaze..... on the moon's bright
Faint ly I pass..... on my wea - ri-some
ray..... And in fan - cy I fol - low its track far a - way. Sad - ly I
way,.... No hope of to - mor - row to cheer me to - day. While my eye shall grow
list..... to the Night - ingale's lay,.... It a - wakes but a dream of the land far a-
dim,.. .. and my tress - es grow gray, Still my last tho't shall be..... of the land far a-



Miss Eliza L. Sproat,

Born in Philadelphia, was a resident of that city when the following was written by her. She was considered one of the best writers of those days 1840–1850. Her poems indicate a consecrated Christian heart, and a deep religious feeling. She wrote much for the "Snow Flake," "The Christian Keepsake," "Sartain's Union Magazine" and other periodicals.

THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

1 A mother prayed with her heart alone,
For her lips made ne'er a sound;
The angels came in her darken'd room,
And waved their wings around.
"O Lord," she prayed, "Thou Lord of might,
Oh! grant my darling Fame,
Among the nobles of the world
To wear the noblest name.

2 "A name whose glory waxeth bright,
With still increasing fire;
A name to stand while ages pass,
And make a world admire.
Oh! may there be some spirit near,
My soul's high wish to bear."
But the angels stood with drooping wings,
Nor moved to waft her prayer.

3 "O God, who art all Beautiful,
Oh! make my darling fair;
That he may still from life draw love,
Life's essence sweet and rare:
So every heart shall be a harp,
Beneath his touch to sound."
But the shuddering angels sadly stood,
And droop'd their wings around.

4 "But if," she prayed, "Thou God of love,
He may not grasp at fame,
Oh! grant him strength to face serene
A cold world's cruel blame.
And if he shrink from earthly power,
Nor aim to sway the time,
Gird Thou his soul to cope with sin—
A conqueror sublime.

5 "And should he sometimes fail to strike
Each heart to love's great tone,
Oh! may he tune to seraph height
The music of his own.
Now may there be some spirit near
My humble wish to bear."
The angels rose on rushing wings,
And bore to God her prayer.

ELIZA L. SPROAT.

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS SLEEP.

1 How beautiful is sleep!
Upon its mother's breast
How sweet the infant's rest!
And who but she can tell how dear
Her first-born's breathings 't is to hear.

2 Gentle babe, prolong thy slumbers!
When the moon her light doth shed;
Still she rocks thy cradle bed,
Singing in melodious numbers,
Lulling thee with prayer or hymn,
When all other eyes are dim.

JESSIE O. M'CARTEE.

Mrs. C. L. Smith

Writes to her aunt: "'My Home,' was written just as we were leaving Boston, and doubtful whether to go to Andover. We had had a minister's frequent experience of moving. It seemed so sad to a friend that I wrote the sequel to please her. My heart throbbed a great deal at times, and I was sad, and for a while the rest of the grave looked inviting. Just before writing the sequel we were settled in Andover. My verses have almost all been written hastily and usually not for publication, so they are not adapted to it. My life has been too busy and too practical for much poetizing." She was born June 21, 1827.

MY HOME.

"For here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

1 No home abides me here,
Save in those hearts more dear
Than life itself; with pilgrim feet I roam,
Now tarrying for a day,
Now speeding swift away:
Asks one with friendly face,
"Where is thy dwelling-place?"
My weary heart replies, "No home! No home!"

2 Soon shall I cease to roam:
A lowly, narrow home
Awaits me, with its touch of dreamless sleep.
O'er it the robins sing,
O'er it the violets spring:
There rest my throbbing brain,
While "dust to dust" again
Is rendered back in silence long and deep!

3 Soon shall I cease to roam:
Heaven's high resplendent dome
Sheds light e'en now upon my pilgrim way,
Past life's unceasing surge,
Beyond its outmost verge,
So glorious and so bright
It looms upon my sight,—
Fain would I drop my load and soar away!

4 Vain thought! And did He roam,
Thy Lord? Had he no home,
No place whereon to lay His wearied head?
Then peace, faint heart, be still!
Curb thy impetuous will!
Till to those mansions fair
His loving hands prepare,
He bids thee, whose dear blood for thee was shed.

MRS. C. L. SMITH. 1861.

THE HOME OF THE HEART.

1 Though often with pilgrim feet weary I roam,
I will not repine, since my heart has a home.
While one warm, noble heart still beats true to my own!
How can I these lesser ills weakly bemoan?
Home! home, sweet, sweet home!
How can I repine while my heart has a home?

2 Still grant me this earthly love true to the end,
And Thine, precious Saviour, dear undying Friend;
Then, though oft striking tent, and but hurried my stay,
Yet a song of rejoicing shall gladden the way:
Home! home, sweet, sweet home!
Yes, surely I'll sing since my heart has a home.

CAROLINE L. SMITH.

Andover, Mass., Jan. 1862.

THE PASSING YEARS.

1 Swiftly, how swiftly, the years pass us by,
Leaving their traces of sorrow and care;
Stealing the gleam from the lusterful eye,
The tint from the cheek which rendered us fair.

2 Swiftly the waves of life's turbulent ocean
Are bearing us on in their unceasing roll;
Softly or rudely, Time's steady motion,
Sail as we may, brings us nearer the goal.

3 Often earth's winds blow adverse and chilling,
Often our hearts grow faint and oppressed;
Unseen the Hand the rude tempest stilling,
And guiding our course to the "Islands of Rest."

4 What though the years are remorselessly stealing
Bloom from the cheek and glow from the eye,
If we are richer in thought and in feeling,
As we are nearing that "sweet by and by."

5 What though our footsteps grow feeble and falter,
And Life's radiant hopes grow dim and obscure;
If there's a record that time cannot alter,
Of deeds that are worthy and lives that are pure;

6 If there are homes our presence has brightened,
Sorrowful ones we have bidden rejoice;
If there are burdens that our hands have lightened,
Hearts that have cheered at the sound of our voice.

7 This is a retrospect *angels* might covet,
Soothing earth's sorrow, drying its tears.
Glorious recompense! naught ranks above it,
Growing more blessèd as "sunset" appears.

SARAH A. ROSENCRANS.

In "The Woman's Century," Nov. 1884.

Mary Ashmun Phelps

Was born in Rural, Wis., in 1842. She entered Rockford Seminary in 1863, and graduated with its highest honors in 1864. The editor of WOMAN IN SACRED SONG entered the above institution of learning at the same time, and was a member of the same class. During the one short year passed together, an undying friendship sprang up. In all the sweet intercourse of life, a rarer, choicer spirit has not been met. After graduation, Miss Ashmun taught four years in the Seminary, and subsequently, four years, she occupied the position of first assistant in the Rockford High School, with intervals of two years spent at home with her aged parents. She was a devoted teacher in the Sabbath school and the young men who grew up from boyhood under her instruction in sacred lore, loved her with a tender attachment. Upon the opening of the Woman's Temperance Crusade, she entered with enthusiasm into this labor of love. Indeed her talents and sympathies were employed actively "in every department in which her generous heart and active mind could touch humanity. She was gifted with rare health of body, mind and spirit; she exercised her powers, under the strong impulse of love of work and a sense of Christian obligation, to the extent of the ability existing in her healthful nature, and her activities took hold of those who were the subjects of her efforts with unusual effectiveness.

Mary Ashmun always held a ready pen. Her thoughts always flowed freely and gracefully and with power and beauty, in both prose and verse.

She was united in marriage with George Phelps, Esq., of Oshkosh, Wis., in Sept., 1874, and Mankato, Minn., became their home.

In a year or two, a son was given them for a few months — "an exquisite joy, and then a sorrow." She writes to a friend:—"Since our sweet pet lamb left this earthly fold for the Good Shepherd's arms, all helpless children have seemed sacred to me. I see better now than before why Christ came to us as a little baby. I think my baby performed a Christ-like mission in my heart." Again she writes:—"How I daily miss the little voice, the little clinging hands, the sweet brown eyes and dimpled arms. I know the Saviour loves my little angel boy, and will watch over him with loving care, and so it is best as it is." To another she wrote:—"Oh! for one glimpse of my child as he now is!"

The death of the child was soon followed by sickness in her own person. She was prostrated by lung fever, and only rose from her sick bed to struggle with disease which day by day was to gather strength for the final conquest. Enthusiasm, strong will and high hopes availed not. She had hoped to cherish, in her own home, her aged mother, through her declining years. This hope, too, failed, and she suffered the consciousness that her own ill health added another sorrow to the already burdened heart. At other times she wrote:—"My physician says I can get well, and Oh! I do so want to." "I almost envy you your work." "As I am getting a little better, an unutterable uneasiness to be doing something takes possession of me, but I pray for patience and grace to wait God's time."

With this strong desire for life and its work, and a sense of obligation to do all she could to secure a return of health, at the suggestion of her physician she left home with her ever devoted husband and sought relief in Colorado. She reached Colorado Springs, and in nine days gave over the struggle and was at rest, satisfied, for she awaked in His likeness, we cannot doubt. She passed away April 20, 1877.

We would not wish to say that Mary Ashmun Phelps died prematurely, though she died young. Life is not measured by days and years, and goes not out except at His bidding. She worked enthusiastically, diligently, and in various directions, even to the end of her few years. She was all along these years doing work for the Master, moulding character according to right principles, assisting humanity by helping the fallen to rise and strengthening those still standing.

A complete record of this beautiful, earnest life has been made out above, the best earthly record is in the characters moulded by her influence and the lives made more happy and true by her friendship. These are imperishable records.

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

1 Your childhood hours, so wild, so free,
So filled with mirth and careless glee,
Have now forever fled;
Those golden years, so bright, so fair,
All unalloyed by grief or care,
On eagle wings have sped.

2 And gone are all your youthful days,
Their high resolves, their joyous lays,
Their airy castles bright;
Their gorgeous sunset tints have gone,
Gone are their roseate hues of morn,
Their beams of noontide light.

3 And womanhood is yours to-day;
I see its lights and shadows play
Already on your brow,
I see its cares, its toils, its tears,
Its joys, its sorrows, smiles and fears,
All bursting round you now.

4 Near you I see two angels stand;
Each reaches out a beckoning hand,
Each offers you a home:
Each calls to you in accents dear,
Each speaks in sunny words of cheer,
Each claims you for her own.

5 The one with languid, melting eyes,
And soft, low tones that scarcely rise
Upon the quiet air,
Points to a bower with roses crowned,
Whose fragrance scents the air around,
A scene of beauty rare.

6 "This is my home—dear one, wilt thou
To Ease yield up thy being now?
I'll free thee from all toil;
I'll give thee comfort, quiet, rest;
In beauteous robes shalt thou be dressed;
No work thy hand shall soil."

7 The other with calm, earnest look
Of eyes as clear as woodland brook,
Yet filled with pitying love,
With finger pointing to the skies
All bathed in glorious rainbow dyes,
Speaks of the realms above.

8 "My name is Duty—there's my home;
See'st thou its spires, its glittering dome,
Its battlements of gold?
See'st thou its walls of jasper bright,
Its messengers all clothed in light,
Whose garments wax not old?

9 But ere thou tread'st that shining street,
The hard, rough stones must cut thy feet,
Thy brow the thorns must pierce;
The heavy cross thou too must bear,
Thou must not shrink from toil or care,
From storms though wild and fierce."

10 And tell me which shall be your choice;
Wilt listen to the winning voice
Of soft, luxurious Ease?
Or say, shall Duty's heavenward gaze
Cause you *your* eye toward heaven to raise,
To catch the view she sees?

11 I stand, I wait, I listen, fear,
I tremble and yet long to hear
Which course your soul will seize;
Shall all your womanhood be spent
In ignominious content,
With listless, careless Ease?

12 Or shall it, as the days unfold,
Be fraught to you with wealth untold
Of courage, faith and strength,
Which Duty, by stern discipline,
Gives those who follow her to win
In joy and peace at length?

13 I clasp my hands, I turn away,
I lift my heart to God and pray
That all your woman's life
Be true and pure, be strong and brave,
The sad to cheer, the lost to save,
To soothe the world's rough strife.

14 And death shall take you grown more fair
When done with turmoil, toil and care,
A Paradise to win;
And Christ shall clasp you to His breast,
All wrapped in peaceful, heavenly rest,
The pearly gates within.

MARY ASHMUN PHELPS.
From "Rockford Seminary Magazine," 1873.

KNIGHTED.

Because she takes me as her very own,
Claiming my fealty while life shall last,
My soul renounces all th' unworthy past;
With ruthless hand its idols I dethrone.
I walk life's devious path no more alone;
Her eyes' sweet magic binds my fancy fast.
All aims ignoble from my heart I cast,
For youth's mad follies striving to atone.
Because she loves me, firm I take my stand,
Unflinchingly to battle for the right;
All womanhood is sacred for her sake,
For each oppressed a lance I freely break.
I walk encased in armor pure and bright,
Crowned with honor by her spotless hand.

SARAH D. HOBART.

THE LAST JOURNEY.

"They two went on."—II Kings, xi: 6.

1 So far with me, no further now,
Our journey all so brief is done;
Thou goest on thine unseen way,
And I must tread my path alone.

2 "They two went on," and we have been
Through Bethel's plain and Jordan's flood:
And one went back to serve and wait,
And one soared up to dwell with God.

3 We two went on! Ah! not alone;
And though no car of light I see,
There walks with me the Holy One,
And Christ the Living God with thee.

ANNA SHIPTON.

TO MARY ON HER WEDDING DAY.

1 God bless thee on thy wedding day,
My cherished friend;
And ever through life's devious way,
Thy steps attend.

2 May the deep love and trust which thrills
Thy spirit now,
Till all thy being freely wills
A solemn vow,

3 Ne'er lose in fervor, but remain
Deep, warm and true,
Through calm and storm and joy and pain,
Life's journey through.

4 Others may offer gold and gifts
Of costly price,
To be unto thy wedded love
Preserving spice;

5 I only give a woman's love,
A woman's prayers,
A woman's pledge to sympathize
In all thy cares.

6 God bless thee! I have said the words
In days gone by,
And say them now with quivering lip,
And tear-moist eye.

7 Bless thee! and help him who has won
Thy heart and hand,
And claims the right, close by thy side
Henceforth to stand,

8 To keep with true, religious care
The solemn vow
He makes to-day to cherish thee,
Through weal and woe.

ANGIE FULLER.

OLD FOLKS.

1 Oh! don't be sorrowful, darling,
Oh! don't be sorrowful, pray,
For taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

2 We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray,
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

3 We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago,
The time of year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and snow.

4 But God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as the day,
We feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

5 Yes, God of night, my darling,
The night of death so dim,
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.
Set to Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

WAYFARERS.

1 The way is long, my darling,
The road is rough and steep,
And fast across the evening sky
I see the shadows sweep.
But Oh! my love, my darling,
No ill to us can come,
No terror turn us from the path,
For we are going home.

2 Your feet are tired, my darling—
So tired, the tender feet;
But think, when we are there at last,
How sweet the rest! how sweet!
For lo! the lamps are lighted,
And yonder gleaming dome,
Before us, shining like a star,
Shall guide our footsteps home.

3 We've lost the flowers we gathered
So early in the morn;
And on we go, with empty hands
And garments soiled and worn.
But Oh! the dear All-Father
Will out to meet us come,
And fairer flowers and whiter robes
There wait for us at home!

4 Art cold, my love, and famished?
Art faint, and sore athirst?
Be patient yet a little while,
And joyous as at first;
For Oh! the sun sets never
Within that land of bloom,
And thou shalt eat the bread of life,
And drink life's wine at home.

5 The wind blows cold, my darling,
Adown the mountain steep,
And thick across the evening sky
The darkling shadows creep;
But Oh! my love, press onward,
Whatever trials come,
For in the way the Father set,
We two are going home.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE MORN.

[H. N. K.]

1 Welcome to this thrice-happy morn,
The gladdest of a glad young life—
Since first it breathes with joy new-born
The hallowed name of wife!

2 Heaven's richest gifts be ever strown,
And flowers of purity and truth,
O'er her who linketh with thine own
The beauty of her youth.

3 Unfold in beauty, hills and fields,
Beam forth in light, in bloom and song!
While earth her fairest foliage yields,
And bright hours speed along.

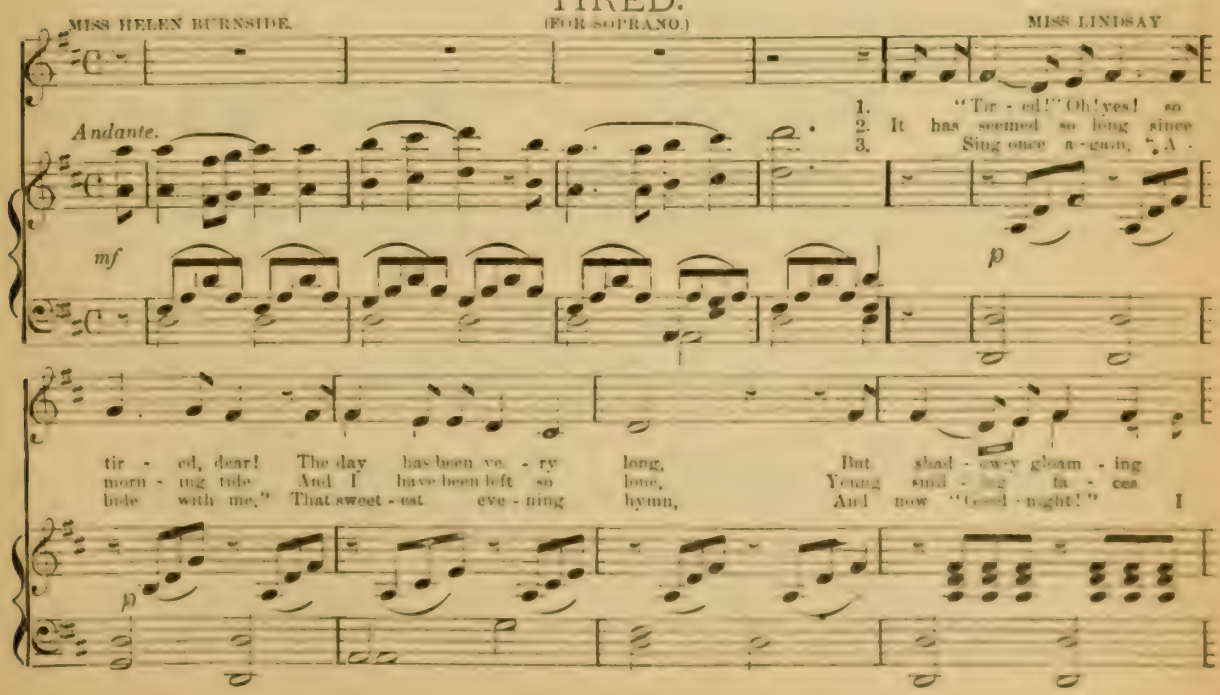
4 Unite thy radiance with the sky,
Thou earth, so old yet ever young!
Let Love be two-fold melody!
Be two-fold bridals sung!

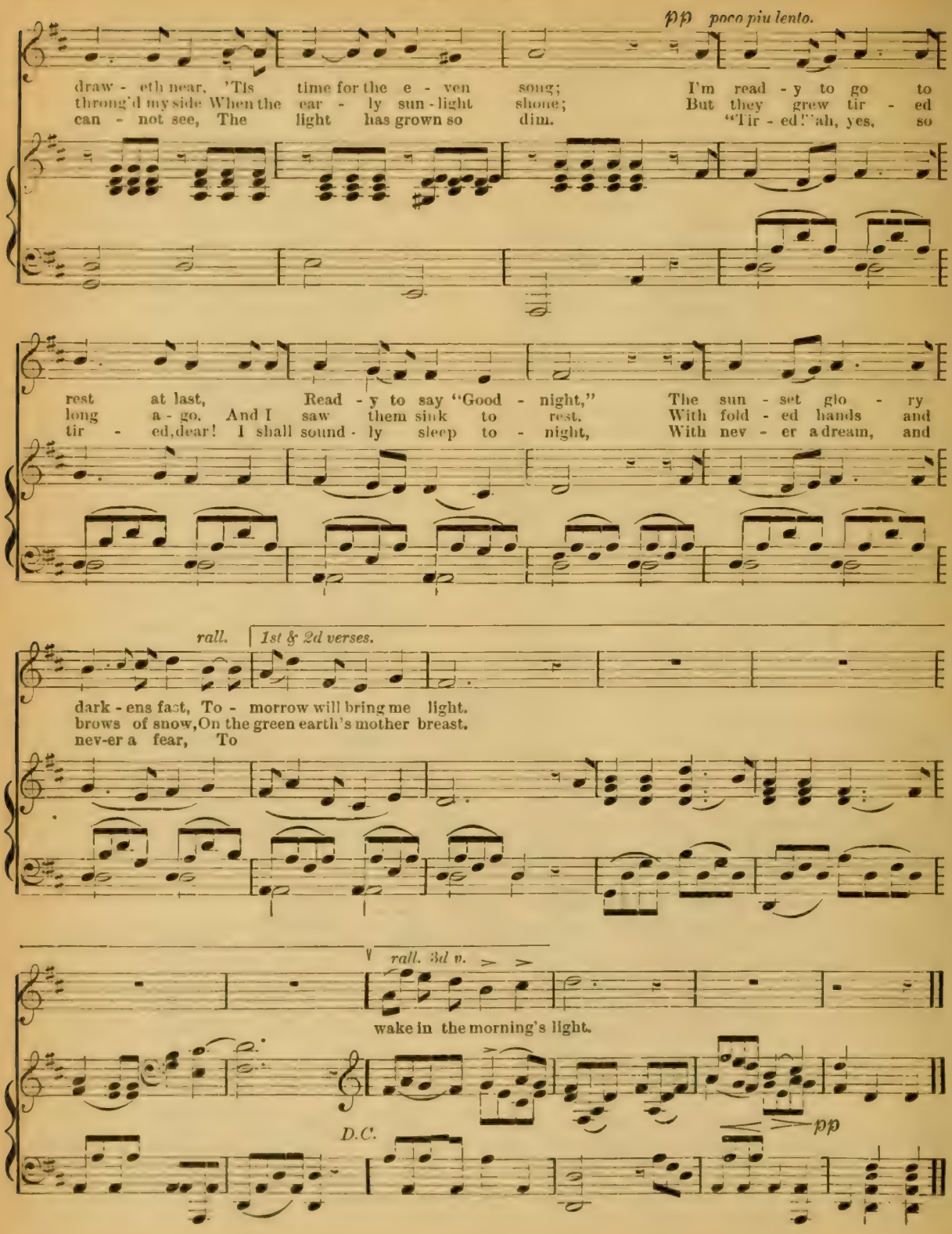
5 Let the stern years, a motley throng,
Unbroken find thy dream of bliss,
Find the old love yet ever strong—
A world outlasting this.

FANNIE H. EUSTIS.
Baltimore, Md.

TIRED.

(FOR SOPRANO.)




pp poco piu lento.
draw - eth near, 'Tis time for the e - ven song; I'm read - y to go to
throng'd my side When the ear - ly sun - light shone; But they grew tir - ed
can - not see, The light has grown so dim. "Tir - ed!" ah, yes, so
rest at last, Read - y to say "Good - night," The sun - set glo - ry
long a - go, And I saw them sink to rest. With fold - ed hands and
tir - ed, dear! I shall sound - ly sleep to - night, With nev - er a dream, and
rall.
1st & 2d verses.
dark - ens fast, To - morrow will bring me light.
brows of snow, On the green earth's mother breast.
nev-er a fear, To
rall. 3d v.
wake in the morning's light.
D.C.
pp

PATRIOTIC POEMS.

PREFACE TO PATRIOTIC POEMS.

Although it is the province of this book to include none but the poems of woman, it will not, perhaps, be considered out of place, to preface the patriotic department with the following noble tribute to "*The Women Founders of New England*," by the Hon. John Hooker. The author not being able to attend the ceremonies, sent the poem by his son, Dr. Edward B. Hooker, who read it, after prefacing it as follows:

"The one thought that comes to me, after laying flowers on our ancestor's grave, after contemplating the shaft raised to the memory of the noble men who came with him and on which is inscribed their names, after listening to the address of the afternoon, is this: While honoring the fathers from whom we have come, we must not forget the mothers. They alike braved the dangers and endured the privations of that early time. Their earnest prayers and cheering words sustained the men in hours of distress and gloom.

"That courageous woman, borne tenderly on a litter, too weak to walk or ride, too brave to be left behind, may well be compared to the Ark of the Covenant which the children of Israel bore with them in their journey through the wilderness to the promised land. She was really a sacred emblem of all that was pure and holy. And the women founders of New England, unknown to fame, were really the conservators of the purity and spirituality of the church and society, and to them we owe as great a debt as to the grand men whom history loves to commemorate and honor.

"Let us, therefore, honor our fathers and our mothers, that our days may be long upon the land which the Lord our God giveth us!

"Filled with the same thought, my father, unable to be present, has sent me these lines to read."

THE WOMEN FOUNDERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

Mr. Hooker

Is a descendant of the Rev. Thomas Hooker, founder of the Center Church of Hartford, Conn., "the most eloquent preacher, the wisest counsellor, the most discerning and far-sighted statesman, the most beloved saint, of all our New England fathers." The poem is a noble tribute to those "true hearts" of the long ago.—(Ed. "Laws of Life.")

Ye grand men of our early day,
Who here for freedom made a way,
With faith and prayer and quoten Word,
Yet coat of mail and girded sword;
Who laid in strength the founded State,
And o'er it sat to legislate;
And oft in magistracy stood
Before th' admiring multitude;
Who felt th' inspiring sense of power
And thrill of the victorious hour;
And saw afar that grateful fame
Would cherish every hero's name;
—The schoolboy at his lesson reads
Th' inspiring record of your deeds;
The public eye on canvas sees
Your conflicts fierce, and victories;
The monumental shaft is reared
To keep your names for aye revered.

But there were hearts of purest gold
Whose tale of courage ne'er was told;
True heroes, who no armor wore,
Yet shared the perils that ye bore;
Braving, with courage none the less,
The savage and the wilderness;
Clothed with no power in church or state,
No word in worship or debate;
With faith-lit brow and helping hand,
Asking but by your side to stand;
Who had no hope a later day
Its tribute of renown would pay;
Who made their sad self-sacrifice
Before no world's admiring eyes;
Of men's remembrance thinking not,
Content to toil and be forgot.

Ah! when the heroes of that time
Are numbered on God's book sublime,
High on the roll of that true fame
Many a gentle woman's name,
Which earth had cared not to record,
Shall stand writ, Valiant for the Lord.

JOHN HOOKER.
Hartford, Conn., Oct., 1883.

Mrs. Hemans. { Born 1794. Died 1835.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was born at Liverpool, Sept. 25, 1794. Her father was engaged in mercantile pursuits. Her mother was an Englishwoman, of Venetian origin. In 1812 Miss Browne married Captain Hemans, of the 4th Regiment. The marriage was not a happy one, and ended by Mr. Hemans abandoning his wife, leaving her with five sons "to breast a stormy world alone," as she said. She published at various periods prose and poetical works. As she grew older her poetry became more religious, and of a far higher character. She resided for some time at Rhyllon, near St. Asaph, Wales, then at Wavertree, near Liverpool. She visited Scotland, where she met Sir Walter Scott. She eventually went to live in Dublin, where she died May 12, 1835.—"Eng. Col."

LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

1 The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

2 And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

3 Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

4 Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

5 Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

6 The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
This was their welcome home.

7 There were men with hoary hair,
Amid that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

8 There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

9 What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

10 Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod:
They left unstained what there they found:
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

SONG OF EMIGRATION.

1 There was heard a song on the chiming sea,
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;
Man's voice unbroken by sighs was there,
Filling with triumph the sunny air;
Of fresh, green lands, and of pastures new,
It sang, while the bark through the surges flew.
But even and anon,
A murmur of farewell
Told by its plaintive tone,
That from woman's lip it fell.

2 "Away, away, o'er the foaming main!"
This was the free and joyous strain—
"There are clearer skies than ours afar,
We will shape our course by a brighter star;
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath press'd
And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest."
"But alas! that we should go,"
Sang the farewell voices then,
"From the homestead warm and low,
By the brook and in the glen!"

3 "We will rear new homes, under trees that glow
As if gems were the fruitage of every bough;
O'er our white walls we will train the vine,
And sit in its shadow at day's decline;
And watch our herds as they range at will
Through the green savannas, all bright and still."
"But woe for that sweet shade
Of the flowering orchard-trees,
Where first our children played
'Mid the birds and honey-bees!"

4 "All, all our own shall the forests be,
As to the bound of the roe-buck free!
None shall say, 'Hither, no further pass!'
We will track each step through the wavy grass;
We will chase the elk in his speed and might,
And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night."
"But oh! the gray church-tower,
And the sound of the Sabbath-bell,
And the shelter'd garden-bower,
We have bid them all farewell!"

5 "We will give the names of our fearless race
To each bright river whose course we trace;
We will leave our memory with mounts and floods,
And the path of our daring in boundless woods;
And our works on many a lake's green shore,
Where the Indians' graves lay alone, before."
"But who shall teach the flowers
Which our children lov'd, to dwell
In a soil that is not ours?
Home, home and friends, farewell!"

MRS. HEMANS.

THE ARMY OF REFORM.

1 Yes, ye are few,—and they were few,
Who, daring storm and sea,
Once raised upon old Plymouth rock
"The anthem of the free."

2 And they were few at Lexington,
To battle, or to die,—
That lightning-flash, that thunder-peal,
Told that the storm was nigh.

3 And they were few, who dauntless stood
Upon old Bunker's hight,
And waged with Britain's strength and pride
The fierce, unequal fight.

4 And they were few, who, all unawed
By kingly "rights divine,"
The Declaration, rebel scroll*,
Untrembling dared to sign.

5 Yes, ye are few; for one proud glance
Can take in all your band,
As now against a countless host,
Firm, true and calm, ye stand,

6 Unmoved by Folly's idiot laugh,
Hate's curse, or Envy's frown,—
Wearing your rights as royal robes,
Your manhood as a crown.—

*The reference is to the Declaration of Independence, made July 4th, 1776.

7 With eyes whose gaze, unvailed by mists,
Still rises, clearer, higher,—
With stainless hands, and lips that Truth
Hath touched with living fire,—

8 With one high hope, that ever shines
Before you as a star,—
One prayer of faith, one fount of strength,
A glorious few ye are!

9 Ye dare not fear, ye cannot fail,
Your destiny ye bind
To that sublime, eternal law
That rules the march of mind.

10 See yon bold eagle toward the sun
Now rising free and strong,
And see yon mighty river roll
Its sounding tide along!

11 Ah! yet near earth the eagle tires,
Lost in the sea, the river;
But naught can stay the human mind,—
'T is upward, onward, ever!

12 It yet shall tread the starlit paths,
By highest angels trod,
And pause but at the farthest world
In the universe of God.

13 'T is said that Persia's baffled king,
In mad, tyrannic pride,
Cast fetters on the Hellespont
To curb its swelling tide;

14 But freedom's own true spirit heaves
The bosom of the main;
It tossed those fetters to the skies,
And bounded on again!

15 The scorn of each succeeding age
On Xerxes' head was hurled,
And o'er that foolish deed has pealed
The long laugh of a world.

16 Thus, thus, defeat and scorn and shame,
Is his, who strives to bind
The restless, leaping waves of thought,
The free tide of the mind.

SARAH JANE LIPPINCOTT.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY, 1622

1 "And now," said the governor, gazing abroad o'er
neatly piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings, and covered
the meadows o'er,
"'T is meet that we render praises because of this
yield of grain;
'T is meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked
for his sun and rain.

2 "And therefore, I, William Bradford, (by the grace
of God to-day,
And the franchise of this good people), governor of
Plymouth, say—
Through virtue of vested power—ye shall gather with
one accord,
And hold, in the month of November, thanksgiving
unto the Lord.

3 "He hath granted us peace and plenty, and the quiet
we've sought so long:
He hath thwarted the wily savage, and kept him from
doing us wrong;
And unto our feast the sachem shall be bidden, that
he may know
We worship his own Great Spirit who maketh the
harvests grow.

4 "So shoulder your matchlocks, masters; there is
hunting of all degrees;
And, fishermen, take your tackle, and scour for spoil
the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate
crafts employ
To honor our first Thanksgiving, and make it a feast
of joy!

5 "We fail of the fruits and dainties so close to our
hand in Devon;
Ah! they are the lightest losses we suffer for sake of
Heaven!
But see in our open clearing, how golden the melons
lie;
Enrich them with sweets and spices, and give us the
pumpkin pie!"

6 So, bravely the preparations went on for the autumn
feast;
The deer and the bear were slaughtered; wild game
from the greatest to least
Was heaped in the colony cabins; brown home-
brew served for wine;
And the plum and the grape of the forest, for orange
and peach and pine.

7 At length came the day appointed, the snow had
begun to fall,
But the clang from the meeting-house belfry rang
merrily out for all,
And summoned the folk of Plymouth, who hastened
with glad accord
To listen to Elder Brewster as he fervently thanked
the Lord.

8 In his seat sat Governor Bradford; men, matrons
and maidens fair;
Miles Standish and his soldiers, with corslet and
sword were there;
And sobbing and tears and gladness had each in its
turn the sway,
For the grave of the sweet Rose Standish o'ershad-
owed Thanksgiving day.

9 And when Massasoit, the sachem, sat down with his hundred braves,
And ate of the varied riches of garden and woods and waves,
And looked on the granaried harvest—with a blow on his brawny chest,
He muttered, "The good Great Spirit loves his white children best!"

10 And then, as the feast was ended, with gravely official air,
The governor drew his broadsword from out of its scabbard there,
And smiting the trencher near him, he cried in heroic way,
"Hail, Pie of the Pumpkin! I dub thee Prince of Thanksgiving day!"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Mrs. Welby, nee Coppuck,

Was born at St. Michael's, Maryland, in 1821. In 1838 she was married to G. B. Welby of Louisville, Ky., where she afterwards resided. Her first published articles were in the Louisville "Journal," over the name of Amelia, and were widely copied, becoming so popular that the name Amelia was a welcome sound to all lovers of poetry and true feeling. Her rhythm, in which so many expressing poetical ideas are deficient, was perfect. A volume called "Poems by Amelia," was published in 1846 and rapidly passed through four editions.

THE AMERICAN SWORD.

1 Sword of our gallant fathers, defender of the brave,
Of Washington upon the field and Perry on the wave,
Well might Columbia's foemen beneath thy death-strokes reel;
For each hand was firm that drew thee, and each heart as true as steel.
There's not a tarnish on thy sheen, a rust upon thy blade,
Though the noble hands that drew thee are in dust and ashes laid;
Thou'rt still the scourge of tyrants, the safeguard of the free,
And may God desert our banner when we surrender thee!

2 Sword of a thousand victories! thy splendors led the way,
When our warriors trod the battle-field in terrible array;
Thou wert seen amid the carnage, like an angel in thy wrath;
The vanquish'd and the vanquisher bestrew'd thy gory path;
The life-blood of the haughty foe made red the slippery sod
Where thy crimson blade descended like the lightning glance of God!
They poured their ranks like autumn leaves, their life-blood as the sea,
But they battled for a tyrant—we battled to be free!

3 Sword of a thousand heroes, how holy is thy blade,
So often drawn by Valor's arm, by gentle Pity staid!
The warrior breathes his vow by thee and seals it with a kiss,
He never gives a holier pledge, he asks no more than this;
And when he girds thee to his side with battle in his face,
He feels within his single arm the strength of all his race;
He shrines thee in his noble breast, with all things bright and free!
And may God desert his standard, when he surrenders thee!

4 Sword of our country's battles! forever mayst thou prove,
Amid Columbia's freemen, the thunderbolt of Jove;
Where like a youthful victress, with her holy flag unfurled,
She sits amid the nations, the empress of the world.
Behold the heaven-born goddess, in her glory and increase,
Extending in her lovely hands the olive branch of peace;
Thy glittering steel is girded on, the safeguard of the free,
And may God desert her standard when she surrenders thee.

AMELIA B. WELBY.
Louisville, Ky., 1840.

ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE DEC. 14, 1799.

1 What means that solemn dirge that ſtrikes my ear?
What mean those mournful ſounds — why ſhines the tear?
Why toll the bells the awful knell of fate?
Ah! why thoſe ſighs that do my fancy ſate?

2 Where'er I turn, the general gloom appears,
Thoſe mourning badges fill my ſoul with fears;
Hark! Yonder rueful no! 't is done! 't is done!
The ſilent tomb invades our WASHINGTON!

3 Muſt virtues exalted, yield their breath?
Muſt bright perfection find relief in death?
Muſt mortal greatneſs fall? a glorious name!
What then is riches, honor and true fame?

4 The auguſt chief, the father and the friend,
The generous patriot—let the muſe commend;
Columbia's glory, and Mount Vernon's pride,
There lies enſhrined with numbers at his ſide.

5 There let the ſigh reſpondent from the breaſt,
Heave in rich numbers! let the glowing zeſt
Of tears refulgent beam with grateful love;
And the ſable mourning our affliction prove.

6 Weep!—kindred mortals—weep! no more you'll find
A man ſo juſt, ſo pure, ſo firm in mind;
Rejoicing Angels hail the heavenly ſage!
Celeſtial Spirits greet the wonder of the Age!

A [illegible]
Jan. 4, 1800.

Sarah Louisa P. Smith, nee Pickman,

Was born at Detroit, Mich., 1811, and died in 1832, before having attained her twenty first year. Her mother educated her with tender and careful devotion, in Newton, near Boston, which was the old home of her mother's ancestors. When a very small child she began to compose in verse, and by the time she was fifteen, her uncommon talents had made her quite distinguished for so young a person. At sixteen she was married to S. J. Smith of Providence, R. I., who published a volume of her poems soon after their union.

There was ever a delicacy and purity of thought, together with a buoyancy of spirit, breathed forth in her articles. Mrs. Smith was very sensitive of her own deficiencies, and with earnest self-discipline, there is abundant reason to suppose that had her life been spared she would have acquired great excellency as a poetical author. However, it is said her genius was not so great a charm as her delightful qualities of heart. She was noted for confiding sincerity of manner, playfulness of conversation rather than any attempt at brilliancy; enthusiastically devoted to those she loved and respected. We are assured that apart from her great beauty and loveliness of person, genius and amiability, there was also in her character true piety, so that we may well believe she was fitted, when called upward, to sing among the heavenly seraphs. The following poem was written about the year 1829, when she was about nineteen years of age. It is considered one of the finest selections in the volume from which it was taken.

THE FALL OF WARSAW.

1 Through Warsaw there is weeping,
And a voice of sorrow now,
For the hero who is sleeping,
With death upon his brow;
The trumpet-tone will waken
No more his martial tread,
Nor the battle-ground be shaken,
When his banner is outspread!
Now let our hymn
Float through the aisle,
Faintly and dim,
Where moonbeams smile;
Sisters, let our solemn strain
Breathe a blessing o'er the slain.

2 There's a voice of grief in Warsaw,
The mourning of the brave
O'er the chieftain who is gathered
Unto his honored grave;
Who now will face the foeman?
Who break the tyrant's chain?
Their bravest one lies fallen,
And sleeping with the slain.
Now let our hymn
Float through the aisle,
Faintly and dim,
Where moonbeams smile;
Sisters, let our dirge be said
Slowly o'er the sainted dead.

3 There's a voice of woman weeping
In Warsaw heard to-night,
And eyes close not in sleeping
That late with joy were bright;
No festal torch is lighted,
No notes of music swell;
Their country's hope was blighted,
When that son of freedom fell!
Now let our hymn
Float through the aisle,
Faintly and dim,
Where moonbeams smile;
Sisters, let our hymn arise
Sadly to the midnight skies!

4 And a voice of love undying,
From the tomb of other years,
Like the west wind's summer sighing,
It blends with manhood's tears;
It whispers not of glory,
Nor fame's unfading youth,
But lingers o'er a story
Of young affection's truth.
Now let our hymn
Float through the aisle,
Faintly and dim,
Where moonbeams smile;
Sisters, let our solemn strain
Breathe a blessing o'er the slain.

SARAH LOUISA P. SMITH.

INDEPENDENCE ODE.

Tune—"*America.*"

1 Freemen, awake the song!
Gladly the strain prolong,
Welcome this day!
It tells of glory won,
By deeds of valor done;
Shout till the setting sun
Sheds its last ray.

2 Our happy land we sing—
Your joyful tribute bring,
The song to swell;
Sing of our country's worth—
The place of freedom's birth—
The noblest spot on earth—
Her blessings tell.

3 Tell how Jehovah's care
Guarded our blessings rare,
Till this bright hour:
And still secure from harm,
Held by His mighty arm,
And free from all alarm,
We trust His power.

4 Science her power exerts,
And treasures rich imparts,
Ennobling truth,
Whence holy influence springs,
Upon her heaven-plumed wings,
Bright burnished armor brings,
To guard our youth.

5 Our youth—our country's gems—
Their lustre brightly beams,
For coming days:
Let virtue's wreath be twined
Round each—and every mind
The lamp of knowledge find,
To gild their ways.

6 May blest religion's light,
Unfading, changeless, bright,
Their guide-star be:
And, as to age they move,
Our Father's arm of love
Guide them to realms above,
Where all are free.

MISS STRONG.

OUR COUNTRY.

1 On primal rocks she wrote her name;
Her towers were reared on holy graves;
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.

2 The forest bowed his solemn crest,
And open flung his sylvan doors;
Meek rivers led the appointed guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores;

3 Till, fold by fold, the broidered land,
To swell her virgin vestments, grew,
While sages, strong in heart and hand,
Her virtue's fiery girdle drew.

4 O Exile of the wrath of kings!
O Pilgrim Ark of Liberty!
The refuge of divinest things,
Their record must abide in thee!

5 First in the glories of thy front
Let the crown-jewel, Truth, be found;
Thy right hand fling, with generous wont,
Love's happy chain to farthest bound.

6 Let Justice, with the faultless scales,
Hold fast the worship of thy sons;
Thy Commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs!

7 So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow firm the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-sped angels hail thy cause!

8 O Land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world in grief and wrong,
Be thine the tribute of the years,
The gift of Faith, the crown of song!

JULIA WARD HOWE.
In "The Atlantic," 1861.

OUR ORDERS.

1 Weave no more silks, ye Lyons looms,
To deck our girls for gay delights!
The crimson flower of battle blooms,
And solemn marches fill the night.

2 Weave but the flag whose bars to-day
Drooped heavy o'er our early dead,
And homely garments, coarse and gray,
For orphans that must earn their bread!

3 Keep back your tunes, ye viols sweet,
That pour delight from other lands!
Rouse there the dancer's restless feet,—
The trumpet leads our warrior bands.

4 And ye that wage the war of words
With mystic fame and subtle power,
Go chatter to the idle birds,
Or teach the lesson of the hour

5 Ye Sibyl Arts, in one stern knot
Be all your offices combined!
Stand close, while Courage draws the lot,
The destiny of human kind!

6 And if that destiny could fail,
The sun should darken in the sky,
The eternal bloom of Nature pale,
And God, and Truth, and Freedom die!

JULIA WARD HOWE.
Boston, 1861.

FOR LIBERTY.

1 Oh! sing, ye morning stars, rejoice;
Ye hills and vales, lift up your voice,
And o'er the land from sea to sea,
For liberty,
Break forth in one glad, glad refrain,
From hill to hill, from plain to plain,
Proclaim the joyful words again,
Our land is free.

2 Free as the wild birds in the air,
Free as the winds, and none so fair
As this dear land we call our own,
Without a throne.
Without the pomp of court or king,
Without oppression's rankling sting;
Thy loftiest praises we would sing,
Our happy home.

3 O land! so beautiful and free,
O glorious land of liberty!
Where all are princes, none is king,
Of thee we sing.
Father, divine, with gracious hand
Pour out Thy blessings on our land,
While Freedom's bells from strand to strand
Shall gladly ring.

MISS M. E. [illegible]
Sett. Music by W. [illegible]
From "Wissland Echoes," by her
Copyrighted 1878.

OUR COUNTRY.

1 Fair is our country, the home of the free,
Reaching in grandeur from sea unto sea;
May her proud banner ne'er trail in the dust,
Countrymen, countrymen, wake to your trust.

CHORUS—Wake to your trust! wake to your trust!
Ere your proud ensign shall trail in the dust;
Higher, lift higher your banner unfurled,
Wave it unsullied, the pride of the world!

2 Fair is our country, majestic her states,
Stretching along from the gulf to the lakes;
Bold are her rivers, her mountains rise high,
Countrymen, proudly her foemen defy.

3 Fair is our country, tho' darkness and sin
Warn us of dangers without and within;
Guard her and shield her, oh! heed each alarm,
God of our fathers, protect us from harm.

MARIA STRAUB, 1878.
Set to Music by S. W. STRAUB,
From "Woodland Echoes," by PROF. S. W. STRAUB.

WHAT IS TRUE PATRIOTISM?

Is it to pass with deprecating smile
The monster vice?—to lay caressingly
Our hand upon his mane, and place the mask
Of virtue on his hideous face?
Is it to shut our eyes, turn a deaf ear,
And place a seal upon our lips, while sin,
And crime stalk with unblushing front along
Our streets? Is it with specious sophistry
To bribe the press to silence, lest the pure
Light of truth reflect disgrace upon our
Homes, and rival cities triumph?
Ah no!
True patriotism searches out the dark
Purlieus of vice; beards the foul monster in
His den; unmasks the hypocrite, and holds
Him up to obloquy and shame. With eye
Intent upon the public weal, takes note
Of deeds, immoral in their tendency,
And by exposing, checks their onward march.
It fires with courage the unshackled press—
That true exponent of our local wrongs,
And guardian of our rights, to firmly stand,
Unmoved by flattery, unawed by frowns,—
Virtue's bold champion, whose plain, outspoken
Truth gives tone to public sentiment: defies
The scorn of base, time-serving sycophants;
And from the good, evokes the benison;
God speed the patriot press!

MRS. E. S. KELLOGG.

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

1 Beneath the hot mid-summer sun
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

2 Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

3 "I fear I cannot please," he said,
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

4 "Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

5 Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?

6 "And shall I fear to own His cause—"
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

7 Ended the song; the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends, good night,
God grant us sweet repose."

8 "Sing us one more," the captain begged;
The soldier bent his head;
Then glancing 'round, with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me," he said.

9 "We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

10 Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell
As on the singer sang:
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang.

11 The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

12 And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago.

MRS. E. V. WILSON.
In "Chicago Inter-Ocean."

LEFT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

1 What, was it a dream? Am I all alone
In the dreary night and the drizzling rain?
Hist!—ah! it was only the river's moan;
They have left me behind with the mangled slain.

2 Yes, now I remember it all too well!
We met, from the battling ranks apart;
Together our weapons flashed and fell,
And mine was sheathed in his quivering heart.

3 In the cypress gloom, where the deed was done,
It was all too dark to see his face;
But I heard his death-groans, one by one,
And he holds me still in a cold embrace.

4 He spoke but once, and I could not hear
The words he said, for the cannon's roar;
But my heart grew cold with a deadly fear,—
O God! I had heard that voice before!

5 Had heard it before at our mother's knee,
When we lisped the words of our evening prayer!
My brother! would I had died for thee,—
This burden is more than my soul can bear!

6 I pressed my lips to his death-cold cheek,
And begged him to show me, by word or sign,
That he knew and forgave me: he could not speak,
But he nestled his poor cold face to mine.

7 The blood flowed fast from my wounded side,
And then for a while I forgot my pain,
And over the lakelet we seemed to glide
In our little boat, two boys again.

8 And then, in my dream, we stood alone
On a forest path where the shadows fell;
And I heard again the tremulous tone,
And the tender words of his last farewell.

9 But that parting was years, long years ago,
He wandered away to a foreign land;
And our dear old mother will never know
That he died to-night by his brother's hand.

* * * * * * * * *

10 The soldiers who buried the dead away
Disturbed not the clasp of that last embrace,
But laid them to sleep till the judgment-day,
Heart folded to heart, and face to face.

SARAH T. BOLTON.

Ethel Lynn Beers.

During the late war, it was common in news despatches of 1861, to read — "All quiet along the Potomac," until the phrase became one of the most frequent. In "Harper's Weekly," of that year the following poem first made its appearance, and every journal in the land re-published it. There are many living yet, both North and South, whose hearts will throb with a more rapid pulsation when they read anew the old familiar quotation and the poem it inspired, entitled "The Picket Guard." She first published it under the initials "E. B." These were soon lost sight of, and the poem became a waif. After awhile some journal gave it a name, to which it had no right. Others claimed it. The London "Times" said it was written by a Confederate soldier who died on the Potomac. This was corrected by a paper in America, declaring that the Potomac verses were composed by a private soldier in the Union service, in a letter sent home to his wife, and published. Another asserted that Fritz James O'Brien was the author. At last in 1863, "Harpers Weekly" settled the question by proclaiming that it was written by a lady for its columns, and was copyrighted property. Even after this, the poem drifted into compilations of war poems, unjustly credited to men of known ability in that line, sometimes claimed as a Southern production, and again a Northern. The "Library of Song" attributed it to Mrs. Howland. In a letter to a friend Mrs. Beers says: "The poor waif has had so many claimants and sponsors I sometimes almost question myself, whether I really did write it, or dream so, that cool autumn morning, after seeing in the paper those oft-read announcements: 'All quiet along the Potomac' and 'A Picket Shot.'"

Mrs. Beers was born in Orange Co., N. Y., and educated at Goshen. Ethelinda Eliot was her maiden name, she claiming to trace through seven generations from John Eliot the Indian Apostle. In her early years she wrote under the name of Ethel Lynn, from her first name and since her marriage, Ethel Lynn Beers is as familiarly known as was her former name.

"On the Shores of Tennessee," is one of the most popular of her many gems of verse. "Which shall it be?" has been recited by almost every school boy of late years, and "Weighing the Baby" is one of the choicest selections in the sub-department of Motherhood in this volume.

In "Waifs and their Authors," a charming book edited by A. A. Hopkins, it is stated that in the writings of Mrs. Beers, her chief desire has been to write no word or line that should mislead a single soul. Her conscience and heart are carried into all she does. Mrs. B. was of medium stature, with dark hair and eyes, and resided in Orange, N. J. She died in 1879.

THE PICKET-GUARD.

1 "All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'T is nothing; a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost,—only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

2 All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard,—for the army is sleeping.

3 There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And he thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother,—may Heaven defend her!

4 The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low, murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken;
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

5 He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,—
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle; "Ha! Mary, good by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

6 All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,—
The picket's off duty forever.

MRS. ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

HYMN FOR A FLAG-RAISING.

1 God of our patriotic sires,
Guarding our freedom's altar-fires,
Whose ever-growing heat inspires
The life-blood in each vein,
To-day this flag we raise on high,
And swear, beneath the eternal sky,
For it to live, for it to die—
Its honor to maintain.

2 O'er many a well-fought battle-plain,
Where from the hero's quivering vein
The glowing blood was poured like rain,
This banner proudly waved;
And, 'mid the cannon's thunderous boom,
Amid the war smoke's hovering gloom,
It shed its glorious light and bloom,
Until the field was saved.

3 In every breeze its folds have curled,
Its stars have lighted all the world
Since first it proudly was unfurled,
The ensign of the free;
And now, amid the song and prayer,
With hands to do and hearts to dare,
We proudly fling it to the air,
And trust, O God, to Thee.

3 We trust to Thee, O Freedom's sire!
Each nerve and throbbing vein inspire,
Each heart with holy ardor fire,
As here we swear again,
While waves our flag triumphantly,
For it to live, for it to die;
And though the myriad hosts defy,
Its honor to maintain.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY, 1862.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe

Was born in Bowling Green, New York City, in 1819. Her early years showed unusual talent for writing both in prose and verse. Her youngest sister preserves among her most cherished treasures, a meritorious poem written by Mrs. Howe at the age of sixteen years, and entitled "The Ill-cut Mantle." At seventeen she was a valued contributor to the "New York Magazine," then a leading periodical.

She early developed a decided musical talent. Her instructors were so impressed with her genius for musical composition, that she was urged to devote the greater part of her time to it.

Gifted with a fine voice and dramatic power, she took a high rank among the amateurs of her time. Her father, being a man of wealth and culture, drew into the home the most eminent musicians and literary connoisseurs, so that Mrs. Howe, in those early days, had every advantage for self improvement. Had more time been at her disposal, she doubtless would have composed much music for publication. What she has brought forth has been of a high order. In 1843 she was married to Dr. Samuel Howe, one of the most prominent of reformers who have won for Massachusetts the place she has held undisputed, until lately, of "leadership in the thought and progress of the nation." While abroad, a year or two later, the crown of motherhood was laid upon her brow. Her infant daughter was christened Julia Romana in remembrance of her birth in Rome. After returning to America, she published her first volume of poems in 1854, called "Passion Flowers." Though published anonymously, the universal verdict was that no one in Boston, her residence, could have written it, and it won for her great, though unsought, reputation.

She became much interested in the Slavery question, and in 1855, published "Words for the Hour,"—another volume of poems. But it remained for her "Battle-Hymn of the Republic," inspired during the late war, to gain her a world-wide fame.

Of this, her biographer in "Our Famous Women," says:—"When our land was stained with the blood of its defenders, and the war-bugles rang through the country, her voice took up the cry and echoed back a war pæan, grand enough for the march of the Republic to its greatest conquest, the victory of self." It has been unjustly attributed by some to Chaplain McCabe, because he sang it so frequently after it came out, while he was doing noble work among the boys in blue. Here is the circumstance which inspired the writing of it. In company with her husband and a party of ladies and gentlemen, she made a memorable visit to the capital of the United States during the war. In company with friends at a review of troops, an interruption was caused by movements from the enemy. Reinforcements were sent to a party of soldiers that had been surrounded, and the review was abandoned for the day. The carriage containing Mrs. Howe and friends moved slowly along, surrounded by armed men. Among other things she sang the "John Brown Song" in her rich, melodious voice, which much pleased and inspired her hearers. She then expressed a desire to write better words for that soul-stirring tune, remarking that she feared she would never be able to accomplish it.

She retired to rest that night full of thoughts of battle, and awaking in the gray dawn next morning, she sprang from her bed, seized her pen and paper, and in a few moments the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was completed. As she finished it she exclaimed: "I like that better than anything I have ever written." "Later Lyrics," a volume of poems, was published in 1866. Those which relate to her little boy's death are very tender and pathetic. She still resides in Boston, and still does valuable literary work. Mrs. Howe had the honor of being appointed National Superintendent of the Woman's Department in the New Orleans Exposition, which continued from Dec. 1884 to May 1885, inclusive.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

The following was frequently sung by Chaplain C. C. McCabe, while a prisoner in Libby, after hearing Old Ben (the colored paper-seller in Richmond) cry out: "Great news by telegraph! Great battle at Gettysbury! Union soldiers gain de day!" Upon hearing such glorious news, Chaplain McCabe sung this soul-stirring hymn, all the prisoners joining him heartily in the chorus, making the old prison-walls ring with "Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible quick sword:
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah!

2 I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel,
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that sha l never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet:
Our God is marching on.

5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE, 1863.

THE DAY OF EMANCIPATION.

JANUARY 1, 1863.

1 Dawning at last! the morning sun is beaming,
Glad and expectant, o'er the eastern hill;
Dawning at last! adown the hill-side streaming,
Until the splendor all the vale doth fill.

2 Dawning at last! through flame and smoke of battle,
O'er faces pallid as their bed of snow;
Dawning at last! O day whose earlier dawning
Had saved our land these tears and weeds of woe.

3 O'er trodden field and ruined home and city,
O'er whitening bones and hearts bereft and sad,
Scenes over which the angels weep in pity,
Thy sunlight falleth beautiful and glad.

4 Aye, beautiful o'er yonder hut thy dawning,
Beside whose door a dark-browed infant plays,
There's freedom for the child this New-Year's morning,
A crown of manhood woven from its rays.

5 Freedom for child and sire through all the nation,
Freedom to be a man and claim his own—
To claim the soul for which Christ made oblation,
His own right hand, his wife, his child, his home.

6 Ah! precious blood of father, friend, and brother,
That stained the flowers on many a Southern plain!
Ah! bitter tears of sister, wife, and mother,
So sadly shed! ye were not shed in vain.

7 For lo! from out this river of baptism
A nation comes, regenerate and pure,
The buried manhood of a race hath risen,
To sit with men and God, eternal and secure.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY, 1865.

GORDON.

A RECITATION FOR BOYS.

1 A sound from the desert!
A shout from the wall!
Like arrows the rays
Of the southern sun fall.
'T is the cry of the lion,
The growl of his mate,
'T is the prayer of the hero,
That faces his fate,
But his duty is done.

2 Why tarries the flag
Of the red-cross afar?
Why sleep in the harbors
The dread ships of war?
Great England sits silent,
Unanswering, dumb,
Her hero sees plainly
His death-hour has come,
But his duty is done.

3 The flash of the bullet,
The shell's whizzing scream,—
If they hoped to the last,
The hope was a dream.
For nearer and nearer
The death-lions crept,
The hero's soul blenched not
As round him they swept,
For his duty was done.

4 The eyes grow dim, watching
Th' horizon's far line;
No British cheers waken,
No bayonets shine.
On pressed El Mahdi—
There's treachery here;
Unconquered, undaunted,
He faces death's spear,
And his duty is done.

5 O life of the hero!
O death of the brave!
Unforgotten, go down
To thy lone, desert grave.
For many a life
By thy lightning, alight,
Shall burn up for others
And flash through death's night,
With its duty all done.

ELLEN MURRAY.

St. Helena, S. C. 1885.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

1 I come not here to talk. You know too well
The story of our thraldom. We are slaves!
The bright sun rises to his course and lights
A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beams
Fall on a slave; not such as swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqu'ror led
To crimson glory and undying fame:
But base, ignoble slaves; slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
In that strange spell—a name.

2 Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day
An honest man, my neighbor,—there he stands,—
Was struck, struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
He toss'd not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor? men, and wash not
The stain away in blood? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs; I that speak to ye,
I had a brother once—a gracious boy,
Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy,—there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the belov'd disciple.

3 How I lov'd
That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once, and son! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheek; a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour
That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!
Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distain'd,
Dishonor'd; and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash.

4 Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world; and we are Romans!
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king!

5 And once again,—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus! Once again, I swear,
The eternal city shall be free.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

SONNET. (AN ACROSTIC.)

Angel of Freedom! Power to all the race
Beneficent; one whose aspiring soul,
Radiant and pure, strained for the highest goal;
A spirit steadfast, stern, yet full of grace,
He never turned away his heart and face
As he pressed on to fill life's noblest roll,
Martyr and patriot. We in history's scroll
Like his another name may never trace.
In him what strength of faith from duties done;
Nor fear of death nor danger made him pause,
Child of our country, proud Columbia's son,
O best of all, champion of freedom's cause!
Light unto thousands bringing. Fame thus won
Ne'er fails to gain and hold the world's applause.

FLORENCE M. HOLBROOK.
In the "Inter-Ocean."
Chicago, May 30.

1861–1865.

1 The cry for "Freedom" or for "Death' resounds,
From frozen lake to Mississippi's mouth:
The rugged mind of Lincoln guides the North,
The gray-eyed eagle Davis leads the South.

2 On, on they come! the while the scythe of gray
Sweeps low the lines of blue, like autumn leaves,
The eager mouths of earth quaff deep of gore;
The granaries of Death heap high with sheaves.

3 Steel clashes steel! and now the two-fold cry
Bursts from the stern lips of the nation's head,
The patriot's cry for "Union," "Freedom," rings
Through all the land, and echoes 'mid the dead.

4 And patriotism swells the surging tide,
With mighty hosts unnumbered as the stars—
"Our country" stirs the patriot of the North,
And nerves his sinews for the "War of Wars!"

5 On! on! and now the banners of the South
Bend low to meet the kiss the dying give;
The South yields to the hosts—her cause is lost—
Yet, though subdued, her truth and honor live!

6 Now Lincoln's hand has caught the Union flag,
And firmly nailed it to the ship of State;
He stands to pilot her into the port—
To sternly meet the stern decree of fate.

7 And now a horror falls upon the land,
The pulses of the North beat wild and high;
The weary Southland sees her last hope fade,
And, with the dream of Lincoln, droop and die.

8 'T is finished! aye, the daring mission's filled!
The grasp of Death rests on the iron hand
That laid the Southern banner in its shroud,
And flung the "Stars and Stripes" o'er all the land.

VIRGINIA A. FRAZIER.
From "An Album of Immortelles." By per. O. H. Oldroyd.
Memphis, 1882.

APRIL 15, 1865.

The way was long and cheerless,
But dawn succeeded night;
That soul, so brave and fearless,
Dwells evermore in light!
No shadows dim his glory,
Our hearts his praise resound,
And history tells his story,—
Our nation's king is crowned!

SOPHIE E. EASTMAN.
South Hadley, 1882.
In "An Album of Immortelles." By per. O. H. Oldroyd.

LINCOLN, THE EMANCIPATOR.

Born to a destiny the most sublime
Thou wert, O Lincoln! In the march of time
God bade thee pause,—and bid the oppressed go free!
Most glorious boon given to humanity!
Thou utterest the word, and Freedom fair
Rang her sweet bells on the clear winter air.
She waved her magic wand, and lo! from far
A long procession came, with many a scar,—
A Race set free! The deed brought joy and light;
It bade calm Justice, from her sacred height,
When faith, and hope, and courage slowly waned,
Unfurl the stars and stripes, at last, unstained!
Thy crown most glorious in a ransomed Race!
High on our country's scroll we fondly trace,
In lines of fadeless light that softly blend,—
Emancipator, hero, martyr, friend!
While Freedom may her holy scepter claim,
The world shall echo with "Our Lincoln's" name.

CORDELIA RAY.

OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT

SUGGESTED BY THE DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT, AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.,

October 15, 1874.

1 Mourn for the chief of the nation, who perished
By the assassin's demoniac hand;
One whom we had chosen, and honored, and cherished,
Whose blood sealed the clasp o'er Columbia's land.

2 Praise—for oppression is banished forever,
Her dark reign is over from river to sea;
In truth and in spirit, as now, sang we never,
"Of the land of the brave, and the home of the free."

3 Our God, who in wisdom the dark strife permitted,
Though the bow was obscured in the midst of the storm,
Now war-clouds are broken, and vengeance requited,
Shows the wonders He worketh, His will to perform.

4 Then boast not of conquest, or wisdom; but clothed,
In contrite submission and penitence bowed,
Give thanks to the Lord, who our armies hath guided:
For "Why should the spirit of mortals be proud?"

5 Yet long as our banner shall wave in her beauty,
As long as we sing of the red, white and blue,
Columbia will honor in pleasure and duty
The memory of Lincoln, brave, honest and true.

6 Assembled to-day are the pride of the nation,
Surrounding the spot where his hallowed dust lies,
Reviewing his service in grandest oration,
Recording his virtues in loftiest praise.

7 Though granite and bronze tower high where he sleeps,
A nation's bereavement and grief to proclaim,
More lasting and precious the love-light that keeps
Enshrined in the hearts of the people his name.

LUCY H. WASHINGTON.
From "Echoes of Song," pub. by Rev. E. S. Walker, Springfield, Ill.

'NON OMNIS MORIAR."

"I have completed a monument more lasting than brass, and more sublime than the regal elevation of pyramids, which neither the wasting shower, the unavailing north wind, nor an innumerable succession of years, and the flight of seasons, shall be able to demolish."

"I shall not wholly die, but a great part of me shall escape Libitina."
—"Thirtieth Ode of Horace" Book III.

Ah! Horace died, just as the morning sky
Grew red with promise that the Lord was nigh!
But thou for whom to-day a world is grieving,
Didst yield thy life, celestial light receiving
From full-orbed truth—where he but darkly strove.
Statesmen! who recognized the "Law of Love!"
Christian—by no sectarian views confined;
Hero, and Martyr, in our hearts enshrined—
Soldier! whose latest victory was won
By the sad, surgeful sea at Elberon,
Whence thou arose to take thy crown on high—
Garfield! thou art not dead! thou shalt not wholly die!

ANNIE LENTHAL SMITH
Stonington, Ct.

AT ELBERON.

IN MEMORIAM, SEP. 19, 1882.

1 Did the waves, muffled, beat
A solemn dirge that memorable night?
Or shrink in sorrow from the mournful sight,
And onward speed to meet
The Infinite, that free from worldly strife,
And restful, rolled before the ebbing life,
Unto God's mercy-seat?

2 Unfaltering and alone,
He felt the shore receding from his grasp,
He felt the breaking of the powerful clasp
Of hearts bound to his own.
A nation, sobbing, knelt beside his bed,
As silently he joined the noble dead,
Upon the fields unknown.

4 Wrapt in eternal peace,
He rests apart, his life fulfilled in love,
And guided by a Wisdom from above,
Nor does his influence cease.—
Mankind is nobler made. Ah! not for fame
He lived, though ages shall record his name!
Rest, Hero, rest in peace.

FANNIE HUNTINGTON RUNNELS.

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

1 There's not a gentle heart in all the land
But aches, through these slow-footed days of grief;
No rev'rent soul that ever spoke to God,
But prays His blessing on our stricken Chief.
And in the shadows hov'ring o'er his fate,
The loyal millions of the people wait.

2 Our land had many sons—as Jesse had.*
When from their midst God's prophet sought a King—
Sons that were tall and strong and princely fair,
But for them not waited oil and ring.
The hidden prince in quiet ways was found,
Unsought of men, but called of God and crowned.

3 We wondered much, like those of olden time,
When this same thing was done before our eyes,
And to the highest honors calmly came
The David we had failed to recognize.
Men choose as if the place were highest goal,
God chooses rulers among princely souls.

4 We called him Statesman, in the Senate halls,
And Orator when setting hearts athrill,
We named him Hero on the battle-field,
And Chieftain by a sovereign people's will.
But now we learn, through days of sore distress,
That pain has made him grander than success.

5 The man himself, so loving, pure and calm,
Has been revealed through these slow days of pain;
We've found the heart that made his words so hot,
The crystal soul that winged the splendid brain;
And so we bring with tears this highest meed,
The man is greater than his greatest deed.

* MARY T. LATHROP.
Jackson, Mich.
In "Union Signal."

* 1 Samuel, xvi.

GARFIELD IS DEAD.

1 Droop mournfully, O starry flag,
Above a nation's sorrowing breast,
As once more 'neath thy shining folds
A martyred President doth rest.
Peal forth, O wondrous, deep-voiced bells,
Your slowest tones, your saddest knells,
Unto an awe-struck world to show
Our pain, our shame! our voiceless woe.

2 A hero, who, with steps sublime,
Had climbed the hill of adverse fate;
Self-made, and greater than his time,
For whose grand deeds our millions wait;
A man idealized and loved,
Whose bravery and worth were proved;
A thousand lives could not atone
For such a loss—our nation's own.

3 Brave, patient heart! Through months of pain
And suffering, such as few can know,
With careful thought for those he loved,
Dauntless he fought the insidious foe,
But all in vain; for Garfield died
As falls a tree—the mountain's pride—
When from its high estate 't is hurled
The echo woke a slumbering world.

4 O reptile, clothed in human guise,
Whose vile hand sent the assassin's ball,
Did you think Heaven were high enough
To pardon and forgive it all?
Did you think earth so fair and wide
It had a place for you to hide?
Or did you dream that hell was broad
Enough to miss the wrath of God?

5 Beloved martyr! Christian saint!
Sweet be thy rest after life's pain.
"God giveth His belovéd sleep,"
He calls His children home again.
Unfinished was thy work on earth,
But angels greet thy Heavenly birth,
And stars within thy crown are set,
That grace no earthly coronet.

6 And you, O sweetly loyal wife,
Whose faith and hope would not give way,
A million wife and mother-hearts
Beat mournfully with yours to-day,
A million hands would fain clasp yours,
And share your sorrow—if they could—
Whose patient and enduring love
Has glorified all womanhood.

8 Pity, O God! our Nation's woe!
And lead us with a gentle hand;
Two martyred Presidents are now
The Ministers of our dear land
At Thy great Court, O Sovereign King;
Let them our cause before Thee bring;
And may our progress ever be
Onward and upward, unto Thee.

MARY A. BENSON.
Alton, Sept. 20th.
In "Union Signal."

* Mary T. Lathrop is one of the most consecrated and talented women engaged in the temperance work of to-day. She is president of Michigan W. C. T. U., and is a most successful gospel temperance evangelist. Some years ago she was licensed to preach by the authorities of the M. E. Church.

Miss Maria L. Eve.

A few weeks ago I went with a party of cultivated Southern ladies to pay my respects to our noble Paul H. Hayne, poet laureate of the South, and his lovely wife. Besides my hostess, Mrs. William C. Bibby, of Augusta, there was, among other charming women, Miss Maria L. Eve, daughter of one of Georgia's most celebrated physicians, and a celebrated woman in her own right, by reason of her poetic talent. Miss Josie Walton, a gifted mutual friend, had shown me the poem by Miss Eve, which I herewith enclose, and which has this history. The Mobile "Register" offered a prize for the best poem expressive of Southern appreciation in view of Northern help and sympathy during the terrible yellow fever calamity of 1879. There were fifty or more competitors, but the committee of award, composed of leading literary lights, preferred the poem of Miss Eve, on account of its simplicity and heart-power. It was read recently at a grand re-union of Confederate soldiers and received with unbounded enthusiasm, and an autograph copy being requested for preservation among their archives. Let these things be remembered by those who would have us believe the South can never cease to hate "the Yankees." Miss Eve sends me an autograph copy, which I highly value, and shall exhibit as one of the choicest among the many tokens of fraternity I am grateful to cherish.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

CONQUERED AT LAST.

1 You came to us once, O brothers, in wrath,
And rude desolation followed your path.

2 You conquered us then, but only in part,
For a stubborn thing is the human heart.

3 So the mad wind blows in his might and main,
And the forests bend to his breath, like grain,

4 Their heads in the dust and their branches broke;
But how shall he soften their hearts of oak?

5 You swept o'er our land like the whirlwind's wing;
But the human heart is a stubborn thing.

6 We laid down our arms, we yielded our will;
But our "heart of hearts" was unconquered still.

7 "We are vanquished," we said, "but our wounds must heal;
We gave you our swords, but our hearts were steel."

8 "We are conquered," we said, but our hearts were sore,
And "Woe to the conquered" on every door.

9 But the Spoiler came and he would not spare:
The angel that walketh in darkness was there;—

10 He walked through the valley, walked through the street,
And he left the print of his fiery feet

11 In the dead, dead, dead that were everywhere,
And buried away with never a prayer.

12 From our desolate land, from its very heart,
There went forth a cry to the uttermost part.

13 You heard it, O brothers!—with never a measure,
You opened your hearts and poured out your treasure.

14 O Sisters of Mercy! You gave above these!
For you helped, we know, on your bended knees!

15 Your pity was human; but oh! it was more,
For you shared our cross, and our burden bore;

16 Your lives in your hands, you stood by our side;
Your lives for our lives—you laid down and died.

17 And no greater love hath a man to give,
Than to lay down his life that his friends may live.

18 You poured in our wounds the oil and the wine
That you brought to us from a hand divine.

19 You conquered us, brothers; our swords we gave,
We yield now our hearts—they are all we have.

20 Our last ditch was there, and it held out long;
It is yours, O friends, and you'll find it strong.

21 Your love had a magic diviner than art,
And "Conquered by kindness" we'll write on our heart.

MARIA L. EVE, 1880.
Augusta, Ga.

THE HARP OF THE SEA.

The first message transmitted across the Atlantic telegraph was, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men."

1 Wild, harsh and discordant the song earth was singing—
The drum-beat of hatred swelled loud on the air;
Red hands to the breeze the red banner was flinging,
'Mid curses, that froze on her lips Mercy's prayer.
From nation to nation the challenge was sounding,
It wakened an echo from fettered and free,
But while with the war-cry the earth was resounding,
The angel of Peace hung his harp in the sea.

2 Far, far 'neath the waves from the tempests controlling,
Where the sea-weed is growing the white bones among,
Though above it the waves are incessantly rolling,
In stillness it singeth its beautiful song.
And list! comes a whisper, "Peace, peace through the ocean"—
How like to the voice that once stilled Galilee!
And the earth, charmed to rest from its tempest commotion,
Is singing "Peace! peace!" on the harp of the sea.

3 The drum-beat is silent; the love-notes of blessing
Are swelling, like Sabbath bells, sweet on the air;
A flag, the good-will of the nations expressing,
Pure hands have unfurled, 'mid the anthem and prayer.
From nation to nation the glad song is sounding,
It waketh an echo from fettered and free,
"All glory to God!" through the earth is resounding,
And "Good will to men!" sings the harp of the sea.

4 "Peace! good-will to men!" 't is the hand of an angel
That wakes from the harp-string that beautiful strain:
"All glory to God!" is the blesséd evangel—
"To God in the highest, who cometh to reign!"
And hark! from the land of the dark and benighted
There crieth a voice, holy watchman, to thee;
Oh! weary not, rest not till all lands, united,
Sing "Glory to God!" on the harp of the sea.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY, 1863.

L. Virginia French,

Author of "The Palmetto and the Pine," is the well-known educator, editor, author and poet. She was born in Virginia, in 1830. Her *nom-de-plume* is L'Inconnue. A fine sketch of her life and work appears in a recent issue of "Woman at Work," (now the "Woman's Magazine" published in Brattleboro, Vt., by Mrs. E. T. Housh.

THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE.

1 They planted them together—our gallant sires of old—
Though one was crowned with crystal snow, and one with solar gold;
They planted them together, on the world's majestic height,
At Saratoga's deathless charge, at Eutaw's stubborn fight;
At midnight on the dark redoubt, 'mid plunging shot and shell—
At noontide gasping in the crush of battle's bloody swell,
With gory hands and reeking brows, amid the mighty fray,
Which surged and swelled around them on that memorable day,
When they planted independence, as a symbol and a sign—
They struck deep soil and planted the Palmetto and the Pine.

2 They planted them together, by the river of the Years,
Watered with our fathers' hearts' blood, watered with our mothers' tears:
In the strong, rich soil of Freedom, with a bounteous benison,
From their Prophet, Priest and Pioneer—our Father Washington!
Above them floated echoes of the ruin and the wreck,
Like "drums that beat at Louisburg, and thundered at Quebec."
But the old light sank in darkness as the new stars rose to shine
O'er those emblems of the sections—the Palmetto and the Pine.

3 And we'll plant them still together, for 't is yet the self-same soil
Our fathers' valor won for us by victory and toil;
On Florida's fair everglades, by bold Ontario's flood,
And through them send electric life as leaps the kindred blood!
For thus it is they taught us who for Freedom lived and died,
The Eternal laws of justice must and shall be justified;
That God has joined together by a fiat all divine
The destinies of dwellers 'neath the Palm-tree and the Pine.

4 Aye! we'll plant them yet together, tho' the cloud is on their brows,
And winds antagonistic writhe and wrench their stalwart boughs;
Driving winds that drift the nations into gaping gulfs of gloom;
Sweeping ages, cycles, systems, into vortexes of doom;
Though the waves of faction rolling in triumphant to the shore,
Are breaking down our bulwarks with their sullen rage and roar;
Serried armaments of ocean filing in line after line,
Washing up the deep foundations of Palmetto and of Pine.

5 Shall this, the soil of Freedom, from their roots be washed away
By the chafing of the billows and the breaking of the spray?
No! the Hand that rules the vortex which is surging now before us
Above its "hell of waters" sets the bow of promise o'er us;
And the time will come when Discord shall be buried in the Past,
The oriflamme of Love shall wave above the beach at last,
And beneath the starry banner—type of unity divine—
Shall stand those stately signals, the Palmetto and the Pine.

6 Shall the old victorious Eagle from their boughs be wrenched away
By the double-headed Vulture of Disunion and Decay?
Forbid it, Heaven! Columbia, guard thine emblems sheltered here
To grace the brilliant dawning of this grand Centennial year:
And bear them as thou marchest on with gonfalons unfurled,
With thy feet upon the fetter, for the freeing of the world!
And guard thy Holy Sepulcher—Mount Vernon's sacred shrine—
For this is Freedom's Holy Land, her promised Palestine.

7 O thou voice of God, outflowing from the lips of holy Peace,
Soothe the turmoil and the tumult, bid this strife and sorrow cease!
O'er savannas steeped in sunshine, over mountains dark with rain,
Send the glad and thrilling tidings in thy sweetly solemn strain;
Let snowy North and sunny South send up the shout, "All's well!"
And the music of thy coming strike our heart-strings with its swell,
(As to Jessie Brown at Lucknow, struck the air of "Auld Lang Syne,"
From the Highland pipes of Havelock)—save the Palm and save the Pine!

8 God plant them still together! let them flourish side by side
In the halls of our Centennial, mailed in more than marble pride;
With kindly deeds and noble names we'll grave them o'er and o'er,
With brave historic legends of the glorious days of yore,
While the clear, exultant chorus, rising from united bands,
The echo of our triumph peals to earth's remotest lands;
While "Faith, Fraternity and Love" shall joyfully entwine
Around our chosen emblems, the Palmetto and the Pine.

9 "Together!" shouts Niagara his thunder-toned decree;
"Together!" echo back the waves upon the Mexic sea;
"Together!" sing the sylvan hills where old Atlantic roars;
"Together!" boom the breakers on the wild Pacific shores;
"Together!" cry the People and "together" still shall be
An everlasting charter-bond forever for the free;
Of liberty the signet-seal—the one eternal sign—
Be those united emblems, the Palmetto and the Pine!

L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

RING FREEDOM'S BELLS.

Ring Freedom's bells, across all lands,
Ring, happy bells, from shore to shore,
Until your echoes from far strands
Come back to us once more.
Ring out a blood-bought country's worth;
O joyful bells, ring high, ring low,
To celebrate a nation's birth,
So many years ago.

2 Ring loudly for the thirteen States
That joined their hardy hands of old;
And let the story of their brave
In stirring peals be told.
But for their heroes slain, oh! knell
A tender dirge, so soft and low;
A nation's grief for those who fell
So many years ago.

3 Give forth a peal of richest sound,
O music bells, from silver throats;
Let it on every breeze resound,
Where Freedom's banner floats.
A peal, Potomac's wave upon,
Whose echo down the stream shall flow,
For Washington, who led us on,
So many years ago.

4 Ring for the younger States that stretch
Across the farthest Western shore,
Where, hand in hand with old thirteen,
Go the newer twenty-four;
Ring for them all in union grand,
Proclaim, where'er your echoes go,
These stand to-day, as those once stood,
So many years ago.

5 Ring sweetly, softly, O ye bells,
For later slain, in blue and gray,
Their valor tender memory tells,
The rest is washed away.
Ring saddest notes for Lincoln, dead,—
Freedom's true friend and Slavery's foe,
Grand hero, brave as all who bled
So many years ago.

6 Ring peaceful days that shall succeed;
Ring honor to the toiling brain;
Or sturdy hands that sow the seed,
And reap the golden grain;
The hosts that gladden fields have won,
And still up Freedom's heights shall go,
Till finished is the work begun
So many years ago.

ELLEN C. PECK 1882

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

1 The surging sea of human life forever onward rolls,
And bears to the eternal shore its daily freight of souls;
Though bravely sails our bark to-day, pale Death sits at the prow,
And few shall know we ever lived a hundred years from now.

2 O mighty human brotherhood! Why fiercely war and strive,
While God's great world has ample space for everything alive?
Broad fields uncultured and unclaimed are waiting for the plow
Of progress that shall make them bloom a hundred years from now.

3 Why should we try so earnestly in life's short, narrow span,
On golden stairs to climb so high above our brother-man?
Why blindly at an earthly shrine in slavish homage bow?
Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hundred years from now.

4 Why prize so much the world's applause? Why dread so much its blame?
A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of fame;
The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn that dyes with shame the brow,
Will be as long-forgotten dreams a hundred years from now.

5 O patient hearts, that meekly bear your weary load of wrong!
O earnest hearts, that bravely dare, and striving, grow more strong!
Press on till perfect peace is won; you'll never dream of how
You struggled o'er life's thorny road a hundred years from now.

6 Grand, lofty souls, who live and toil that freedom, right and truth
Alone may rule the universe, for you is endless youth.
When 'mid the blest with God you rest, the grateful land shall bow
Above your clay in reverent love a hundred years from now.

7 Earth's empires rise and fall. Time! like breakers on thy shore
They rush upon thy rocks of doom, go down, and are no more.
The starry wilderness of worlds that gem night's radiant brow
Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred years from now.

8 Our Father, to whose sleepless eye the past and future stand
An open page, like babes we cling to Thy protecting hand;
Change, sorrow, death, are naught to us, if we may safely bow
Beneath the shadow of Thy throne a hundred years from now.

MARY A. FORD.

GRANT IS DEAD.

[On hearing the university bell at Evanston toll for the death of Gen. Grant, at 9 o'clock A. M., July 23, 1885.]

1 Toll bells from every steeple,
Tell the sorrow of the people,
Moan sullen guns and sigh
For the greatest who could die.
Grant is dead.

2 Never so firm were set those moveless lips as now,
Never so dauntless shone that massive brow.
The "Silent Man" has passed into the silent tomb.
Ring out our grief, sweet bell,
The people's sorrow tell
For the greatest who could die.
Grant is dead.

3 "Let us have peace."
Great heart, that peace has come to thee,
Thy sword for freedom wrought,
And now thy sword is free,
While a rescued nation stands
Mourning its fallen chief.
The Southern with the Northern lands
Akin in honest grief,
The hands of black and white
Shall clasp above thy grave,
Children of the Republic all,
No master and no slave.
Almost "all summer on this line"
Thou steadily didst fight it out,
But Death, the silent,
Matched at last our silent Chief,
And put to rout his brave defence.
Moan sullen guns and sigh
For the bravest who could die.
Grant is dead.

4 The huge world holds to-day
No fame so great, so wide,
As his whose steady eyes grew dim
On Mt. McGregor's side
Only an hour ago, and yet the whole great world has learned
That Grant is dead.

5 O heart of Christ! what joy
Brings earth's new brotherhood!
All lands as one.
Buckner, Grant's bed beside,
The priest and Protestant in converse kind;
Prayers from all hearts, and Grant
Praying we "all might meet in better worlds."
Toll bells from every steeple,
Tell the sorrow of the people,
So true in life, so calm and strong,
Bravest of all, in death suffering so long,
And without one complaint!
Moan sullen guns and sigh
For the greatest who could die.
Salute the nation's head.
Our Grant is dead.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.
In the "Inter-Ocean."

IN PEACE.

GRANT.

1 Flags of the nation droop low at half-mast;
Death o'er our eagle his shadow hath cast.
The century wanes, and the great ones go fast.

2 His was the Will that arose on our night,
His was the hand to deliver with might.
His now the soul plumed for heavenly flight.

3 Stand forth, McGregor, a mount of the world,
Death makes thee sacred! Thy mourning unfurled
Ensigns of sorrow, with tear-stars impearled.

4 Tears that are trophies of love he has won.
Northmen and Southron, East, West, are all one;
Captain of mighty hosts, Soldier, Well done!

5 Crest of the North, on thy bleak mountain side,
Desolate, stricken, the mourners abide.
Chieftain, thy grave in our hearts we will hide.

* * * * * * * * * *

6 Saviour! Adoring, we bring thee our slain,
Courier of God, is the death-angel's pain
Thou who for man hast died,
Thou who dost history guide,
Thou, to supremest power great love allied!

7 Heart of our God, that is pledged on our side—
Soldier, saint, sage or child, lover or bride.

8 Worlds-full of each and all, find, 'neath the grave
There, there the hiding of God's power to save.

ISADORE G. JEFFERY, July 25, 1885.

THE TO-COME OF THE WORLD.

["America is the To-Come of the world."—Secretary N. G. Clark, at the recent missionary ordination in Chicago.]

1 "The To-Come of the world!" Hear the prophecy glorious.
How it rings like a joy-bell the ages adown,
Since the promise was made of a Prince and a Saviour,
Mighty Conqueror to be, and right worthy the crown.
Ring the joy-bells again! Let the echoes resound
Over mountain and plain all the wide world around.

2 "The To-Come of the world!" Oh! how blesséd the nation
That responds to the call of this wonderful One!
In the land of His birth, amid hearts unbelieving,
Could not many of His mighty wonders be done.
Be it thine, O America, thine it may be,
To believe on the Lord and His glory to see.

3 "The To-Come of the world!" Oh! most glorious commission
To each soldier enlisted in warfare divine.
Not a sword or a spear shall we need in the battle,
For the word of our Captain is, "Let your light shine."
Marching on, marching on, with our banners unfurled,
Be our watchword, "The Christ! the To-Come of the world!"

NANNIE KINSELLA
Chicago, 1881

THE MORTAL LIFE.

A swallow poising in the candle-light,
Surprised in confines — whence, where, what unknowing,
Swift through the farther casement taking flight,
Such is our life; its measure coming, going.

LAVINIA S. GODWIN
"The Current" 1885.

LINES ON GENERAL GRANT.

BURIED AUGUST 8, 1885.

1 Hark! the funeral bells are tolling,
Requiems to the dead are sung;
Thunders from the cannon rolling,
Tears from manly eyes are wrung.

2 Yes, the Nation mourns her dead son,
Weeps her loss—his gain forgetting,
The "Man of Destiny," his race outrun
Is crowned immortal, Victory's won.

3 'T is finished. Tho' we nevermore
Upon that dauntless form shall gaze,
From pole to pole, from shore to shore,
Shall gently waft the hero's praise.

* * * * * * * * * *

4 Hero on many a battle field.
On none more brave than on that day
When the greatest of conquerors called him to yield,
To lay down his arms and obey.

5 Oh! such a life and such a death
Shall they not wreath a glory round his name?
To grow more brilliant with every breath
To blossom, and illume the scroll of fame.

6 And so farewell! sad word, farewell!
It is not death to die—why weep?
Remember, as we hear the hope's death-knell,
That, "He giveth His beloved, sleep."

[illegible] 18

PREFATORY NOTE.

ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY.

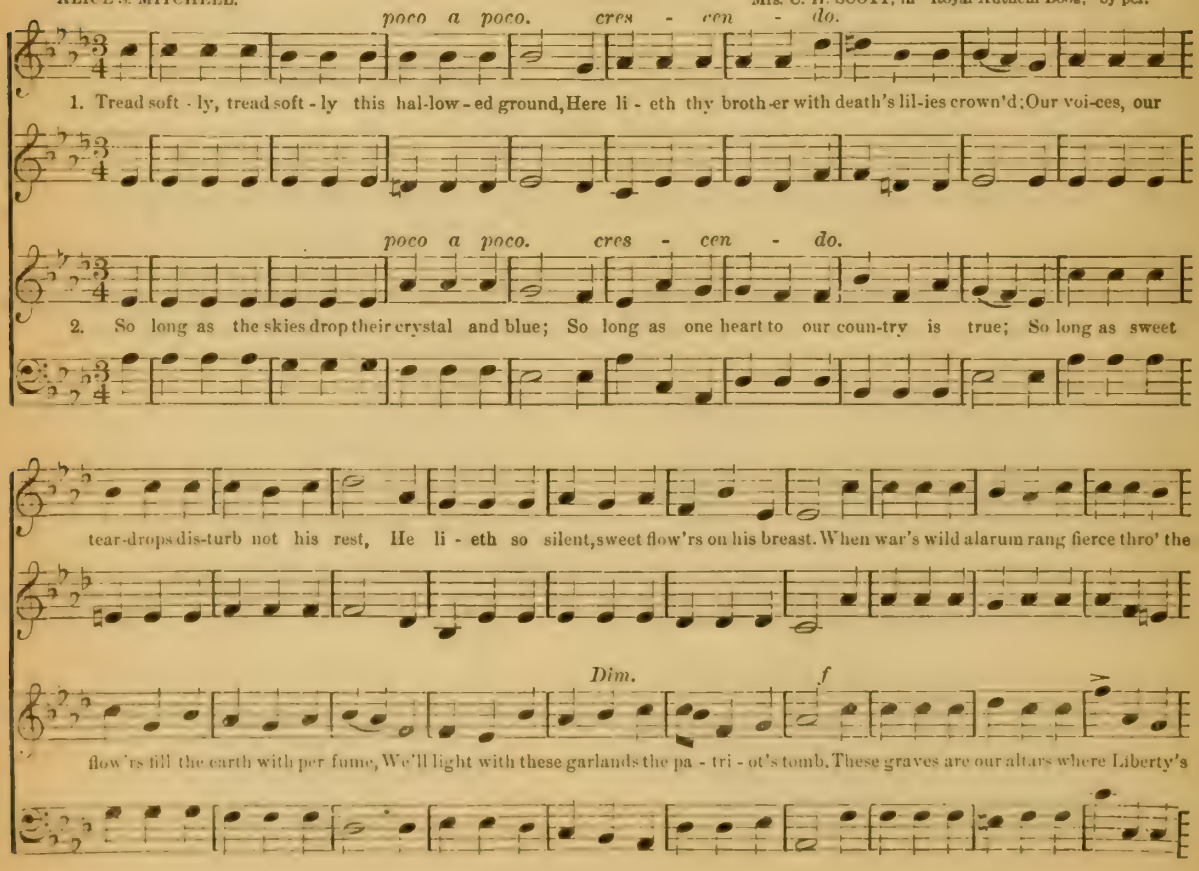
Decoration day was orignated at Arlington in 1862 by Mrs. Sarah J. Evans, who went with her husband into the Union Army a year after their marriage, and remained until the end of the war, ministering to the wounded and performing a service which ought to make her grave (she died in Des Moines only a few months ago) an object of interest throughout the nation. In the sad years of the war the Decoration-day procession was more like a funeral procession than the Memorial-day parade of the present time, and flowers were strewn upon the graves of soldiers as an act of mourning. It is evident that a change in the character of the memorial was to be expected, if its observance is to be made a perpetual custom; for, after the death of all the friends of the soldiers who fell in the war, there will be none to decorate soldiers' graves with the same feelings of sorrow which made the Decoration day of the first decade an occasion of such solemnity.

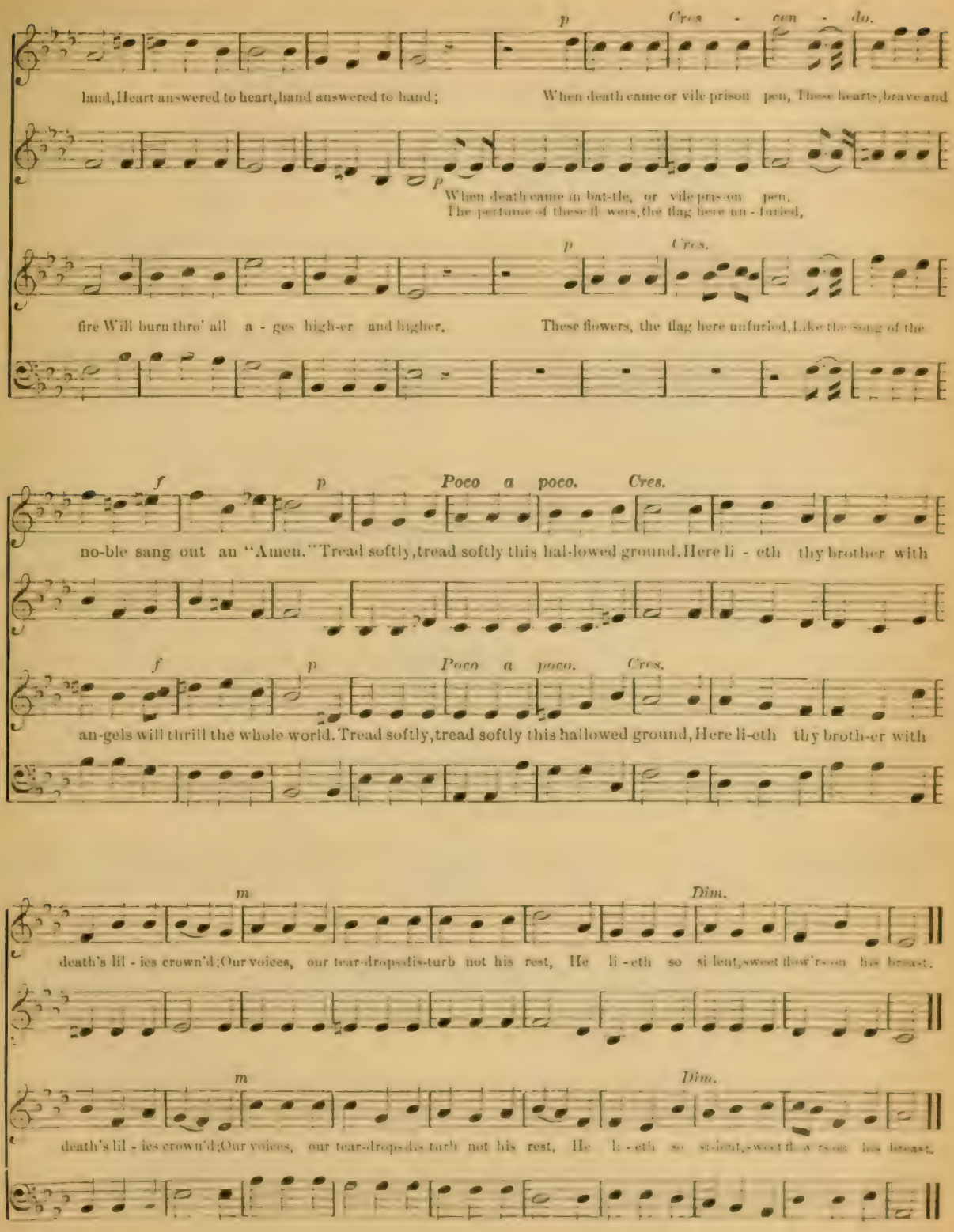
The sacrifice of life is not forgotten in its later observance, but exultation in the heroism which made the sacrifice, is now the chief element of the memorial, and properly. The scope of the memorial has been expanded, and as the day of all patriots who have suffered or performed distinguished service for their country, Memorial day is destined to permanent observation. All the brave who have died for the nation, and all the patriot dead who have performed conspicuous deeds for its welfare, in whatever sphere of life, should be remembered on Memorial day, and their graves should be strewn with flowers. — *New York Mail and Express.* 1884.

TREAD SOFTLY.

FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

ALICE S. MITCHELL. Mrs. C. H. SCOTT, in "Royal Anthem Book," by per.

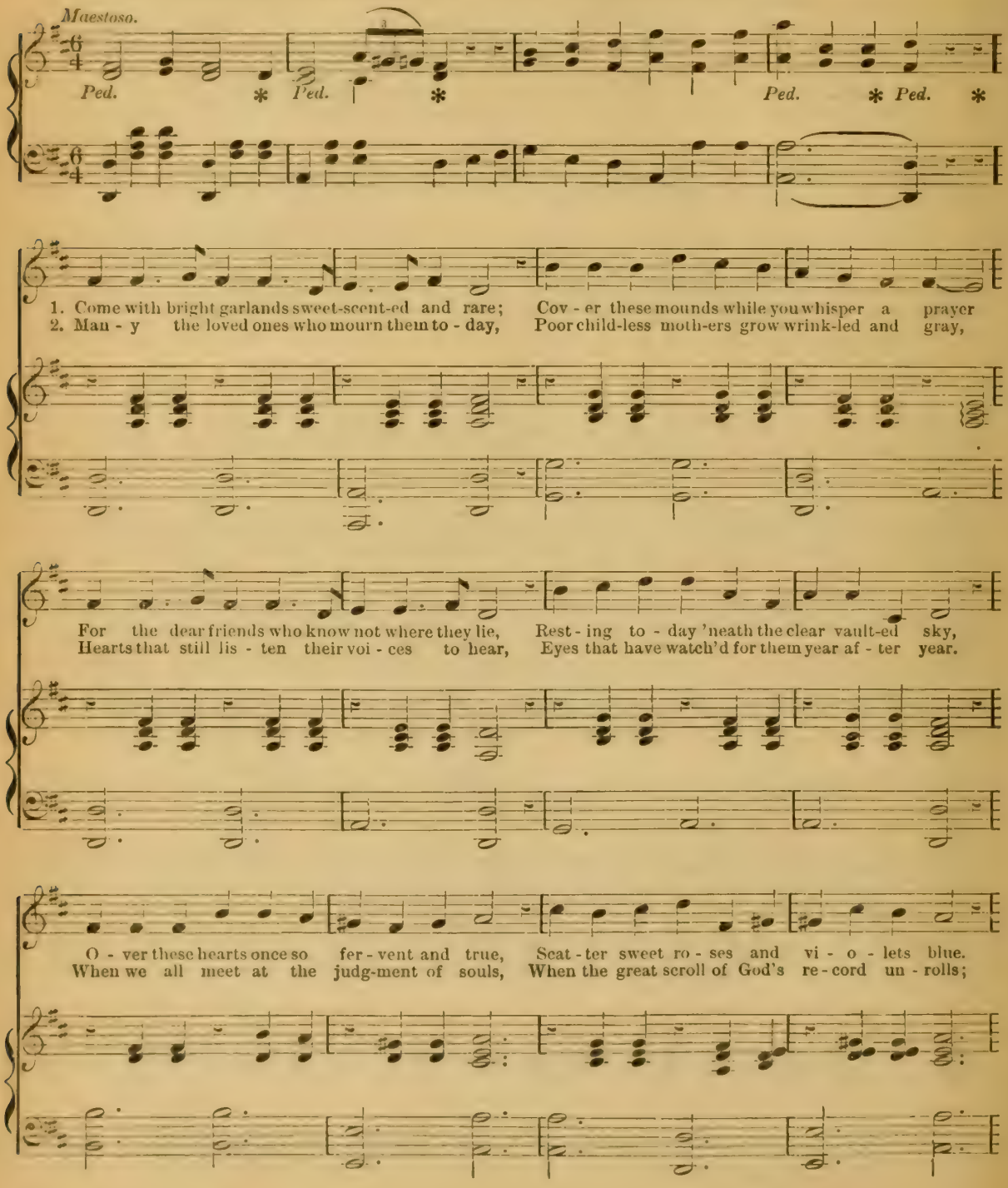


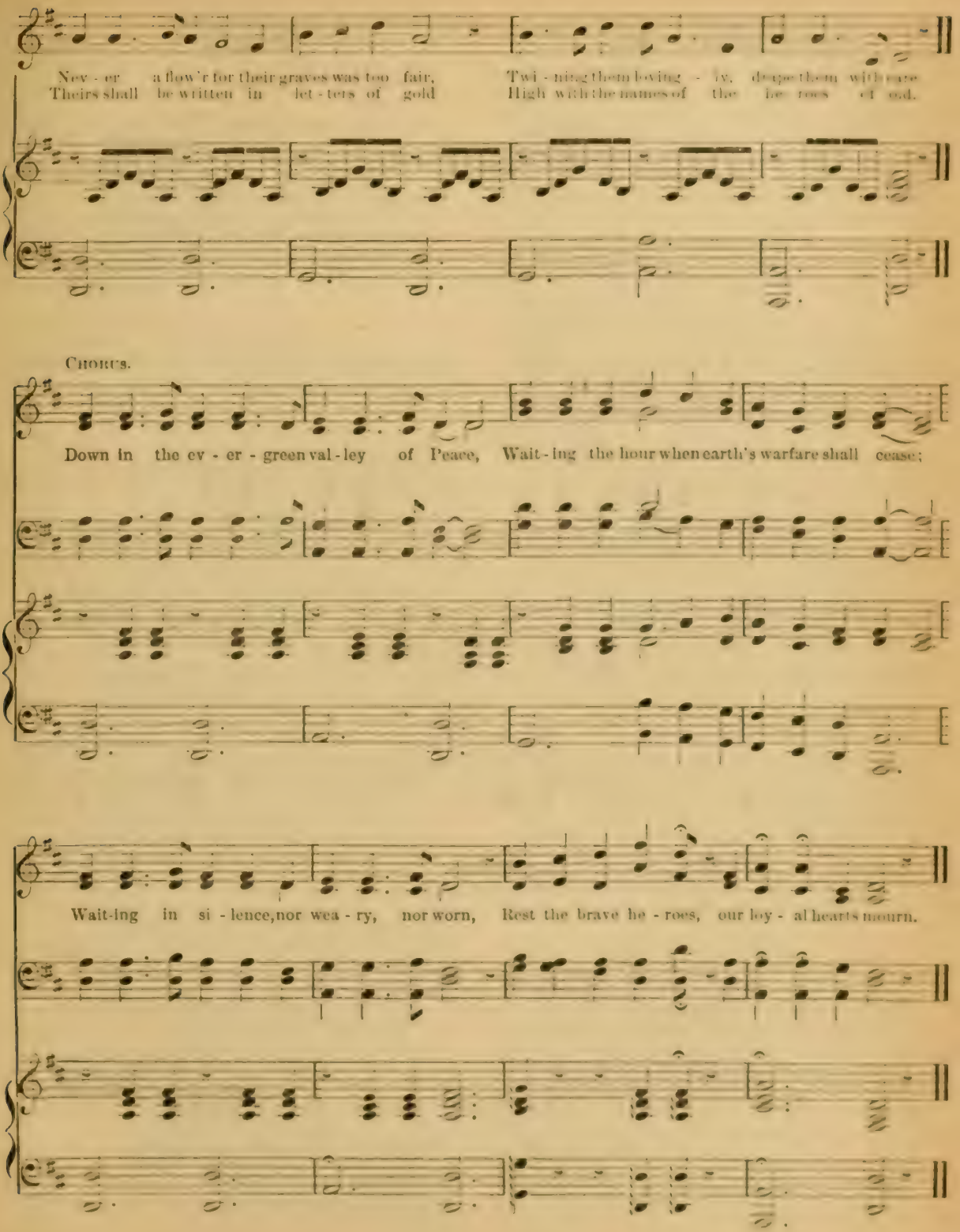

p Cres - cen - do.
land, Heart answered to heart, hand answered to hand; When death came or vile prison pen, These hearts, brave and
p
When death came in bat-tle, or vile pris-on pen,
The pertame of these fl wers, the flag here un - furled,
p Cres.
fire Will burn thro' all a - ges high-er and higher. These flowers, the flag here unfurled, Like the song of the
f p Poco a poco. Cres.
no-ble sang out an "Amen." Tread softly, tread softly this hal-lowed ground. Here li - eth thy brother with
f p Poco a poco. Cres.
an-gels will thrill the whole world. Tread softly, tread softly this hallowed ground, Here li-eth thy broth-er with
m Dim.
death's lil - ies crown'd; Our voices, our tear-drops dis-turb not his rest, He li - eth so si lent, sweet flow'rs on his breast.
m Dim.
death's lil - ies crown'd; Our voices, our tear-drops dis turb not his rest, He li - eth so si lent, sweet flow'rs on his breast.

IN THE VALLEY OF PEACE. OR COVER THEM OVER.

Words by Miss M. E. SERVOSS. By per. Music by Mrs. HARRIET HOLMAN.

The entire poem from which these two stanzas are taken, is published in full, on page 772.




Nev - er a flow'r for their graves was too fair,
Twi - ning them lov - ing - ly, deep them with care
Theirs shall be written in let - ters of gold
High with the names of the he - roes of old.
Chorus.
Down in the ev - er - green val - ley of Peace, Wait - ing the hour when earth's warfare shall cease;
Wait - ing in si - lence, nor wea - ry, nor worn, Rest the brave he - roes, our loy - al hearts mourn.

IN THE VALLEY OF PEACE.

Down in the evergreen valley of Peace,
Waiting the hour when earth's warfare shall cease,
Waiting in silence, nor weary, nor worn,
Rest the brave heroes our loyal hearts mourn.

Come with bright garlands sweet-scented and rare,
Cover these mounds while you whisper a prayer
For the dear friends who know not where they lie
Resting to-day 'neath the clear vaulted sky;
Over these hearts, once so fervent and true,
Scatter sweet roses, and violets blue;
Never a flower for their graves was too fair,
Twining them lovingly—drape them with care.

When the first battle-call thrilled through the land,
When every heart by the shock was unmanned;
All else forgotten, their country to save,
Firmly they marched to the brink of the grave;
Heedless of danger, of shot and of shell,
Now they are sleeping where bravely they fell:
Sweet rest, sweet rest crowneth each martyred brow.

Birds of the woodland, your joyous notes raise,
Singing your beautiful songs to their praise.

Flag of the Nation they died to uphold,
Wave in their honor your every bright fold!

Stars of the firmament, shining on high,
Bend to these heroes whose deeds cannot die!

Many the loved ones who mourn them to-day,
Poor, childless mothers grown wrinkled and gray,
Hearts that still listen their voices to hear,
Eyes that have watched for them year after year.
When we all meet at the judgment of souls,
When the great scroll of God's record unrolls,
Theirs shall be written in letters of gold
High with the names of the heroes of old.

Come with bright blossoms that grew in the wild-wood,
Wreathe for them roses, sweet roses, and lilies,
Fair lilies they loved in their childhood:
Deck them with roses, with violets blue,
Sure their reward, for Jehovah is true.

MISS M. E. SERVOSS,
Chicago, Ill., 1881.

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NASTURTIUMS.

1 Bright flowers, still loyal to the summer's heart,—
Flag of her blazonry on death-strewn field,—
Hold high aloft your banners, act your part,
And, like the patriot-martyr, never yield,
But clasp, undaunted, your firm radiate shield;
Sword from your golden scabbard proudly wield!

2 I know ye, glorious flowers incarnadine!
Your twining stems have grappled round my life;
For o'er twin patriot graves your blossoms lean,
And on white stones are cut with sculptor's knife,—
Symbol of blood shed in a country's strife,
With sacred love and holy memories rife!

3 Your aromatic fragrance I inspire;
Type of how costly sacrifice! the tear
Of deep affection springs; my strong desire
Calls back those fresh young faces, souls of fire,—
My brothers!—offered on fair Freedom's pyre.

4 Bloom till ye fall like heroes at the front;
With gold and crimson colors lead the fight;
How well your green escutcheon bears the brunt!
Your flaming rays still challenge winter's night,
Guerdon that brave souls shall not suffer blight,
But "precious shall their blood be in His sight!"

LOUISA P. HOPKINS.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE.

FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

Twenty years have passed away;
The Nation lives—the Blue, the Gray,
Mingle in common brotherhood,
Each loyal to his Country's good;
And should a foreign foe invade the land,
No North, no South, but each with good right hand
Will fight her wars and for her safety stand.
Not vainly were those precious life-drops shed,
Not vainly did the battle count its dead,
Not is it all in vain
That from the Gulf to piney-crested Maine,
From ocean shore to ocean shore,
The graves of soldiers mark the Country o'er—
A span, if North or South—the honored hero lies,
Of one great bond of loyal sacrifice.
In yearly flower-strewn mound we read
The reverent tribute men will pay to those
Who, throwing self and self's small aims aside,
To save the Nation's sanctity and pride,
Rush to her rescue, in her hour of need.
Land of the free! Home of the earth's oppressed!
The hands which now strew flowers of Spring,
In love, o'er thy defenders' earth-kept rest,
Would, quick as the lightning flash,
Draw loyal sword in thy behalf,
Should there be power so rash
As even to touch with unclean hand
Thy blesséd banner's staff!
Hearts loyal are not dead;
The blood of heroes has not all been shed.
And for proud Liberty, the goddess of our land,
In her estate of majesty to stand,
The brave, the true, the loyal of her sons,
The life despising, freedom-loving ones,
Their aims, their fortunes freely, gladly given,
Would build their lives in such a wall for her defense,
As should reach up to hights of highest heaven!

IN MEMORIAM.

Strew the flowers, bright flowers,
O'er the noble soldier dead;
Put a starry cross at foot,
And place a starry flag at head.
Loving hands, tender hands,
Loyal hands of comrades old,
Spread the sunny mound of green
With Spring's new blossomings of gold.
Strew flowers, fair flowers,
Make each grave of soldier bright
With living hues of rose, and gold,
And amethyst, and angel white.
Comrades, o'er your comrade dead,
Softly, gently lay them down;
A blood-red rose and one of white,
Emblems of martyr's glory crown.
The sons of soldiers,—and the sons
Of those whose sires in battle died,
Each little boyish bosom filled
With ebb and flow of patriot pride—
Fill well their little hands with flowers,
Let them the graves of soldiers strew,
A token that for their own land
Their little hearts beat leal and true.
Let maids, the daughters of the ones
Whose mothers gave their noble sons,
A wreath of fairest flowers weave
To lay above each hero's grave.
Strew flowers, bright flowers,
Fair flowers,—one and all—
Let them like sweet showers of loves,
Or like a snowy flock of doves,
Over each noble soldier's mound,
By Spring's bright crown of emerald crowned,
In grateful benediction fall.
The flowers—they are emblems
Of that coming end of night,
When those who sleep
In earth's cold keep,
Clothed all in beauty bright,
Shall grandly rise
To meet in skies
The risen Lord of Light.
Then strew the soldier graves with flowers,
With flowers their bosoms heap,
In sign of resurrection morn,
When those shall wake, who sleep;
And with a tear,—to mark the year,
Gemming the flower-strewn sod,
And with a low and loving prayer,
Leave them alone with God.

MRS. M. P. DAWSON.
Hartford, May 30, 1885.

The above is from a poem written and read by Mrs. Dawson at Hartford, Conn., on Decoration Day.

The surviving ex-prisoners and relatives will be interested in knowing that the Andersonville martyrs were not forgotten on "Decoration Day." Frank W. Smith of Toledo, Ohio, an ex-prisoner who suffered in Andersonville, Milton, Blackshire and Florence prisons, was at Andersonville a short time before I visited the old stockade, looking over the scenes of the horrors of twenty years ago. T. W. Bryant informs me that Mr. Smith came back to the National Cemetery at Andersonville on Decoration Day, and read the following beautiful poem at the Memorial Services in the "city of the dead." It was written for the occasion by a lady whose name is signed below. [Ed. Des Moines "Journal".]

ANDERSONVILLE ON DECORATION DAY.

MEMORIAL DAY AT ANDERSONVILLE, 1884.

1 O Comrades, on each lonely grave we place one flower to-day
More sweet than any that shall bloom upon the heart of May;
More flush in blue and crimson, with starry splendor crowned,
Because the thunders raged above, the darkness hemmed around;
The flower that our fathers saw an hundred years before,—
A tiny tendril springing by the lonely cabin door,—
'T was sown in fears, 't was wet with tears, till, lo! it burst to view,
The symbol of a nation's hopes,—the Red, the White, the Blue.

2 Ah! not in anger, or in strife, we come with laden hands,—
The crimson retinues of war are off in other lands,—
We bring the blossoms we have nursed to shed their honied breath,
Where erst the reeling ranks of war unbarred the gates of death;
We lift the dear dead faces of our heroes to the light,
We raise the pallid hands of theirs, we clasp and hold them tight;
We say; O brothers, rise and see the peace you helped to woo,
Whose snowy pinions hover o'er the Red, the White, the Blue.

3 Not yours, O silent comrades, the ecstacy of strife,
The haughty exaltation that rounds the hero's life;
Not yours the flash of sabers, the shouts of the advance,
The gleam of thrusting bayonets that shiver as they glance;
Not yours upon the parapet your banner to unfurl,
To die with victory on your lips, as back your feet they hurl;
The whisper of a kindling hope, while gaily over you
The silken folds are dancing out—the Red, the White, the Blue.

4 Nay, to your homesick vision the mask of Death was up,
His icy breath was round, his draught was in the cup;
A terror walks at noonday; the dreams that throng the night,
But take the wings of morning and vanish ere the light.
But oh! our fallen heroes, one gleam of heaven shines
Upon the ghastly phalanxes, along the ragged lines,
And eyes grown dim with watching are lit with courage new,
They've heard the tramp of comrades, with the Red, the White, the Blue.

5 O comrades of the prison, ye have not died in vain,
For lo! the march of harvests where war has trod the plain!
And lo! the breath of lilies and of rose beyond compare,
And the sound of children chanting where the cannon rent the air!
We clasp our hands above you, with tearful hearts to-day,
Your brothers who have worn the blue, your brothers of the gray;
Our hearts are one forever, whatever men may do,
And over all the glory of the Red, the White, the Blue.

6 Ah! not in strife, or anger, or idle grief we come,
With thrill and throb of bugle, with clamor of the drum:
We've heard the wings of healing above the war's surcease,
And lo! the Great Commander has set the watchword, "Peace!"
Peace, to the free-born millions who live to do and dare,
Peace, in each brave endeavor, in whatever lot they share!
Above, the triune colors, so dear to me and you,
The splendid flower that Freedom guards, the Red, the White, the Blue.

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD, 1884.
President National Woman's Relief Corps, 1885.

"OUR UNFORGOTTEN DEAD."

READ ON DECORATION DAY. HARTFORD, CONN., 1883.

1 In every loyal state to-day,
Down dusty city-street and shady village-way,
With martial tread they learned so long ago,
With floating flags, with music, soft and low,
With fragrant blossoms of the spring,
With every tribute love can bring,
They come, our living veterans come,
And lay their offerings at the feet
Of our dead heroes sleeping sweet,
After the noise and the battle's heat,
Each in his silent grassy home.

2 "Our unforgotten dead!"
Could better, nobler words be said,
Could grander, deeper book be read,
Than this immortal story that we all love so,
This spotless record of those lives of twenty years ago?
The scene before us changes. The Past has come again,
And all these gallant comrades that now so still are lain,
Are pressing on beside you, with brave hearts beating high,
Are pressing on beside you, to conquer or to die;
You can see them marching onward, scorning every thought of fear,
You can see their earnest faces, and their ringing words of cheer,
In the thickest, blackest conflict, once again you plainly hear;
Father, mother, children, wife,
Everything you hold most dear,
Everything most cherished here,
You are leaving, while the fife,
The drum and trumpet call you onward to the fray,
Loudly call the brave "Blue" southward,
There to meet the ranks of gray.
Through the long and weary marches,
Where the smoke of cannon rolled,
Through the dreary midnight watches,
In the bitter, bitter cold,
In the thickest of the battle,
In the storm of shot and shell,
One by one your comrades left you,
On the field of glory fell.
Many a silent prayer you uttered,
Many a bitter tear you shed,
As you hurried on and left them
In the columns of the dead,
In the burning, southern sunlight,
Brave and steadfast, on you went,
Through the rattling rain of bullets,
From the rebel muskets sent,
'Till the battles all were over,
'Till the cruel war did cease,
'Till beside the wreath of laurel,
Lay the olive wreath of peace.

* * * * * *

3 "Our unforgotten dead!"
Yes, again to-day you're coming
As you oft have come before,
On death's still and silent camp-ground,
You have met again once more;
Every year your ranks grow thinner,
And a few more tents are spread,
Every year a new flag floateth,
In this city of the dead.
As you place your snowy garlands
On the waving grass to-day,
Do you think of those brave brothers,
Lying many miles away?
On the banks of every river,
Where the southern sunlight gleams,
In the field and tangled wild-wood,
By the lonely lakes and streams,
Where the white magnolia blossoms,

4 On the Carolina coast,
Where the holly drops its berries
In a ruby, shining host,
Where the cotton sheds its whiteness,
Where the long, gray mosses creep,
Where the pines are dirges chanting,
There our unforgotten sleep.

5 "Our unforgotten dead!"
They know not your tears are falling,
They see not the flowers you bring,
They wake not, though drums are calling,
They hear not the songs you sing;
After life's battle, they're quietly sleeping,
Eyes closed forever and hands at rest,
While a loving watch you are faithfully keeping,
Over them, bravest, noblest, and best.
In the fading light, at the day's declining,
Marching away, you will leave them alone,
Alone, with the stars above them shining,
Alone, with the night wind's dreary moan;
But every garland that you have been twining,
Every word you have spoken to-day,
Is a message of love that you have been signing
With your name, and one that will last alway.

CARRIE E. BUCHEY.
Hartford, Conn., May 30, 1883.

Mrs. Emma E. Orendorff

Has an ever-ready and graceful pen. She is a very earnest worker in many good causes, especially that of temperance. For two years past, she has been the able and efficient president of the Thirteenth District of the Illinois Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Sept. 1885.

BRING FLOWERS.

SUNG ON DECORATION DAY IN DELAVAN, ILL., 1871.

1 The nation hath said,
"For the heroes that bled,
That the union might never be severed—
On their graves, in the May,
Let us tenderly lay
The blossoms affection hath gathered."

CHORUS—Then flowers bring,
And praises sing,
And echoes ring,
With the story
Of heroes brave
Who freely gave
Their lives to save
Their country's glory.

2 The deeds they have done,
And the name they have won,
Our grateful hearts cherish with fervor;
So an offering we bring
Of the bright flowers of spring,
And we'll sing of our heroes forever.

EMMA E. ORENDORFF.

FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE.

1 O Wind! If thou should find a grave,
By every human love forgot,
Where sleeps some lonely soldier brave,
Sigh softly o'er the spot.
Rustle the wild, long grasses there,
And through thy chambers vast awake
The echoes of his parting prayer
Who died for Freedom's sake.

2 O Bird! Your morning mass sing there—
There, in the dawning gray and dim;
And in the gloaming still and fair
Sing there your vesper hymn.
Over that unremembered grave
A sweet memorial service make;
It is a soldier's, true and brave,
Who died for Freedom's sake.

3 O Asphodel and Flowering Vine!
O fair Wild Roses, white and red!
In the long grasses intertwine
A garland for the dead.
With tears of dew at dawning dim
Your saddest, sweetest offering make;
For flowers may weep and die for him
Who died for Freedom's sake.

4 Take roses in both hands, and strew
The graves of those to honor known;
But oh! one tender thought is due
To him who died alone!
Alone, with none but God to see
The young, brave soul his bondage break;
And yet he fought for Liberty,
And died for Freedom's sake!

AMELIA F. HALE.
Cornwall on the Hudson, 1886.

THE UNION ARMY.

A MEMORIAL DAY TRIBUTE.

1 Like some stupendous elm tree
The Union army stands;
Its branches wave o'er many a grave—
The graves that link two lands;
It spreadeth North, it spreadeth South,
It spreadeth East and West;
It hangs o'er the cannon's silent mouth,
Where a bird might build her nest.

2 But the old limbs of this monarch
Are dropping day by day;
By battles scarred, and by Time's scythe marred,
They are falling fast away.
The boughs that bore us the fruit of peace,
That sheltered us through war's night,
From the grand old tree are breaking free
And dying in our sight.

3 We know there are strong young branches,
All full of the sap of life,
But each old bough that is drooping now
Grew dear through a nation's strife.
We feel new pity and love and pride
For the loyal boys in blue,
As the ranks close in and the lines grow thin,
And graves crowd fast on our view.

4 Thrice beautiful and sacred
Be this Memorial Day,
When the warriors true, who wore the blue,
Are all of them wearing the gray.
Wearing the gray in their whitened locks,
As with steady, martial tread
They follow the ranks on mystic banks,
And go marching down to the dead.

5 Scatter the floral tributes
Over the thickening graves.
On the sun-kissed air, unstained and fair,
Our splendid banner waves.
Freedom grows well in our country's soil,
Behold how it blooms and thrives.
But we must not forget that its roots were wet
With the blood of a million lives.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.
Meriden, Ct., May 27.

PASSING AWAY.

1 Passing away; passing away;
The sweet Summer roses are passing away;
Their beauty is wasted, their fragrance has fled,
And with'ring may lie in their damp, lowly bed;
And fair, dewy morns in their splendor will rise,
The pale stars glow soft in the evening's clear skies;
The cooling dew fall, and the musical rain,
But these roses will brighten, ah, never again!

2 Passing away; passing away;
Bright hopes of my youth—how they're passing away,
With the beautiful visions that gladden my eyes
By daytime and nighttime, as sunlight the skies!
Oh! hope may come back to my sorrowful heart;
Bright dreams from their long-silent chambers may start,
But those of my youth I may woo all in vain,
For they ne'er will return to their beauty again!

3 Passing away; passing away;
Friends I have loved—how they're passing away!
I have watched them go down to that cold, solemn tide,
While the pale, silent boatman kept close to their side;
I've caught the dull dip of their deep, muffled oar,
As he bore them away to that echoless shore!
And my heart cryeth out in its desolate pain,
But they ne'er will return to bless me again!

4 Passing away; passing away;
Yet I know of a land where there is no decay,
Where the balmy air's filled with the richest perfume
From sweet, fragrant flowers, and fadeless their bloom;
Where the soul never grieves as it doth here below,
O'er fair, vanished dreams, o'er hope's fitful glow,
Where linked and forever is love's golden chain,
And parting words chill us. Oh! never again!

MRS. BISHOP SIMPSON.

Hannah More.

1745—1833.

Hannah More was the daughter of Jacob More, a village schoolmaster at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, England, where she was born in 1745. Her father, gave her the rudiments of a classical education, which she finished at her sister's boarding school in Bristol.

When seventeen she published her first work, a pastoral drama, "The Search after Happiness." She was engaged to be married to an elderly gentleman of fortune, who did not marry her, but gave her an annuity for life, and £1000 at his death. With these means she was able to pursue a literary career at London, until a sense of religious duty caused her to leave the metropolis, and reside near Bristol with her sisters. She occupied herself with writing very useful works and tracts. "The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain" had soon a sale of a million of copies.

For nearly seventy years she continued her literary career. She wrote many secular, and numerous sacred tragedies. Among the latter are "Florio," "The Bas Bleu," "Sensibility," and "Sir Edward of the Browne." The celebrated Dr. Johnson, of England, considered her the best woman poet of her generation. From one of her sacred dramas entitled, "Daniel," the following speech of Daniel on being condemned to death, is selected. She died Sept. 7, 1833.

AND WHAT IS DEATH?

And what is death, my friend, that I should fear it?
To die! why 't is to triumph; 't is to join
The great assembly of the good and just:
Immortal worthies, heroes, prophets, saints!
Oh! 't is to join the band of holy men,
Made perfect by their sufferings! 'T is to meet
My great progenitors; 't is to behold
The illustrious patriarchs; they with whom the Lord
Deign'd hold familiar converse! 'T is to see
Bless'd Noah and his children: once a world.
'T is to behold (O rapture to conceive!)
Those we have known, and loved, and lost below:
Behold Azariah and the band of brothers
Who sought in bloom of youth the scorching flames!
Nor shall we see heroic men alone,
Champions who fought the fight of faith on earth;
But heavenly conquerors, angelic hosts,
Michael and his bright legions who subdued
The foes of Truth! To join their blest employ
Of love and praise! To the high melodies
Of choirs celestial to attune my voice,
Accordant to the golden harps of saints!
To join in blest hosannas to their being!
Whose face to see, whose glory to behold,
Alone were heaven, though saint or seraph none
Should meet our sight, and only God were there!
This is to die! Who would not die for this?
Who would not die that he might live forever?

HANNAH MORE

THE TWO LEGACIES.

1 What do we leave to our beloved?
A little Gold, all stained with tears,
And gained with toil of bitter years,
And kept with constant care and fears—

2 A Home, whose every room doth know
The sounds of mortal pain and woe;
Where death hath freedom to and fro—

3 Some pleasant Acres, where with toil
Bright flowers will beautify the soil;
To be of frost and storm the spoil—

4 And with it all, perchance, a Name,
High written in the roll of Fame;
Which our descendants soil and stain.

5 A common Grave, which none may shun,
The end of all—the earthly sum
Of all that's done beneath the sun.

6 What did Christ leave to His beloved?
His Word, the surest, plainest guide;
His certain Promise to provide
For every want that can betide—

7 The sweetness of His Love untold,
That nothing good can e'er withhold,
And in His heart our griefs doth fold—

8 His Peace, an angel unconfessed,
That broodeth o'er the troubled breast
Till all is tranquil, calm, and rest—

9 The Comforter, who stills our sighs,
And wipes the tears from weeping eyes,
And whispers hopes of Paradise—

10 The parting words at Bethany,
The Blessing and the verity
Of "where I am, there shall ye be."

11 O sweetest Christ! Hear Thou my prayer,
Of Legacy so grand and fair
Make me inheritor and heir.

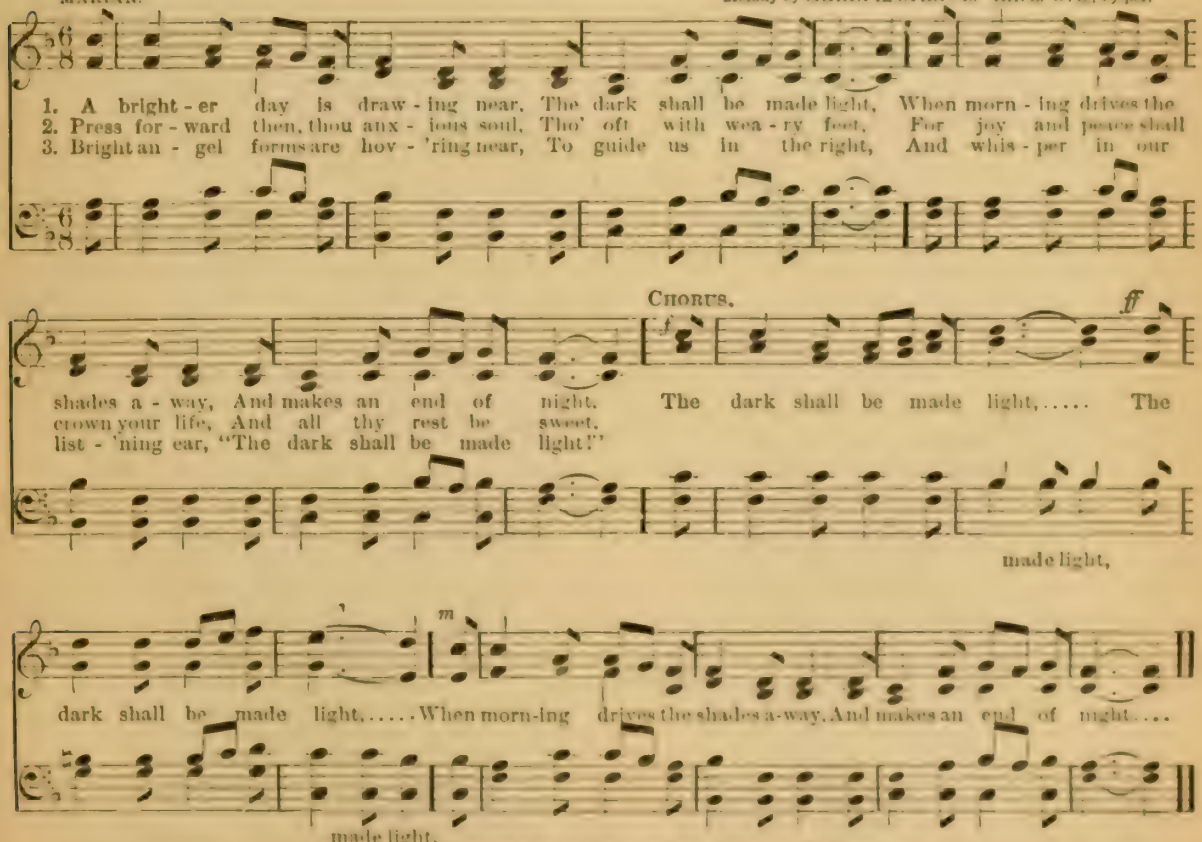
LILLIE E. BARR.

THE DARK SHALL BE MADE LIGHT.

(Better as Solo and Chorus.)

MARIAN.

Melody by MARIA A. STRAUB. Arr. S. W. S., by per.



From "Good Cheer," edited by Prof. T. Martin Towne and Prof. J. M. Stillman.

I PASS THIS WAY BUT ONCE.

1 This way!
Where sweet-breathed violets usher in the Spring,
Where Summer roses spicy fragrance bring,
Where Autumn blooms in richest colors blend,
Where Winter's snowy robes their beauty lend,
I pass this way but once!

2 This way!
Where melting love looks out from beaming eyes,
Where Sorrow's sympathy brings glad surprise,
Where mothers with full souls their children press,
Where little hearts give back the fond caress,
I pass this way but once!

3 This way!
Where joy, the purest, richest, most sincere,
Is soonest followed by the scalding tear;
Where the warm crimson tide a breath may chill,
Where swift disease the rapid pulse may still,
I pass this way but once!

4 This way!
Where "silent cities" ever grow apace,
Beside each noisy town whose beauty, grace
And strength are taxed the noiseless growth to aid,
With stern demand that may not be gainsayed,
I pass this way but once!

5 This way!
Where words of tenderness may prove a balm,
Where look of love the grief-tossed heart may calm,
Where 'neath the Rock the sin-sick soul may hide,
Where prayer the gate of pearl throws open wide,
I pass this way but once!

6 This way!
Where pilgrim steps may never backward turn;
Sweet friends, shall not our souls within us burn
To scatter, as we go, what good we may,
And lay up treasures for a brighter day?
We pass this way but once!

JULIA P. BALLARD,
In "The Scarlet Oak."

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

1 Speak to me of the beautiful land,
Speak to me of the heavenly strand;
Of white sails lit with a softer glow
Than moonlight falling on wreaths of snow;
Of streams that flow over pearly beds,
Where graceful willows bend their heads;
Speak to me of the heavenly strand—
Speak to me of the beautiful land.

2 Speak to me of the fruits most rare,
That blush and ripen in purer air
Than is wafted here from our sweetest groves;
Speak of the angel band that roves
Under the arbors down by the sea;
Waft some heavenly strains to me,
A lonely child on Time's dark shore;
Waft some exquisite music o'er;
Speak to me of the angel-band,
Speak to me of the beautiful land.

3 Speak to me of their endless joys,
Speak to me of their sweet employs;
Of the tree of knowledge with no dark blight,
No chilling frost and no wintry night;
Of the One who has died my soul to save,
Of the mother who lives beyond the grave;
Lives, and watches and waits for me,
Under the arbors down by the sea;
Perchance she is waving now her hand,
Beckoning me to the beautiful land.

4 Shadowy boatman, I fear thee not;
Come to me from the unseen grot.
Nearer and nearer he comes each day,
It cannot be he is far away;
I can almost see—I can almost see
Death's shadowy boatman coming for me.
On the storm-lashed shore, where the throng is great,
Every evening I stand and wait;
Wait for the boatman to reach the strand,
And bear me hence to the beautiful land.

HATTIE M. FOOTE.
From "Rockford Seminary Magazine," 1873.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

1 I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the Land o' the Leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day's aye fair
I' the Land o' the Leal.

2 You've been leal an' true, John,
Your task's ended noo, John;
And I'll welcome you
To the Land o' the Leal.
Then dry your tearfu' e'e, John,
My soul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the Land o' the Leal.

3 Our bonnie bairn's there, John,
She was baith gude an' fair, John;
And Oh! we grudged her sair
To the Land o' the Leal!
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joys are comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
I' the Land o' the Leal.

4 Our friends are a' gane, John,
We've lang been left alane, John
We'll a' meet again
I' the Land o' the Leal.
Then fare-ye-well, my ain John,
This world's care's very vain, John,
We'll meet and aye be fain
I' the Land o' the Leal.

LADY NAIRN.

MY LESSON.

There was a time in which I did not know
The blessedness of sorrow, nor could see
How that dread cup proof of Christ's love could be,
Nor why He gives because He loves us so.
I was impatient, and to learn was slow;
And yet, this lesson He has taught to me,
Watching, until I learned the mystery;—
With tenderest care, while I lay faint and low,
When faded from me every earthly thing,
Through the long darkness He was close beside,
'T was to Him only I could call and cling,
'T was on His love alone that I relied,—
That wondrous love no mortal e'er can sing
Or know, who has not suffered by His side.

ELEANOR A. HUNTER.
In "S. S. Times."

NO DEATH.

I cannot prove it, but pray tell me, friend,
What would you think of any artist, who
Should work with patient hand and impulse true
To paint great pictures, and, the happy end
Attained, one quick strong blow should lend,
Rending the speaking canvas through and through?
I cannot prove it; but what would you say
Of one, who, looking on the marble, sees
The angel hidden there, and by degrees,
Works till it also sees the light of day,
Then strikes against his perfect carven thought,
Against the wonder his own hands have wrought—
Forever laying all its beauty low?
Shall God do worse than this? Nay, friend, not so.

CARLOTTA PERRY.
Milwaukee, 1884.

In a letter from the author of the following poem, written during the summer of 1884 while spending the season at Ocean Grove, she says: "I have been learning lessons for myself, lately, from a lady — dead to outward things, but wonderfully taught of God. I call her my 'seer'; she wears so thin a veil of flesh, and so spiritual things so clearly. She tells me, in regard to my art (I suppose you know my vocation is not verse making, but picture making), that God can do wonders through the passive hand; that He will stretch forth His hand through ours, if we let Him to work in things little and great, and the power of *Life* will be felt in and through them. 'But' she adds, 'we must hold as still as death, to let Him work.' I hope He is doing this work for you, and that you are bearing no burdens in it, feeling no fear as to results."

Cordially yours,

MARY A. LATHBURY.
Ocean Grove, July, 1884.

ASPIRATION.

1 Wings! wings!
To leave the level of earthly things;
The dust of the under-world; the din
Of law and logic; the ghost of sin;
The eyes of prisoners at the grate;
The voice of beggars beside the gate;
The sense of something averse to good—
A warped intention—a vicious mood
In the face of nature; a sense more keen
Of lapse, and breakage, and death within;
The self that stifles, and clings and stings;
Wings! wings!

2 Wings! wings!
To touch the hem of the veil that swings,
As moved by the breath of God, between
The world of sense and the world unseen;
To swoon where the mystic folds divide,
And wake a child, on the other side!
To wake and wonder if it be so,
And weep for joy at the loss of woe;
To know the seeker is sought and found;
To find Love's being, but not his bound;
Oh! for the living that dying brings!
Wings! wings!

MARY A. LATHBURY.
In "Christian Union," 1884.

Mrs. Edmond, nee Corey,

Was born in Brookline, Mass. She was married at nineteen, and soon after made a tour of the most interesting countries of Europe. On her return she published a volume entitled "The Broken Vow and other Poems," nearly all of which were written between the ages of fourteen and eighteen. They are all dictated by a truly Christian spirit, and many of them are quite meritorious for one so young. The one below was written about 1848, when she was not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age.

WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?

1 I asked a glad and happy child,
Whose hands were fill'd with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild,
Among the vine-wreathed bowers.
I cross'd her sunny path and cried,
"When is the time to die?"
"Not yet! not yet!" the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by.

2 I ask'd a maiden; back she flung
The tresses of her hair;
A whisper'd name was on her tongue,
Whose memory hover'd there.
A flush pass'd o'er her lily brow,
I caught her spirit's sigh.
"Not, not," she cried, "Oh! no, not now!
Youth is no time to die."

3 I ask'd a mother, as she prest
Her first-born in her arms,
As gently on her tender breast
She hush'd her babe's alarms.
In quivering tones her answer came,
Her eyes were dim with tears,
"My boy his mother's life must claim,
For many, many years!"

4 I question'd one in manhood's prime,
Of proud and fearless air,
His brow was furrow'd not by time,
Or dimm'd by woe and care.
In angry accents he replied.—
And gleam'd with scorn his eye,
"Talk not to me of death," he cried,
"For only age should die."

5 I question'd Age; for him, the tomb
Had long been all prepared,
But death, who withers youth and bloom,
This man of years had spared.
Once more his nature's dying fire
Flash'd high, as thus he cried:
"Life, only life, is my desire!"
Then gasped and groaned and died.

6 I ask'd a Christian—"Answer thou
When is the hour of death;"
A holy calm was on his brow,
And peaceful was his breath;
And sweetly o'er his features stole
A smile, a light divine;
He spoke the language of his soul,
"My Master's time is mine!"

AMANDA M. EDMOND.

Fanny Driscoll White

Was born about the year 1859, and died in 1883, making her about 24 years of age at the time of her departure. Her life was passed almost entirely in the city of Milwaukee, Wis., where her universal talents did not fail to bring her into recognition and distinction. She was slight in figure, but attractive in face, form and manner, and her exquisite voice was pronounced rich and powerful. Her townspeople say of her that she knew *how* to sing and *what* to sing. She was a member of the Episcopal Church, beloved and honored. At an early age she had a very keen insight and appreciation of the best literature, and when but twenty years of age wrote the book notices for the Milwaukee "Sentinal."

Of her poems, her biographer — Hattie Tyng Griswold—says: "That they were *real* poems by a poet whose songs gushed from the heart, no one ever questioned. They told of love and daring, pain and passion, struggle and unrest; of deep longing and questioning of the poet's heart, not to be mistaken. Here was evidently a poet born, and not made."

The following is the last poem she ever wrote, penned as she was approaching the "shadowy land," as some term it, but the real, true home, to all whose faith is stayed in Christ.

LA VOYAGEUSE.

1 The gray waves surge between me and the shore
Of my old world; through heavy falling tears
I see the land slip from me evermore—
The land of sunny years.

2 O summer skies! so blue and bright, and fair;
O woods song-haunted! drowsy, plashing streams;
O land where love held roses red and rare!
O land of happy dreams!

3 Farewell, O dear old world! No more my feet
Shall tread thy paths in sunshine or in rain;
Who leaves thy golden shores so safe, so sweet,
May not return again.

4 O strange new world I near so swiftly now,
What harbor dost thou offer me and mine—
A hungry bay with cliffs of frowning brow?
Or isles divine?

5 I keep my level eyes across the waste
Of heaving waters, with a heart grown calm;
In all life's piteous sacrifice and haste
Love holds a balm.

6 O dear lost love! O new love yet too strange
For lawful kiss! walk with me wraith and form;
Somewhere I may descry in this sad change,
Stars in the storm.

FANNY DRISCOLL WHITE, 1883.

IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

1 We should fill the hours with the sweetest things,
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a life-tim's love in an hour,
If the hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power
To be and to do.

2 We should guide our wayward or wearied wills
By the clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills,
If they lay in sight.
We should trample the pride and the discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God sent,
With a trust complete.

3 We should waste no moments in weak regret,
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we forget
Went out with the sun,
We should be from our clamorous selves set free,
To work or to pray,
And to be what the Father would have us be,
If we had but a day.

MARY L. DICKINSON.
In "Edelweiss."
New York. 1882.

ROCK OF AGES.

1 "Rock of Ages cleft for me,"
Thoughtlessly the maiden sang,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, gleeful tongue.
Sung as little children sing,
Sung as sing the birds in June;
Fell the words like light leaves sown
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

2 Felt her soul no need to hide—
Sweet the song as song could be,
And she had no thought beside;
All the words unheedingly
Fell from lips untouched by care,
Dreaming not that each might be,
On some other lips, a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

3 "Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
'T was a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air;
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

4 "Rock of Ages, cleft for me"—
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim.
"Let me hide myself in Thee;"
Trembling though the voice, and low,
Rose the sweet strain peacefully
As a river in its flow;
Sung as only they can sing,
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest.

5 "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above a coffin-lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's cares and sorrows hid.
Never more, O storm-tossed soul,
Never more from wind or tide,
Never more from billows' roll
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips,
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in Thee."

ELLA MAUD MOORE.
(Wife of Joseph E. Moore, Esq.)
Thomaston, Me.

A VIGIL.

1 All-Soul's day! Where have I heard or read
An old-time legend, sad and sweet,
That to-night return the remembered dead
And walk among us with phantom feet?
The watcher heeded nor sigh nor sound,
But till dawn is breaking, they throng around.

2 Beloved! Thou hast been gone from me
A year and a day. I will watch to-night;
My door shall be left ajar for thee;
I will brighten my fire and trim my light,
And, musing softly of other days,
Vigil I'll keep by the midnight blaze.

3 Are there joys untold in those realms above
With whose meaning mortals may vainly cope?
Blooms there a sweeter rose than love?
Sings there a happier bird than hope?
Was the waking all that thy dreams foretold
Of the palm and palace and gates of gold?

4 Thou didst love me truly; I doubt it not.
To part was bitter though silent pain.
In the far-off land am I yet forgot?
Is mourning empty and memory vain?
Hark! Was that a whisper, so soft, so near?
It is but the sighing wind I hear.

5 How fair to me was thy fading face,
Bright with a tender and tranquil glow!
Heaven had lent thee its promised grace,
A drawing rapture was on thy brow!
Thy smile——What shines so within the door?
Only the moonlight just touching the floor.

6 We were happy, love, in those summer days,
The days of sunshine so bright, so long;
Pleasant our walks by the flowery ways,
Sweet the communing by word and song.
Listen!——O melody, come once again!
All silent! I must have been dreaming then.

7 I hear the wash of the troubled tide
As it breaks on the cold, unheeding shore;
The elm trees grieve by the river side,
And the lonely pines reply, "No more!"
Low in the earth hangs the star of dawn:
Has the angel visitant come and gone?

8 Surely one moment she stooped to see
The light on my hearth, and her glance was kind.
Such presence veiled from our sight must be;
They are not faithless though we are blind.
In the light of the same undying love,
We watch below and they watch above.

FRANCES L. MACE.
In "Saturday Afternoon."

CHANGED.

1 Dear faded eyes!
Ye were so full of tears for others' sighs;
So full of smiles,
To cheer the pathway of the weary miles;
So full of care,
When there was need or danger anywhere;
Ye could not idly brook
One loveless look.

2 Dear pallid lips!
From out your paleness now no blessing slips;
Once ye were red,
As yonder rose in yonder garden, dead.
Once ye would open,
Only to let the gentle word be spoken;
How could we let you miss
The answering kiss?

3 Dear helpless feet!
Once ye were strong and firm and sure and fleet;
Ready to run
On any errand, for sweet mercy done;
Ready to bear
The heavy end of every load of care;
How could we
Your failing footsteps e'er unnoticed see?

4 Dear withered hands!
Ye were so eager to do love's commands;
So skilled to hold
The cup of blessing; tenderly enfold
In your embrace
The weary form, or cool the burning face;
How could we grasp
Some other hand, forgetful of your clasp?

5 Eyes! Look not so!
Give us one glimpse of reason, ere you go;
Open, white lips!
And give one tender word, in death's eclipse.
Before those feet
Shall walk unfailingly the golden street,
Let us see
Those eyes and lips, just as they used to be.

JULIA H. MAY.
Strong, Me., 1885.

Mary Mapes Dodge.

"Probably no editor in the country occupies a more delightful sanctum than that of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge in The Century Co.'s new home in New York; and few editors have the faculty of knowing so thoroughly what is practical and pleasant reading for youth. Mrs. Dodge is the daughter of Prof. James J. Mapes, of New York City. She married, and was left a widow, with two sons, at a very early age. To the education of these sons she has given all the time and intelligent attention that a devoted mother could. In 1870 she first acted in an editorial capacity on "The Hearth and Home." For nearly ten years, for she was present at the birth and christening of "The St. Nicholas Magazine," has Mrs. Dodge been its editor. She has written numerous juvenile books. Her "Hans Brinker" has been translated into many languages. "Baby World" is her most recent compilation, though "Donald and Dorothy" is the book she prizes most highly." (1885).

She has written considerable verse of a religious nature, but the one poem that touches the deepest human experience, which breathes comfort in the bitterest human anguish, is—

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

1 We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still,
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill,
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

2 We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wander still: nor why we do not know.

3 But this we know; our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us "what is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be,
Yet Oh! how sweet it is to us—this life we live and see!

4 Then might they say,—these vanished ones,—and blesséd is the thought!
So death is sweet to us beloved, though we may tell you naught;
We may not tell it to the quick—this mystery of death—
Ye may not tell us if ye would, the mystery of breath.

5 The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

A YEAR WITH JESUS.

1 "A year with Jesus"—legend writ in gold
Above the portals where the months unfold;
Its roseate halo lights the New Year morn,
And gilds a footway for the days unborn;
Weeks, months and seasons redden in the glow,
No secret that they hide is mean or low;
The morning star again its glad song sings,
And morning splendor gilds its healing wings.

2 "A year with Jesus!" What though care may press?
Our Burden-bearer makes the pressure less;
Sorrow, bereavement, penury or fears,
His hand shall pour the balm and wipe the tears.
When fierce temptation lies in ambush drear,
We need not yield, the tempted Lord is near.
Nor ever can the loneliest lonely be,
Who walks his yearly journey, Lord, with Thee.

3 "A year with Jesus!" As a child at school,
Self-yielded to His true and loving rule,
Grown in His wisdom wise, to perfect day
We tread the brightness of our upward way;
And though some lessons illy learned may be,
Some blots deface our rude chirography,
The ever-present Master, with His eye,
Shall all erase, shall each defect supply.

4 "A year with Jesus!" Working day by day
New stones upon His temple walls to lay;
To win fresh, flowery crowns with perfume sweet,
And cast them hourly at His wounded feet.
A year of golden nights and happy days,
Filled full of deeds of love and words of praise,
Of moments throbbing with His accents low—
The highest bliss His folded sheep may know.

5 "A year with Jesus!" It may be that sin
Into this heavenly year will enter in;
That the world's hollow and deceitful glare
May dim the morning glory of the air;
Yet, soul, though wintry storms of dread and doubt
May seem to shut His blessèd presence out,
He waiteth but the cry of faith from thee—
Is with thee, and through all the year will be.

6 "A year with Jesus!" What if, ere its hours
Have sped their course, another home be ours;
More full, more rich, more real and more bright
Will glow the aureole of our year of light.
Thus, friends, we give each other words of cheer—
Jesus be with you all the coming year;
And, Lord, the glory of each New Year be
Its days and moments consciously with Thee!

MARGARET E. WINSLOW.
"Zion's Herald," 1881.

NEVER GROW OLD.

1 Thou wilt never grow old,
Nor weary, nor sad, in the home of thy birth;
My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold
In a clime that is purer and brighter than earth.
O holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold;
Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
Never grow old!

2 I am a pilgrim, with sorrow and sin
Haunting my footsteps wherever I go;
Life is a warfare my little to win—
Well will it be if it end not in woe.
Pray for me, sweet, I am laden with care,
Dark are my garments with mildew and mold;
Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair,
And wilt never grow old, sweet,
Never grow old!

3 Now can'st thou hear from thy home in the skies,
All the fond words I am whispering to thee?
Dost thou look down on me with the soft eyes,
Greeting me oft ere thy spirit was free?
So I believe, though the shadows of time
Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold;
Thou wilt still love me, and—pleasure sublime—
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
Never grow old!

4 Thus wilt thou be when the pilgrim, grown gray,
Weeps when the vines from the hearthstone are riven;
Faith shall behold thee as pure as the day
Thou wert torn from the earth and transplanted to heaven,
O holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,
In that kingdom of light, with its cities of gold,
Where the air thrills with angel's hosannas, and where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
Never grow old!

MRS. HOGARTH.

"MY SAVIOUR AND I."

(As I turned and entered the house, such a sense of loneliness came over me that for a moment I thought I must die with the agony of it. Just then I seemed to hear a voice say, "Do not feel so desolate! Jesus is waiting in your room for you.")

1 He is waiting for me; I know he is there,
As I wearily climb the long winding stair;
He is waiting above, in my lonely room,
'Mid the evening shadows and dark'ning gloom.
And my feet have passed in through the open door.
His arms are outstretched, his sweet smile I see;
He says: "Thou art weary! child, come unto me.
Come, tell me thy sorrows, thy pains and thy fears,
Thy hopes unfulfilled through wearisome years;
Though the story is old, and thou'st told it before,
Yet 't will ease thy sad heart to repeat o'er and o'er
To One who so loves thee, thy story of grief—
For, witness! I failed ne'er to give thee relief.
Nay, fear not to open thy sad soul to me;
I was tempted, my child, in all points like thee."

2 So we let in the twilight, my Saviour and I,
While the stars twinkle out in the beautiful sky;
We talk it all over—my pains and my fears,
My hopes unfulfilled through wearisome years;
Of duties neglected in gratitude shown
To a Friend who is love and mercy alone—
Until self-convicted, I start, and would fly;
But His soft hand restrains me: "Fear not, it is I;
And thou knowest my love; I freely forgive.
Be strong! of good courage! I'll help thee to live
Henceforth a life truer, more noble, and pure:
Remember the promise to those who endure."

3 Some way, as we talk there, my sad heart grows light,
And my sorrows seem naught, they fade out of sight;
He strengthens and calms me, and soothes me to rest,
With my hand in His, my head on His breast,
Like John the Beloved, who lay there of old,
And, like him, I drink in such comfort untold,
That life's woes all recede, clamors all cease,
Where His kind, tender smile fills my soul with sweet peace;
And the stars twinkle out on the beautiful sky
As we sit in the twilight—"My Saviour and I."

HAGAR. 1854.

DREAMS AND REALITIES.

1 O Rosamond, thou fair and good,
And perfect flower of womanhood,
Thou royal rose of June!
Why did'st thou droop before thy time?
Why wither in the first sweet prime?
Why did st thou die so soon?

2 For, looking backward through my tears
On thee, and on my wasted years,
I cannot choose but say,
If thou had'st lived to help and guide,
Or thou had'st lived and I had died,
'T were better far to-day.

3 O child of light, O golden head!
Bright sunbeam for one moment shed
Upon life's lonely way—
Why did'st thou vanish from our sight?
Could they not spare my little light
From Heaven's unclouded day?

4 O friend so true, O friend so good!
Thou one dream of my maidenhood,
That gave youth all its charms—
What had I done, or what had'st thou,
That, through this lonesome world till now,
We walk with empty arms?

5 And yet, had this poor soul been fed
With all it loved and coveted,—
Had life been always fair,—
Would these dear dreams that ne'er depart,
That thrill with bliss my inmost heart,
Forever tremble there?

6 If still they kept their earthly place,
The friends I held in my embrace,
And gave to death, alas!
Could I have learned that clear, calm faith
That looks beyond the bonds of death,
And almost long to pass?

7 Sometimes I think the things we see
Are shadows of the things to be;
That what we plan we build;
That every hope that hath been crossed,
And every dream we thought was lost,
In heaven shall be fulfilled.

PHŒBE CARY'S LAST POEM.

LOOKING BACK.

1 I heard a voice long years ago,
A voice so wondrous sweet and low,
That trembling tears unbidden rose,
From the depths of love's repose;
It floated thro' my dreams at night,
And made the darkest day seem bright;
It whispered to my heart "My love,"
And nestling there, forgot to rove.

2 But ere our summer pass'd away,
That gentle voice was hushed for aye;
I watched my love's last smile and knew
How well the angels loved her too,
Then silent, but with blinding tears,
I gather'd all the love of years,
And laid it with my dreams of old,
Where all I lov'd slept white and cold.

LOUISA GRAY.

HUSH ME.

In Frances Ridley Havergal's study; in memory of my precious sister's death, June 3, 1879.

1 Hush me, Lord Jesus! I cannot yet be still;
In vain I try to say, it is Thy will;
My path is lonely; there is no one nigh
To share my sorrow, or to soothe my sigh.
Hush me, Lord Jesus!

2 One voice is hushed; my sister's merry voice,
So sweet, so tuneful, as she sang "rejoice!"
From me, my song-bird flew so far away,
Soft echoes leaving, when she could not stay.
Hush me, Lord Jesus!

3 So strange to miss my darling's footfall light,
Her smile I see not, sunshine ever bright;
No tiny tokens now are brought to me—
Ferns, mosses, flowers, or shells beside the sea.
Hush me, Lord Jesus!

4 O bruiséd Saviour, Thou wilt never break
The bruiséd reed, and never wilt Thou take
Thine arm from underneath Thy leaning child,
Who trusts and clings through all the desert wild.
Hush me, Lord Jesus!

5 Yes, I have proved Thy faithful word is true,
"Just as a mother will I comfort you;"
I know thy sorrow, and thy need of rest"
Leaning I cry, upon my Saviour's breast—
Hush me, Lord Jesus!

6 The hush of heaven seems stealing over me,
The quiet haven nears—there, there I long to be.
O kingly comfort! sweetest whisper nigh,
"A little, little while," no need again to sigh,
Hush me, Lord Jesus.

MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL. 1882.

"MOEGE IHR DIE ERDE LEICHT SEIN."*

1 Rest softly, earth, upon her breast,
Who nourished me in helplessness,
Who gave the home, that blesséd nest—
Rich largess of unselfishness.

2 Rest softly, earth, upon the heart
That beat with constant tenderness
For all whom she, with loving art,
Gave daily of her helpfulnesss.

*"May the earth rest softly o'er her" A German saying of one dead.

3 Rest softly over silent lips
That ever smiled in cheerfulness;
O'er clasped hands and quiet feet;
O'er eyes that shone forgivingness.

4 O Earth, we lay her in thy breast;
Our hearts feel grief's deep bitterness,
As here we place her, long to rest,
Our souls feel all life's littleness.

5 Though grief may wear the human heart,
That mourns its loss in humanness,
Rest softly, till no more we part,—
She taught us faith's bright hopefulness.

ADA H. KEPLEY, Dec, 1882.

THOU AND I.

1 Strange, strange for thee and me,
Sadly afar;
Thou safe, beyond, above,
I 'neath the star;
Thou where flowers deathless spring,
I where they fade;
Thou in God's paradise,
I 'mid the shade.

2 Thou where each gale breathes balm,
I tempest-tossed;
Thou where true joy is found,
I where 't is lost;
Thou counting ages thine,
I not the morrow;
Thou learning more of bliss,
I more of sorrow.

3 Thou in eternal peace,
I 'mid earth's strife;
Thou where care hath no name,
I where 't is life;
Thou without need of hope,
I where 't is vain;
Thou with wings dropping light,
I with time's chain.

4 Strange, strange for thee and me,
Loved, loving ever;
Thou by life's deathless fount,
I near death's river;
Thou winning wisdom's lore,
I strength to trust;
Thou 'mid the seraphim,
I in the dust.

PHEBE CARY.

IN MEMORIAM.

PAUL BROWN, died Sabbath morning, August 22, 1880.

1 One week of joy in heaven;
One week of bliss supreme;
One week of sinless pleasure,
Where choicest jewels gleam
And glitter 'round the throne above,
On brows of angels dear;
One week without the suff'ring
So bravely borne while here.

2 Gone from the midst of loved ones;
Gone from companions dear;
Noble of heart and patient,
"Ready to go, without fear."
Never a word of repining;
Ever loving and kind;
Partaking, without ceasing,
Of the Saviour's heart and mind.

3 Buried beneath the flowers;
Beautiful, beautiful bloom;
Sleeping beneath white daisies,
In the sequestered tomb.
Pillow and cross of beauty;
Crowns not painful to wear;
Would that your suff'ring here
Had been half as easy to bear.

4 Slumbering 'neath the lilies
And roses so fair and white;
Wreaths of fresh, delicate flowers,
Garlands so fragrant and bright.
Never a grave more lovely,
All canopied o'er with bloom;
Emblems of love and affection
For thy lamented tomb.

5 Gone in thy youth and freshness,
To unending bliss above;
And waiting spirits greet thee
In a glorious home of love.
Leave we thy body 'neath blossoms;
Beautiful, beautiful flowers;
Knowing thy soul is breathing
The fragrance of Paradise bowers.

MRS. J. C. S. Springfield, Ill., Aug. 29, 1880.

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN COLEMAN, infant son of Robert C. and Willie H. Eve, aged seventeen months.

1 He knew the world was all a wild,
He knew the way was dark and dim,
And so He sent a little child
To lead the others up to Him.

2 A messenger, divinely wise—
He seemed to know that he had come
Commissioned from beyond the skies
To show the way and bring them home.

3 The baby lips had scarcely known
The utterance to mortals given,
Yet had a language all their own,
The unforgotten words of heaven.

4 The baby hands are beckoning
Across the flowery fields, so fair;
The tender feet have left their print
Along the way that leadeth there.

5 The little foot-prints never pass—
Though softly now the feet are lying
Beneath the flowers and the grass,
With no more pain and no more crying.

6 And still the tiny foot-prints stay—
They all point heavenward and home,
And we can never miss the way
If as a little child we come.

MARIA L. EVE.
Augusta, Ga., 1883.

TRANSFORMATION.

A butterfly basked on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow;
"Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low?"
Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track:
"I was a worm till I won my wings;
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings.
'Would'st thou call the blesséd one back?'"

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE GIFT OF TEARS.

1 The legend says; In Paradise
God gave the world to man. Ah me!
The woman lifted up her eyes;
"Woman, I have but tears for thee."
But tears? and she began to shed,
Thereat, the tears that comforted.

2 (No other beautiful woman breathed,
No rival among men had he;
The seraph's sword of fire was sheathed,
The golden fruit hung on the tree,
Her lord was lord of all the earth,
Wherein no child had wailed its birth.)

3 "Tears to a bride?" "Yea, therefore tears."
"In Eden?" "Yea, and tears therefore."
Ah! bride in Eden, there were fears
In that first blush your young cheeks wore
Lest that first kiss had been too sweet,
Lest Eden withered from your feet.

4 Mother of women! Did you see
How brief your beauty, and how brief,
Therefore, the love of it must be
In that first garden, that first grief?
Did those first drops of sorrow fall
To move God's pity for us all?

5 O sobbing mourner by the dead,
One watcher at the grave grass-grown;
O sleepless for some darling head,
Cold pillowed on the prison stone,
Or wet with drowning seas. He knew
Who gave the gift of tears to you!

MRS. PIATT.
In "The Atlantic."

MEMORIES. THE FIRST FIRE.

It was a family custom to cluster around the great broad fire-place early in the Fall, and with due ceremony to kindle the fire which was to burn all winter; and it was the delight of Libbie to apply the torch and kindle it with her own hand.

1 As we gather around the fire-place,
And watch the bright, glad blaze,
Our hearts grow sad when we look around,
And think of other days.

2 There's a vacant place 'round the fire to-night,
For one of my children is gone·
I sit and listen, and think perhaps
She will return ere long.

3 Her rocking-chair sits in its place,
Her foot-stool before it drawn;
But the beautiful feet have journeyed far,
And the loving voice is gone.

4 She has gone to the mansions far away,
Which Christ went to prepare;
She will welcome me when life is done,
I shall find her waiting me there.

5 She slept in the twilight bright and clear,
At the close of a winter day—
We little thought, as we watched her face,
She was sleeping her life away.

6 We had no warning that death was near,
To enter our household band;
He called, and she meekly followed Him
Away to the Spirit Land.

MRS. E. A. MAYO.

Carlinville, Ill., Feb., 1877.

THE PRAYING BAND.

1 Out of a darkened room I drew my friend,
And knowing every step and where was light
Assured my leading to be safe as sight,
And bade her on that utterly depend.

2 Then she leaned on me as secure from harm
Till, as we neared the darkest place of all,
I heard uncertain touches on the wall,
And felt a lessening weight upon my arm.

3 Ah, me! how Love, both human and divine,
Must feel the hurt, when Trust, impelled by Doubt,
Leans one arm less to stretch the other out,
And groping, does but half of self resign!

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

A HERO'S DEATH.

Not at the battle front, writ of in a story;
Not on the blazing wreck, steering to glory;
Not while in martyr-pangs, soul and flesh sever,
Died he this hero new, hero forever.
No pomp poetic crowned, no forms enchained him,
No friends applauding watched, no foes arraigned him,
Death found him there, without grandeur or beauty,
Only an honest man doing his duty:
Death found and touched with finger in flying:
Lo! he rose up complete—hero undying.

DINAH MULOCH CRAIK.

DE PROFUNDIS.

1 The face which, duly as the sun,
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With daily love, is dimmed away—
And yet my days go on, go on.

2 The tongue which, like a stream, could
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with "Good day"
Made each day good, is hushed away—
And yet my days go on, go on.

3 The heart which, like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon;
The strongest on the longest day
With steadfast love, is caught away—
And yet my days go on, go on.

4 And cold before my summer's done,
And deaf in Nature's general tune,
And fallen too low for special fear,
And here, with hope no longer here
While the tears drop, my days go on.

5 The world goes whispering to its own,
"This anguish pierces to the bone."
And tender friends go sighing round,
"What love can ever cure this wound?"
My days go on, my days go on.

6 The past rolls forward on the sun
And makes all night. O dreams begun,
Not to be ended! Ended bliss!
And life that will not end in this.
My days go on, my days go on.

7 Breath freezes on my lips to moan;
As one alone, once not alone,
I sit and knock at Nature's door,
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,
Whose desolated days go on.

8 I knock and cry . . . Undone, undone!
Is there no help, no comfort . . . none?
No gleaning in the wide wheat plains
Where others drive their loaded wains?
My vacant days go on, go on.

9 This Nature, though the snows be down,
Thinks kindly of the bird of June.
The little red hip on the tree
Is ripe for such. What is for me,
Whose days so winterly go on?

10 No bird am I to sing in June,
And dare not ask an equal boon.
Good nests and berries red are Nature's
To give away to better creatures—
And yet my days go on, go on.

11 I ask less kindness to be done—
Only to loose these pilgrim-shoon
(Too early worn and grimed) with sweet
Cool deathly touch to these tired feet,
Till days go out, which now go on.

12 Only to lift the turf unmown
From off the earth where it has grown,
Some cubit-space, and say, "Behold!
Creep in, poor Heart, beneath that fold.
Forgetting how the days go on."

13 What harm would that do? Green anon
The sward would quicken, overshone
By skies as blue; and crickets might
Have leave to chirp there day and night
While my new rest went on, went on.

14 From gracious Nature have I now
Such liberal bounty? May I run
So lizard-like, within her side,
And there be safe, who now am tried
By days that painfully go on?

15 A voice reproves me thereupon,
More sweet than Nature's, when the drone
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep
Than when the rivers overleap
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

16 God's voice, not Nature's—night and noon
He sits upon the great white throne
And listens for the creatures' praise.
What babble we of days and days?
The Dayspring He, whose days go on.

17 He reigns above, He reigns alone:
Systems burn out and leave His throne;
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all:—
Ancient of days, whose days go on!

18 He reigns below, He reigns alone,—
And having life in love forgone
Beneath the crown of sovereign thorns
He reigns the jealous God. Who mourns
Or rules with Him, while days go on?

19 By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear Him charge His saints that none
Among the creatures anywhere
Blaspheme against Him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

20 Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown!
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O supreme love, chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for Thee
Whose days eternally go on!

21 For us . . . Whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood:
Only the good discerns the good.
I trust Thee while the days go on.

22 Whatever's lost, it first was won:
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here
That heaven's wine might show more clear.
I praise Thee while the days go on.

23 I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on!
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on.

24 And, having in Thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering (which are one),
As a child drops some pebble small
Down some deep well and hears it fall
Smiling . . . so I! My days go on!

MRS. ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

THE GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S BURIAL.

1 Bring flowers: for back to kindred dust
We give our dead to-day;
Bring flowers, upon a long-tried heart,
In toil-worn hands to lay.
But not for her the florist's art
Shall heap the sweet regret,
Of pansy and of heliotrope,
Tea-rose and mignonette.

2 The frosts of more than ninety years
Have bleached the locks of gold
That lay upon her mother's knee
In many a shining fold,
When she, so wrinkled now, and grey,
Knelt, at the twilight fair,
A little, rosy, dimpled child,
And learned her earliest prayer.

3 Of those who watched her infant years,
Or shared her childish play,
Or knew her girlhood's hopes and fears,
Not one is here to-day.
Nor is there of that later group,
She saw about her bloom,
One left to weep beside her bier,
Or lay her in the tomb.

4 But still her old home stands, embowered
In fragrant locust-trees;
The sweet-brier that her father trained
Still sweetens every breeze.
The rose-trees that she used to tend
Beside the door-step grow,
The grass-pinks load the balmy air
With hints of long ago.

5 Across the wall the pleasant wood,
Wherein her girlhood strayed,
Still breathes its wealth of fragrance out,
Still spreads its cooling shade.
There, haply, 'neath the odorous pines,
Her early dream of love
Made sweeter all the woodland scents,
And charmed afresh the grove.

6 Then bring the bayberry and the fern,
The locust's heavy plume,
The brier-rose and the cinnamon
In the old beds that bloom.
Bring spicy pinks, and lilies sweet
Beside the wall that blow—
Such lilies as that garden knew
A hundred years ago.

7 Fragrant with loving deed and word
And old-time courtesies,
Her life its fitting emblem found
In flowers such as these;
A life whose quiet, modest bloom
We knew but in decay—
The lingering sweetness of a rose
Slow withering away.

8 Apart from all she loved in youth,
She ends her pilgrimage.
This face we hide, to us has been
Always the face of age.
But mindful of her early home,
Her girlhood's sunny hours,
We lay upon the aged breast
The dear, old-fashioned flowers.

MISS E. F. FRYE.
East Milton, Mass., 1885.

IS IT WELL?

1 Belovéd, is it well? the glorious morning
Rises in beauty o'er the Eastern skies,
And on the wings of love in the still dawning,
My thoughts turn toward thee, and my prayers arise.

2 Belovéd, is it well? in full-orbed splendor
The holy day advances to its noon,
And longing thoughts rise, pure and sweet and tender—
Ah, if I might behold thee, dear one, soon!

3 Belovéd, is it well? the day decreases,
The sunset glow fades slowly in the West,
And lulled to peace by sweet, sleep-giving breezes,
The weary earth is sinking into rest.

4 Belovéd, is it well? the night grows deeper,
And peace broods o'er me as I kneel alone,
And pray that He, the soul's all-faithful keeper,
May keep His watch to-night above His own.

5 Belovéd, it is well? though the dear faces
Are hid from sight, and in a far-off land,
God keepeth watch o'er all the distant places,
He will protect us with His loving hand,
And so it will be well!

MARY O. CROCKER.
Fort Sully, Dak. 1885.

THE CLOUD,

OR

O ROSY CLOUD THAT FLOAT'ST AWAY.

1 O rosy cloud that float'st away,
By western sunbeams warmly kissed,
Who e'er would deem thy bosom gay
Was only dark and chilling mist?

2 More fair ye days of life divine
When tints the world love's rosy fire,
When time unheeded makes no sign,
And granted seems the soul's desire.

3 Yet never cloud knew half such gloom
As darkens round earth's loveliest spot,
When turning silent from the tomb
The loving knows the loved is not!

4 Ah! cloud, thou art but fleeting dew,
Ah! form, as vanishing as cloud,
Thy glories, Sun, thou wilt renew;
The Soul, immortal, knows no shroud.

KATHERINE MAY KIRKPATRICK.
Dillon, Mon., 1883.

SPIRIT QUESTIONINGS.

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM A. TURNEY, WHO DIED FEBRUARY, 1883.

(When this young brother was summoned to "come up higher," a bright light went out on earth, but, we believe, to shine with brilliancy in Heaven. A young man of great promise, a deacon in the first Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Ill., and an active member of the Young Men's Christian Association, his demise was lamented by an unusually large number, for one so young. He was the only son of a widowed mother of wealth and high social position. A student in the law department of the University of Michigan, he was called to the University above.)

1 Trusted friend, of years agone,
Where, Oh! where art thou?
Canst see the wreck in life's new dawn,
Or anguished hearts in the now?

2 All our floral tokens faded,
Weirdness of the sleet-storm fled; *
Love and death alike are shaded
By the sun-clouds overhead.

* In February, 1883, occurred the great sleet storm.

3 Face to face in the better land,
Art thou not near us as we go?
We cannot touch thy beckoning hand,
We only feel the undertow.

4 Thy parting words of trust, so dear,
"Jesus will strengthen me,"
Are echoing still from far and near—
Safe passport to eternity.

ALICE MATHEWS GRIFFITH.
Springfield, Ill., Feb., 1884.

NOT DEAD.

Mrs. Clemmer's verse is rich in the domestic affections, and in several poems laments for the last chord is found. In "Not Dead" she refers to Almeda Cary Swift, the youngest sister of Alice and Phœbe Cary.—Chicago "Tribune."

1 Show me thy woman face—the sweet, sweet face
That I must love forever—strong to bless,
Drawing all souls toward thee with the grace
Of its unfathomable tenderness—
Those eyes, those eyes!

2 And now I mind me of a vanished June,
When we, above the sad, sonorous sea,
Sat side by side, and thy deep gaze drank in
A deeper life; from its infinity
It spake with thee.

3 You murmured, gazing on the crowning woods,
"In such an air, and under such a sky,
Lulled by the rhythm of eternal floods,
'T would be so holy and so sweet to die—
To die, and live."

4 I saw the luminous lifting of thine eyes,
And trembled—lest upon the scented sward,
Waiting to bear away my precious prize,
Stood the invisible angel of the Lord,
All veiled to me.

MARY CLEMMER.

THE LAST MEETING.

1 If I had known, if I had known,
That day we met upon the street,
That nevermore, in any zone
Of earth's wide spaces, we should meet,
What different greeting had been mine!
What different farewell had been thine!

2 If we had known, or dimly guessed,
That close to you were waving wings,
If some low voice within your breast
Had whispered of eternal things;
What solemn message, high and deep,
You would have given me to keep.

3 I now recall—(how strange it seems!)
You spoke of "writing." Ah! my friend!
From that land beyond my dreams
What wondrous letter you would send!
Here in my silent room I sit,
And hush my breath to think of it.

4 If I had known! If I had known!
Still, to myself, the words I say,
As o'er your grave the snows are blown,
For surely it was yesterday,
When, for a moment's little space,
You stood there, smiling in my face.

5 I did not know, I could not know—
The angels keep their secrets well;
But as from earth to Heaven they go,
I think some kindly one will tell
That in remembrance of that hour
I lift to you this little flower.

ELLEN M. H. GATES.
In "Examiner and Chronicle."

Mrs. E. S. Kellogg

Was the daughter of Rev. Ebenezer Washburn, a member of the New York M. E. Conference, from early manhood, until his death at nearly ninety years of age. She was born in New Haven, Conn., Nov. 12, 1805, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Faucher, in Racine, Wis., Sept. 1868.

In June, 1839, she left her home in Conn., and, with her husband, S. H. Kellogg, removed to the wilderness of Wisconsin. On the first Sabbath that found them in their neat log cabin, she gathered the children of the settlers around her, ten in number, and organized the first Sabbath School in the county, which has been continued without interruption to the present time, at the place known as "Kellogg Corners."

Denied pursuits and pastimes common to girlhood, by an asthmatical cough that fastened upon her delicate frame as early as her eighth year, she was denied regular schooling as well, save when, by the power that guided her father's life, the conference assigned him a city charge. At such times she was placed among the pupils of indulgent private schools, in which the city of New York and neighboring ones abounded. Having four sisters more sturdy than herself, she was a privileged character in the home. As she grew in years and the bright intellect within began to speak from out the earnest gray eyes looking forth from a broad forehead framed in chestnut hair, not one there, that did not give it recognition, but the master-mind of the father most of all. Yet even as his heart warmed with the pride of kinship, he was over-shadowed by a knowledge of the hindrance to development, that the finely-wrought network of sensitive nerves must prove; and there seemed to awaken within him, a great and tender solicitude for his gifted, but early-stricken one. From that time on, the mingling of the two lives was something beautiful to behold: out among his people, ever against the background of the massive, storm-washed, rugged face of the minister, was to be seen the delicate lineaments of the pale-faced daughter, as upon his rounds she went and came with him, sharing his thoughts and ministrations, drinking at the deep fountains of his extended knowledge, and ever basking in his tender love. Down in the corner of his study she had her chair. His books were her books, his friends, in a measure, her friends. Many a time a visitor, at sight of the face of the brown-haired mite kindling with interest, would pause suddenly in the discussion being held with the "brother Washburn" with whom so many loved to break crumbs of theology, and, bending a pleased gaze upon the child, say: — "And who have we here, brother?" Thus it will be seen that very early was the little Electa guided into waters, deep, for her years, and that, for all her shut-in life, she was vouchsafed some rare privileges. In her younger days, very proud was the stern-visaged reverend of his little daughter's wealth of hair, not heavy, but fine-spun, glossy as satin's sheen, and of a dark nut-brown hue, with a tendency to cling round a caressing finger, like a thing of life; yet to have looked upon him you would have thought him one not likely to note the little things of life. Very often he might have been seen with one hand holding open his leather-bound volume, while the other passed to and fro over the unbound tresses of the child. Once, at the opening of a day, the little maiden proved restively impatient under the brushing and combing, preparatory to a day at school. Her tones caught the attention of the grave man near: for a moment his eyes were raised from off his book, and rested in contemplation of the little face. Then he said, in the text-like voice that was ever his: — "Let her go, mother," and by him, words were seldom recalled. Out upon the city pavement the Miss was obliged to take her way to the school awaiting her, under what seemed to her, (for the world had not then sanctioned the style of "hair flying,") a flaunting banner of shame that must prove life lasting. And thus was the little diamond in the rough, cut and burnished, until, wherever it was tossed later upon the by-paths of life, its worth was quickly recognized. In the varied scenes that opened to her, in connection with the active life of prominence her father led, she found suitors, and the names of some of these have since been written in characters that have awakened admiration; but the girl responded only to the one whose name she so gladly donned, and with whose destiny she ever after remained linked. But if an honest love can crown a woman regally, then was she thus crowned; for, through all the changing vicissitudes that came to the two in their home upon the then frontier, a life filled with hardships such as few dream, for one as delicately nurtured and organized as was she, his love was ever spread, as were the garments of old, along the way that she was to enter upon, while green branches of loyal adoration were gathered fresh with each new day, and waved above her pathway. Wherever it was possible, her husband interposed a barrier between her and approaching hardship; and with delicate forethought from first to last passed on before her smoothing the way: — yes, even to the last; for by the length of a year's step, he passed in advance of her to the golden gate, and thus, for the timid one following in his steps so long, was still more assurance, if possible, of the way given, though her trust in Jesus was implicit. In their home at Janesville, Wis., where the closing years of their life were spent, Mrs. Kellogg gathered around her a choice circle of friends, that was unrestricted by church or party. To her sick-room the minister brought his choicest thought as though to know its weight and value; the man of letters found himself being guided by her cool, impartial judgment; the eager aspirant, nerve-steadied for success or defeat; while for the young people of her chosen church, she was as a living encyclopedia of universal knowledge. Though never rich in this world's goods, the lines society oft-times imposes were never felt by the fair spirit who wove songs by the night-lamp of suffering, and gasped out days some would have called too interminably long. Hopeful, serene, and helpful, each day that opened found her not only the star to a husband's life, but to her eight children as well, to whom, for all her load of suffering, she had proved a true mother, beside the two who early joined the angel bands. In the summer that proved her last, she left the home of her eldest son, E. H. Kellogg, Esq., then of Milwaukee, Wis., but later of Chicago, Ill., to spend a few weeks with her daughters at Racine, Wis. When, a few days after her coming, she was told that her feet were touching the final waters, self, even then, found it impossible to claim a space within her thoughts. Only of things of interest pertaining to this one and that who were among the group around her, did she give utterance; and a few moments before the last weary sign of release, she lifted the hand of her youngest daughter, (Mrs. Belle Kellogg Towne,) who, as a young wife, was going down for the first time into motherhood, and said lovingly, and with deepest of solicitude: "Could I but see 'round this one little turn for you, dear, I should die content." The twin-boys of whom she unknowingly spoke, are nearly young-men grown; and hardly do they realize how a benediction was wafted to them from the very threshold of the celestial portals.

Perhaps we cannot close this sketch any more fittingly than by giving space to the words she breathed forth when asked, soon after the death of her father, to pay a tribute to his memory.

THE MOANING HARP.

IN MEMORY OF REV. EBENEZER WASHBURN, BY HIS DAUGHTER.

Awake once more, my slumb'ring harp, awake!
Long hast thou silent on the willow hung,
Save when by fitful night winds swayed,
One quivering chord wailed out the plaint of grief.

Dost thou not know a prince in Israel,
A Christian hero, laden with the spoils
Of victory, hath fallen at his feet?
Hast thou no laurel wreath to twine around
The urn of one whose deeds of high comprise,
And true philanthropy, have, with the good
And great, his name enrolled?
Ah, me! no echo, save that monotone,—
Alas! alas! my father, thou art gone.
Come, sacred muse, attune my trembling lyre,
Bid it send forth heart-stirring strains
Of other days, which, in a thousand hearts,
Shall waken pleasing memories of Christ's
Embassador, who fearlessly, like Paul,
Poured forth the thunders of a broken law;
Or like Apollos, with persuasive eloquence,
Proclaimed salvation to a guilty world;
Tell how he kept the faith, fought the good fight,
Finished his course with joy, and won the crown.
Begin, my harp, begin the enraptured lay.—
'T is all in vain, one chord responds alone,
Alas! alas! my father, thou art gone!
List, 't is the voice of kindred sympathy,
Whose last appeal, prompted by filial love,
Rebukes my selfish grief, and nerves me, once
Again, to sweep the silent chords. Would that
In fitting harmonies I might portray
His private worth, how he excell'd in all
The kind amenities in social life,
As husband, father, friend—e'en now I seem
To feel the pressure of his hand upon
My head; I see the fond, paternal smile,
And hear the words, "My daughter," from his lips.
That word awakes one chord, one strain alone,
Alas! alas! my father, thou art gone!
Oh! by those thronging memories which thrill
My quivering heart, urge me no farther.
In vain shall honor, gratitude, or love,
Essay thy tuneful powers, O silent harps!
Some other bard, perchance, with skillful hand,
Whose harp-strings twine not round a stricken heart,
May yet perform the painful, pleasing task
To me denied, and by his sacred theme inspired,
Pay a just tribute to departed worth.
Come, bending willow, on thy pensile bough
My tuneless lyre I silently replace.
There let it softly to the night wind moan,
Alas! alas! my father, thou art gone!

MRS. ELECTA S. KELLOGG.

EARLY TAKEN.

1 She seemed so young, so young to die!
Life, like a dawning, rosy day,
Stretched from her fair young feet away,
And beams from the just-risen sun
Beckoned and wooed and urged her on.
She met the light with happy eyes,
Fresh from the dews of paradise,
And held her sweet hands out to grasp
The joys that crowded to her clasp,
Each a surprise, and all so dear:
How could we guess that night was near?

2 She seemed so young, so young to die!
When the old go, we sadly say,
'T is Nature's own appointed way;
The ripe grain gathered in must be,
The ripe fruit from the laden tree,
The sere leaf quit the bare, brown bough;
Summer is done, 'tis autumn now,
God's harvest-time; the sheaves among
His angels raise the reaping-song,
And though we grieve, we would not stay
The shining sickles on their way.

3 She seemed so young, so young to die!
We question wearily and vain
What never answer shall make plain:
"Can it be this the good Lord meant
Which frustrates His benign intent?
Why was she planted like a flower
In mortal sun and mortal shower,
And left to grow, and taught to bloom,
To gather beauty and perfume;
Why were we set to train and tend
If only for this bootless end?"

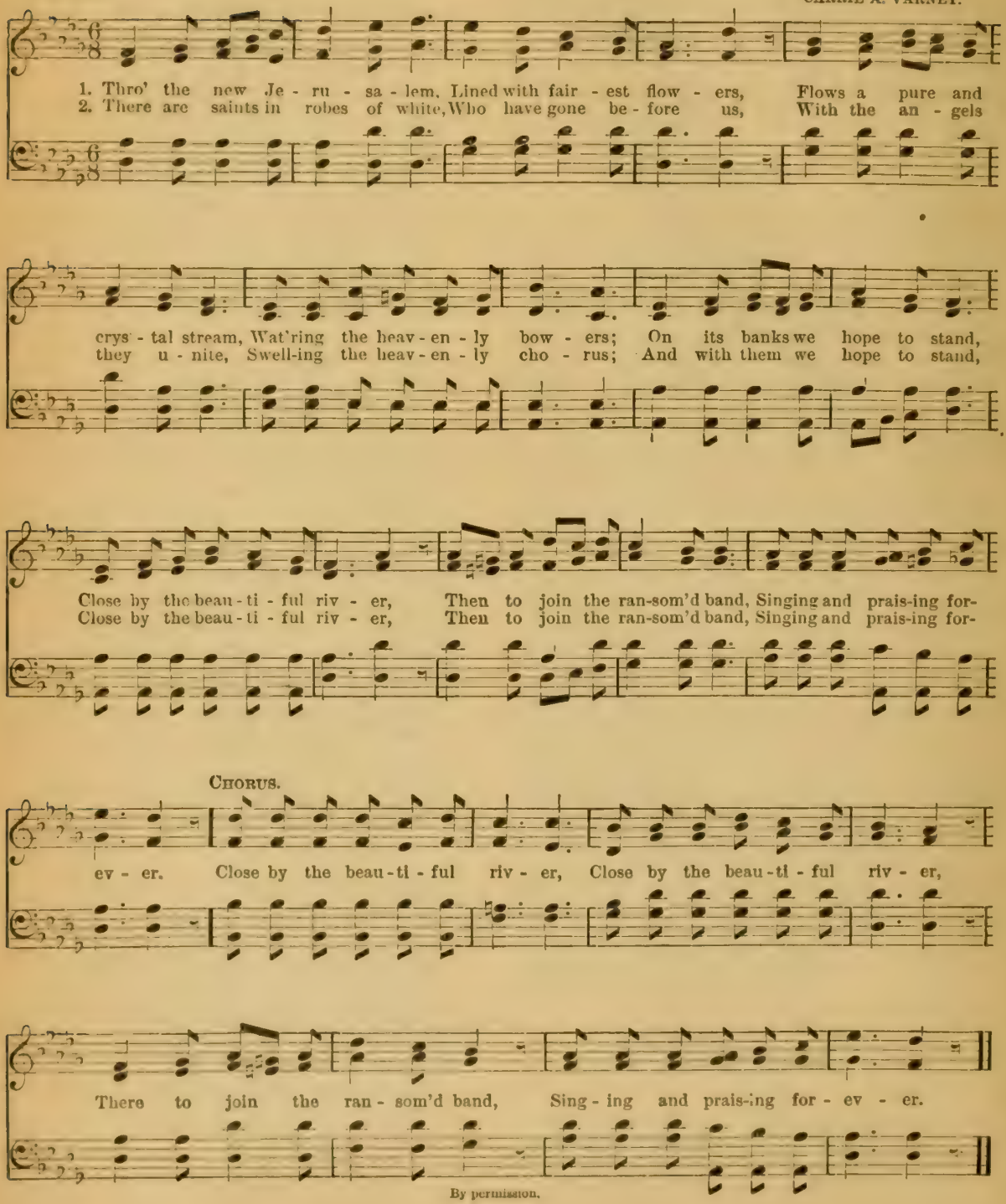
4 She seemed so young, so young to die!
But age and youth—what do they mean
Measured by the eternal scheme
Of God, and sifted out and laid
In His unerring scales and weighed?
How may we test their sense or worth,
These poor glib phrases, born of earth,
False accents of a long exile,
Or know the angels do not smile,
Holding out truth's immortal gauge,
To hear us prate of youth and age?

5 She seemed so young, so young to die!
So needed here by every one,
Nor there: for heaven has need of none.
And yet, how can we tell or say?
Heaven is so far, so far away!
How do we know its blissful store
Is full and needeth nothing more?
It may be that some tiny space
Lacked just that little angel face,
Or the full sunshine missed one ray
Until our darling found the way.

[illegible]
[illegible]

CLOSE BY THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

F. J. C. CARRIE A. VARNEY.



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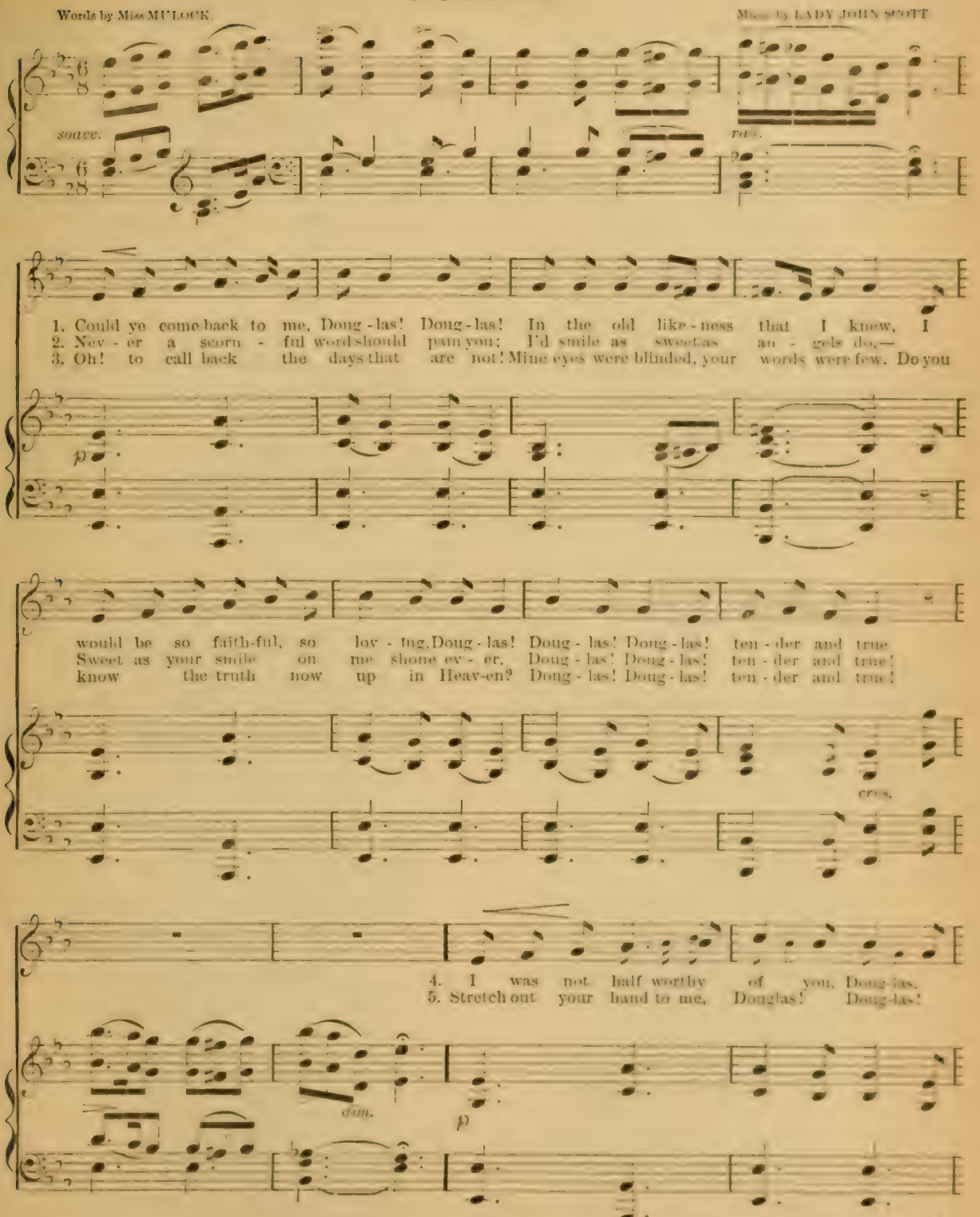
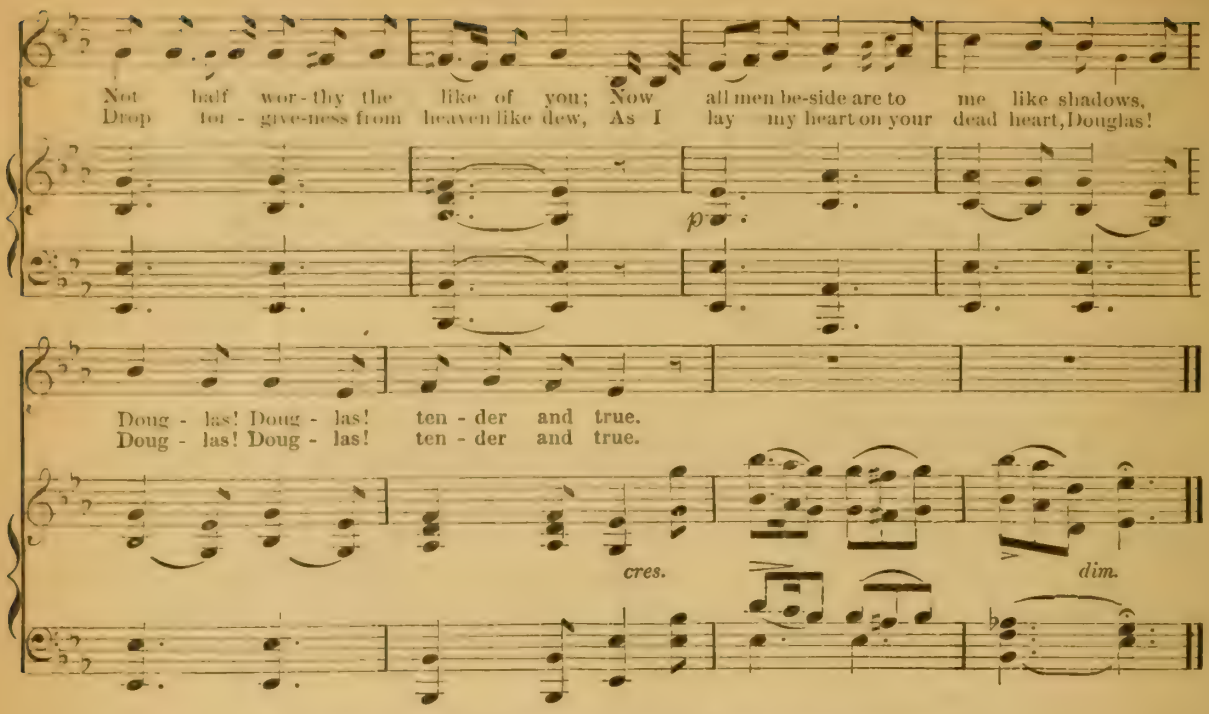
DOUGLAS.

Words by Miss MULOCK. Music by LADY JOHN SCOTT





MISCELLANEOUS. CHRISTMAS, NEW YEAR'S, EASTER, &c.

Harriet Prescott Spofford

Was born in Calais, Maine, in 1835. Her chief works have been "Sir Rohan's Ghost," "The Amber Gods;" "Azarian;" "The Thief in the Night;" "New England Legends," "Art Decoration applied to Furniture," "The Servant Question;" "The Marquis of Carabas," and "Hester Stanly at St. Mark's," besides a large number of choice religious poems. For years her home has been on Deer Island, between Newburyport and Amesbury, where, among the singing pines, it is a fitting residence for the poet and author.

AT CHRISTMAS TIDE.

1 To-night, as on all Christmas eves,
I think the moon in Palestine
Silvers the gravly-drooping leaves
That on the Mount of Olives shine,
And white as snows lie in the light
On some remote and sacred height,
The great brown-open flowers must be
In the garden of Gethsemane.

2 And wide across the wilderness—
Once trodden by such weary feet—
How tenderly the skies must press
With tingling darkness, low and sweet!
What strange, remembering thrills must run
Through the cedars of Mount Lebanon,
And how, in chrism where they spill,
The dews of Hermon must distill.

3 Surely to-night some sign shall rest
About the Holy Land, to tell
Of the presence that once made it blest.
Surely the quivering east shall swell,
Shall break in one great star, and throw
Such glory on the waves as though
The Lord still walked upon the sea
By the dark shore of Galilee!

4 Oh! to be there this Christmas time,
And see the heavens above one wheel
And when they opened in that prime
And let great spirits forth! To feel
With eager, trembling heart, perchance,
Some mighty memory advance
With trailing garments, while the soul
Touches the hem, and is made whole.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, 1884.

THE DAY OF DAYS.

1 Not in the budding spring-time,
When purple violets grow,
And crocus and narcissus
Their peaceful blossoms show;
Nor in the sunny summer,
When roses sweet and fair
And spicy pinks give freely
Their fragrance to the air;
Nor in the pleasant autumn,
When golden turns the maize,
And trees with fruit are laden,
Is set the Day of days.

2 But in the dreary winter,
Amid the frosts and snows,
It shines, and heav'nly brightness
Upon the world bestows.
Just when sad hearts are needing
Some promise and some cheer,
Lo! there it is before them,
The treasure of the year.
And sorrows are forgotten,
And happy songs are sung,
And kindly, joyous greetings
Are heard from old and young.

3 And all the blooms of spring-time,
And summer's flowers gay,
And all of autumn's beauty
Seem crowded in one day—
The Day that lights the winter
Like gem in jet enshrined,
Or picture wondrous lovely
By ebony confined.
Then welcome it, my children,
With thankfulness and praise,
The Day that brought the Christ-child—
The precious Day of days!

MARGARET EYTINGE.

CHRISTMAS, 1878.

"Great is the mystery of Godliness: God was manifest in the flesh."

1 What awe on Mary's spirit fell,
What tender worship, who can tell?
What gratitude without alloy,
When first within her youthful arms
She clasped the babe, whose perfect charms
Should fill the universe with joy.

2 She heeded not the gloom of night,
That manger looked to her more bright
Than if the sun above it shone;
The shadows from her soul were gone,
For unto her the child was born,
The promised Heir of David's throne.

3 "Thou holy Child," she softly sung,
"Thy name shall dwell on every tongue;
My son, my Saviour, here I see;
No mother's love was ere like mine,
No other bore a Babe divine,
And 't is no sin to worship Thee."

4 Almost two thousand years are told,
The world itself is growing old,
And still, with gifts of gold and gem,
We celebrate the natal day
Of Him who in the manger lay,
By Mary's side, at Bethlehem.

5 And still, because they met His eyes,
We love the distant Syrian skies;
We love the hills and vales He scanned;
The waves He hushed seem blessèd yet,
His glory rests on Olivet,
His country is "The Holy Land."

6 Said I, His country? all the earth
Belongs to Him, by right of birth;
And when He came, obscure, unknown,
Into a world His hands had made
(By sin and death in ruin laid),
He came but to redeem His own.

MRS. S. A. WOOLSTRUP.
Evanston, Ill.

AT THE PORTAL.

Jetty Vogel is considered one of England's best poets of the present day. 1865

1 Standing by the veilèd Portal,
On the threshold of the Year,
Fain would we its depths discover,
Thro' its shadowy foldings peer.
Nay, we may not raise the curtain;
Well its secret it doth hold;
Only day by day, unhastened,
Shall the mystic scroll unfold.

2 Back along the days departed,
As we may not look before,
Gaze we on the lengthening pathway
We have trodden heretofore.
Ah! The mystery has faded;
Thick the dust along it lies:
Once it seemed enchanted, hidden
As now this is from our eyes.

3 Is the mystery departed?
Let us nearer, closer look,
Scanning it with earnest heeding,
As some dim-remembered book.
See our footprints! Now how stedfast!
Now how wandering and astray!
God be thanked, that His chastising
Led us back into the way;

4 Here, the Cloudy Pillar led us;
There, the sunshine was serene;
But, where'er the cloud o'erspread us
Still His bow was in it seen.
And amid the direst anguish
Where our faltering footsteps trod,
One was with us in the furnace,
Like unto the Son of God.

5 There, the pathway was illumined
As it were with Angel's smile;
Angel footsteps trod beside us,
Lent us for a little while.
Ah! the way seemed dark and dreary
When they left us for their rest:—
When we meet beyond the Portal
We shall know why it was best.

6 Dimly may we guess the Future
By the Past that we have known.
He who hitherto hath led us
Will not leave us now alone.
Trust we then His loving guidance;
He will lead us by the hand,
Till the pilgrimage is ended,
Till within His courts we stand.

JETTY VOGEL.
London, Eng. 1865.

THE SONG IN THE DARK.

1 I heard a little bird sing out one morning,
While yet the darkness overspread the sky,
And not a single streak of rose gave warning
That day was nigh;

2 It sang with such a sweet and joyful clearness,
The silence piercing with a note so fine,
I started, thrilled with sudden sense of nearness
To love Divine.

3 "O weary heart," it seemed to utter "hearken!
God sends a message to you in my song;
The day is coming, though the shadows darken,
And night is long.

4 "God sees your eyelids heavy— not with slumber:
The sorrowful tears that make their brightness dim.
And all your patient prayers (no man can number)
Are known to Him.

5 "The day shall come, your darkness dispossessing;"
And while the bird sang, on my eyelids prest
A weight of sleep, the weary brain caressing
To happy rest.

6 I slept as children sleep, tired out with crying;
God knows, not I, when I had slept before!
I waked, to find the gracious sunshine lying
Along the floor.

7 And in its blesséd light to see returning
The face of one that was the world to me;
The face my heart, with bitter grief and yearning,
Had ached to see.

8 The day had come indeed! O sweetest singer,
The song you sung me in the dark was true,
And would that I could be so swift a bringer
Of joy to you!

9 Your nest should rock in greenest branches, truly,
And there your shy brown mate and downy brood
Should chirp to you, and spread their winglets duly,
Nor lack for food.

10 No cruel sportsman ever should molest you,
No sudden tempest ever cause affright,
Nor any ills that birds are heir to fret you,
By day or night.

11 Vain wish, alas! and valueless completely;
For whether it was blackbird, wren, or lark,
Or silver-throated thrush, that all so sweetly
Sang in the dark,

12 I never knew— you never more came near me;
But I can trust you, clearly, to His care
Whose tender pity sent your song to cheer me
In my despair.

MARY E. BRADLEY.

ON THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

1 It chances once to every soul
Within a narrow hour of doubt and dole,

2 Upon Life's Bridge of Sighs to stand,
"A palace and a prison on each hand."

3 O palace of the rose heart's hue!
How like a flower the warm light falls from you!

4 O prison with the hollow eyes!
Beneath your stony glare no flowers arise.

5 O palace of the rose-sweet sin!
How safe the heart that does not enter in!

6 O blesséd prison walls! How true
The freedom of the soul that chooses you!

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

IF I COULD KNOW.

1 If by a wish I could withdraw
The future's veil, to-night—
Could know what God in tenderness
Holds hidden from my sight—

2 I would not seek the veil to lift,
Nor make that knowledge mine;
I still would leave all in His hands,
And trust His care divine.

3 Is some great sorrow waiting me?
'T is better not to know:
Why shadow all my happy days
With dread of coming woe?

4 Of this I'm sure: if sorrow waits,
God's love is waiting, too;
I'll lean my weakness on His strength
And He will bear me through.

5 Perhaps some joy—some wondrous joy,
Is held for me in store!
Would daily blessings grow less sweet
For knowing it before?

6 Then keep it safely hid, dear Lord,
Until that blissful hour
When on my trusting heart is laid
Joy's full and perfect flower.

7 It may be neither joy nor grief
'T will long be mine to share;
Could I with calm, untroubled soul,
This strange, sad knowledge bear?

8 Or should I shrink to find how near
Death's waiting angel stands?
I cannot tell, but gladly leave
All in my Father's hands;

9 Assured that, as the past has been,
The future still shall be:
Each day will bring its needed grace,
Its needed strength to me.

MARY K. BUCK.
Traverse City, Mich. Aug. 1885.

OUR POETS.

1 Why do you sing of Grecian myths
O gifted, noble poets?
Our land is full of earnest deeds
In war or peace; of human needs,
Of sunny skies, of verdant trees,
Of gardens like Hesperides.

2 As fair as Phryne are our fair;
Our men as brave as Ajax are;
Naught to Penelope is due
More than our women, tried and true.

3 Antietam's blood as Troy's is red;
Art, with great Phidias, is not dead;
And Plato's state may live again,
Portrayed by just as brilliant pen.

4 Delve not, great singers, in the past,
The present needs you; in these last
Great cycles of a Christian age,
You have a royal heritage;

5 To teach that knowledge is for all,
The peasant in the meanest stall
As for the king; that highest place
Is open to the lowest race.

6 If it is worthy; speech be free,
And thought be boundless as the sea;
That force is brutish; peace and love
Shall in the future richly prove

7 Man to be Godlike in his birth;
Labor be honored in the earth;
Who works with either hand or pen
Wins homage from his fellow men.

8 Pleasure in killing beast or bird
Be counted savage, and unheard
In humble cot or princely hall,
Woman be honored; equal all

9 Before the law, and God; that sin
Shall not set open door to win
Our loved ones; purity is best,
And pays its wage with interest.

10 O gifted, noble singers, write
For us who are the living;
Be prophets, harbingers of light,
Your highest talents giving,

11 To lead man to his best estate;
To study and aspire;
For he is poet truly great
Who helps his brother higher.

SARAH K. BOLTON.
Cleveland, July 29, 1885.

LO, A MIGHTY HOST.

1 Lo! a mighty host is rising now,
See! their banner is unfurled!
Its fair legend, Truth and Righteousness,
Spread the tidings thro' the world.

2 See the mighty host advancing now!
Look! the proud oppressors flee!
So our country breaks its fetters off,
And her captive sons are free.

3 Weary watchers, cease your vigils now,
For the morning surely comes;
Night is fleeing, joy is dawning now
On your hearts and on your homes.

4 Sing, O Zion! no more desolate,
Lift thine eyes, the brightness see!
Thy Redeemer makes thee glorious,
Thine oppressors bend to thee.

[redacted]

THE EDICTS OF THE CENTURY.

1 Upon the century's battlements
God's waiting heralds gather,
And they scan the heavens above them,
And they peer into the night;
And they cry, "O watchman! tell us
If the shadows are departing,
If in the glorious morning-time
They surely shall be light."

2 "We have heard," say they, "His chariot wheels
Roll onward through the darkness,
Roll onward o'er the coastland,
Like the surges of the deep,
And the thunders boom before Him
As the cannon in the battle,
And the noisy nations listen
To His mandates as they sweep."

3 All through the silent centuries
His plans have been unfolding;
All through the slumbering ages
His firm decrees have stood;
They are echoing down the mountains,
They are echoing through the valleys,
And the breakers loud proclaim them
Upon the ocean flood!

4 "Let the wrong that rules the nations
Be hurled from off my footstool;
Let right prevail in all the lands,"
The mighty edict rings.
The darkness is departing,
And the day of light is dawning,
Through the dungeon of the captive,
And the palace gates of kings.

5 "Ye shall level down the mountains,
Make straight the crooked highways,
For my messengers are on the wing,
My counsels will not wait;
And my charioteers drive swiftly
On the whirlwinds of the ages,
And swiftly write the chronicles
Upon the book of fate."

6 "Ye shall hurl from your high places
The idols ye have builded,
The Molochs stained with crimson blood
That purple-eth the land;
Lo! the peoples lift my standard,
And the battle trumpet [illegible]eth,
To the van guard or the rear guard,
Go forth at my command."

[redacted]

EASTER FLOWERS.

1 Glad bells rang in the Easter morn, and I
Was sad and weary of the things of time;
Nor would I list the Angel choir that sang,
In softest harmony, to their sweet clime;
And still their tuneful notes pealed on, until
The forests and the fields, and all the air,
Were filled with music of the Easter bells,
And Easter flowers were blooming everywhere.

2 And midst the joyous ringing of the bells
I caught the low, sweet voices of the flowers—
For God doth grant to them a tongue to soothe
The heart that aches in this sad world of ours—
And still they murmured, till mine ear did lose
The swelling pæan of the happy bells,
And I stooped low, that I may hear once more
The story that a simple flow'ret tells.

3 "I know that ye are bright and beautiful,"
I cried; "and your sweet breath doth wake again
The memories of yore, and bind anew
The golden links of thought's electric chain;
Ye mind me of the loved and lost, and joys
And hopes of days that were too bright to last;
But can ye give them back to me again?
One word from out the dead and silent Past?

4 "Alas, your whispers are but mockeries!
From earth's cold graves ye have returned, but where
The precious ones who went to sleep with you?
Do ye of them no sign, no tidings bear?
And still with such a loving tenderness
They plead, that I could not refuse to hear;
And lo! close to my side a Passion Flower
Proclaimed, in accents wondrous sweet and clear—

5 "I bear a sigh and message from that Blesséd One
Who suffered eighteen hundred years ago;
And through the rolling centuries of time
I tell the story of His cross and woe!"
And then a Lily fair, whose snowy cup
Hung o'er the crystal stream, spoke, in a voice
Of calm, assuring love, and bade my heart
Forget its grief, and looking up, rejoice.

6 "I bear sweet tidings from Our Father's house;
Look on my face; behold, I am in His care!
Upon His hand I live, from day to day,
And spotless robes of radiant beauty wear."
Half-hidden Violets then took the theme,
And spoke the graces of humility;
And Jasmines, from their leafy coronal,
Told of a life from mortal sorrows free.

7 The shadows lengthened, and the day was spent,
And lingering still, I listened to the flowers;
"Fair teachers, ye have brought me peace," I cried,
"And giv'n me strength for suffering's bitter hours."
The night came on, and daylight sank to rest.
The earth was still—the happy birds—the air;
The Easter bells and hushed their joyous song,
But Easter flowers were blooming everywhere!

J. ZITELLA COOKE.
"The Continent."

Mrs. Mary A. P. Stansbury, nee Phinney,

Was born at Vernon, New York, Oct. 5, 1842. She has written considerable prose and verse for many years, and all of it is of a high order of excellence. She has contributed to various Magazines and Journals, and is the author of the celebrated "How he saved St. Michael's," that has been wafted far and near by celebrated elocutionists. Mrs. Stansbury is called a writer of rare quality, rather than quantity, and a woman in the highest sense, by those who know her best. A lady of culture and position, she befittingly adorns her beautiful home at Appleton, Wis. The world will doubtless receive gems of poetry from her graceful pen, in the years to follow.

ALTAR-LILIES.

1 My feet had sought the chapel-door too soon,
And, pausing still without, I strove in vain
To feel the peace of Sabbath afternoon
Hush to like rest my weary heart and brain.

2 The valley, to the far hills' circling rim,
All sun full stood,—a cup of golden wine
Poured for earth's solemn feast;—my eyes were dim,
Discerning not the sacrament divine.

3 A bell's deep clangor thrilled the scented air,
And o'er the worshippers' slow-gathering bands
The grove, responsive to its call for prayer,
Waved, suddenly, a thousand leafy hands.

4 I entered then, and in a dim alcove
Sat, fain to hide my grief from others' sight,—
The while, outside the window poised a dove
Dropping ringed shadows through the painted light.

5 God's message to me waiting thus apart,
Came not, that day, through solemn prayer or psalm,
Yet slowly, softly, sank upon my heart
The benediction of a wordless calm.

6 On a low bench, within the altar-rail,
There stood a vase of flowers, the offering sweet
Of one who traced God's steps o'er hill and dale
And laid again His blossoms at His feet.

7 A lava-vase, with tales of mountain-throes,
And craters yawning to the deep profound,—
It held white lilies pure as Alpine snows,
And clinging sprays of ivy clasped it 'round.

8 "So, heart," I said, "all scarred with hidden fire,
Take form and beauty from the Hand divine,
To hold the lilies sweet of pure desire,
And let immortal hopes about thee twine!

9 "Then, not to thee alone shall be the break
Of fairer dawns,—the peace that follows strife—
The breath of love and gratitude shall make
Such sweetness 'round thee in the aisles of life,

10 "That some bowed soul, low-pressed by grief and care,
Shall feel its deadened pulses wake and stir,
Lift its sad brow to greet the heavenly air,
And rise, a free and joyous worshipper!"

MARY A. P. STANSBURY.
Appleton, Wis., 1872.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney,

Was born in Boston in 1821.

Since her return from abroad, has spent her summers at Alstead, N. H., though her home is in Milton, Mass., near Boston. She is everywhere known as one of the first in rank among the literary women of the 19th century, especially as a writer for young readers. "Mother Goose for Grown Folks," "We Girls," "The Other Girls," "Buttered Crusts," "The Gayworthys," "Patience Strong's Outing," are among her choice prose works, while her pretty poems, so sparkling and bright, are scattered through school books and Magazines, doing much toward creating a taste for healthful literature in the minds of young people.

Two collections of Mrs. Whitney's poems are entitled "Pansies," and "Footsteps on the Sea," published in 1857.

THE HEART OF THE YEAR.

1 White lay the world in her burial web;
Deep in December her life was at ebb;
Gray with great clouds, all the air-height was dim;
Frost-fingers cruel and stealthy and slim,
Stiffened and sheathed every brier and stem,
Breaths of slow death-wind detaining on them.

2 Heavy tree-branches swayed upward and fell,
Moved like the swing of a funeral bell.
Where were the toss and the shimmer of June?
Glory of green that had vanished so soon?
Bird-song and bloom? I outquestioned with fear:
"Heart of Winter! Oh! art thou the Heart of the Year?"

3 Hush of snow, and dull moan of the trees,—
Durance of all,—was there answer in these?
Durance! That said it. The things that endure—
Bear, and wait on—are the things that are sure!
Not in the shroud, or the pall, or the tear—
Deep in the life, is the Heart of the Year!

4 Down where the pain and the shrinking can be,
Buds the great Summer, for earth and for me.
Down at the quick it must gather awhile,—
Grow to the fullness,—for blossom and smile;
Where the hope hides, under hindrance and loss,
Lies the heart-meaning, the sign of the cross!

5 Now it is June; and the secret is told:
Flashed from the butter-cup's glory of gold,
Hummed in the bumblebee's gladness, and sung
Now from each bough where a bird's-nest is swung:
Breathed from the clover-beds when the winds pass,
Chirped in small psalms through the aisles of the grass.

6 Beauty of roses,—the lavish sweet light,—
Splendor of trees, rearing up the blue height,—
Smell of the strawberry,—balsam of pine,—
Bliss of the brook,—and this rapture of mine!
Tell they not all, now their heyday is here,
Heart of the Summer is Heart of the Year?

7 Billowing forest, and balm-bearing breeze,—
Outcome of life,—lies the answer in these?
Waiting, fulfilling,—holds neither the whole;
Greater the gospel than joyance or dole;
Whether His snows or His roses befall,
Heart of the Father is Heart of it all!

ADELINE D. T. WHITNEY
In "The Century," 1882.

GOD'S LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

I think God throws the lights and shades with care,
Across the canvas of each human life.
O'er one that starts in shadow, He will cast
So rich a glow some time in after life,
As serves to wipe the dark remembrance out;
Or He will give one such a sunny youth,
The light will stream on through all after years,
And glint the very portals of the grave.
For me, there is no time when storm and wind,
And surge and roar of madly tossing waves,
So deafen me I cannot hear from far
The tinkle of the joy bells of my youth.
The silvery echoes come caressingly,
And sweep as softly as an angel's wing,
Above my weary, worn, storm-beaten breast,
And I forget my sorrows for a time,
The angry billows and the starless sky,
And roam again a child in sunny fields;
Gathering flowers where the meadows slope
So cool and green, out toward the beckoning sea.
Ah me! who says delusion is not sweet?
"But are you stronger, when the dream has fled,
To battle with life's woes?" perhaps one asks.
Stay! and if not, what matter? God is Love,
And doles not out His gifts with cautious hand,
Lest they should more than meet our direst need.
The mother's not content to give her child
Those things alone that make it strong and wise;
But ever there's an overplus of love,
That trickles out in trinkets, baubles, toys,
Caresses, and a thousand, thousand things
That have no use but simply to make glad.
Our Father, through all nature, teaches this:
That Love is greater than our utmost need,

And ever heads the brimming measure o'er
With pearly drops of Heaven's own fullness born.
The flowers and ferns, the water and the trees,
Insects and birds and clouds, all have their use;
But Oh! the perfume and the coloring,
The grace of outline and the endless song,
What are all these but Love's divine excess,
The soft caresses of the mother side
Of the Great Heart that fills our triune God?
So too, this wondrous gift of memory—
This golden hinge on which God's purpose turns,
(For the to-come is born of the has-been)—
E'en this most needful of all gifts to man,
Bears on its front an effluence divine,
A radiant reflex of the morn or life;
Fair with all forms of ever-changing lights,
Vocal with vague, delicious, dreamy sounds,
That babble to us sunny pastorals,
When the grand epic of the added years
Would crush us with its heavy, stately tread.
And, as the mother croons some nursery rhyme—
To make her suffering child forget the pain
That meanwhile steadily works out its cure—
So, in these sweetly flowing cadences
That steal up through the crash and din of life,
And lay a hush so softly on it all,
May we not hear a loving Father's voice
Striving to soothe us in the bitter hours
That pain and sorrow, His physicians, bring,
The while they purge the soul and make it clean?
For we are children, children always, here;
And get so weary at "the game of life"—
So fevered in the race, so bruised with falls,
We need the simple nursery rhyme of love
Far more than all the wisdom of the schools.
And Oh! God's book of rhymes, how full it is!
Suited to every form of ill we bear;
What song e'er swept the ages through so clean,
Driving the stormy passions from the breast,
Bringing such balm and healing in their stead—
As the sweet, simple story of the Cross—
"The old, old story," always fresh and new?
And yet 'tis but His tenderest lullaby—
The cradle-song of our humanity—
In which the germ of truths that lie beyond
Our present feeble grasp, is warped about
In the soft folds of all-adaptive Love?
And we are soothed, and comforted, and blest,
Where naked Truth would but have awed and crushed.
When we are strong and well and older grown,
And from this earthly nursery have gone
To take possession of our mansions there,
Then we can bear the wondrous symphony
That holds it all inblent, harmonious:
The soft, æolian whisperings of Love,
The swift, sharp, piercing anvil-stroke of Pain,
The slow vibrating chords of Suffering,
The grandly swelling organ peal of Truth,
Responsive each to each, in concord all;
The child's fresh note of joy and innocence
Finding its complement an octave higher;
Rising into the rapture of the saint,
Through minor tones of sorrow, sin and death.
Each life is God's Great Theme epitomized—
Eden in octave with Jerusalem,
Gethsemane and Calvary between.

MRS. EDWARD L. SKINNER.

A WORKINGWOMAN.

1 Life gives us armor for the fate we meet;
Our sense is blunted when our pain is old;
A blacksmith's hand is hardened to the heat;
A beggar's foot is torpid in the cold.
So every man develops incomplete:
You'd taste the tang in such a crust as mine,
And be indifferent to your daily wine;
But to the starving palate, bread is sweet!

2 A woman gave me shelter from the rain;
Her thrilling warmth was like a dumb caress;
No pang is like that pang of happy pain
In souls unused to healing tenderness;
Such clay as ours grows callous toward disdain;
We waste no anguish on perpetual slight;
But, trust me, we can feel a sharp delight
Your deadened spirit will not know again!

3 I went at dusk a lonely watch to keep.
A rough man stopped me, muffled to the chin;
I took his place; the way was long and steep,
The wagon groaned, the white sacks hemmed me in;
In unwarmed hearts such kindnesses strike deep;
That human touch uplifted and renewed
Through long, laborious days of solitude
And feverish nights of unrefreshing sleep.

4 Where the wide hearth with rosy comfort glowed,
I drank new courage for advancing day;
In the bleak wind, against the dusty load,
My swelling, overburdened heart gave way.
His silent figure kept the narrow road;
I felt the panting horses heave and strain,
Till night fell back from many a lighted pane
And through the fog the village steeple showed.

5 We laboring women are too early wise;
"Unformed" we are, by comfort, pleasure, care.
No wonder, then, we're crooked in your eyes,
Too rudely shaped by trouble and despair.
You stare so hard the natural shrinking dies;
We're fortunate and grow bold and suffer less,
Being strongest in a power of happiness
That nothing this side Heaven satisfies.

DORA READ GOODALE.

Sky Farm, Berkshire Co., Mass., 1884.

INJUSTICE.

1 Ah, brothers, had ye wisely taught this vital truth
of yore,
That mothers most of all should learn all patriotic
lore,
This picture we would not have witnessed o'er
and o'er.
A vine-wreathed cottage at the even-tide,
With children kneeling at the ingle-side,
Sweet mother voices through the shadows creep,
While children echo, "lay me down to sleep."
The years go by; the mother's work seems o'er,
The boy is sure he knows a great deal more
Than father e'er forgot, or mother ever knew,
And all the women of her century, too.

2 And when with mother instinct she defends
Her right to choice of rulers, or commends
One of her boys whom she first taught to know
The difference vast twixt Freedom's friend or foe,
Her boy will sometimes in her face dare look,
And say a woman's business is to cook.
The boy whom she alone taught how to pray,
The sacred rights of conscience dares impeach,
Denies his mother's right to pray or preach.

ELIZABETH BOYNTON HARBERT.

In "The New Era," 1885.

A BIT OF LACE.

1 Only a bit of lace,
Only a few ells long;
The whirr of a wing in a second's grace
Could blow it away without a trace,
So light was the fairy bit of lace;
Hardly the thing for a song!
Hardly the thing for a song! But wait;
There is a story to relate.

2 Summer in Calvados;
A woman all bent and old,
So blind that she totters as she goes;
Her hair is as white as the driven snows;
Faint with hunger the whole village knows,
But lace like her's brings gold;
It is so fine, brings gold. Oh! wait,
She is weaving early, weaving late.

3 Calvados' leaves are shed;
The summer is over and gone;
Calvados' winters are cold, 'tis said,
There's a house where eyes with tears are red;
The blind old mother is laying dead,
But the bit of lace is done.
"See! the lace is done, Sir Priest. Oh! wait,
The pay is sure, though sometimes late!"

4 Summer arose across the seas,
Summer on land, in sky,
Summer in a heartless heart at ease,
With swift, white hands to snatch and seize
Gifts from a lover, who kneels to please
Each mood as it flits by.
What mood is this flits by? Oh! wait,
My sweet! 'Tis bought! The man comes late!

* * * * * * * * * *

5 Only a bit of lace,
Only a few ells long;
But the whole of a life, and a life's last grace,
Gone in a moment, without a trace,
Were in the threads of that bit of lace.
Oh! the death and doom in the song!
Oh! the death and doom in the song! But wait;
The mills of the gods grind slow, grind late!

H. H.

In "The Independent," 1884.

WORSHIP,
OR
GOD IN NATURE.

1 Oh! it is sweet to go away alone
In Nature's solitudes, and, 'neath the vast,
Empyrean dome of her own temple grand,
Worship the God to whom her altars are
Upreared, to honor whom she offers up
Her hourly, daily, yearly sacrifice
Of beauty and of song.

2 Whoe'er hath stood
Between the everlasting, pine-clad hills,
That rise above the shadows of the earth
Into the calm, unclouded light of heaven,
And listened to the tones outrolling from
Their caverns deep and grand, like organ swells,
Blent with the sweeter sounds of bird and wave,
And hath not felt within his wondering soul
That the eternal God was there revealed,
Until the eye suffused and throbbing heart
Gave token of His power? Who hath not felt
At such a time, in such a place, his soul
Expand, until its greatness seemed to fill
The universe, and reach the throne of God?
I seem akin to God to-day—akin
To all created things. These hills and trees
My brothers are, these flowers my sisters sweet,
Nature my mother kind and true, and God
The Father of us all—a blessèd band!
It thrills my deepest soul to feel the calm,
Great heart of Nature, filled to overflow
With the quick essence of the life of joy
Beating so near to mine. How every leaf
And every flower seems trembling with the bliss
That pulses through its every vein! I love
These days, this tuneful month of June, so glad
With song. I love this wrinkled earth; each rock

And corner of the grand old thing is dear,
Because God made it, and because it is
So old.

3 'T is a grand place to live, this earth,
And life itself's a grand and glorious thing.
I love to live. Each coming day doth bring
Enough of the supremest, rarest joy,
To compensate for all its direst ills,
And leave enough beside to make God kind
And life a blessing. I would live, and take
The mingled cup from out the hand of God,
And bless Him for the mingling. God is good,
And earth is good, and good hearts throb, between,
In many human bosoms.

MRS. S. M. I. HENRY,
In "Victoria."
By per. Messrs. Hitchcock & Waldon.

THE OLD AND NEW.

1 All truth is no less dear, or radically true,
Whether it dawns to-day on thought's frontiers,
Or has been named, belov'd, and had its work to do,
Been recognized, and anchored by, a thousand years.

2 No reverence for age simply because 't is old,
Unless 't is worthy of our veneration too,
No casting it aside as too outgrown to hold,
Or anchor by, until we prove it weak, untrue.

3 No limitless accepting the dawning "new,"
Unknowing what it rests upon, or where it tends.
Nothing fears test that has a worthy work to do,
Or would adjust fair means to earnest, upright ends.

4 No fierce rejection of another's fresher thought,
Because no sanction of the past seals it for you.
With like authority as stamps what has been wrought,
So was the very Christ once measured by the Jew.

5 God's truest leaders 'tween the "New and Old" must stand,
Though oft rejected by the brotherhood of both;
With open heart toward each, and outstretched beck'ning hand,
Teaching the great, great lessons of diviner growth.

6 They who are wiser than their time, whose mental eyes
Are more far-seeing, and of wider grasp and sweep,
Whose heart's desire swift follows where their vision flies,
Are often saddest in their time; they cannot reap

7 While scarce the ground is yet prepared for them to sow,
And yet the vision of the harvest passes on;
A soul alive to all the need of what shall grow,
And what the reaper's thankful song shall be—anon.

8 Each dispensation hath its Noahs and its arks,
Its men and life-boats over vast transition seas,
To carry safe the winnowed "Old" and watch the marks,
Seaworthy marks, on what "survives," of all degrees.

ISADORE G. JEFFERY.
Chicago, 1883.

LAVA.

1 "The lava always finds the sea."
Thus on volcanic shores tradition runs,
And wild, dark faces, gilded by the glare
Of the dumb mountains' distant menace, turn
Contented to their quaking villages: "His home
That landward lies, in peace shall be.
Forever will the fire seek for the sea."

2 "The lava always finds the sea."
Sleep well, wise flames, through all the coming years,
The silent, subtle years that bide their time.
Lie ye in wait, be lithe, your hour shall spring
On every soul of us. Poor fools are we
Who dream between the crater and the sea!

3 "The fire will always find the sea."
Writhe and recoil, rebellious will,
Dash hither—yonder—pile the seething waves,
A hundred purple channels cut,
But that which hath been, is the thing to be,
Conquered, thou yieldest to the ordered sea.

4 "The fire must always find the sea."
O passionate outbreak of the bursting heart!
Beautiful lava! red as bounding blood,
Terrible lava! scorching as remorse,
Leap on. Flow fast. Obey the old decree
That cools and kills thee in the Eternal Sea.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.
Andover, Mass.

THE RIGHT TO BE A WOMAN.

The right to be a woman as we may,
Complete and perfect—not a lump of clay
On which each clumsy potter trys his skill,
And thinks to mold and fashion it at will.
With mind and heart trained to their nicest sense,
With instincts fine and quick intelligence;
High in our aims as Heaven itself is high,
Broad in our views as is the boundless sky;
In sympathies as large as are the needs
Of the round world, and queenly in our deeds;
Hedged by no stinted method where we stand,
Dispensing God's own fullness from our hands;
Bound by no narrow dogmas, old and gray,
To live and walk just in a certain way;
But large and liberal, grandly brave and free,
As God, who made us, meant that we should be.

OUR CALLING.

1 What is a woman's mission
In this work-a-day world of ours?
To wander in gardens Elysian,
And dally with Cupids and flowers?
To stand as a heading for sonnets,
A toast for rude men at their wine:
A milliner's peg to show bonnets;
A star in the gay world to shine?

2 Or is woman's province her oven?
To fry and to bake and to stew;
Her one aim to be not a sloven;
Her merit to make all things new;
Is the needle her sceptre of office;
Her regal insignia the broom?
And perpetually sewing on buttons,
The Sisyphus path of her doom?

3 What then is a woman's true mission?
To beat the faint rhythm of bars?
With glasses to aid her weak vision,
To peer into secrets of stars?
With Darwin to trace her relations
In molecule, plasmoid, or ape;
With Spencer to use God's creation
To question the words which He spake?

4 No! woman's true mission is higher
Than each and all others combined;
Her music the heavenly lyre,
Her study the infinite mind.
A watchman she stands where life's battle
Rolls fiercely o'er moorland and fen,
And tells through the thunder and rattle
God's wonderful thoughts unto men.

5 One hand on the glory supernal,
One hand on this world of unrest,
Her heart for the pity eternal,
A faithful and sheltering rest.
No serge of the cloister enfolds her,
But happy, and hopeful, and sweet,
She brightens the eye that beholds her
In mart, or on roadside, or street.

6 She shines for the darkened who need her,
She speaks for the sorry and sore;
Art, science, and nature, all feed her,
That more she may give from her store.
Courageous against all oppression,
She fearlessly stands for the right,
Her pure accents calling truth's legions
To quit them like men in the fight.

7 While oft in the sunset's red gloaming
She murmurs a lullaby low,
Or charms back the wanderer roaming,
With word-magic loving and low;
The white hands are fever-heats soothing,
And reverent robing the dead,
Or deftly the bright needle using,
And moulding the sweet daily bread.

8 For this is the true woman's mission,
Its field as humanity wide:
To see with love's clarified vision
Man's needs and their cure side by side;
As free as the winds or the angels,
All fetters, all meanness above,
To hearts and to homes God's evangels,
Our calling, His calling, is love.

MARGARET E. WINSLOW, 1882.
In "Advocate and Guardian."

A SONG OF HOPE.

1 We sing the time that's coming,
When all who love the Lord
Shall dwell in perfect brotherhood,
And so fulfil the word—
And time when faith and science
Shall radiantly unite,
To span, with fadeless coronal,
The waiting brow of Night.
Coming—coming; the shadows melt apace,
And through the rainbow mists of dawn
Truth lifts her lovely face.

2 We sing the time that's coming,
When woman, pure and free,
Shall wield the sovereignty of love
In sweet humility—
Shall share her brother's burdens
With heart, and hand, and brain,
Till both in garments fair and white,
The mountain top shall gain.
Coming—coming; I hear the fetters fall,
I see the golden gate of day
Swing wide to welcome all!

3 We sing the time that's coming,
When war shall be no more—
When symphonies of peace shall rise
From happy shore to shore;
When ocean's farthest islet
Shall hear Messiah's voice,
And o'er His last returning sheep
The shepherd shall rejoice.
Coming—coming; sweet friends, 't will not be long!
I note the sweep of hurrying wings—
I catch the seraph's song!

4 O wondrous day that's coming,
We hail thy herald beams!
Thy rising beauties far outshine
Our fancy's fairest dreams,
O kingdom of the blesséd,
O city of the free,
Thou New Jerusalem, come down!
We wait, we long for thee!
Coming—coming; thank God! through rifted skies
Steal down the music and the balm
From fields of paradise.

MRS. [illegible] LANDIS, 1884.

BIRTHDAY IMPROMPTU.

TO MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

1 Your birthday,—and what can I ask
The years to bring to you?
What shall I plead may be fulfilled,
What dreams that may come true?

2 Dear friend, I only breathe one prayer,
In reverent trust I come,
And ask that through your life, alway,
God's will divine be done.

* LILIAN WHITING.
Sept. 28, 1884.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon was born in Hans Place, Chelsea, in 1802. Her short poems, published in the "Literary Gazette," were successful, and continuing to publish poetry, under the signature of "L. E. L." in periodicals and volumes, she became one of the popular writers of the day. She also produced several prose works. In 1838 she married George Maclean, governor of Cape Coast Castle, where she died suddenly on the 15th of October, 1839.

BENARES.

City of idol temples and of shrines
Where folly kneels to falsehood—how the pride
Of our humanity is here rebuked!
Man, that aspires to rule the very wind,
And make the sea confess his majesty;
Whose intellect can fill a little scroll
With words that are immortal; who can build
Cities, the mighty and the beautiful;
Yet man, this glorious creature, can debase
His spirit down to worship wood and stone,
And hold the very beasts which bear his yoke
And tremble at his eye as sacred things!
With what unutterable humility
We should bow down, Thou blesséd One, to Thee;
Seeing our vanity and foolishness,
When, to our own devices left, we frame
A shameful creed of craft and cruelty.

MRS. LANDON.

A SONG FOR WOMEN.

1 Within a dreary, narrow room
That looks upon a noisome street,
Half fainting with the stifling heat
A starving girl works out her doom.
Yet not the less in God's sweet air
The little birds sing free of care,
And hawthorns blossom everywhere.

2 Swift, ceaseless toil scarce winneth bread;
From early dawn till twilight falls,
Shut in by four dull, ugly walls,
The hours crawl round with murd'rous tread,
And all the while in some still place,
Where intertwining boughs embrace,
The blackbirds build, time flies apace.

3 With envy of the folk who die,
Who may at last their leisure take,
Whose longed-for sleep none roughly wake,
Tired hands the restless needle ply.
But far and wide in meadows green
The golden buttercups are seen,
The reddened sorrel nods between.

4 Too pure and proud to soil her soul,
Or stoop to basely gotten gain,
By days of changeless want and pain
The seamstress earns a prisoner's dole.
While in the peaceful fields the sheep
Feed, quiet; and through heaven's blue deep
The silent cloud-wings stainless sweep.

5 And if she be alive or dead
That weary woman scarcely knows,
But back and forth her needle goes
In tune with throbbing heart and head.
Lo! where the leaning alders part,
White-blossomed swallows, blithe of heart,
Above still waters skim and dart.

6 O God in heaven! shall I, who share
That dying woman's womanhood,
Taste all the summer's bounteous good
Unburdened by her weight of care?
The white moon-daisies star the grass,
The lengthening shadows o'er them pass;
The meadow pool is smooth as glass.

A. MATHESON,
In "Macmillan's Magazine."

Frances S. Osgood.

For many years the following poem has been, and still is almost daily quoted, or portions of it, in some paper, but always anonymously. It was written by Mrs. Osgood, née Lock, who was a native of Boston. She was a sister of Mrs. Wells who is represented in this work. It was through the celebrated Lydia M. Child, an esteemed friend of the family, that the fruits of Mrs. Osgood's genius were permitted to be read by the world while she was yet very young, before marriage, under the name of "Florence." It was during her bridal tour to Europe, and while in London, just after her union with the distinguished artist whose name she bears, that her first volume of poems was published, entitled "A Wreath of Flowers from New England." This brought her to the notice and friendship of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, and she received much courteous attention from people of noble birth and talent. On her return to America, she edited "The Flowers of Poetry," and a magazine called "The Ladies Companion." In 1841 she published "The Snow Drop," and several other books for children. In 1848 another volume of poems made its appearance, and for two years thereafter she was a busy writer. It is said there was nothing mechanical about her, but her productions were like the bubbling of a natural fountain. Simplicity, the transparent simplicity of truth, grace and "adaptation to sound of sense" characterized her articles best of all. She was termed "an eloquent teacher of wisdom and truth" by contemporaneous writers. She was born in 1812 and died in 1859.

SLANDER.

1 A whisper woke the air—
A soft, light tone and low,
Yet barb'd with shame and woe;
Now, might it only perish there!
Nor farther go.

* [illegible] one of the most successful writers of [illegible] in the capacity of correspondent for several of the most prominent newspapers in various cities. She has also [illegible] in verse, which [illegible] poetic [illegible] merit.

2 Ah me! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little meaning sound!
Another voice has breathed it clear,
And so it wanders round,
From ear to lip—from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart,
And that—it broke.

3 It was the only heart it found,
The only heart 't was meant to find,
When first its accents woke;—
It reach'd that tender heart at last,
And that—it broke.

4 Low as it seem'd to other ears,
It came a thunder crash to hers,
That fragile girl so fair and gay,—
That guileless girl so pure and true.
'T is said a lovely humming-bird
That in a fragrant lily lay,
And dreamed the summer morn away,
Was kill'd but by the gun's report,
Some idle boy had fired in sport!
The very sound—a death-blow came!

5 And thus her happy heart that beat
With love and hope, so fast and sweet,
(Shrined in its lily too—
For who the maid that knew
But owned the delicate flower-like grace
Of her young form and face?)
When first that word
Her light heart heard,
It fluttered like the frighten'd bird,
Then shut its wings and sigh'd,
And, with a silent shudder—died!

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN

1 Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood in a troubled dream
By the side of a darkly-flowing stream.

2 And a "Churchman" down to the river came,
When I heard a strange voice call his name:
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

3 "I'm bound for Heaven; and when I'm there
I shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

4 Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
But his robes were heavy, and held him back;
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

5 I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide,
And no one asked in that blissful spot
Whether he belonged to the "Church" or not.

6 Then down to the river a Quaker strayed—
His dress of a sober hue was made.
"My coat and hat must be of gray,
I cannot go any other way."

7 Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And steadily, solemnly waded in;
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
Over his forehead, so cold and white.

8 But a strong wind carried away his hat;
A moment he silently sighed over that,
And then he gazed to the further shore;
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

9 As he entered Heaven, his suit of gray
Went quickly sailing—away—away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

10 Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many—a very wise thing—
That the people in Heaven "all round" might sing.

11 But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,
The psalms and hymns in the waves went down.

12 And after him with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

13 And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went on the swollen tide;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without the manuscript, up to the throne.

14 Then gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came,
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

15 "Sprinkle or plunge—may I ask you, friend,
How you attend to life's great end?"
"Thus with a few drops on my brow,
But I have been dipped as you see me now.

16 "And really I think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you;
You are bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way and I'll go this."

17 Then straightway plunging with all its might
Away to the left—his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

18 And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
O; women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

19 And concerning the road, they could never agree,
The old or the new way, which it could be;
Not even a moment paused to think,
That both would lead to the river's brink.

20 Or, "I'm in the old way and you're in the new;
This is the false, and that is the true,"
But the brethren only seemed to speak,
Modest the sisters walked, and meek.

21 But if ever one of them chanced to say
What trouble she met with on the way—
How she longed to pass the other side,
Nor dared to cross over the swelling tide,—

22 A voice arose from the brethren then;
Let no one speak but the "holy men,"
For have you not heard the words of Paul,
Oh! let the women keep silence all?

23 I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then just as I thought the two ways met,
But all the brethren were talking yet,—

24 And would talk on till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side;
Side by side, for the way was one—
The toilsome journey of life was done.

25 I saw them all on the other side,
There was no deception, no chance to hide;
The life they had lived, the work they had done,
Made many poor souls as bright as the sun.

26 And the priest and Quaker, and all who died,
Came out alike on the other side:
No forms, or crosses, or books had they—
No gowns of silk, or suits of grey,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

MRS. CLEVELAND.

Ida Scott Taylor

Was born at Springfield, Ill., but has resided the most of her life in the neighboring city of Jacksonville. She has marked literary talent, and, though still quite young, ranks among the best poets of her native state. She has recently finished a story in prose, pronounced by critics to be of much excellence. It has just been published as a serial, in the "Jacksonville Journal." Miss Taylor doubtless has a brilliant and useful future before her.

OUR HERITAGE.

1 Life seemeth to me like a beautiful poem;
Its tenderest line is the innermost soul,
And youth is the preface,—the heart-touching proem—
That like golden sunlight illumines the whole.

2 Some drift thro' the spring-time ne'er heeding its beauty,
And crush the shy roses that lie at their feet;
They tread in the paths leading only to duty,
And miss all the "glad" that makes living so sweet.

3 Tho' thirsty, they hear not the low plashing fountain
That scatters its spray on the grass at their side;
Tho' weary, they toil up the high sun-scorched mountain,
Nor rest in the vale where the cool shadows bide.

4 They let all the brightness shift ever before them,
Nor gather a share ere it flutters away,
The clouds, filled with hope, that bend lovingly o'er them,
When touched by their glance,—turn from rose-tint to gray.

5 Oh! why should we walk all our days in the shadow,
And wound our tired feet with the brambles of care,
When life of itself is a green-daisied meadow
Where each may weave garlands of flowers to wear?

6 'T is well we should cling to the standard of Duty,
But not to walk blindly, unheeding the sun:
God gave us the world with its blossoming beauty,—
And we may blend brightness and shadow in one!

IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.
Jacksonville, Ill., 1884.

DEAR HANDS.

1 Roughened and worn with ceaseless toil and care,
No perfumed grace, no dainty skill, had these;
They earned for whiter hands a jeweled ease,
And kept the scars unlovely for their share.
Patient and slow, they had the will to bear
The whole world's burdens, but no power to seize
The flying joys of life, the gifts that please,
The gold and gems that others find so fair.

2 Dear hands, where bridal jewel never shone,
Whereupon no lover's kiss was ever pressed,
Crossed in unwonted quiet on the breast,
I see, through tears, your glory newly won,
The golden circlet of life's work well done,
Set with the shining pearl of perfect rest!

SUSAN MAR SPALDING.

COULD WE KNOW ALL.

RONDEAU.

1 Could we know all, we might no longer dare
To judge so harshly even those who wear
The scars of sin alike on soul and face;
But Pity then, with tear-wet eyes, might trace
The wicked skill of circumstance to snare;
And Love, with new and tender insight, share
The heritage of woe that some must bear;
And Justice, wed to Mercy, win new grace,
Could we know all.

2 Ah! seldom then the pharisaic prayer
Would pass our lips: in lives become aware
Of Fate's dread forces, this could find no place;
But Charity would all mankind embrace,
And bitter judgments crown no life's despair,
Could we know all.

GRACE S. WELLS.
In "The Chicago Tribune."

THE OLD MAID.

1 O November, weird November, when each fading, dying ember
From Summer's fires of glory lies in ashes round thy feet,
How you cause me to remember, with your wailing winds, November,
All the sadness and the sorrows of a life that was not sweet.

2 When the Spring's fair hands caressing, touched the meadows with a blessing,
And they woke to brighter beauty, where the wooing sunshine smiled,
In a sheltered English valley—where the sunlight seemed to rally
All its scattered forces — a young mother kissed her child.

3 Kissed her first-born, eldest daughter. And the waves their anthems taught her,
As they beat upon the pebbles that make music on the shore,
And she caught their intonation and their weird reverberation,
And she sang them to the baby on her bosom, o'er and o'er.

4 And it grew a winsome maiden with a wealth of beauty laden,
And a voice of wondrous melody for songs her mother taught:
Always singing, e'en in speaking, so for music she went seeking,
And from bird and bee and brooklet, all their sweetest songs she caught.

5 There were many came to woo her, but at last, when love came to her,
To her opened eyes new beauty every form of nature bore.
In the Summer that came after, all the world was full of laughter,
And the token of her troth-plight on her hand she gaily wore.

6 Months passed on, and nearer ever came the hour when she must sever
All the fond associations that her happy girlhood knew;
But, secure of earthly heaven in the promise he had given,
So she only saw before her happiness as sure and true.

7 Happy days that soon are fleeting, wept for as they are retreating!
Other cares and other duties soon her earnest thoughts engage;
For a business speculation failed, and she with consternation
Saw her parents, poor and helpless, stranded on the shores of age.

8 Life and love and hope and beauty paled before the star of duty,
That shone o'er her soul's blue heaven with a steady, radiant fire;
She returned the troth-plight token, though her heart was nearly broken,
As she watched upon time's altar her last cherished hope expire.

9 Ah! this lover of her choosing blames her so for what he's losing!
And to prove himself completely all such "childish change" above,
He precedes his acceptation of her calm renunciation
With a sermon on the frailty of a woman's strongest love.

10 She had dreamed of other parting, when, the bitter teardrops starting,
She had trod the darkened pathway through her own Gethsemane,
When his arms would fondly hold her, and, as with a spell, enfold her
In a sweetness to go with her, through the lonely years to be.

11 She had thought that every trial, she must bear without denial,
Would be lighter in the future, for the moments she would rest
In his arms, her only lover, with his face bent low above her,
While she sobbed out all her sorrow, with her head upon his breast.

12 Ah! her voice of wondrous sweetness, it could bring her life completeness
Could she leave her daily labor long enough to win a name;
But the duty ever nearest lay before her still the clearest,
Kept her feet from seeking pathway up alluring heights of fame.

13 In the stormy Autumn weather paced she, hour by hour together,
Where the waves' delirious fever flung the white spray on the shore,
Seeing in the surging ocean something of the wild commotion
That would sometimes seize and shake her, to her inmost being's core.

14 When all self rose up unbidden, from the place where it lay hidden,
Flung the chains from inclinations she had kept subdued with care,
And they smiled in grim derision, while her soul, within its prison,
Flung its white arms up to Heaven, in the strength of dumb despair.

15 It was then that, hours together in the stormy
Autumn weather,
She would struggle with the tempest, by the
sounding sad sea waves,
Till with soul and body weary, in the darkness, weird
and eerie,
She could once more leave her passions in their
unforgotten graves.

16 Sometimes in her daily going back and forth unto
her sewing,
O'er her pale and classic features falls a sadly
wistful shade;
When the children near her straying, pause to
whisper in their playing,
And she hears a smothered murmur of her name,
and then "Old maid."

17 In her daily avocation, her distasteful occupation,
Where in pay for utmost labor, she but little wages
found,
She, instead of growing sadder, slowly climbed
contentment's ladder,
Bearing all her burdens with her, climbed it slowly,
round by round.

18 In her heart of hearts she's keeping treasures that,
awake or sleeping,
Still she guards with jealous study from the garish
light of day,
Half a Summer's glint and glimmer, on the waves,
its moonlight shimmer,
And the tender, pretty nothings, that a lover learns
to say.

19 But her eyes, so sweet and tender, from all homeli-
ness defend her,
Though her cheeks have lost their roundness, and
her lips their rosy glow,
Though the little corkscrew ringlets (by irreverent
girls called stringlets),
That she still puts on paper, have become as
white as snow.

20 So the years steal from her beauty, while she treads
the path of duty,
But the ones who know her story think they see
a radiance faint,
A transparent emanation, from Divine self-abnega-
tion,
That is folded round about her like the halo round
a saint.

BETH DAY. 1884.
For "Gems of Poetry."

GOOD HEART.

1 Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,
Had blest one's life with true believing.

2 Oh! in this mocking world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth;
Better be cheated to the last
Than lose the blessèd hope of truth.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE

MY LEGACY.

1 They told me I was heir: I turned in haste,
And ran to seek my treasure,
And wondered as I ran, how it was placed,—
If I should find a measure
Of gold, or if the titles of fair lands
And houses would be laid within my hands.

2 I journeyed my roads; I knocked at gates;
I spoke to each wayfarer
I met, and said, "A heritage awaits
Me. Art not thou the bearer
Of news? some message sent to me whereby
I learn which way my new possessions lie?"

3 Some asked me in; naught lay beyond their door;
Some smiled and would not tarry,
But said that men were just behind who bore
More gold than I could carry;
And so the morn, the noon, the day, were spent,
While empty-handed up and down I went.

4 At last one cried, whose face I could not see,
As through the mists he hasted:
"Poor child, what evil ones have hindered thee
Till this whole day is wasted?
Hath no man told thee that thou art joint heir
With one named Christ, who waits the good to
share?"

5 The one named Christ I sought for many days,
In many places vainly;
I heard men name His name in many ways;
I saw His temples plainly;
But they who named Him most gave me no sign
To find Him by, or prove the heirship mine.

6 And when at last I stood before His face,
I knew Him by no token
Save subtile air of joy which filled the place;
Our greeting was not spoken;
In solemn silence I received my share,
Kneeling before my Brother and joint heir.

7 My share! No deed of house or spreading lands,
As I had dreamed; no measure
Heaped up with gold; my elder Brother's hands
Had never held such treasure.
Foxes have holes, and birds in nests are fed;
My Brother had not where to lay His head.

8 My share! The right like Him to know all pain
Which hearts are made for knowing;
The right to find in loss the surest gain;
To reap my joy from sowing
In bitter tears; the right with Him to keep
A watch by day and night with all who weep.

9 My share! To-day men call it grief and death;
I see the joy and life to-morrow;
I thank my Father with my every breath,
For this sweet legacy of sorrow;
And through my tears I call to each "joint heir"
With Christ, "Make haste to ask Him for thy share."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson.

The maiden name of "H. H." was Helen Maria Fiske. She was the daughter of Professor Nathan W. Fiske, of Amherst College, Mass. She was born at Amherst, Oct. 18, 1831, and was educated in part at Ipswich Female Seminary, and partly at Dr. Abbott's school in New York City. She was early married to Captain (afterward Major) Edward B. Hunt, of the Engineer Corps, U. S. A., a man not only eminent in his profession, but of high repute for his scientific attainments. His wife resided with him at various military stations — West Point, Washington, Newport, and other places. In this way she gained a wide knowledge and experience that was afterward so charmingly utilized in her writings. She excelled in description. Like the New England woman she was, the moral side of her nature was intense and powerful. All events in her mind squared themselves by the rule of right and wrong. It was this tendency in her that led her in late years to the head of the Boston movement for redressing the wrongs of the Indians. In this movement she is as well known as in her writings. They had several children, all of whom died in early infancy, except one boy, Rennie, who lived to the age of about ten, and was an unusually beautiful and gifted child. His death was a terrible blow to both parents. And almost before the mother had regained composure after this overwhelming sorrow, the death of Major Hunt— who was killed in 1863, by the discharge of suffocating vapors from a submarine battery of his own invention—left Mrs. Hunt heart-broken and desolate, bereft of nearly all human ties.

Early in her period of widowhood Mrs. Hunt removed her residence to Newport, R. I., where shortly after she began to develop a talent for literary composition which up to this time had lain quite dormant. She had always been a favorite in society, because of her vivacity, amiability, and remarkable conversational gifts, and was known to her family and friends as a charming letter-writer, but had not hitherto written anything for publication. In 1867 or 1868—we are not sure of the exact date—her first poems appeared in print, and soon after she began contributing articles on home topics to the "Independent" and other newspapers. In 1870 she printed a volume of verses at her own expense which was so well received that it was again issued with some enlargement in 1871, and again, almost double in size, in 1874. In 1872 she published "Bits of Travel," which was made up of sketches of a tour in Europe. This was followed by "Bits of Talk About Home Matters" in 1873; "Bits of Talk for Young Folks," 1876, and "Bits of Travel at Home," 1878. These, with a little poem called "The Story of Boon," constituted for sometime all of her acknowledged works, but it is now no secret that she wrote two of the most successful volumes of the "No Name" series — "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," (1876), and "Hetty's Strange History" (1877). It has been generally believed for some years that she was also the author of the "Saxe Holm" stories which appeared in "Scribner's Monthly," and were subsequently published in two volumes.

Constant devotion to her chosen pursuit of literature began after some years to tell upon Mrs. Hunt's health, and a severe throat affection showed itself, to relieve which, she went to Colorado to live. About 1875 she was married there to William S. Jackson, a merchant of Colorado Springs. In her travels through the West she became greatly interested in the wrongs which had been suffered by the Indians, and for the rest of her life all literary ambitions were subordinated to a desire to aid this helpless and wronged race. During a winter of hard work in the Astor Library of New York she prepared "A Century of Dishonor," published in 1881. In the following year she was appointed by the United States Government as one of two commissioners (Abbott Kinney being the other) to examine and report upon "the condition and needs of the mission Indians of California." Their report was made in July, 1883. As a further effort in behalf of the Indians, she wrote her "Ramona," which was printed as a serial in the "Christian Union," and was issued in book form in 1884. Besides these volumes she also wrote during these later years of her life several volumes for children. But her life-work, as she viewed it at the last, was in her two books about the Indians, and never was any one more devoted to a cause than she was to this, which she had so lately espoused. A short time before her death she wrote to a friend:

"I feel that my work is done, and I am heartily, honestly cheerfully ready to go. In fact, I am glad to go. You have never fully realized how, for the last four years, my whole heart has been full of the Indian cause; how I have felt, as the Quakers say, a 'concern' to work for it. My 'Century of Dishonor' and 'Ramona' are the only things I have done of which I am glad now. The rest is of no moment. They will live and they will bear fruit. They already have. The change in public feeling on the Indian question in the last three years is marvelous. An Indian rights association is now in every large city in the land. • • • Every word of the Indian history in 'Ramona' is true, and is being re-enacted here every day."

In personal character Mrs. Jackson was very attractive. She was of a frank and generous nature, and full of vivacity and kindness. She won and merited the attachment of a wide circle of very warm friends. In literature she was a most conscientious worker, and her writings, both in prose and poetry, are fairly ranked among the best works of American authors. She died Aug. 12th, 1885, in San Francisco, Cal.

(Most of the above is taken from "The Inter Ocean.") Ed.

THE VICTOR OF PATIENCE.

Armed of the gods! Divinest conqueror!
What soundless hosts are thine? Nor pomp, nor state,
Nor token, to betray where thou dost wait.
All Nature stands, for thee, ambassador;
Her forces all thy serfs, for peace or war.
Greatest and least alike, thou ful'st their fate—
The avalanche chained until its century's date,
The mulberry leaf made robe for emperor!
Shall man alone thy law deny?—refuse
Thy healing for his blunders and his sins?
Oh! make us thine! Teach us who waits, best sues;
Who longest waits, of all most surely wins,
When Time is spent, Eternity begins.
To doubt, to chafe, to haste, doth God accuse.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

In "Atlantic," 1885.

A BLIND SPINNER.

1 Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways.
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

2 I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

3 Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fail; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

4 I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure,
Past time and race,
My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

5 But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear the tread
Who bear the finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Miss Mumford

Is the sister of Mrs. Seward whose poem "Jesus' Night of Prayer." appears in this volume, and daughter of a Mr. Mumford who was editor of the "Standard" during 1848 and for some years following. Her published poems usually appeared over the name "Piccola." Her articles display much soundness of heart, as well as pure poetical feeling.

CHEERFUL CONTENT.

1 I know no loneliness of heart,—no shadowy ideal,
No sighing for the unattained,—the beautiful unreal;
My happiness is ever near in treasures few and small;
My lowly hopes are realized in young fruition all.

2 And mine the spirit still at home in sorrow and in joy,
That loseth not its sweet content at thought of earth's annoy;
The violet, that bides the storm, is freshened in its blue,
And sorrow beats upon the heart to strengthen and renew.

3 I know not why I do not love what others love on earth,
Nor why what others seem to prize, to me is nothing worth;
Nor why I feel so trustful of everyone I see,
Until my heart belongs to them more than it does to me.

4 The flower upon our mantle-shelf,—my brother's flute at night,
The way-worn letter from afar that bringeth pure delight,
The voices of my darling ones that own no parlor tone,
With these to sun my little world, I could not feel alone.

5 I have an earthly mother, and my home is in her heart,
And evermore I nestle there, though we are far apart;
And earthly sisters, too, I have, and brothers for my love,
That cluster round me like the stars in the bright heaven above.

6 In fancy only I can live and love beside them now,
In fancy only I can feel their kisses on my brow:
I cannot see the hands I pressed, the ringlets I have curled;
My head that used to lean on them, is rested on the world.

7 I know that heaven is near to earth where'er my lot may fall;
I know that they will pray for me, the frailest of them all;
And I, if I were growing gray, should sleep the sleep of youth,
For my soul is rocked to slumber on the bosoms of their truth.

8 There is a worldly wisdom that preacheth to despise
The clime of youthful feeling, that impulsively replies
To the whisper of affection, wherever it may spring,
And proffers to the gazing world its fragrant blossoming.

9 The dew refuseth not to bathe the dusty wayside flowers,
Restoring to the faded grass the green of vernal hours;
And though the faith were all disproved, another hath professed,
The withered soul may be revived upon a loving breast.

10 I would not blush to give away whatever I possess
Of artless and confiding faith, and woman's tenderness;
I would not blush to wrap my thoughts around one pulse that thrills
With the delicious sense of life, that all my being fills.

11 Though love is widowed of its trust, and weeps the living death;
And Genius, bending to its clay, forgets the ivy wreath,
The only night that I could know would be the soul's eclipse,
The guile that worketh at the heart,—the falsehood on the lips.

12 I love the smallest living thing to tears; and quiet thought
Hath sanctified the beautiful, with everything unwrought;
I hear a glad philosophy throughout existence hymning,
And often think the cup of life for me is full to brimming.

ANGELINA S. MUMFORD, 1840.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

1 When my ship comes in with joy and song,
From sailing the far blue sea,
With everything that life could wish,
Will my good ships laden be.
My ships come back to me!

2 I've waited long, and am weary,
Why tarry my ships so long?
I sent them out long years ago,
They were builded staunch and strong.
My ships! come back to me!

3 It cannot be! Oh! no; not that!
They will come back to me.
Oh! tell me not that waters wild
Have wrecked my good ships all.
My ships! come back to me!

4 I sent out my good ship Pleasure,
She bounded swift o'er the foaming sea,
With a joyous laugh she quickly sped
To a foreign port and a flower-decked lea.
Pleasure! come back to me!

5 The next sent out was Joy and Love,
She quickly sailed to the tropic's fire,
And there, 'mid fearful seas of grief,
Was bound and sunk by a golden wire.
She'll never come back to me, ah me!

6 The next that sailed—her name was Hope—
She sailed the wide world o'er;
And soon, I feel, that back she'll come,
And sail from me no more.
She must come back to me!

7 The last that sailed—her name sweet Faith—
My last, best ship was she;
Her track was marked by a brilliant star
Far out on the unknown sea.
Sweet Faith, come back to me!

8 Ah! little I thought of what might come
When my ships went sailing free;
Pleasure and Hope, Joy and Love,
Will never come back to me—
Never come back to me!

9 But Faith, sweet Faith, my guiding star,
Has conquered the raging sea,
And laden with treasures never to fade,
Has come sailing back to me—
Faith has come back to me!

BELLE ROSE,
Rockford Seminary, Ill.

BLACK HAWK'S FIRST AND LAST DEFEAT.

FOR A RECITATION.

"Just below the great bend in Rock River, where the city of Janesville, Wis., stands, is a bold promontory, called Table Rock. From its summit, 'Black Hawk' is said to have made his last appeal to his warriors."

As Cateline, by proud compeers arraigned,
Tried and condemned to banishment from Rome,
Vowed to return with former power regained,
Revenge his wrongs, and seal his country's doom,—
So spoke the chief, by nobler passions stirred:
"White man, beware! I all your offers spurn!
Shade of my fathers,—here I pledge my word
To be avenged—I go, but I return."
True hearted Black Hawk. Fine, noble boast!
At thy command six hundred braves surround
Their gallant chief, resolved, at any cost,
To drive the pale face from their hunting-ground.
Upon Rock River's gently flowing tide,
A valiant band, flower of the Fox and Sauk—
In their canoes are ranging side by side,
Around the base of classic "Table Rock."
Lo! on its broad summit a vision appears;
Tall, straight, and majestic, though hoary with years,
His blanket hangs loosely, his broad chest half bare,
His eagle plumes wave in the fresh morning air.
O'er his shoulder a gaily-wrought quiver is flung,
In his broad wampum belt his weapons are hung.
Say, who is the warrior that stands on the rock?
'T is Black Hawk, the chief of the Fox and the Sauk.
Mucata muhicatah—hunted, pursued,
With courage undaunted, and soul unsubdued.
How glances the fire of revenge from thine eyes,
"As the landscape outstretched in its loveliness lies."
The deep rolling stream, as it murmurs along,
Awakens a sense of oppression and wrong;
The homes of thy kindred, for ages untold,
Their graves and their altars all bartered for gold.
But see! with his right arm extended on high,
As calling for vengeance to fall from the sky,
He speaks, and his voice, echoed back from the shore,
Strikes full on the ear like the cataract's roar.
"Their blood cries out for war—Rouse ye! my braves,
Let Keocuk afar lead his poor slaves;
Aye, let them bound away like the startled fawn;
We'll stand like wolves at bay; and dare them on.
On, toward the setting sun, not this the place,
We'll give brave Atkinson another chase.
On, where the tall grass waves like serpents shy,
There shall my trusty braves in ambush lie.
Let Dodge, the pale-faced thief, charge on our rear;
Black Hawk, the Indian Chief, never felt fear!
We'll speed the arrow straight. Our pointed darts,
Steeped in revenge and hate, shall pierce their hearts.
Then let them pour like rain their leaden ball;
For every red-man slain, ten whites shall fall.
This night we'll move our camp. And the great Manito
Shall light us with his lamp; brothers, let's go!"
Fierce was the conflict, but the strife is o'er:
The Rubicon is passed, thy doom is sealed;
That boundry line thou must recross no more,
'T is fate's decree and thy proud will must yield.
Ah, martyr chief, methinks, with drooping wings,
Yet living still, thy conquored soul must bow.
Thyself, thy son, the prophets of thy tribes,
Betrayed, and captured by a secret foe,
And to the whites delivered up, for bribe.
Insatiate avarice! o'er their broad lands
Extend thine arms, and grasp in all the shore.

Thy passive chief assents to thy demands;
His heart is broken, he'll contend no more,
Unbar the cage, and let the prisoner fly.
Black Hawk, thy brothers bid thee go in peace!
Thy great white father gives thee leave to die.

MRS. E. S. KELLOGG.

Alice McElroy (See page 259.)

Was born in 1839, at Palmyra, Mo. She graduated from the Female College, Jacksonville, Ill., and has resided most of the time since her marriage to Dr. B. M. Griffith, in Springfield, Ill. Of a decided literary turn of mind, her elegant home has long been a popular resort of the Author's Club and various literary gatherings. Though excelling in prose sketches, essays on scientific topics, and the like, she has written some gems of poetry that are ranked among those of a high order of merit. Two of her productions appear in this volume. Mrs. Dr. Griffith has ever been active in good works. For ten years she was the faithful recording secretary of the "Woman's Board of Missions," connected with the First Presbyterian Church; and for several years the "Presbyterial and Synodical Secretary of Central Illinois," besides being one of the directors of the "Woman's Board of the Northwest," 48 McCormick Block, Chicago. (1885). The following poem is dedicated to her, by her old friend and class-mate.

LIFE'S DREAM.

TO MY CLASS-MATE, ALICE MCELROY.

1 Life! thou strange mysterious dream
That flits across the sleeping soul,
Which lights it with a passing gleam,
Then fadeth like a dream untold,
So rapid, yet so wondrous strange,
Is every varied changing shade,
Although the spirit feels the change
It knows not where the change was made.

2 Like flying shadows o'er the sea
Come sorrows wild and murky cloud,
And o'er our vision, darkly flee
Muttering thunders deep and loud.
Yet gleams of sunshine intervene
To linger o'er the scene awhile,
And make the sea-girt islands green,
With friendship's warm, tho' fleeting smile.

3 In this wild and feverish dream,
Life's phantoms swiftly glide around
Friendship's fleeting, shadowy gleam,
With hatred's fearful, threat'ning frown.
Love frail, tho' Heaven's brightest smile,
And pride, with cold and haughty brow,
And envy and deceit and guile
Their shadows o'er the night-scene throw.

4 And yet, the dreamer fears to wake
Tho' night-mare terrors fill his brain,
Lest e'en the dream its flight should take
And he should never dream again.
Sure there's a land of fadeless dreams,
And kindred souls shall there be viewed;
And in those fair, eternal scenes
Life's dream will surely be renewed.

CORILLA W. WINN.
Jacksonville, Ill., Female College, June, 1852.

"IF THY RIGHT HAND OFFEND THEE."

1 "Nay, not my right hand!
It is scarred with its toil, it hath never known rest;
In the struggle of life it hath wrought with the best;
It hath smitten the foes that assaulted my breast;
It hath fought in my battles, fulfilled my command—
Thou wilt spare my right hand?"

2 "Nay, nay; not so fast!
It is strong,—it hath strewn; but aye for the right?
Can it hold its scars proudly to-day in my sight?
Hath it guarded thy bosom from darkness or light?
At my feet even now have its weapons been cast
Can I trust it at last?"

3 "Oh! it quails at thy word;
It hath scattered such seed as were better unsown;
It hath garnered in fields that were never its own;
It hath left its own garden with weeds overgrown;
Yet it trembles and fears at the gleam of the sword.
Thou wilt pity it, Lord?"

4 "And did I not heed
Thy pleading, and strengthen and cleanse and prepare
For work in my vineyard, my harvests to share?
Behold what rebellion hath answered my care!
Thy garners are empty, thou'rt crippled indeed;
And yet dost thou plead?"

5 "Nay, Lord, I am still!
See! the hand is in Thine! If Thou lovest me so,
There is mercy in smiting that lays me so low,
There are pardon and healing to follow the blow;
Whole or maimed, weak or strong, if only Thy will
Be wrought, I am still!"

MARY L. DICKINSON.
New York. 1883.

FAITH.

1 I found a place where violets grow;
They were peeping through a drift of snow,
With blue eyes raised to the sky above,
They told me of God's watchful love,—
He had kept them safe and made them grow
Under that bank of chilling snow,
Through winter's darkest, dreariest hours
He had kept them safe, those tiny flowers.

2 And well I know that faith may grow,
Under a grief more cold than snow;
With bright eyes raised to the sky above,
She telleth of our Father's love,—
That my soul may brighter and brighter grow
Under a grief more cold than snow.
For He who made for us sweet flowers
Will order well these lives of ours.

SARAH BUCHANAN. 1882.

Lucy Larcom

Was born in the charming old town of Beverly, on the northeastern coast of Mass. Much of her best work has been done in that corner of the Bay State. Dwelling between the grand old hills, the river and the sea, with the picturesque rocky height in front of her childhood home, she was constantly learning the secrets of the birds and wild flowers, catching glimpses of the glory land in the enchanting sunset, breathing in the pure invigorating air of that healthful locality, she had much to develop the latent poetical talent and literary bent that slumbered within her. She is fond of referring to the systematic training she received in the Bible and Catechism; to the reading of such books as "Pilgrim's Progress," "Milton's Paradise Lost," "Heavenly Heirarchies," "Scottish Chiefs" and the like, that found their way into her delightful Christian home, doing so much to direct her life into the proper channel. At the early age of seven she secretly wrote, illustrating with crude water colors, and published—in her way—a little manuscript volume of poems and little stories. After her father's death, her mother moved to Lowell, where for awhile Lucy was employed in the mills, all the time continuing her verses, however. She was happy in her week-day employment, the sweet Sabbath repose, the church attendance and the helpful heart and clear conscience. Still she never ceased to love the old home by the sea. But for the experiences in that romantic spot, it is not likely the "Idyl of Work" or the "Roses of Cape Ann," full of the legend, and picture and fragrance of the ocean, would have been given the world. She has written much to delight the children, as most good writers do. The war called forth much from her generous and intensely vigorous nature, and inspired her to write the "Sinking of the Merrimack," "Loyal Woman's No," and the like. "Hannah Binding Shoes" is one of her most celebrated productions, and her poem "The Rose Enthroned," has called out much admiration.

It is said that she herself never thought much of "Hannah Binding Shoes;" but various eminent elocutionists have thought differently, and the quaint story of Hannah has been echoed and re-echoed from the rostrum of hall and opera house until every one is familiar with it. It has proved to be one of the simple "realities that sing themselves, and so sing immortally." The "Rose Enthroned" is pronounced her greatest inspiration by Mrs. A. D. F. Whitney who has written a beautiful sketch of her life and work up to the year 1884, and who says "To have written such a poem as this alone is to have been a poet. No wonder, — the Atlantic Monthly then being published with a 'no-name' table of contents, — that it should have been attributed to Emerson."

Some fifteen years ago, Miss Larcom edited "Our Young Folks" most successfully. Though now motherless, unmarried and of course childless, she has the true womanhood and blessed mother instinct as the following verses show;—

Too many for one house, you see,
And so I have to let them be
In care of other mothers.

* * * * * * * * * *

My darlings! by my mother heart
I have found, I shall find them.
Though some from me are worlds apart,
And thinking of them, tears will start
Into my eyes, and blind them.

"Even her Christmas is Woman's Christmas,—her song the rejoicing of the mother heart"

By the close bond of womanhood,
By the prophetic mother-heart,
Forever visioning unshaped good,
Mary, in Him, we claim our part.

* * * * * * * * * *

What were our poor lives worth, if thence
Flowed forth no world-performed good,
No love-growth of Omnipotence?
The childless share thy motherhood.

* * * * * * * * * *

Breathe, weary woman everywhere,
The freshness of this heavenly morn;
The blessing that He is, we share,
For unto us this Child is born!

Better to the workers of to-day than all that has been said of Lucy Larcom, may be the fact that "she is in love with toil, and sings it as a lover sings his adored one." In very busy industry that serves to aid her fellow travellers, and especially perhaps the temperance and mission-ary causes. One of her very latest poems is a joy song of "fellowship in toil, and one of her sweetest refrains is,"—

Thank God for the work He lets us do!
I am glad that I live in the world with you!

FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

1 Dear world, looking down from the highest of heights that my feet can attain,
I see not the smoke of your cities, the dust of your highway and plain;
Over all your dull moors and morasses a veil the blue atmosphere folds,
And you might be made wholly of mountains for aught that my vision beholds.

2 Dear world, I look down and am grateful that so we all sometimes may stand
Above our own every-day level, and know that our nature is grand
In its possible glory of climbing, in the hill-tops that beckon and bend
So close every mortal he scarcely can choose but ascend.

3 Though here, O my world, we miss something—the sweet multitudinous sound
Of leaves in the forest aflutter, of rivulets lisping around,
The smell of wild pastures in blossom, of fresh earth upturned by the plow—
The uplands and all the green hillsides lead the way to the mountain's brow.

4 One world; there is no separation; the same earth above and below;
Up here in the river's cloud-cradle; down there is its fullness and flow.
My voice joins the voice of your millions who upward in weariness grope,
And the hills bear the burden to heaven—humanity's anguish and hope!

5 Dear world, lying quiet and lovely in a shimmer of gossamer haze,
Beneath the soft films of your mantle I can feel your heart beat as I gaze:
I know you by what you aspire to, by the look that on no face can be
Save in moments of high consecration; you are showing your true self to me.

6 Dear world, I behold but your largeness; I forget
that aught petty or mean
Ever marred the vast sphere of your beauty, over
which as a lover I lean;
And not by our flaws will God judge us; His love
keeps our noblest in sight;
Dear world, our low life sinks behind us; we look
up to His infinite height!

LUCY LARCOM,
In "Harper's Magazine," 1884.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

1 If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
And counting, find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

2 But if, through all the livelong day,
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face,
No act most small
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

ELLA WHEELER.

BEHOLD, HE PRAYETH.

1 One gloomy day I paused with listless hand,
And feeling painfully a burden which I bore,
I said, My half day's work is done—no land
Of use or beauty stretches here; it is the shore
Of earthly end now lying at my feet—
Vain, fruitless all, I cried, and fleet, so fleet.

2 Unworthy of the patient, hard endeavor,
The shadow'd way that led but to no thoroughfare;
I felt the weight, not power of any lever
Which might to happier lots than mine have yielded fair
Return for honorable toil—defeat
Summed up the whole, o'ermast'ring and complete.

3 I kneeled upon the barren, barren sand—
And sent my quest'ning soul forth o'er the unknown sea,
When lo! the shelt'ring of a mighty hand—
A power unfelt, invisible to all but me,
Reached downward from a pitying, tender sky:
A voice called to my inmost life, Soul! why
Art thou thus lonely, with thy God so nigh?
My child! my child! "Be not afraid; 't is I."

4 My whole life rested in the mighty hand;
It held me like the nestling in the parent nest;
It fed, warmed, taught me of Divine command:
I sent my weary thought all heavenward in its quest—
And late I found the state and attitude of prayer
Is that, and that alone, which hath the rare,
The gracious gift of sweet'ning ev'ry loss and care;
I cannot now forget, if I should dare.

ISADORE O. JEFFERY.
In "N. W. Christian Advocate."

LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE.

1 Night on the angry billows;
And bright from the light-house tower
Shines forth a friendly beacon,
To save from the tempest's power.

2 Said the keeper—the brave Max Erdmann,
As he worked in the tower that night,
"I wonder, if down on the lower coast,
Their lamp is burning bright?

3 "Young Franz and Ivan—the keepers—
May be careless;—I think I'll go
And look from the cliff;—I must hasten back
For the oil in my lamp is low."

4 So away he sped through the darkness,
To the mountain peak afar;
And saw, through the gloom of the driving storm,
Like the smile of a beautiful star,

5 The headland light-house, gleaming
O'er the dangerous lower coast;
"Aha!" cried Max,—"'t is as good as mine,
I must hurry back to my post.

6 "But where is the bridge? have I missed it?
Good heavens! it is washed away,
And hark! the deep roar of a signal gun
Comes booming up from the bay."

7 Climbing the crest of the mountain,
He looks for the cheering spark
From his light-house gleaming; alas! alas!
It is out; the tower is dark.

8 Faster, and even faster,
Down the mountain crags he leaps;
For he knows, by the sound of the minute-guns,
That down on the rocky steeps,

9 By his light-house dark, is a vessel;
For, with nothing to guide her way,
She has struck, and will go to pieces,
Before the break of the day.

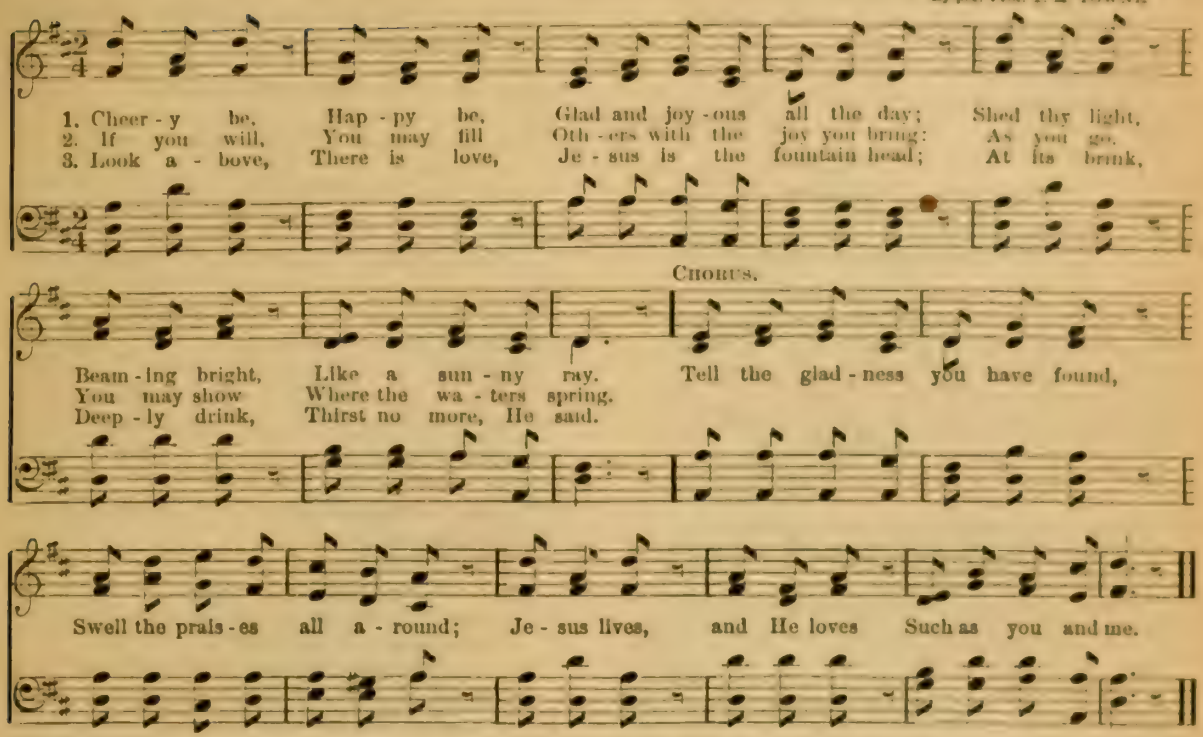
10 To his tower Max wildly hurries;
But even while the oil he poured
In his empty lamp, that ship went down,
With every soul on board.

11 For many a soul may be shipwrecked
In the tempest and the night;
While those who should cheer and guide them,
Are watching their neighbor's light.

EMMA S. BABCOCK.

CHEERY BE.

M 8. MARGARETTE SNODGRASS, in "Good Will."
By per. Prof. T. M. TOWNE.



Mrs. Margarette Snodgrass Frazier

Is a resident of Lake Forest, Ill. She is the author of numerous of the best hymns of the present day, and is one of the sweetest and most conscientious composers of sacred music. She was recently married to a Presbyterian clergyman, Rev. Mr. Frazier. A manuscript book of poems of her own composing is nearly ready for press, and is looked for with much interest by her many friends who esteem the author as one of the choicest gems of this world. Nov. 1884.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THY WINGS.

"In the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice."—Ps. lxiii. 7.

1 I will rejoice with gladness deep,
While in Thy care I wake or sleep;
Close to Thy side will ever cling,
Under the shadow of Thy wing.

2 I will rejoice that Thou art near,
Thou wilt the faintest whisper hear;
Darkness may come, but I will sing,
Under the shadow of Thy wing.

3 I will rejoice, my heart doth leap;
To Thee in danger I will creep,
Counting it joy all pain to bring,
Under the shadow of Thy wing.

4 Safe in its shelter I would hide,
There let me evermore abide;
I can rejoice in everything,
Under the shadow of Thy wing.

MARGARETTE SNODGRASS.

Set to Music by Frederick H. Pease, in "Good Will," and used by per. Dr. T. Martin Towne.

CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

1 We mean to do it. Some day, some day,
We mean to slacken this fevered rush
That is wearing our very souls away,
And grant to our goaded hearts a hush
That is holy enough to let them hear
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

2 We mean to do it. Oh! never doubt,
When the burden of daytime troil is o'er,
We'll sit and muse, while the stars come out,
As the patriarch sat at the open door
Of his tent, with a heavenward gazing eye,
To watch for the angels passing by.

3 We see them afar at high noontide,
When fiercely the world's hot flashings beat;
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,
And tarry a while in converse sweet;
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,
To drink of our wine and break of our bread.

3 We promised our hearts that when the stress
Of the life-work reaches the longed-for close,
When the weight that we groan with leaders less,
We'll loosen our thoughts to such repose
As banish care's disturbing din,
And then—we'll call the angels in.

5 The day that we dreamed of, comes at length,
When tired of every mocking quest,
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest,
And wait and watch as the day wanes on;
But the angels we meant to call, are gone!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Margaret J. Preston.

"Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates."

"What use for the rope if it be not flung
Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has clung?
What help is a comrade's bugle blast
When the peril of Alpine heights is past?
What need the spurring pæan roll
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?
What worth is eulogy's blandest breath,
When whispered in ears that are hushed in death?"

These words were our introduction to Margaret J. Preston, years ago. They told us so much of her; told of a strong, helpful soul that somewhere was blessing humanity with strong, helpful deeds. They have been a constant inspiration to the doing well of life's smallest duties, the bearing of "one another's burdens"; to the flinging of a rope if a friend was sinking; to a bugle cheer if a friend was faint; to a joyous song if a friend had triumphed; to a word of love to the friend who lived. Such inspirations never die. Translated from the heart of life they become new wherever they are spoken. "Sometime," we said, "we will know who Margaret Preston is." Now and then we read other poems from her pen, and they seemed like arbutus blooms lifting their pinky white cups of fragrance from under brown leaves, revealing sweetness and purity of thought.

But we found her at last, not where the arbutus grows, but

"where magnolias give
Out sweets in which their faintness could not live."

A Southern writer tells us of an evening spent at the home of Mrs. Preston in Lexington, Virginia, of the "parlor, a large, square room, hung with curtains of lace, falling in graceful folds to the floor, which is carpeted with warm colors of mingled red and oak. A charming room, with its lofty ceilings, broad fire-places, and generous bay-windows looking out over a beautiful landscape, commanding a view of the Blue Ridge." Of the curiosities this art-loving woman has collected: "an Alpine staff from Switzerland, a china cup and saucer from which Louis Napoleon has often sipped his tea, an herbarium containing herbs from all portions of the world, and a picture woven from spider webs." And of the library with its "several thousand volumes," and portraits of General "Stonewall" Jackson—a brother-in-law of Mrs. Preston,—and Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes and Lowell. One does not wonder that amid such surroundings, she wrote

ULTIMA THULE.

H. W. L.

"Wrap the broad canvas close; furl the last sail;
Let go the anchor; for the utmost shore
Is reached at length, from which, ah! nevermore
Shall the brave barque ride forth to meet the gale,
Or skim the calm with phosphorescent trail,
Or guide lone mariners amid the roar
Of hurricanes, or send, far echoing o'er
Some shipwrecked craft, the music of his 'Hail.'
And he has laid aside his travel gear;
And forth to meet him come the mystic band,
Whom he has dreamed of, worshipped, loved so long—
The veiled Immortals, who with lofty cheer
Of exultation, take him by the hand,
And lead him to the inner shrine of Song!"

Mrs. Preston is of Scottish descent, being the great grand-daughter of the "Laird of Newton." Her grand-parents were married in Edinburg, coming soon after to Philadelphia. Her father, the late Rev. George Junkin, D. D., a Presbyterian minister, was a man so well known as an eminent educator, as to be indentified with the cause of education throughout the country. He held the presidency of Lafayette, Easton, Pennsylvania, and "Ever since the close of the war, Mrs. Preston has, with the aid of other Southern writers, labored for the up-building of Southern literature," so one who loves her has said; and she has been, "a most extensive reviewer, and for years together has helped to edit gratuitously and anonymously the literary columns of more than half-a-dozen newspapers and magazines," besides being a friend to many young writers of the South who seek her kindly criticism. Her incessant literary labors have caused a serious affection of the eyes, and for several years she has had to resign herself to a darkened room. Many poems wait her restoration to be gathered into new volumes. From this "darkened room" there came to us one day a letter, written on the soft paper the blind use, whose message touched our heart with a meaning too deep for words. And a picture "*for yourself only*" reflected not only the beautiful strength of soul that first won her to our thought, but the sweet faith that whispers:

"To do God's will—that's all
That need concern us; not to carp or ask
The meaning of it; but to ply our task
Whatever may befall;
Accepting good or ill as He shall send,
And wait until the end."

ESTHER T. HOUSH,
In "The Woman's Magazine."
1883.

SAVE THE OTHER MAN.

1 The storm had spent its rage: the sea
Still moaned with sullen roar,
And flung its surges wrathfully
Against the shelving shore;
And wide and far,
With plank and spar
The beach was splintered o'er.

2 A league from land a wreck was seen,
Above whose wave-washed hull,
Fast-wedged the jutting rocks between,
Circled a snow-white gull,
Whose shrieking cry
Rose clear and high
Above the tempest's lull.

3 "Hoy!—To the rescue!—Launch the boat!
I see a drifting speck:
Some struggler may be still afloat,—
Some sailor on the deck:
Quick! ply the oar,—
Put from the shore,
And board the foundered wreck!"

4 Right through the churning plunge of spray,
Whirled like an ocean shell,
The hardy life-boat warped its way,
As billows rose and fell;
And boldly cast
Its grapnel fast
Above the reefy swell.

5 Around the bows the breakers sobbed
With low, defiant moan;
When instant, every bosom throbbed,
Held by one sound alone;
Somewhere—somewhere—
Upon the air
There thrilled a human groan.

6 One moment—and they clomb the wreck,
And there, a ghastly form
Lay huddled on the heaving deck,
With living breath still warm,—
Too dead to hear
The shout of cheer,
That mocked the dying storm.

7 But as they lowered him from the ship
With kindly care as can
Befit rough hands, across his lip
A whispered ripple ran:
They stooped and heard
The slow-drawn word
Breathed,—"Save—the—other—man!"

* * * * * * * * * *

8 Oh! ye who once on gulfing waves
Of sin were tempest-toss'd,—
Ye who are safe through Him who saves
At such transcendent cost,—
Will ye who yet
Can rescue, let
The other man be lost?

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Lady Elizabeth Carew.

This lady is supposed to have been the wife of Sir Henry Carew, and she is the writer of an almost forgotten tragedy, "Marian, the Queen of Jewry," 1612. Though the tragedy is forgotten, the chorus, "Revenge of Injuries," in Act the Fourth, it has been remarked by a writer, contains sentiments of Christian duty which ought never to be forgotten. She has also written considerable music of a high order. The setting of music to "The Bridge" is pronounced the best melody yet arranged to these touching words.

FORGIVENESS.

1 The fairest action in our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife
His adversary's heart to him doth tie
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

2 If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth, it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honor won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

3 We say our hearts are great and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield it proves them poor.
Great hearts are task'd beyond their power, but scld
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

4 A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn,
To scorn to owe a duty over-long,
To scorn to be for benefits forborne,
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong;
To scorn to bear an injury in mind,
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

5 But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengence of the noblest kind;
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against our mind:
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be
Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

LADY CAREW.

PRAYER OF MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The author of the following beautiful prayer, wrote it in the original Latin, as given below, just a short time before her execution. It was found in her book of devotions among the very last lines penned. As all know, she was beheaded Feb. 8, 1587, at the command of her cousin, Queen Elizabeth, at Fothingay. This Queen feared her power, and was induced to believe that she was guilty of complicity in a plot against her life. Mary was very beautiful, accomplished, and devoted to her religion, and few, if any, believe that she merited death.

"O Domine Deus! speravi in te;
O care mi Jesu! nunc libera me
In dura catena, in misera poena,
Desidero te;
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro, ut libireo me."

TRANSLATION.

O Master and Maker! my hope is in Thee;
My Jesus, dear Saviour! now get my soul free
From this my hard prison, my spirit uprisen
Soars upward to Thee.
Thus moaning, and groaning, and bending the knee,
I adore and implore that Thou liberate me.

MARY STUART, 1587.

Mary Cutts,

Sister of Hon. Hampden Cutts, and great grand-daughter of Rev. Edward Holyoke, one of the early Presidents of Harvard College, Cambridge, was born in Portsmouth, N. H., April 4, 1801. The last two years of her life were spent with her beloved niece Anna Holyoke Howard of Brooklyn, N. Y., where she died May 20, 1882. It has been truly said of her "a sunnier or brighter nature never existed" She was a woman of rare talent and culture, yet so retiring and gentle that she was best known and beloved by her own social circle, and most reverenced by those who knew her best. She was author of two volumes of poems, the first published by Crosby & Nichols of Boston in 1852, and as she retained her mind and intellectual vigor to the last of her long, useful life and also retained her fondness for writing, she left many beautiful poems and other MSS., never offered for publication.

Wm. Cullen Bryant, Park Benjamin, and the press generally, spoke highly of her poems. Her last volume "Goondalla, a Romance in Verse," was published by Sheldon & Co., New York, Gould & Lincoln, Boston, in 1866.

It would take up too much space to quote all the favorable notices that these volumes elicited from the leading newspapers of the day. Among other things it was said of her poems: "They show how a Christian spirit may come like sunlight into all the relations and experiences of our daily lot," and this also may truly be said of her life.

Among her sacred poems are "Joseph and his Brethren." "Jephthah's vow," "Solomon's Prayer," "Blind Bartimeus" and "The Raising of Lazarus." Several of her best poems are written in blank verse.

SOLOMON'S PRAYER.

FOR DEDICATION OF TEMPERANCE TABERNACLES, ETC.

I KINGS—viii.

1 Lord God of Israel! hear our prayer:
  There is no God in heaven above,
Or earth, that can with Thee compare,
  Thou God of mercy, God of love!
Our father's God! Oh! hear us now;
  Look down from heaven, and bid us live,
Hear the petition, hear the vow;
  And, when thou hearest, Oh! forgive.

2 Our Father! from Thy throne on high
  Behold in love Thy people here;
Regard the contrite, humble cry;
  The joy, the gratitude, the tear.
This temple, holy may it be;
  Our offerings ever here receive;
And, when our prayers ascend to Thee,
  Our sins, our sins, great God! forgive.

3 Oh! keep us Lord! from every ill,
  From pestilence, and famine drear:
Should aught appal, we would be still,
  And feel and know that Thou art here.
And when we sin, Thou God of grace!
  And pray, implore Thee, mercy have;
Hear Thou in heaven, Thy dwelling-place,
  And, when Thou hearest, Oh! forgive.

4 Have pity, Lord! on all oppressed
  With pain, anxiety, or grief;
Oh! ever comfort the distressed,
  And to the captive grant relief.
Beneath Thy kind, protecting wing
  May we forever, ever live;
Hear Thou the offerings now we bring,
  And, when Thou hearest, Lord! forgive.

5 Jehovah! may Thy spirit fill
  This house we dedicate to Thee;
Subdue us ever to Thy will,
  And in Thine holy temple be.
Surely should we Thy chosen race,
  To Thee our adoration give:
Hear us in heaven Thy dwelling-place;
  And when Thou hearest, Oh! forgive.

MARY CUTTS.

Miss Julia F. Thayer

Is the daughter of Prof. G. Thayer, D.D., principal of Chicago Female College, Morgan Park. Miss Thayer is associated with her father in teaching, and has been, the greater part of her life, a resident of Illinois. She does much literary work, being a regular contributor to many of the best papers and magazines, mainly in the line of poetry, which is always of a purely Christian type, but occasionally penning sketches and stories. Poetry, however, is her natural bent, and her productions ever find a ready response in the hearts of her many readers.

THE MOUNTAIN APART.

"Jesus taketh Peter, James and John his brother and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart, and was transfigured before them."
Matt. xxxiv: 1, 2.

1 Strangely blest were those disciples,
  Peter, James and John,—the three
Chosen for the brightest vision
  Of the Lord's divinity.

2 Oh! the eyes that saw such glory
  On that sacred mount apart!
Oh! the high distinction granted!
  Oh! the ecstasy of heart.

3 Yet, I sometimes think, more favored
  Are His chosen ones to-day
That they see His glory clearer,
  In a better, higher way.

4 On the height of exaltation,
  Where no mortal foot hath trod;
Oft the soul's transfigured being
  Keeps a holy tryst with God.

5 There, reflecting borrowed splendor,
  White as light our faces gleam,
While below earth's jangled voices
  Blend like music in a dream.

6 Veiled in cloud, our feeble vision
  Bears the shining of the sun:
Lulled in calm there falls a quiet,
  Like the pause when life is done.

7 On and on, the wide horizon
  Stretches with a sweep sublime,
With a range of hope unbroken
  By the narrowing hills of time.

8 Oh! what light streams through the portal
Of the upper city fair!
How distinctly heavenly tidings
Float adown the golden air!

9 Blessed mount of God's providing,
Where the soul may rest apart,
Far, so far away, earth's voices
Wake no echo in the heart.

JULIA H THAYER.
Morgan Park College, near Chicago, Ill., 1884.

THE RIFT.

1 Nature has wept to-day, her pent-up grief
In tears still trembles on the lily bell;
Remorseless raindrops fleck its bending leaf,
And crystalize its yellow coronal.

2 And from the pansy 'neath the almond tree
The purple velvet bloom is dashed away;
The skies are low'ring down so heavily,
Nature is sadder than a sigh to-day.

3 Something has hurt your heart and made you grieve,
The day has been too dark without the sun;
Something has proved too hard; but Oh! believe
Others have suffered just as you have done.

4 Some one has sobbed to-day, as you do now;
Those dry, unending sobs of tearless pain,
And felt the fever-heated pulsing brow,
That was not cooled by heaven's falling rain.

5 Some one has asked to-day, and been denied,
And in response sent up the shiv'ring cry
That marks some human wish ungratified;
The reeds on which they leaned all broken lie.

6 And some have carved to-day a higher sphere,
And know the tortures of a pinioned will;
Have felt their efforts baffled, and the clear,
Hard voice of Fate, ring out against them still.

7 Some one has lost to-day the gilded prize
That years endeared unto Ambition's soul;
To-night he bears the hardest agonies
Of failure in the race to win the goal.

8 Some one has harder tasks to bear and do,
Has wilder trials than yours, which he contends;
Some one is farther off from Heaven than you,
Knows less of kindness and has fewer friends.

9 Some one has wept to-day disconsolate,
In unison with earth has nursed his pain,
And felt the world as harsh and desolate
As the dark, mournful skies, and dripping rain.

10 Some one is sad to-night,—uncomforted,
The heart with all its little woes depressed;
A word, perhaps, she fain had left unsaid,
Is burning still within that patient breast.

11 Some one is tired to-night, too tired to speak
Of all the hardships of the dark hours past,
Poor heart and hand have grown so slow and weak
In struggling for the well-won rest at last.

12 And you are tired to-night, too tired to know
The clouds have clustered in a crimson drift;
Too tired to see aloft God's signet bow,
And o'er its prison arch—an azure rift.

MARGARET BOX
In "Gems of Poetry," 1884.

DEAD FLOWERS.

1 We ask, and we are answered not,
And so we say God has forgot,
Or else there is no God.

2 The years
Roll back, and through a mist of tears
I see a child turn from her play,
And seek with eager feet the way
That led her to her father's knee.

3 "If God is good and kind," said she,
"Why did He let my roses die?"
A moment's pause, a smile, a sigh,
And then, "I do not know, my dear;
Some questions are not answered here."

4 "But is it wrong to ask?" "Not so,
My child. That we should seek to know
Proves right to know, beyond a doubt;
And some day we shall find out
Why roses die."

5 And then I wait,
Sure of my answer soon or late;
Secure that love doth hold for me
The key to life's great mystery;
And, Oh! so glad to leave it there!
Though my dead roses were so fair.

ELEANOR KIRK, 1885.

OUR WAYS.

1 We wearily toil up the hillsides,
Forgetting the sweet vales of rest;
We plunge into dense, tangled forests,
When the plain, narrow way is the best.

2 We pass half the dew-laden roses
That bloom by our path every day;
We see not the beauty beside us
With eyes on the fields far away.

3 We venture through deep, foaming waters,
When lo! there's a bridge plain in sight;
We stumble and grope in the darkness,
When God bids us walk in the light.

4 We foolishly turn from the sunlight
To watch the long shadows we cast;
We fly from them, still gazing backward,
Then weep that they follow so fast.

5 Our ways are not Thine, O our Father!
They lead to wild depths of unrest;
They lead us far out of our journey
They lead us to raptures unblest.

6 Have mercy, compassionate Saviour,
And open our sin-blinded eyes,
And show us how full of Thy glory
Are even the grayest of skies.

JULIA H. THAYER.
In "The Chicago Tribune," 1884.

Mrs. Belle Kellogg Towne.

Down among the prairie flowers in Racine Co., Wisconsin, we find a little girl racing through the long grass under the burr-oaks, her hair as white as the moth-millers that she chases, and her eyes as blue as the indigo-flowers she presses to dye her primer with. Then we find a covered wagon making its way over a snowy waste of wide prairie, disappearing at last over a low hill, while back through the gloaming, two figures are just discernible, who strive with strained intensity to keep the vehicle in view, but lose it as it dips down into the hollow. The pretty home that has been reared so lovingly and under such difficulties, for the delicate Mrs. E. S. Kellogg, mother of the subject of this sketch, and whose poems appear elsewhere, has been swept by the hot breath of flame, and only the ashes of dead hope mark the place. The family are on their way to the new home being prepared for them by the sturdy father, at Janesville, Wis. The two plodding in the snow,—our little white-haired girl and an elder sister—having been dropped by the others to get "warmed up by running," have unwittingly been left too far by the easier-propelled wagon, and night settles down over the white landscape. But the elder girl knows well she must turn a deaf ear to the cries of the little one she is dragging almost by force, who begs "to lie down for just a little sleep." At last, the driver, realizing he is going too fast, looks back, in fright, at the snowy-waste reaching unbrokenly behind him, and turns. The imperilled ones are rescued. Next we have an ardent, impulsive, warm-hearted, strong-willed girl, strapping up her books with quivering lip, and an eye that tries to tell no tale, while her heart smarts under the ruling of a destiny that seems hard, as a call bids her leave the field she was so revelling in, and seek a sick-room where a mother lies in need. She is but a young Christian, and has not yet learned the hidings of all the fountains of strength along the wayside. Looking into the home on the banks of the clear-running Rock River, we find it for the next few years bearing the impress of young fingers, that are threading here and there where other hands, just as young and faithful, have threaded in advance, till four of the sister-band have served their turn, and that of the present one been reached. The years find her calmer now, and stronger. Only occasionally does the rebellious fire of smothered longing flash forth. Frying the golden perch the young brother captures from the stream; tying the roses her father grows upon the hill-side; conning the songs the mother weaves in the sick-room; now helping within the church; now in the Sunday school; now in the supper-room at home; and now and then dipping a pen, — thus the early years of the one whose name appears at the head of this sketch glide away, and upon the back-ground a patient lover takes his stand, biding his time. Later, in the home of Prof. T. Martin Towne, of Chicago, the musical composer, whose songs have been sung by so many of us, and to whose kind courtesy the compiler of "Woman in Sacred Song" is deeply indebted, we find a young bride. And now the old fire is held less in check, and given freer rein. Speaking of this union and of the life-work assumed shortly after, Mrs. Towne has said: "Whatever words of hope I have uttered, that have given help; whatever songs of mine have been deemed worthy of being sung; whatever hearts through me have been lightened — and there are some who so claim—it is due alone to the impetus given by the indulgent acclamation of my first audience—my husband. He it was who brought the strong sun-glass of appreciation to bear upon a spark transmitted from the mother whose worth he learned to know so well, and held it there undeviatingly, until there was awakened a will to dare. Then, with tender and steady assurance he encouraged the first flights, until the strength for longer ones was developed." Though Mrs Towne, in response to her husband's urgent appeal, began first the weaving of songs, she does not now look upon this as her main field of action. She likes better the working among plain, rugged prose, where she can hew her characters at will, and place them more easily against a solid back-ground of truth. But when she makes use of verse as a means of expression, she uses it for a purpose, tells a tale, and gives a plain burthen to the song she sings. Never does she string words simply to hear the tinkling music.

Her sweet and touching hymns are familiar to numerous Christian home-circles and Sabbath schools. She is especially happy in sketches and stories for Gospel temperance meetings and entertainments, while some of the best songs in use in W. C. T. U. meetings and Bands of Hope, were written by her. Her "Grand Old Daniel" is universally admired; "The Pendulum of Time," unique and striking. The latter will be found in the Temperance Department of this volume. The "Autumn Festival Entertainment" prepared by her, is pronounced the best programme yet gotten out for these festivals which are becoming so universal. Following this sketch are two of her hymns which are so popular in Sabbath Schools. Speaking of a book of her's, published by D. Lothrop & Co., Prof A. A. Hopkins, than whom perhaps there is no more elegant and true critic of the present day, says:— You must look far outside of Dickens' pages to find any two children so strongly drawn as are Mrs. Towne's Dan and Deb. They constitute, indeed, two of the finest studies in their way which we recall. How little Dan heroically makes endeavor to help Dorm out of difficulties, to enter into his sturdy brother's being, and be brave because the other must, is one of the most pathetic stories in all the fiction of youth. It seems as real as any bit of struggling in the whole wide realistic West; and we can well imagine that when Mrs. Towne took final leave of Dan she went away, as did Dickens after the death of little Paul, and wept.

Six years ago, at the request of one of the leading publishers of Chicago, Mrs Towne assumed editorial relations, and from that time on, at her own home-desk, two-thirds of each day have been spent upon the detail incident to the work intrusted to her keeping. Yet, for all this, she has, during that time, thrown from her pen an amount of diversified writings such as would doubtless appall a weaker soul. But never does she put pen to paper lightly. That which she takes in hand to accomplish, she does to the utter exclusion of things waiting, giving it the benefit of concentrated attention. The moment it is done, she gives it no further thought, seldom retaining what she has written long after its transmission to paper. Often does she find herself "clipping" for the papers in her hands, the waifs that are her own, recognizing them only when another calls attention to them. Though using a day to its full length, she handles time conscientiously, and seldom trespasses upon her hours for sleep, which she calls the "future's wealth." Dr. Simeon Gilbert, of the "Congregationalist," speaking of Mrs. Towne as a writer, says: She does exactly what she undertakes to do, and she has in her to do yet more excellent work.

THOU ART MY HELPER.

"The Lord is my Helper."—Heb. xiii: 6.

1 Mingling all day with the busy throng
Borne by the crowd in its haste along,
Trampled and bruis'd by the heedless feet,
Weary and faint with the dust and heat,
Where, midst the strife and this worldly care,
Where was the time for a silent prayer?

Chorus—Still, O my Father,
Thou knowest I'm Thine,
Thou art my helper,
Thy promises mine.

2 Stumbling so oft, and with weary pain,
Struggling to rise, but to fall again;
Making resolves with the morning light,
Finding them naught with the shades of night;
Cumber'd with care for the days to come,
Where have I built for the heav'nly home?

3 Feeling so strong for the coming need,
Proving at last but a broken reed;
Longing at times for a wider sphere,
Closing mine eye on some mission near;
Where is the life I had hoped to lead,
Sowing for Thee of the heav'nly seed?

4 Thou art my rock as the waves run high,
Refuge and strength as the storms draw nigh;
What tho' the flood with its angry beat,
Rolls its dark waves at my very feet;
What tho' the clouds hide Thy face from sight,
Turning the day into darkest night?

MRS. BELLE KELLOGG TOWNE.
Chicago, Ill., 1884.
Set to music by J. M. Stillman, in "Good Will"
By per. T. M. Towne.

GIVE THEM NOW.

1 If you have gentle words and looks, my friends,
To spare for me—if you have tears to shed
That I have suffered—keep them not, I pray,
Until I hear not, see not, being dead.

2 If you have flowers to give—fair lily buds,
White roses, daisies, (meadow-stars that be
Mine own dear namesakes) let them smile and make
The air, while yet I breathe it, sweet for me.

3 For loving looks, though fraught with tenderness,
And kindly tears, though they fall thick and fast,
And words of praise, alas! can naught avail
To lift the shadows from a life that's past.

4 And rarest blossoms, what can they suffice,
Offered to one who can no longer gaze
Upon their beauty? Flowers in coffins laid
Impart no sweetness to departed days.

MRS. HOGARTH.

HE CARETH FOR YOU.

L. M.
Tune—"*Retreat.*"

1 Sweet gleam of sunshine, blessèd truth,
Sweet balm to hearts that throb with pain,
In light or darkness, age or youth,
"He careth!"—life cannot be vain.

2 "He careth"—He, the King of all,—
For me, the least of earth, He cares;
He proffers sweet who drank the gall,
He gives the crown, the cross He bears.

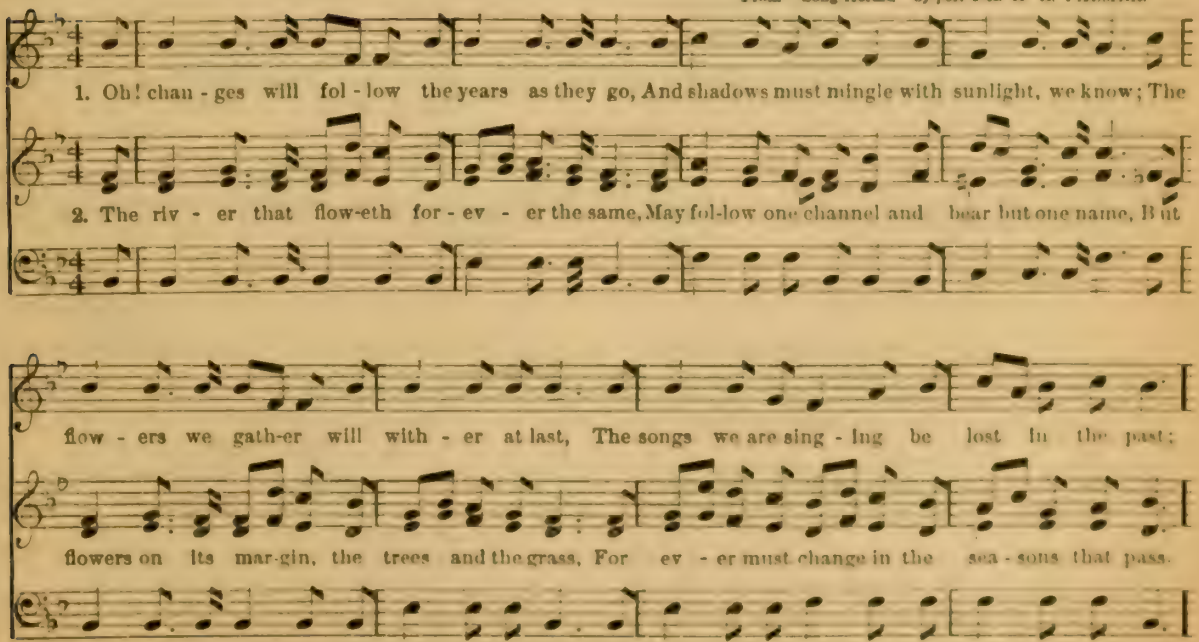
3 "He careth." Not an hour flies on
But o'er our steps His care we see;
And when the race of life is done,
He careth still for you and me.

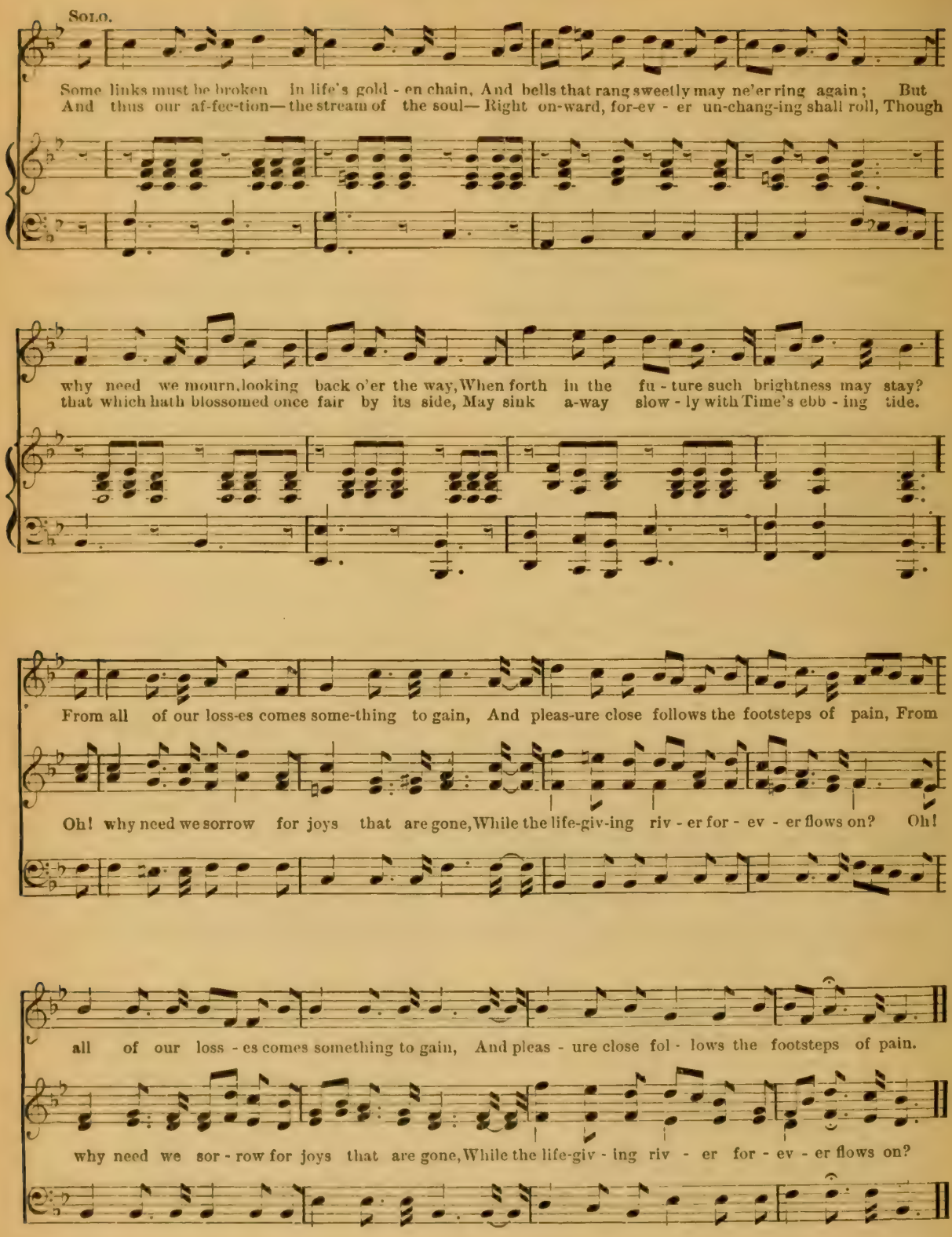
MINNIE MOSHER.
Baltimore, Md., 1882.

LIFE'S CHANGES.

(COMPENSATION.)

JENNIE HARRISON. MRS. C. H. SCOTT.
From "Song Herald" by per. DR. H. R. PALMER.




Solo.
Some links must be broken in life's gold - en chain, And bells that rang sweetly may ne'er ring again; But
And thus our af-fec-tion—the stream of the soul—Right on-ward, for-ev - er un-chang-ing shall roll, Though
why need we mourn, looking back o'er the way, When forth in the fu - ture such brightness may stay?
that which hath blossomed once fair by its side, May sink a-way slow - ly with Time's ebb - ing tide.
From all of our loss-es comes some-thing to gain, And pleas-ure close follows the footsteps of pain, From
Oh! why need we sorrow for joys that are gone, While the life-giv-ing riv - er for - ev - er flows on? Oh!
all of our loss - es comes something to gain, And pleas - ure close fol - lows the footsteps of pain.
why need we sor - row for joys that are gone, While the life-giv - ing riv - er for - ev - er flows on?

PHILOSOPHY.

I would be human—toiling like the rest
With tender, human heart-beats in my breast.
I do not know;
I think he conquers all who wins content.
Take what you may
Of proffered good; accept life as it stands
And make the most of its swift-fleeting days.
The sweet, glad smile in a loved one's eyes,
The tender cadence of household tones,
Are better than the crowns of the great and high;
For to live on pride is to feed on stones.
In counting off our life
By harvest moons, the checkered, toilsome years
Show in their record more of peace than strife,
More joy than sorrow, more of smiles than tears.

MRS. ELLEN P. ALLERTON.

THE ENGINE.

1 Into the gloom of the deep, dark night,
With panting breath and a startled scream;
Swift as a bird in sudden flight,
Darts this creature of steel and steam.

2 Awful dangers are lurking nigh,
Rocks and chasms are near the track,
But straight by the light of its great white eye
It speeds thro' the shadows dense and black.

3 Terrible thoughts and fierce desires
Trouble its mad heart many an hour,
Where burn and smoulder the hidden fires,
Coupled ever with might and power.

4 It hates as a wild horse hates the rein,
The narrow track by vale and hill;
And shrieks with a cry of startled pain,
And longs to follow its own wild will.

5 Oh! what am I but an engine, shod
With muscle and flesh by the hand of God,
Speeding on thro' the dense, dark night,
Guided alone by the soul's white light.

6 Often and often my mad heart tires,
And hates its way with a bitter hate,
And longs to follow its own desire,
And leave the end in the hands of fate.

7 O ponderous engine of steel and steam;
O human engine of flesh and bone,—
Follow the white light's certain beam,—
There lies safety, and there alone.

8 The narrow track of fearless truth,
Lit by the soul's great eye of light,
O passionate heart of restless youth,
Alone will carry you thro' the night.

ELLA WHEELER.
In "Inter-Ocean." 1880.

THE ALPINE FLOWER.

1 Down, down o'er the rocky ledge the chamois hunter fell,
Till shelving of a fissure chanced his feet to stay.
Far, far above him rose the white-capped mountain heights;
A precipice below. Above, the mountain goat
With flying feet mocked his despair. The eternal snow
Gleaming in sunshine, winged no prayer to Heaven,
On airy flight, or icy spire, but shimmered down
Its glory to the depths below—lighting his tomb.

2 The weary day was folded in its stern repose,
By dreary curtains of the night. The burning eyes
Of myriad stars looked down, the while o'er cloud-flecked blue
The moon trailed silver robes, O solitude, so grand!
Thy speech too deep for human words! Silence, whose hush
Startles to fear at distant roar of glacier's sweep,
There vast, profound, as o'er creation's morn held sway!
With laggard steps the hours speed by until the dawn,
And looking up to greet the light, he saw a flower,
A little blue-fringed gentian, growing in the rock.
Borne by the careless wind the seed had fallen there
In crevice bare; now for him smiled its lovely bloom.

3 "Promise of good! shall God"—thought he,
"Care for the flower and not for me?"
And lifting up his voice, there rang
O'er cliff and mountain glade:
"God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid."

4 Higher than Alpine crags the echoes of that song
Moved on and on until they reached a human ear,—
Or did an angel, listening, swiftly bear the need
To Him who hears our lowliest cry of faith and trust?
Ah! who may know?—but answering shouts rolled down and down
Until the hymn, so like a wailing prayer begun,
Rose like a mighty chorus to the sky again.

5 How cruel seemed thy fate, O flower of Alpine vale,
To find a barren rock whereon to rest!
And yet thy blue-fringed petals wept glad tears of joy,
When, folded to a loving mother's breast,
The mission of thy life was told, that saved her boy!
And like a precious treasure, to this day,
In sacred Bible lid, thou'rt hid away!

MRS. ESTHER T. HOUSH, 1883.

Mrs. Laura Redden Searing,

Who writes under the *nom de plume* Howard Glyndon, has been totally deaf since her eleventh year, a result of brain fever. She attended a sign school for a couple of years, and, about nine years since attended the Articulation School at Mystic, Conn., where she regained the speech she had gradually lost. She was born in 1840, and much is yet expected from this talented poet who, notwithstanding her sad infirmity, has already attained a high position. Her "Sweet Bells Jangled out of Tune," is extensively known and largely quoted.

THE TWO CROSSES.

1 It is more beautiful than you can know,
Because I cannot lend you my own eyes
To note it through; but I have seen it grow
Into a marvellously glad surprise,

2 So that I smile in looking at it. See
The matted vines that compass it about!
Their clustering flower, in groups of two and three,
Dot the green warp with color, in and out.

3 You hardly get a glimpse of that gray wood
Which is the motive and the frame of all;
So long the dead cross in its place has stood
From base to top the tendrils climb and fall,

4 And hide its blight and baseness from our eyes.
This cross is like the one I carry here,
Upon my breast. Mine, too, has fair disguise,
And I have learned to hold it very near.

5 You would not think I had a cross, indeed?
That is because I hide it on my heart—
That heart which at the first it made to bleed—
And train my life to overgrow its smart.

6 Oh! I will tell you. When at first it came,
I would not take it from the Giver's hand,
I fell upon my face and called His name;
His still, small voice I did not understand.

7 And for a space my life was agony;
My cross was heavy, hard and rough and bare
It was a thing of terror unto me;
To take it up was more than I could dare.

8 But Oh, how tender God is, through and through!
For He has made my cross so fair to see—
My heart knows how the flowers about it grew—
That I accept and bear it reverently.

9 And so I keep this mimic cross of mine,
Vine-grown, upon this sunny window-seat.
To me its beauty is a living sign
How God can make a hard thing light and sweet!

HOWARD GLYNDON. (MRS. SEARING.)

THE GIFT OF SONG.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

1 How blessed is the precious gift of song,
When it is consecrated to our God,
And in His service used; blessed among
His ministers are they who in life's road
Can cheer and bless, can feed and comfort those
Whose lives are shadowed, joyless, desolate,
Bearing them up on wings of prayerful song
To Him "who can be touched." Then sing, Oh! sing!
Nor weary grow. By Him thou art inspired,
Who gives thee just the portion of each soul.
More precious does the gospel of God's love
Fall on the ear and heart, when tuneful lips,
Touched from on high with holy fire, tell o'er
The sweet, sweet story. Sing, sweet singer, sing.

2 Sing to the Christian, sing thy "Marseillaise."
When he would falter, and would fain have rest,
He'll rally at thy call—fresh courage take,
And seize again the colors of his king,
And with new zeal the watchword ring aloud,
"Onward and upward!" till the prize is won.
Sing to the trembling sinner who looks up
With new-born faith—teach him thine own sweet prayer,
"Plead, Jesus, plead, dear Jesus, plead for me."
Sing thy sweet songs of comfort in the ears
Of those who mourn their loved ones passed away,
Sing of the crown, and palm, and victory won.
And of their day of glory just begun.
God gives thee song of comfort—sing! Oh! sing!

3 Sing to the agéd pilgrim, weary, worn,
Whose feet have reached the vestibule of "home."
Let thy song cheer him as he enters through
The shining portal to his long-sought rest.
Yes, keep thy voice attuned in counsel sweet,
In holy pleading and in joyful praise,
Doing thy Father's will, till He shall call
Thee from the choir of earth to that of heaven,
When, may a band of angel singers wait
Thy safe arrival on that blessèd shore,
And bear thee home in triumph to thy place
Among the white-robed throng, who sound the praise
Of Him, the King, in anthem peals of joy,
There to take up the song, "Worthy the Lamb."

MRS. W. FAWCETT.
In "The Brooklyn Times." May, 1884.

A LOST CHORD.

1 Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

2 I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

3 It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

4 It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

5 It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As if it were loth to cease.

6 I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

7 It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,—
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Set to music by Sullivan.

Mrs. M. L. Rayne,

of Detroit, Mich., is the author and editor of the well and favorably known volume "What can a Woman do?" She has for years ranked among the best prose writers, and her poems, although not so extensively known, are worthy a high place in the record of our multitude of poets. Kate Shelley, the subject of the following poem, will be remembered as the young girl of but fifteen years, who, on that terrible night of July 6, 1881, walked five miles, crossing amid the darkness and storm a dangerous bridge that she might give warning to the night express on the Chicago and North-western R. R., of a wrecked train. Large collections of money were offered to her by grateful men and women, but money can never repay such devotion. At the following session of the Iowa Legislature, it was ordered that a medal be presented to her.

BRAVE KATE SHELLEY.

"How far that little candle throws its beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

1 Through the whirl of wind and water parted by the rushing steel,
Flashed the white glare of the headlight, flew the swift revolving wheel,
As the midnight train swept onward, bearing on its iron wings
Through the gloom of night and tempest, freightage of most precious things.

2 Little children by their mothers nestle in unbroken rest,
Stalwart men are dreaming softly of their journey's finished quest,
While the men who watch and guard them, sleepless stand at post and brake;
Close the throttle! draw the lever! safe for wife and sweetheart's sake.

Sleep and dream, unheeding danger; in the valley yonder, lies
Death's debris in wierd confusion, altar fit for sacrifice!
Dark and grim the shadows settle where the hidden perils wait,
Swift the train, with dear lives laden, rushes to its deadly fate.

4 Still they sleep and dream unheeding. O Thou watchful One above,
Save Thy people in this hour! Save the ransomed of Thy love!
Send an angel from Thy heaven who shall calm the troubled air,
And reveal the powers of evil hiddden in the darkness there.

5 Saved! ere yet they know their peril, comes a warning to alarm;
Saved! the precious train is resting on the brink of deadly harm.
God has sent His angel to them, brave Kate Shelley, hero-child!
Struggling on, alone, unaided, through that night of tempest wild.

6 Brave Kate Shelley! tender maiden, baby hands with splinters torn,
Saved the lives of sleeping travellers swiftly to death's journey borne.
Mothers wept and clasped their darlings, breathing words of grateful prayer;
Men with faces blanched and tearful, thanked God for Kate Shelley there.

7 Greater love than this, hath no man. When the heavens shall unfold,
And the judgment books are opened, there in characters of gold,
Brave Kate Shelley's name shall centre, 'mid the pure, the brave and good,
That of one who crowned with glory her heroic womanhood.

MRS. M. L. RAYNE,
Detroit, Mich., 1881.

AT THE PIANO.

1 Before these keys, responsive to my moods,
I sit, my fingers wandering at their will;
Singing in low voice sweet beatitudes,
And of the peace and joy my heart that fill.

2 Five years agone this night, here sat I singing
Of an awaiting joy that filled my dreams;
The bright sun of my morning then was flinging
Across my untrod faith, his golden beams.

3 But Oh! what tumult, O my soul, between!
What cries of agony, O God, to Thee!
Thou, Christ, the depths of human woe hast seen,
My heart has had its own Gethsemane.

4 Yet self I conquered; for thy grace drew near
And taught me sorrow was a gift divine;
I trod the wine-press of that vintage drear,
But drank, at last its eucharistic wine.

5 And so I sit, to-night, in a great peace,
Touching the keys, and singing soft and low
Of a calm joy that cannot know surcease,
Richer than all I dreamed five years ago.

"C."

In "Laws of Life," Jan, 1882.

Miss Mary Henry

Is the daughter of the well and favorably known Mrs. S. M. I. Henry. She was born June 9, 1863, at East Homer, N. Y., and graduated in 1885 from the Northwestern University, one of the celebrated educational institutions located at Evanston, Ill. She gives promise of becoming as fine a writer, in both prose and verse, as her talented and accomplished mother. Miss Henry's father received injuries while in the service of his country, which resulted in his death soon after the close of the late war.

MIRIAM.

1 Lingering on the horizon, caressing the face of the waters,
Bathing the sky with warm blushes, tarried the sun for a moment.
Shadows of oncoming darkness were mingled among the bright wavelets,
Blending the splendor with mystery, hushing the earth into silence.
Down in the flags by the river, asleep in the curious cradle
Woven of reeds, and made strong, more than all the love of the builder,
Love to which fear gave an energy, love of which prayer was the fountain,
Ignorant all of his destiny, rocked on the waters an infant.
Wandering carelessly through the fast-gathering gloom of the twilight,
Yet as though some secret anchor had fastened her heart to the waters,
Patiently waited fair Miriam, daughter of suffering Israel.
Firm was her step and elastic; graceful, yet strong, every movement;
Proud was the curve of her dark throat, lustrous and heavy her tresses.
Rested upon her smooth forehead no care-lines or furrows of error,
Over her innocent features nor failure nor conquest was written;
Yet as she glanced ever anxiously through the tall palms towards the river,
Faintly discernible down in the shadowy depths of her dark eyes,
Flashed there the knowledge of slavery, germ of a strong inward purpose,
That as the years passed over, swift changing the girl to a woman,
Might be the promise of bitterness, might be the germ of true conquest.
Dreamed she of home and of dear ones to cherish and rear with her people?
Darkly confronted her vision the face of her own anxious mother;
Pondered she over the task fields, the brick without straw, the hard bondage?
Then the young spirit within her was stirred by a breath of rebellion;
Came there a bright, fleeting vision of joy in the far distant Canaan?
Glowed then her face with the light of a strong hope, a swift inspiration.
Long in the wood on the river bank, silently mused the young Hebrew,
Heedless that every emotion invisible traced its impression
Over the fresh rounded features, awaiting the years to confirm it.

2 Sing with the timbrel and harp! Oh! sing to the triumph of Israel!
Sing to the faith of the patriarch, sing to Omnipotent power!
Lo! the swift waters dividing, upheaving in glistening columns;
Lo! the tramp, tramp of the chosen between the dark motionless barriers.
Ah! and behold the wild tumult, the sudden, the terrible tempest
Crushing with swift retribution the pride and the glory of Egypt.
Sing then, O Miriam, joyfully praising the Author of power,
Yet in thy triumph beware lest the glow on thy cheek be forgetful,
Now in the glad thrill of freedom, to whom should the honor be given!

3 Silently waited the multitude gazing in fear and in wonder,
Awed by the frown of Jehovah revealed in the cloud resting o'er them,
Trembling beneath His displeasure, expressed in that strange vivid lightning.
Years had flown by, since the maiden kept watch of the reed-woven cradle,
Years had flown by and her people were free from the thralldom of Egypt.
Moses, the babe so defenseless, had long been the patriarch leader,
Holding communion with God and revealing His precepts to Israel.
Miriam, budding with promise, had blossomed to womanly power,
Gaining the hearts of her people by wisdom and beauty's bright magic.

Loved for her dower of prophecy, loved as the sister of Moses.
Tell me, thou spirit of Mystery, when will the God-given seedlets,
Holding the germs of nobility, purity, wisdom and power,
Planted deep down in our nature, be cherished by us as they should be,
Crushed not in embryo, neither developed to poisonous surplus,
But as a trust from Jehovah held sacred to Him in remembrance,
Cared for and watched with humility, gratefully trained to perfection?
Then, will divine retribution, divine unmistakable vengeance,
Cease to bring anguish and shame to the hearts of His wandering children,
Such as now came to the people who waited, afraid in His presence.
Slowly the cloud had arisen and vánished in vapor above them.
What is the sight the still horror of which is revealed in the faces
Turned with a strange fascination, towards Miriam's cowering figure.
Changed in a moment, degraded, disgraced, and so sadly polluted,
Branded with sin, their own Miriam stood there, an outcast, a leper.
Oh! how the proud haughty spirit must suffer as slowly she shrinks past,
Desolate, humbled, forsaken, sent out of camp into exile!
There with the deep heart sickness which only remorse can engender,
Pondered the penitent woman, upon her life's one bitter failure.
Gifted with rare possibilities, queen of the women of Israel,
Strong in herself, yet so swiftly forgetting the Author of Power,
Slowly through all the bright years withdrawing her hand from the Father
Out of the woof of the past she had woven her present disaster.
When from her sorrowful penance, returned she again to the camp-fold,
Purified, chastened, yet stronger than ever before the sad lesson,
Glad was the shout that rose upward, unshaken the faith of her people.
Never again might the innocent freshness of youth mark her forehead,
Never again could the haughty, self-confident spirit betray her,
But the sweet light of humility shone through the darkness of conquest,
Bathing her face with God's radiance, making her blessed forever.

MARY MENRY. Nov., 1884
Evanston, Ill.

THE VANISHED STARS.

The following beautiful lines were suggested to the author by the reading of some of the glowing words of Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, who died in 1874, ten years since, showing that her influence for good is going on and on: proving that "she being dead, yet speaketh." [Ed. SACRED SONG.

("Stars may have been smitten out of existence centuries ago, but their poured out light is yet flooding the heavens.")

Like to those stars that vanish from our sight,
But leave us still their waves of golden light,
Are God's dear saints; though called to native skies,
Their light stills shines—their influence never dies.
Oft has the mem'ry of a holy life
Inspired to nobler deed—to sterner strife—
Gainst sin, the world, and all that would oppose;
Has made us conquerors over secret foes.
Though we be called to pillow a dear head,
To take its last long sleep beside the dead—
We do not shroud their light beneath the clod;
It still illumes some pilgrim's path to God.
Yea, though the just sleep on for many a year,
Still will the radiance of their light appear.
That praying mother, now to glory gone,
Who, while on earth, yearned o'er her wayward son,
Though great her faith, God's answer was delayed,
Yet did she press her suit, and pray'd—still pray'd;
But now, with "clouds of witnesses" she stands,
And sees him cry to heaven with outstretched hands.
The mem'ry of her counsel, and her prayers,
Have been his safeguard—turned him from the snares
Of sin and Satan—till he calls on God
To lead him in the way his mother trod.
It was the light from his loved star! though set,
Its saving influence is around him yet.
So, like these stars that vanish from our sight,
But leave us still their floods of golden light,
Are God's dear saints; though called to native skies,
Their light still shines—their influence never dies.

MRS. W. FAWCETT. May 1884.

THE BRIDAL GIFTS.

1 To the stately village bridal,
With its feastings, dance and mirth,
There came a gray-haired singer—
One of the poor of earth.

2 Silver and gold and jewels,
The rich guests brought along;
The bard had naught to offer,
But just one little song.

3 Dust are the bride and bridegroom,
The proud guests lowly lie;
The costly gifts have crumbled—
The song can never die.

FRANCIS A. SHAW.
In "Boston Transcript."

FOR A BIBLE OR ALBUM.

Let nothing disturb thee, nothing affright thee;
All things are passing; God never changeth;
Patient endurance attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth in nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.

SANTA TERESA'S BOOK-MARK,
Tr. from the Spanish,
By LONGFELLOW.

Mary Clemmer Ames Hudson.

Mary Clemmer began literary efforts as have thousands of others—with no intention of pursuing it to any considerable extent, but merely for the sake of diversion. After a time her aspirations assumed a definate purpose, until she finally became one of the most successful of journalists, first as a correspondent, and then as a regular editorial contributor. From early years her thoughts and fancies flowed out in measured verse of true poetic imagery, as readily as in prose, and "Woman in Sacred Song" is indebted to her for some of its choicest poetic gems.

In early life she married Rev. Mr. Ames, a young Presbyterian clergyman. It is said they never truly loved, but were merely friends; hence the union proved an unfortunate one. Miss Clemmer is a native of Utica, N. Y., born in 1839. When but eleven years of age she wrote verse, and displayed unusual mental gifts. Professor Goldthwaite of Westfield Academy, where she was principally educated, recognized in her a specially poetic nature, and extended much sympathy and aid. Alphonso A. Hopkins says of her—"No other woman of our acquaintance—we had almost said no other person—has performed such an amount of literary labor in a given time, as Miss Clemmer's record shows. For three years her average work in Washington was seven newspaper letters each week: and in addition to this she produced four books in four years. She entered into a contract with the publishers of one journal to write a column a day for three years, and at the end of that time, she had not missed a day. The wonder is that producing so much, she has uniformly produced so well." Beside all her prose writing, her poems have been many and always choice, and on varied topics. "The Christ" is one of the best among her sacred poems and hymns. Among her patriotic or war productions, "Fall in" takes the lead, perhaps. Her "Good-bye, Sweetheart," is familiar to every reader. Miss Clemmer is now Mrs. Hudson, having been married some months ago to an estimable gentleman of that name. Later, Nov. 1884. Last August Mrs. Mary Clemmer Hudson died with hemorrhage of the brain.

REST.

1 Weep not when I am dead, dear friend,
Sweetheart, grieve not when I lie low!
While o'er my clay your soft eyes bend,
Remember it was good to go.
When low you press the violet sod,
Whose purple tears enstar my breast,
Belovéd, think I sleep in God.
Remember such alone are blest.

2 The perfect silence will be dear,
How dear the chance of painless rest;
And on, beyond all pain or fear,
The perfect waking will be best.
How dim this distant day will seem,
How far the grief we suffer here!
This life the mirage of a dream,
Merged to a morning calm and clear.

MARY CLEMMER.

THE JOY OF WORK.

1 The promise of delicious youth may fail;
The fair fulfillment of our Summer-time
May wane and wither at its hour of prime;
The gorgeous glow of Hope may swiftly pale;
E'en Love may leave us spite our piteous wail;
The heart, defeated, desolate, may climb
To lonely Reason on her hight sublime;
But one sure foot no foe can e'er assail.

2 'T is thine, O Work—the joy supreme of thought,
Where feeling, purpose, and long patience meet;
Where in deep silence the ideal wrought
Bourgeons from blossoming to fruit complete.
O crowning bliss! O treasure never bought!
All else may perish—thou remainest sweet.

MARY CLEMMER.

Charlotte Brontë.

The popular book "Jane Eyre" made the author of the following poem known to the world as one of the best prose writers in 1847. She was born in 1816, and died in 1855. She was one of the three remarkable and gifted sisters, daughters of Rev. Patrick Bonté, who resided at Haworth, Yorkshire, England.

Rev. Robert Collyer was a neighbor, and remembers Charlotte as a slender, pale young lady, when he was a young man working at a forge. She was about thirty-eight years of age when she married Mr. Nicholls, her father's curate, after much delay, when her father's consent was at last given. After one year of almost perfect happiness, she died. It is thought that the following lines were among the last she ever wrote, little dreaming that she was so near the end of her earthly career.

LIFE.

1 Life, believe, is not a dream
So dark as sages say;
Oft a little morning's rain
Foretells a pleasant day;
Sometimes there are clouds of gloom,
But these are transient all;
If the shower will make the roses bloom,
Oh! why lament its fall?
Rapidly, merrily,
Life's many hours flit by;
Gratefully, cheerfully,
Enjoy them as they fly.

2 What though death at times steps in
And calls our last away?
What though sorrow seems to win
O'er hope, a heavy sway?
Yet hope again elastic springs
Unconquered though she fell;
Still buoyant are her golden wings,
Still strong to bear up well.
Manfully, fearlessly,
The day of trial bear,
For gloriously, victoriously,
Can courage quail despair.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

WOMAN'S WORK,

OR

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

(A SCHOOL-DAY REMINISCENCE.)

1 A winning, waving meadow, with scarf of blue and green—
'T was the sedgy grass and water, with forget-me-nots between—
We were wading over ankles, and the sun was shining hot,
But we school-girls at West Newton loved the wild forget-me-not.

2 For meadows stretched alluring, where placid streams flowed through,
And the gentian with its fringes, and the river flag gleamed blue,
But the flashy, mocking mosses, with their clumps of starry eyes,
The slender-stemmed forget-me-nots were more bewitching prize.

3 And when the July sun looks down on each successive year,
And the happy green and blossoms, and the birds are settled here,
I find within my memory a sunny summer spot,—
'T is the old school at West Newton wreathed with wild forget-me-not.

4 Retracing that bright picture, it is easy to begin
With the fog-cloud in the morning that shut the village in.
We were up in time to see it, ere it, lifting, thinned away,
For we rose to read our lessons in the violet bloom of day.
Anon the school was opening, and the instant found us there—
Still how fresh the inspiration from the choral hymn and prayer.

5 Sowing seed by other waters, it has strengthened us and blest,
When our hands were almost failing, and our hearts were sorely prest.
Soon blackboards teem with mystic curve and cabalistic sign,
And a gentle lady stands there, with a mind so crystalline;
She guides the swift brain-coursers, and from her magic hand
Runs thrilling to each eager steed the unseen electric band.

6 And oft I have remembered, when my soul was dull and spent,
How a queenly one looked up on us,—her color came and went,
While her glowing words swept over us as healthful wind swept by,
And forever she enriched us with her dark and fervent eye.
Enthusiasm—holy power! best alchemist art thou,
Kindled from soul to soul, and sped from radiant brow to brow,
Changing to joy all duty, and on transfiguring heights
Showing us all the shades of earth fair with celestial lights.
Not least in this clear vision I remember, if I may,
Running cross the fields at twilight by a narrow, trodden way,—
And she, at whose magnetic call we every breadth could span,
Shone like a rare crown-jewel in the home of Horace Mann.

7 Education has its heroes; they lay not their armor down
Till they meet death in the combat, and receive the victor's crown.
And the pioneer who, east and west, held firm th' advancing van,
Was one of lordly heart and mien,—our own great Horace Mann.
At last the happy seasons of the rich school year were fled;
They had lavished all their largess, and we gathered round our head.
As a crescent of white lilies waits for some reviving dew,
We, pale with parting, waited for his benediction true.

8 And when, with our commissions in his hand, he stood and prayed,
We felt like the Apostles, strong in God, in self afraid;
And an earnest, full assurance was given then and there,
That God Himself would answer that deep, availing prayer.
So young and full of courage, we looked the future through
And thought—There's naught upon the earth we will not dare to do.
A holy work is woman's work, unworthy she who seans
Each feebly set partition that divides her work from man's.

9 Ah, wreaths of blue forget-me-nots! bloom new and fresh alway,
Immortalize in us the faith and spirit of that day;
And when, all met in Paradise, the long roll-call is made,
Each with her work before the Lord,—we will not be afraid.

LOUISA P. HOPKINS.

FROM A POEM ENTITLED

ART AND HEART.

"Though smooth be the heartless prayer,
No ear in Heaven will mind it;
And the finest phrase falls dead,
If there is no feeling behind it.
And it is not the poet's song, though
Sweeter than sweet bells chiming,
Which thrills us through and through,
But the heart which beats under the rhyming."

ELLA WHEELER.

THE LITTLE OLD CHURCH.

Read at the farewell services in the old Western Avenue M. E. Church, Sunday evening, May 3.

1 We must leave thee, little old church. Farewell!
We have builded a grander one,
With spires that gleam like a heaven-kissed dream,
With massive arches of stone,
With stained-hued windows of prismed pane
To soften the sunshine's glare;
But, little old church, when we close our eyes
And humble our hearts in prayer,
Methinks there will come, like a sweet perfume,
Thy memory's message there.

2 We will sit in the grand new church some day,
While the rich-toned organ rolls,
And, listening, more of the days of yore
Shall hover within our souls
Than the ringing anthem or organ peal.
And lo! as the minister prays,
In our hearts will bloom, with its rare perfume,
The prayer of the by-gone days.
We will seem to be in our place with thee,
And under thy noon-broad rays.

3 We will think of the babes, with their heaven-bright eyes,
At the pure baptismal fount;
We will think of the sage, with glorified age,
Like mosses from God's white mount;
We will dream of the bride and the wedding glee,
And the rustle of leaves in the street;
We will bow our head as we think of the dead
That we never on earth shall greet,
And the little old room shall bring back the bloom
Of a thousand memories sweet.

4 Dear little old church, with thy humble walls,
All unadorned and plain,
Is it strange to say that I weep to-day,
And my heart has a thrill of pain,
As I scan thy pulpit and floor and wall,
As I bid thee a soft good-by?
Ah! little church, I have pictures rare
That I dwell on tenderly—
The faces of worshippers lifted and pale, with the glory that fell from the rifted veil;
There's a voice of the past in me.

5 And here to thy shelter, dear little old church,
Came many a weary one,
To lay the burden of life away, beneath the calm of the Sabbath day,
When the work of the week was done;
And here came the young and the fair and the good,
To take of the heavenly leaven;
And many here knelt, with their load of guilt,
Who arose up free and shriven.
Mourner and weary and worn have I, on the magic walls of my gallery,
Pure pictures that help toward heaven.

6 Ah! it's no wonder then, little old church,
That my tears fall fast to-day.
You are dear to me for the memory
Of the loved who have passed away;
You are to me for the bridal glee,
For the babe with its unpained gaze,
For the pure old age of the godly sage,
Who has glorified earth's dim ways;
And often will spring, as we pray or sing,
The thought of the by-gone days.

FANNIE BOLTON.

For The "Inter-Ocean."

Chicago, Ill., 1885.

ANSWERED.

1 You come and go again uncomforted,
And say I have not sympathized; but such
A weak and selfish misery as thine
Needs neither word nor hand-clasp overmuch.

2 Thy sorrow is a little thing; it wears
And frets upon the shore of one short day—
An idle tide, that presently
Shall ebb and ebb again—and so away.

3 Now for one even has thy West been dark;
Now for one dawning has thy East been gray;
Now in thy pleasant lengths of days there has
At last come one less fair and favored day.

4 And thou dost shiver in the cooler wind,
And wrap the folds of happier memory
Around thee, and dost stretch thy strong, soft hands,
And crave thee of my store of sympathy.

5 Thou selfish, thou! Strong hands should not be soft,
Reach thine to help thy weaker fellows. Be
All that thou canst be. Bruises and scars well won,
On hands so strong were fairer far to see.

6 So mayest thou, aiding others, help thyself;
Their comfort be thy peace, their smile the balm
For thy own heart; so thou mayst best forget
The vexing thorn that lieth in thy palm.

LULU M. W.

THE MESSENGER.

1 "I'll be a singer," so she said one day;
"My words shall soothe and strengthen earth's rough way
For many a weary heart."
Her lines, though rhymed with all a poet's art,
And measured as the drum-beat's steady roll,
Touched not a single soul.

2 God sent His angel down, and gently smote
Her little plan; and disappointment's note
Quivered through all her life.
Once more she wrote; but, under all, the strife
Of grief and bitter loss echoed so plain,
Who read shed tears of pain.

2 Again the silent, white-winged angel came,
And snatched love with life's best hopes away
Left but a breaking heart.
No longer from humanity apart
She wrote, but learned a lesson born of trust,
And wrote, because she must,

3 Brave, helpful words of truth. So as we hide
Our selfish griefs, and at God's will be tried
In crucible of sorrow,
Strength comes to point a brighter, glad to-morrow
To fainting, struggling souls; and keenest loss
A crown may be, not cross.

HELEN M. WINSLOW.
In "Every Other Saturday."

LIKE THE STRONG MOUNTAINS.

1 Strong are the mountains, Lord, but stronger Thou!
They rise, a bulwark to the guarded land,
Which foes pass not, nor traitors undermine,
For children's children's safety they shall stand,
And so, O Lord, Thou standest unto Thine,
A mighty guardian, a defense divine.

2 Strong are the mountains, Lord, but stronger Thou!
Where beats the tempest on the hither side,
Beneath their shelter blooms the vine and rose,
So do Thy chosen ones in Thee abide,
Nor fear the storm-wind though it wildly blows,
All undisturbed in their secure repose.

3 Strong are the mountains, Lord, but stronger Thou!
Their far, fair snowy summits fountains are,
Whence fertilizing streams begin their race.
So from Thy might of mercy stream afar
The over-brimming rivers of Thy grace,
Gladdening the wilderness and desert place.

4 Strong are the mountains, Lord, but stronger Thou!
Immutable they stand from age to age
Though the world rock and empires shift and pale.
So, though the people war and heathen rage,
The safety of Thy promise shall prevail,
Nor ever once Thy love and goodness fail.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.
In "Sunday School Times," 1884

JUDGMENT.

Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain
In God's pure light may only be
A scar brought from some well-won field
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Mrs. Dr. John Gray.

Whose maiden name was Lewers, was born in North Ireland about 1800, but came in early childhood to this country. Her husband was pastor of the first Presbyterian Church, Easton, Pa., for more than twenty-six years. Her poem "Sabbath Remembrancers," has been highly commended for its beautiful simplicity, expressive of her appreciation of that day and its privileges. "Two Hundred Years Ago," from which the following is extracted, kindles enthusiasm as one reads it. Her poem "Morn," was published anonymously here and in England, and attributed to James Montgomery of Sheffield, England. In a letter to Dr Gray he says "The critics who have noticed [illegible] stanzas for mine, have done me honor, but I willingly forego the claim, and am happy to recognize a sister poet in the writer." As a writer of strictly religious poetry, Mrs. Gray was in her day considered unrivalled.

FROM "TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO."

Written for the bi-centennial celebration of the theological standards by the illustrious Westminster Assembly of divines.

1 Two hundred years, two hundred years, our bark o'er billowy seas
Has onward kept her steady course, through hurricane and breeze;
Her Captain was the mighty One, she braved the stormy foe,
And still He guides who guided her, two hundred years ago.

2 Her chart was God's unerring word, by which her course to steer;
Her helmsman was the risen Lord, a helper ever near;
Though many a beauteous boat has sunk the treacherous wave below,
Yet ours is sound as she was built, two hundred years ago.

3 True to that guiding star which led to Israel's cradled hope,
Her steady needle pointeth yet to Calvary's bloody top!
Yes, there she floats, that good old ship, from mast to keel below
Sea-worthy still, as erst she was two hundred years ago!

4 Not unto us, not unto us, be praise or glory given,
But unto Him who watch and ward hath kept for us in Heaven.
Who quell'd the whirlwind in its wrath, hush'd tempests cease to blow,
That God who launched our vessel forth two hundred years ago!

MRS. GRAY.

THOUGHTS THE NIGHT BEFORE GOING HOME AFTER LONG ABSENCE.

1 Another stage of life is drawing to its close—
Strange have its wanderings been, nor few its woes,—
Sickness and sorrow heavy on us lay
While each one wandered in a solitary way,—
Yet, sunshine sometimes pierced the clouds, and showed
A wayside flower, or where a streamlet flowed.

2 Why were we scattered from our much-loved home?
Why did we journey each as pilgrims lone?
E'en as an eagle stirreth up her nest
The Lord did warn us—"This is not your rest."
Did He not often lead His own aside
By burning bush, or pillar'd cloud, and guide
His followers to some lone mountain side,
That they might learn "In Me ye must abide?"

3 So did He lead us, and when storms rose nigh
Drew nearer, whispering "It is I."
Oh! let me listen still to that sweet voice,
And in Thy love and guiding grace rejoice.
The morning dawns—the shadows flee away;
My longings wake—I'm going home to-day!
No sweeter joy my heart shall know
Till ends my pilgrimage below,
And yearning for my Saviour's breast
He beckons.—"Come to Me and rest,
To-day in Paradise with Me be blest!"

ELLEN P. SHAW, (*nee* Havergal), Dec. 1853.

Mary Ann Hanmer Dodd,

The daughter of Elisha Dodd, was born at Hartford, Conn., on the 5th of March, 1813, and always resided in that city.

Her first published articles appeared in 1834, in the "Hermethenean" a magazine conducted by the students of Washington College, in Hartford. She wrote but little, however, until 1835, after which time she was a frequent contributor to "The Ladies' Repository," a magazine published in Boston, in which, and in the "Rose of Sharon" an Annual, the greater part of her writings have appeared.

THE DREAMER.

1 Heart of mine, why art thou dreaming,
Dreaming through the weary day;
While life's precious hours are wasting,
Fast, and unimproved, away?

2 With a world of beauty round me,
Lone and sad, I dwell apart;
Changing scenes can bring no pleasure
To this wrecked and worn-out heart.

3 Now I tempt the quiet ocean,
While the sky is bright above,
And the sunlight rests around me,
Like the beaming smile of Love.

4 Or by waters softly flowing
Through the vale, I wander now;
And the balmy breath of summer
Fans my cheek, and cools my brow.

5 But as well, to me, might darken
Over all, the gloom of night;
For no quick and sweet sensations
Fill my soul with new delight.

6 In the grave-grown, silent church-yard,
With a listless step, I rove;
And I shed no tear of sorrow
By the graves of those I love.

7 Could I weep, the spell might vanish,
Tears would bring my heart relief;
Heart so sealed to all emotion,
Dead alike to joy and grief.

8 When the storm that shook my spirit,
Left its mission finished there,
Then a calm more fearful followed,
Than the wildness of despair.

9 Whence the spell that chills my being,
Bidding every passion cease;
Closing every fount of feeling?
Say, my spirit, is it peace?

10 Wake! O spell-bound soul, awaken!
Bid this sad delusion flee!
Such a lengthened dream is fearful;
Such a peace is not for thee.

11 Life is thine, and "life is earnest,"
Toil and grief, thou canst not shun;
But be hopeful and believing,
Till the prize of faith is won.

12 Then the peace thou shalt inherit,
By the Saviour promised free:
Peace, the world destroyeth never;
Father, give that peace to me!

MARY A. HANMER DODD.

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

1 "Show us our sins, O Lord!" we pray;
Yet leave us not to go astray,
Dishonor Thee, and bring disgrace
Upon Thy cause, by our unworthiness.

2 Do we ask this from fear of sin,
And of dishonor to His holy name?
Or is it but the fear of open shame,
Lurking, disguised, our hearts within?
For who can know the heart's deceit?
Has it a single, simple thought
Or unmixed motive, at its best?
If we may hope that the good is wrought
By our weak hands, or that our feet
Walk in His ways, His grace alone,
Upholding, guiding every one,
Makes any effort, any action blest.

3 God lets us suffer, by and by,
Some little wound; so slight a thing
We should not feel a moment's pain
But for the hand that dealt the blow,
But for the tongue that gave the sting,
A friend's, a brother's! Why, ah! why
Should they reward us so?

4 It rankles and returns again
The thought, "Have we deserved this slight
From you, the friends we held so dear?
In storm and sunshine, day and night,
Our hearts were loyal. Never fear
Of your mistrust or jealousy
Disturbed us. Surely you should be
More kind, considerate, tender, true,
To us who loved and served you well!
Such conduct is unworthy you;
You owed us love and gratitude,
You give us evil for our good!"
We suffer more than we can tell,
And all for such a little thing!

5 "He too was wounded by His friends,"
Perhaps we say, but there we cease;
'T is not a thought to bring us peace,
Or for our hurt to make amends;
For who are we that we should dare
Our love with His love to compare?
But feeling still, "It is not right;"
Suddenly flashes brilliant light
In some dark corner of our lives,
Revealing, to our own surprise,
The form of some forgotten sin,
Hidden its depths within;
Some old ingratitude or disrespect,
Some hardness, coldness, or neglect,
Still unrepented, never seen
Before, beneath its dark disguise,
God knew it, saw it, all the time,
And thus reveals it to our eyes.
What of our undiscovered crime
If He, as we forgive, forgives?
Our hearts, beneath such lightning flashes,
Abhor themselves, and bow in dust and ashes,
In silent shame, repentance keen.

6 We asked the Lord our sins to show,
And thus our prayer is answered. True,
We did deserve it, friends, though not from you
Because of what we did so long ago.

ESTHER THORNE.

ALONE.

I stand alone. The fierce rocks rise above me
Cruel and cold;
The forests weave their verdant chain around me
Fold upon fold.
Across the chasm's demon-haunted blackness
Rings evermore,
From shadowy depths of dim and lonesome gorges,
The torrents roar.
I catch the gleam of flow'ry, sun-kissed valleys,
Far, far below;
I hear the laugh of brooks, the chant of fountains,
Solemn and slow.
There mirth and music speed the joyous moments;
Glad voices ring;
And rise Love's holy altar-fires to Heaven,
For He is King.
But far above, the grand peaks bathed in silver
Rise cold and clear,
And Heaven's own splendor gilds their snow-capped summits,
Drawing me near.
O heart, be brave! Our path lies on and upward
Through woes unknown.
Who gains the heights where glory rests unclouded
Must walk alone.

SARAH D. HOBART
In "The Current"

CHEERFULNESS.

I think we are too ready with complaint,
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope,
Indeed, beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray bank of sky, we might grow faint
To muse upon Eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls; but since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop,
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous heart, be comforted;
And like a cheerful traveller take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
"Because the way is short, I thank Thee, God."

MRS. BROWNING.

THE PAINTER'S PRAYER.

An incident in the painting of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World."

1 "Nay," he said, "it is not done.
At to-morrow's set of sun
Come again, if you would see
What the finished thought would be."
Straight they went. The heavy door
On its hinges swung once more,
As within the studio dim
Eye and heart took heed of Him!

2 How the Presence fills the room,
Brightening all its dusky gloom!
Saints and martyrs turned their eyes
From the hills of Paradise;
Rapt in holy ecstasy,
Mary smiled her son to see,
Letting all her lilies fall
At His feet—the Lord of all!

3 But the painter bowed his head,
Lost in wonder and in dread,
And as at the holy shrine,
Knelt before the form divine.
All had passed—the pride, the power,
Of the soul's creative hour—
Exaltation's soaring flight
Is the spirit's loftiest hight.

4 Had he dared to paint the Lord?
Dared to paint the Christ, the Word?
Ah, the folly! Ah, the sin!
Ah, the shame his soul within!
Saints might turn on him their eyes
From the hills of Paradise,
But the painter could not brook
On that pictured face to look.

5 Yet the form was grand and fair,
Fit to move a world to prayer,
Godlike in its strength and stress,
Human in its tenderness.
From it streamed the light divine,
O'er it drooped the heavenly vine,
And beneath the bending spray
Stood the Life, the Truth, the Way!

6 Suddenly, with eager hold,
Back he swept the curtain's fold,
Letting all the sunset glow
O'er the living canvas flow.
Surely then the wondrous eyes
Met his own in tenderest wise,
And the Lord Christ, half revealed,
Smiled upon him as he kneeled.

7 Trembling, throbbing, quick as thought,
Up he brush and palette caught,
And where deepest shade was thrown
Set one sign for God alone!
Years have passed—but, even yet,
Where the massive frame is set
You may find these words, "Nec me
Prætermittas Domine!"

8 "Neither pass me by, O Lord!"
Christ, the Life, the Light, the Word,
Low we bow before Thy feet,
Thy remembrance to entreat!
In our soul's most secret place,
For no eye but Thine to trace,
Lo, this prayer we write: "Nec me
Prætermittas Domine!"

JULIA C. R. DORR.

SET APART.

1 Last night in vivid dreams I saw a lovely isle
Far out from peopled shores, alone in all the sea,
Crowned with luxuriant gifts, with nature's sweetest smile,
Yet brooding o'er it all weird, sad solemnity.

2 The waves were knit with crossing paths, from shore to shore.
Adventure, pleasure, thirst for knowledge, power or gain
Made busier ocean-streets, as strong ships faster bore
More life and wealth between the cities of the plain.

3 Yet never boat lay anchored by my lonely isle,
No flag was raised—or signalled from its voiceless shore;
Years drifted to decades—it seemed a weary while;
No earnest seeker came its mysteries to explore.

4 I watched with anxious eyes thro' hours of troubled sleep.
No passing ship took note, or even rested near,
All paths seemed curved away as if to ever keep
Its life apart from living voice, or household cheer.

5 And yet a radiance strange dwelt in its atmosphere,
Sweet peace, more palpable than the cold sea's embrace
Encircled it,—as if some lofty temple there
Was built to the great Heart that surely holds our race.

6 At last, from saddened sleep, to sadder waking thought
I rose with sudden shock; my dream was not a dream
Each mortal life hath its appointed lot, and naught
Avails to change its duties, or its ills redeem.

7 My sad dream-island had a full significance
And parallel in many isolated lives,
The vivid symbolism throughout my dreamful trance
Shadowed realities that every age survives.

8 Life's sea is dotted everywhere with roving barks,
Life's land on either side trembles with hurrying feet,
All seek some common goal to win; all aim at marks
Within the ken and sphere of half the souls they meet.

9 Companionship—and all its wondrous bliss or care—
The warp of social law, shot with bright woof of heart,
Bind each to all; thank God few can, or need, or dare
Unloose all that, and seek to have their lot—apart!

10 God setteth starry worlds in constellated groups,
All human souls in families, and these in homes,
The birds in mated nests, insects in summer troops,
And arching every kind, their own sure heav'nly domes.

11 And yet in earth's Gethsemanes, some watch alone!
Some deep interior call—above the outward law—
Sets them apart as burial gardens where are sown
The costly seeds of broader thought, more rev'rent awe!

ISADORE G. JEFFERY.

In "Weekly Magazine."

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 14, 1884.

UNHINDERED.

1 With joyous haste along the busy street,
Close in the Master's steps Anselmo went;
But seeing one in need, he stayed his feet,
And words of cheer with kindly service blent.

2 "Thanks, brother, for thy help!" the stranger cried;
"May He who loveth love thy soul reward!"
But searching near and far, Anselmo sighed,
"Alas! in tarrying I have lost my Lord!"

3 Yet while he spoke his heart within him burned,
For, lo! apart, beneath the palm-tree's shade,
The Master, waiting, toward His follower turned
And gracious answer to his grieving made:

4 "For know," He said, "not thus shall hindrance be;
For loving deeds but draw thee nearer Me."

MARY B. SLEIGHT.
Sag Harbor, N. Y., Aug. 1884.

TRUST.

1 I do not and I will not
Believe that God forgets!
I know that life is weary,
And full of vain regrets;—
Is hard, and sad and tearful
And holding endless pain;
But the tender Christ was pitiful
And for our griefs was slain.

2 I do not and I will not
Believe He fails to hear,—
That the sighing and the crying
Will find unwilling ear.
I know we cannot comprehend
His great, His wondrous plan;
But Oh! the Christ was pitiful
And brought His love to man.

GUSSIE SCOTT CAMPBELL.
Chicago, Ill.

THE VALUE OF A SOUL.

Friend, wouldst thou know the value of a soul?
Go, count the stars, and give their number true;
Weigh the whole world, then write its perfect weight;
Value earth's every treasure at its worth,
Then add together number, weight and sum
And multiply their product by itself,
Time and again, until their figures reach
High as a man's highest power can compute,
Then lay the whole within some balance true,
And in another I will lay a soul,
One single, heaven-born soul, and you shall see
That as a mountain towers above a vale,
As grains of dust appear by tons of gold,
So doth a single soul excel in worth
All things this side of Heaven.

ANGIE FULLER.

Miss Woodbridge

Was born in Penobscot County, Maine, and spent her youth among the hills of Berkshire. "The Sweet Singer of America." Her ancestors were so eminently pious that three of them were chosen by Mrs. Sigourney, in her "Biography of Pious Women," to stand among the brightest examples of religious excellence. Her first poetical efforts were published in the village paper and in Mrs. Child's "Mother's Book." Afterward she wrote for the New York and other papers. In 1836 she became a teacher in the Albany Female Seminary, and in ten years removed to a similar institution in Brooklyn, where she long presided with unimpaired good fortune and energy. In her useful but wearisome vocation there is a simplicity and Christian hopefulness about all her productions.

FROM "LIFE'S LIGHT AND SHADE."

Thus, ever, in the steps of grief,
Are sown the precious seeds of joy;
Each fount of Marah hath a leaf,
Whose healing balm we may employ.
Then, 'mid life's fitful, fleeting day,
Look up! the sky is bright above!
Kind voices cheer thee on thy way!
Faint spirit! trust the God of Love!

MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE, 1847.

INCONSISTENCY.

1 We wander up and down Life's pleasant path;
We scale the hills, and reach out for the stars;
Through eyes all blinded by the dust of sin,
We strive to peer betwixt the Heavenly bars—

2 In search of what? Of peace, or joy, or rest?
Nay; each is springing thickly round our way;
But still we reach out longing hands, and cry
Like children who are tired of play.

MARY STRATTON HEWETT.
In "The Chicago Tribune."

TRACES.

1 Pray, where are all the joys you've known?
They show not in your face;
While this one grief is written there
In lines that all may trace.

2 Ah! Joy's dear touch so lightly falls;
While Grief's relentless hand
Sweeps o'er the face with fingers harsh,
And stamps with iron brand.

CLARA J. DENTON.
In "The Chicago Tribune."
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sarah B. Cooper.

At Cazenovia, New York, in 1836, Sarah B. Ingersoll opened her blue eyes on a "world of sweet surprises," which, from that day to this, she has made a "world of joy" and an ever increasing series of "sweet surprises" to those who know and love her. She has the rare faculty of creating worlds for people, making the circumference in ratio with the diameter of need.

Her literary character has always been pronounced. When twelve years of age she wrote for the village paper, and since that time she has been a regular contributor to various leading newspapers and periodicals, and for four years was engaged on the "Overland Monthly." Her reviews and editorial work, together with stories and other prose articles, have given her an established reputation in the literary world. She has prepared the "Educational Report of the State of California for the National Bureau of Education" at Washington, for the past ten years.

In 1875 the *alumni* of Cazenovia Seminary gathered from near and far to celebrate her semi-centennial jubilee, and Mrs. Cooper brought from her California home a wonderful wreath of golden words to crown her *Alma Mater*, – a poem. "Retrospect and Prospect," from which we glean some precious gems. (Mrs. E. T. Housh, in "Woman at Work.")

'T WAS A VISION BEATIFIC.

1 'T was a vision beatific, in its lambent lustre bright:
'T was a heaven-born inspiration, that secured the vested right
To woman in this charter—and the world, with much ado,
Heard the drum-beat of progression in this murmuring tattoo.

2 Bright with scintillating splendors shone the star just newly born;
All divinely aromatic was the fragrance of that morn,
When endowed with duplex glory, in its dual unity,
History throbbed with expectation in the franchise full and free.

3 Free to woman in her yearning for the lofty and the true,
From her native inspiration to project and to pursue.
Life-work shaped by intuition, which if faithfully obeyed,
Always finds the mental fibre out of which success is made.

4 Through the avenues of culture, free of scope and wide of range,
Let the sexes roam unfettered in the loftiest interchange!
In the flash of mind attrition wondrous glints of truth are caught;
Mind itself becomes forensic, grandly signeted with thought.

5 Be omnipotent in self-hood! What you are that grandly be,
For to make of life a fiction is an irksome travesty.
Nature knows no affectation, bluster ill becomes the brave;
Life unreal shall evanish in th' alembic of the grave.

6 Manhood wins by stern commanding, potent through the power of will;
Womanhood commands by winning, with a sway more regal still.
Man upon his stalwart shoulder binds his load with matchless art,
Woman hides her life-experience in her secret, secret heart.

7 So that culture must be noblest which in harmony divine,
With Creation's primal method, in the glad Edenic time,
Linked the sexes in communion—dual life in unity—
Just as branches, though diverging, still converge to form a tree.

8 "What if in the realm of culture rosy signals interchange!
In life's holiday of romance this is nothing new or strange.
What if harmonies ecstatic drop distilling from above!
What if tender plant of friendship blossom out with flowers of love!

9 Eyes may dart exultant havoc into palpitating hearts,—
Just like aroma of flowers speed love's non-commissioned darts;
And the stars do blink and twinkle, and in rainbowed splendors drest,
Bends the sky above in blessing—Ah! methinks you know the rest.

10 Think ye that affection falters with love's roseate morning gone?
Nay! the blossom sings no dirges as the fruitage hastens on.
And that soul by growth expanded, be it lover, husband, wife,
Findeth in the law of sacrifice the grandest law of life."

There are exquisite touches in the tribute to "the *alumni* of the sky."

11 "We do call them dead who've left us— what a strange misnomer this!
When the crystal lenses of this life disclose that life of bliss!
Whispering breezes from Hereafter pulsate through the earth's wide strand,
As the breezes from the ocean find their way far into land.

12 Strangely sweet the inspiration! all our inner being thrills;
God's white-winged host our aids-de-camp, while encamping on earth's hills
With munitions for the conflict—and we send warm greetings back
As we watch the flitting whiteness of their unseen starless track.

13 Tender, motherly devotion, grown to guardian angelhood,
Still dispensing heavenly counsel, yet so dimly understood;
Fathers bending o'er the battlements in ministry of love,
Sisters reaching out for brothers from the glory-heights above.

14 Absent children penning letters from the school-room of the sky,
And we sometimes catch their message as the night-shades wander by;
Just as birds from out the woodland sing their song, then upward soar—
Sing their song, then dip their wings, and leave it silent as before."

SARAH B. COOPER.
San Francisco, Cal. 1875.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The following quotations found in "The Weekly Magazine" are from speeches made at a reception tendered Ella Wheeler, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, her old home, on the evening after that of Decoration Day, 1883. Although Mrs. Wilcox, some years since, expressed sentiment that received severe criticism, she has written much to which the most fastidious in taste and Christian in character can take no exception. Especially is this true of her later works, which breathe forth a deep religious feeling and purity of thought.

"Ella Wheeler has not reached her present merited position in the hearts of the people without a struggle. She has had no easy road to travel. Thorns and briars have beset her path, and to-day with that motto before her she is struggling on to reach the "summit of the highest mound," and we have met here to-night to clear away a few of the obnoxious brambles that beset her way. Ella Wheeler has worked. Although young and bright as a sunbeam, her hours, days, weeks, months, years have been long and laborious and as a result the literary world and many people of our common country have been made happier and better by reading her lines. So it is meet and proper that we should give her this reception, extend to her the right hand of fellowship, joy with her, and bid her God speed with the young America Wisconsin motto, "Forward," ever before her."

Mr. T. W. Handford, editor for the publishing house of Belford, Clarke & Co., then rose to present the first copy of one of her volumes of poems. After some introductory observations, Mr. Handford said:

I am impressed with the thought that the purpose of this meeting is something unique in our experience. Yesterday was Decoration Day, and ten thousand graves were decked with emblems of the love we cherish in memory of the heroic dead. But to-night we are gathered to bind bay leaves about a living brow. We do well to honor the dead, and we do equally well to cheer the living. A little kindly thought will help the living more than all our praises on tombs will help them when they are gone. For the most part, poets have been left to struggle on without a word of cheer. When I heard to-night that Miss Wheeler's first fee amounted to the magnificent sum of four dollars, I thought she ought to be congratulated, and I would comfort her by the thought that John Milton only received one hundred dollars for his "Paradise Lost."

We are living in very remarkable times. It is not so long since it was thought that a woman had no place in literature; her duty was with the distaff and spindle and to make cake for the hungry lords of creation, but such women as Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the Cary Sisters and a host of others, have changed all this. They have made good their claim to a high place in the temple of literature. Mr. Handford concluded by reading one sonnet from the new book, called "A Creed," which he said was worthy of Tennyson or Emerson in their happiest moods.

United States Attorney G. C. Hazleton, in accepting the volume, made an exhaustive and expressive speech, in which he set forth the dignity and value of the true poet, and spoke in fervent language of the struggles and conquests of Miss Wheeler's brief career. It must have been most encouraging to the young poetess to receive such words of commendation and praise from such lips. Mr. Hazleton's speech was worthy of any an honor, and especially worthy of that unique occasion.

The Hon. Joshua Stark accepted the volume in behalf of the Trustees of the Public Library, and reminded Miss Wheeler that she was now to find a very honored place, but one to which she has a just and honorable claim. Side by side with Milton and Cooper and the later poets of the West, Ella Wheeler's "Poems" would find a place.

Gen. H. C. Hobart then made a brief speech in which he said there were other conflicts than those fought on actual battle-fields, and praised the heroism and courage with which Miss Wheeler had met and conquered difficulties that would have baffled many a man. Turning from the audience to Miss Wheeler, the venerable General said half a dozen words that were tremulous with emotion, and as he handed her the casket of gold said, "Be brave, always be brave."

Miss Wheeler stood for a few moments bowing to the audience who cheered and then rising to their feet cheered again loud and long. When silence was obtained, Mr. Alma Aldrich read Miss Wheeler's reply which took the following poetic form:

1 Speak for me, friend, whose lips are ever ready
With chosen words to voice another's thought,
My shaken heart would make my tones unsteady—
Speak thou the words I ought.

2 Say that the love I give in lavish fashion,
To all God's living creatures everywhere
Pervades me with a deep and holy passion—
A wordless, grateful prayer.

3 Say that the gifts I may have used too lightly—
As children toss rare gems in careless mirth—
From this glad hour—henceforth—shall shine more brightly
And prove their real worth.

4 Say that my life shall be one grand endeavor
To reach a nobler womanhood's fair height;
Say how my earnest aim is to—forever—
Be worthy of this night.

During the evening Mrs. H. E. Chapman read most effectively from the new volume "The Lost Garden," "The Beautiful Land of Nod," and other poems. Ella Wheeler has already accomplished much. She has written over twelve hundred poems, to say nothing of a number of stories. Her stories in no way compare with her poetry. Her most enthusiastic admirers admit this. Poetry is her natural language.

Miss Wheeler was married in May, 1884, to Robert M. Wilcox, a young manufacturer of Meriden, Ct. She writes as much as ever, showing no idea of abandoning her muse.

THE HYACINTH.

1 Without, the snow lies drifted on the hills,
Dark, lowering storm-clouds fill the air with gloom;
Within, the hyacinth with fragrance fills,
And heavenly beauty, all the lonely room.

2 Dear flower, of all the flowers I love thee best,
Forever yet while winter's icy breath
Prisons the streams and holds the grass and flowers,
Wrapped in the cerements and the gloom of death.

3 Bursting thy grave clothes and the imprisoning mould,
In all thy fresh new beauty thou art here,
The same dear fragrant flower we knew of old,
Telling the miracle of spring is near.

4 Sweet flower, thou comfortest my sorrowing soul!
Thee the Great Source of Life remembereth,
And at the appointed time, as seasons roll,
Giveth thee power to burst the bonds of death;

5 Can I not to His unforgetting care
Entrust those lonely graves, where cold and low,
And far apart beneath the wintry skies,
My darlings sleep under the drifting snow?

HELEN E. STARRETT.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

1 I hold it the duty of one who is gifted,
And royally dowered in all men's sight,
To know no rest till his life is lifted
Fully up to his great gifts' height.

2 He must mold the man into rare completeness,
For gems are set only in gold refined;
He must fashion his thoughts into perfect sweetness,
And cast out folly and pride from his mind.

3 For he who drinks from a god's gold chalice
Of art, or music, or rhythmic song,
Must sift from his soul the chaff of malice,
And weed from his heart the roots of wrong.

4 For I think the wrath of an outraged Heaven
Should fall on the chosen and dowered soul
That allows a lump of selfish leaven,
By slow fermenting, to spoil the whole.

5 Great gifts should be worn like a crown befitting,
And not like gems on a beggar's hands;
And the toil must be constant and unremitting
That lifts up the king to the crown's demands.

ELLA WHEELER.

Rose Terry

Was born in 1827, on a farm near Hartford, Conn. When six years of age her family moved into the city and dwelt in a grand old brick mansion built by one of her ancestors, Colonel Wadsworth, for his daughter, in 1799. Twenty-five years ago, when the first number of the "Atlantic Monthly" made its appearance, the leading story was written by the subject of this sketch. Previous to or about this time, she published a serial story—"The Mormon's wife," in "Putnam's Magazine." It is stated that it was not the experience of years, for she was then young, but the intuitions of genius, the kind heart ever in sympathy with the woes of others, that brought forth from her brain and being the strong yet delicate argument against the iniquity threatening to undermine the foundations of our civilization, the sacred ties of family, bruising the hearts of our sisters and sadly debasing man.

At the age of sixteen she both graduated and united with the church. The celebrated Mrs. Sigourney was her teacher at one time. Her first poem was published in the New York "Tribune," under the pseudonym of her mother's initials, thus showing her modest, sensitive, shrinking nature, traits usually inherent in a genuine poetic temperament. It was through the persistent demand of friends that her poems were gathered into a volume. Her patriotism, her politics and interest in general topics of the day, shine forth in "Fremont's Ride," "After the Comanches;" and her deep religious feeling is portrayed in the "Bell Songs," in "Prayer," and other poems.

Harriet Prescott Spofford, her biographer in "Famous Women," says that "The Two Villages," a poem by Mrs. Cooke, has been printed and reprinted, carried in work-baskets, pockets and pocket-books, and everybody's heart. Her poem "Doubt" is pronounced "without a peer, in its order, unless it be Emerson's 'Brahma.'" Of her prose works, "Metempsychosis," published twenty years ago, is said by able critics to be exceeded in absolute beauty of imagery and expression, by nothing ever written. Several persons have claimed to be the writers of Rose Terry Cook's articles, declaring that name to be their *nom de plume*; but they could not long practice such an imposition. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who has known Mrs. Cooke from childhood, had the pleasure once, of reputing one of these false claims.

It was in April, 1873, that Rose Terry married Rollin H. Cooke, Esq., an iron manufacturer in Litchfield County, Conn., which is now her home. It is said her life is an ideal one, her husband being in perfect sympathy with her tastes and opinions. Much more is yet expected from the beautiful life;—from the heart and brain of this gifted woman of song.

PANE PICTURES.

1 A wonder-worker all night long
Has wrought his task for me;
Now, by the cold and distant dawn,
His miracles I see;
His gravings on the window-pane,
Of magic tracery.

2 Here lifts an Alpine summit, steep
As is the heavenly stair,
A way-side cross below the path,
But not a pilgrim there;
No sad face of humanity,
No agony of prayer.

3 And here, before a lonely lake,
A fringe of reeds and fern;
Across the water's crystal chill
No dying sunsets burn.
You hear not on that rushy shore
The call of drake or tern.

4 Here lies a crowd of broken boughs,
A windfall in the woods:
Some wild and wandering hurricane
Hath wrecked these solitudes:
But on that tangled dreariness
No living step intrudes.

5 And here is Arctic waste and woe;
A glacier's mighty face,
Majestic in its awful march,
Slow seaward from its place.
Beneath that frown of solemn death
There lives no human trace.

6 But slowly from the joyful East
Ascends the dawning sun;
Before his look of light and life
The magic is undone;
The graceful pictures on the pane
All vanish, one by one.

Alas! must all the songs I sing,
The trac eries of my brain—
The little stories sad and glad—
Be uttered all in vain?
And vanish when the Master comes,
Like pictures on the pane?

8 Or will they, in some kindly heart
Remembered, sing and shine?
For wrought from man's humanity
Not fleeting frost, are mine;
I love not to be quite forgot;
To die and leave no sign.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.
In "Scribner."

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

1 Within my home that empty seemed, I sat
And prayed for greater blessings. All
That was mine own seemed poor and mean and small;
And I cried out rebelliously for that

2 I had not, saying if great gifts of gold
Were only mine, journeys in far-off lands,
Were also mine, with rest for burdened hands;
If love, the love I craved, would come and fold

3 Its arms around me; then would joy abide
With me forever; peace would come and bless,
And life would round out from this narrowness
Into a fullness new and sweet and wide.

4 And so I fretted 'gainst my simple lot,
And so I prayed for fairer, broader ways,
Making a burden of the very days,
In mad regret for that which I had not.

5 And then one came unto my humble door
And asked to enter. "Art thou love?" I cried,
"Or wealth or fame? Else shalt thou be denied."
She answered: "Nay, my child, but I am more.

6 "Open to me, I pray; make me thy guest,
And thou shalt find, although no gift of gold
Or frame of love within my hand I hold,
That with my coming cometh all the best

7 "That thou hast longed for." Fair, tho' grave, her face,
Soft was her voice, and in her steadfast eyes
I saw the look of one both true and wise.
My heart was sore, and so, with tardy grace,

8 I bade her enter. How transfigured
Seemed now the faithful love that at my feet
So long had lain unprized! How wide and sweet
Shone the small paths wherein I had been led!

9 Duty grew beautiful; with calm consent
I saw the distant wealth of land and sea.
But all fair things seemed given unto me
The hour I clasped the hand of dear Content.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

PLEA TO SCIENCE.

1 O Science, reaching backward through the distance,
Most earnest child of God,
Exposing all the secrets of existence,
With thy divining rod;
I bid thee speed up to the heights supernal,
Clear thinker, ne'er sufficed;
Go, seek and bind the laws and truths eternal,
But leave me Christ.

2 Upon the vanity of pious sages,
Let in the light of day.
Break down the superstition of all ages.
Thrust bigotry away.
Stride on, and bid all stubborn foes defiance,
Let truth and reason reign.
But I beseech thee, O immortal Science,
Let Christ remain.

3 What canst thou give to help me bear my crosses,
In place of Him, my Lord?
And what to recompense for all my losses,
And bring me sweet reward?
Thou couldst not with thy clear, cold eyes of reason,
Thou couldst not comfort me
Like one who passed through that tear-blotted season,
In sad Gethsemane.

4 Through all the weary, wearing hours of sorrow,
What word that thou hast said,
Would make me strong to wait for some to-morrow,
When I should find my dead?
When I am weak, and desolate, and lonely,
And prone to follow wrong,
Not thou, O Science—Christ, my Saviour, only
Can make me strong.

5 Thou art so cold, so lofty, and so distant,
Though great my need may be,
No prayer, however constant and persistent,
Could bring thee down to me.
Christ stands so near, to help me through each hour,
To guide me day by day.
O Science, sweeping all before thy power,
Leave Christ, I pray.

ELLA WHEELER.

YESTERDAY.

To-morrow is a "shining isle in a stormy sea", but as for yesterday.—

1 I take your gifts, glad yesterday;
And when I turn from work to play,
From care to rest, they'll make my joy,
And give my heart its holiday.

2 I take your gifts, sad yesterday—
The better deeds I might have done,
The tears I might have wiped away,
The higher hights I might have won.

MARY CLEMMER.

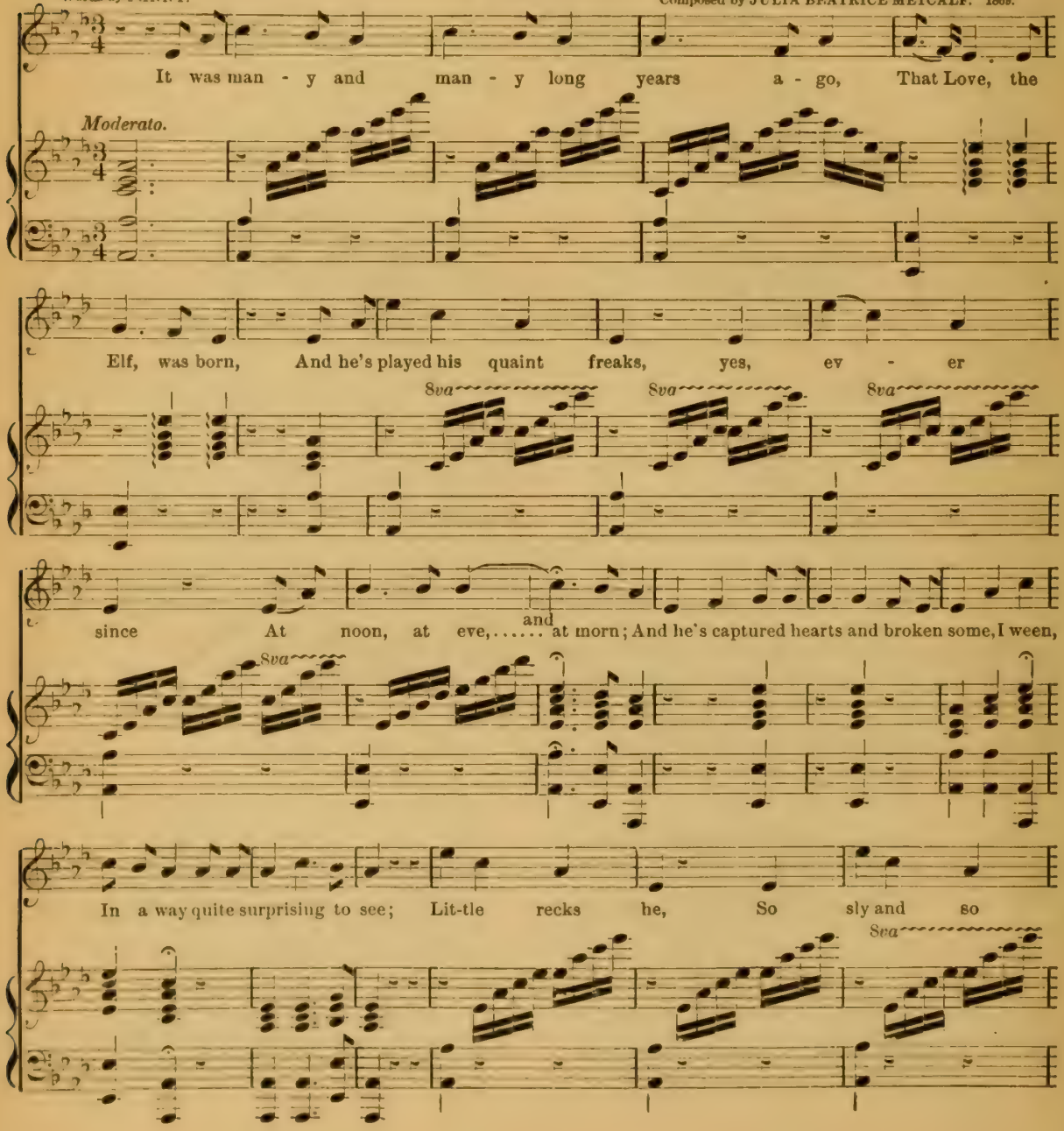
Mrs. Julia Beatrice Metcalf.

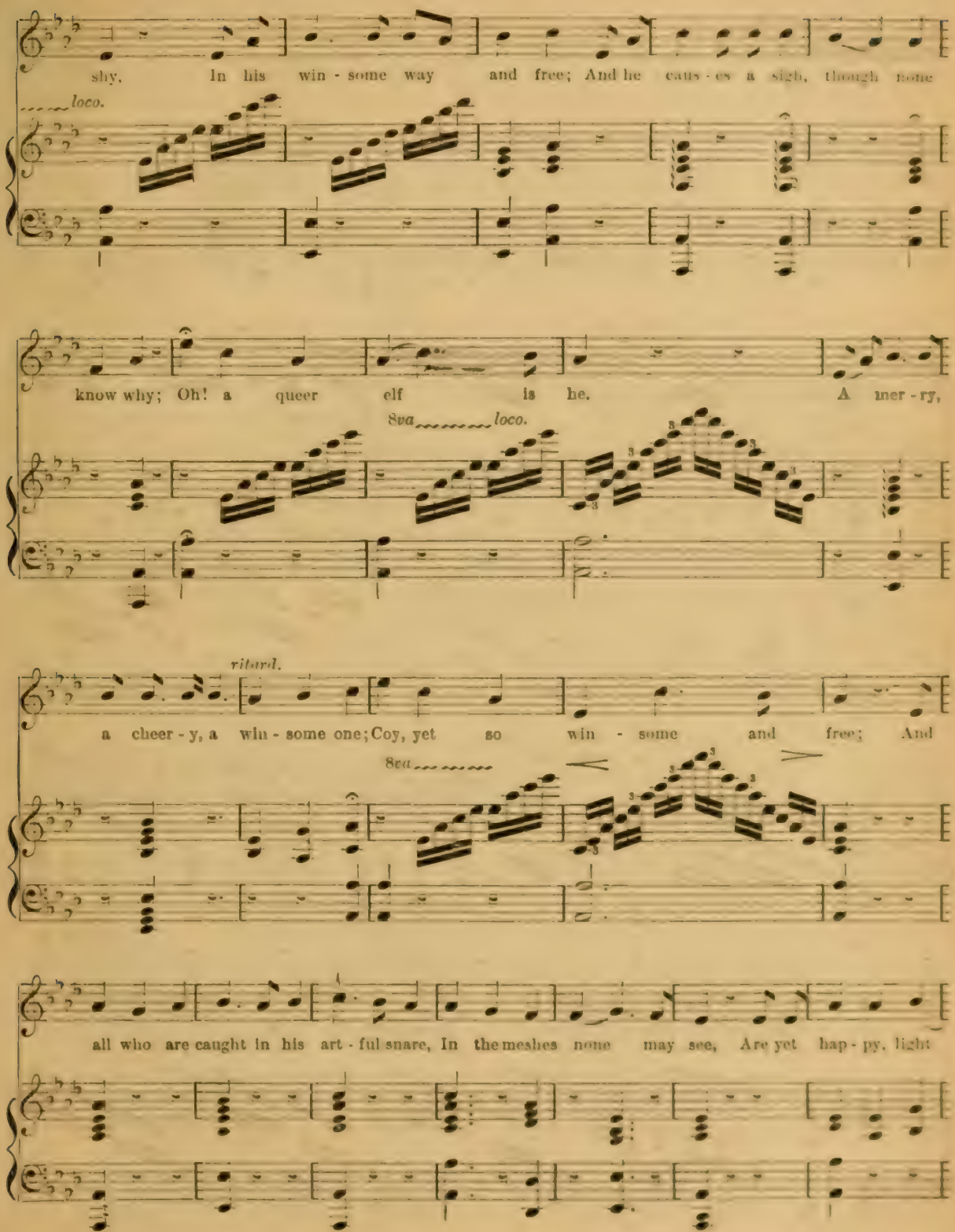
The music of this song was written by Mrs. Julia Beatrice Metcalf of Nebraska City, Neb., and dedicated to Miss Eva F. Munson (Mrs. G. C. Smith), on her wedding day, July 13, 1869, and is now for the first time published. Mrs. Metcalf is the daughter of Judge J. F. Kinney of Nebraska City, who for nine years was Judge of the Supreme Court of Iowa. The town of Beatrice, Neb., was founded by the Judge, and named for his daughter. She is one of the most prominent women of the State, socially and religiously, possessing rare literary and musical abilities, enriched by a high degree of culture. Some years ago she wrote much for "The Churchman," an organ of her chosen Church—the Episcopalian, to which she is very devoted. Although the following words and music are not strictly on the religious order, they are surely sacred and therefore appropriately find a place in this volume.

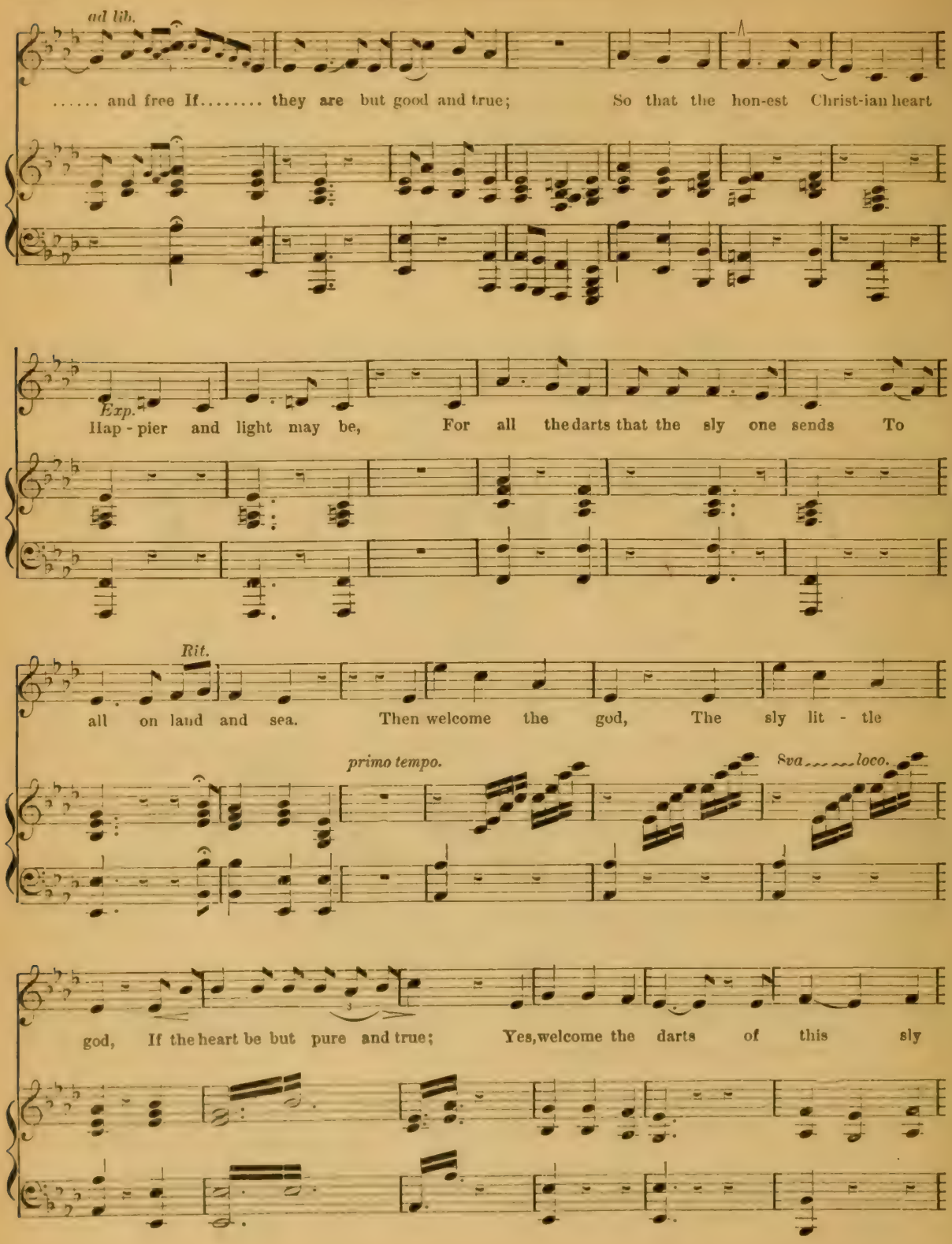
LOVE.

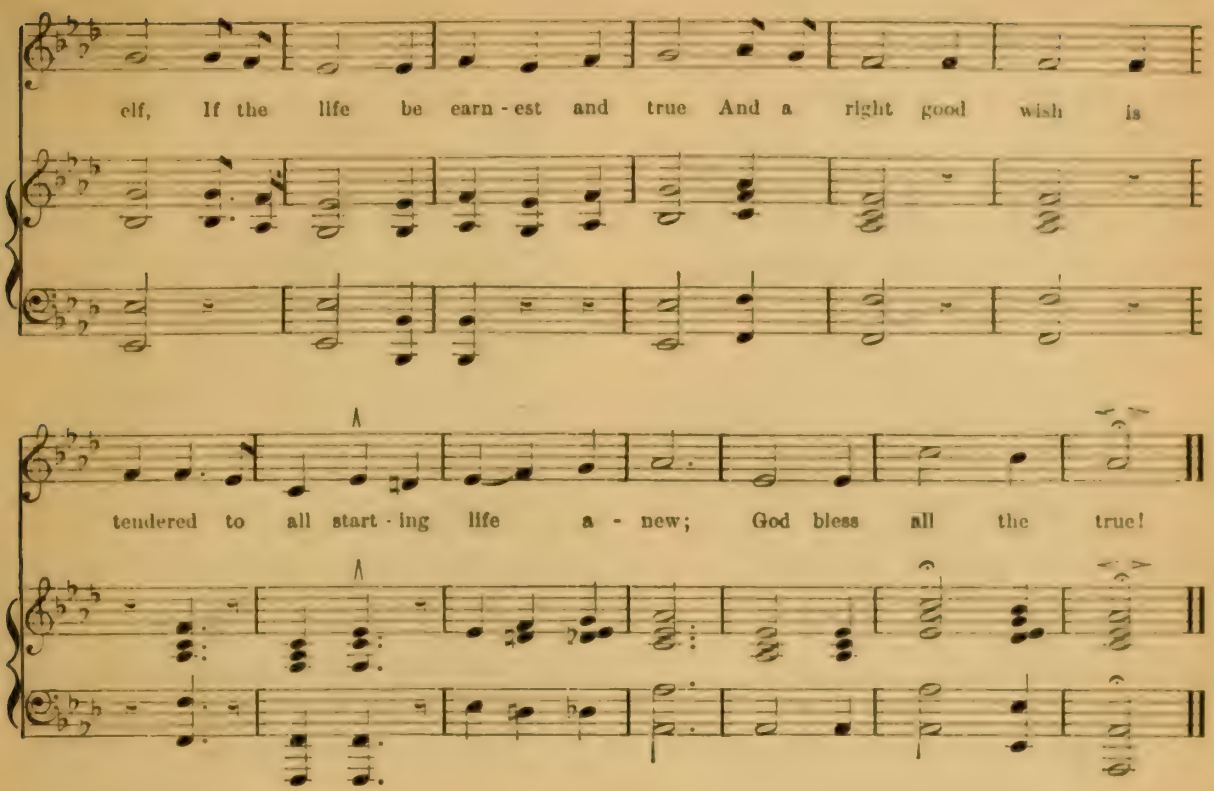
(RECITATIVE.)

Words by FANNY. Composed by JULIA BEATRICE METCALF. 1869.




shy, In his win - some way and free; And he caus - es a sigh, though none
loco.
know why; Oh! a queer elf is he. A mer - ry,
8va loco.
ritard.
a cheer - y, a win - some one; Coy, yet so win - some and free; And
8va
all who are caught in his art - ful snare, In the meshes none may see, Are yet hap - py, light


ad lib.
..... and free If..... they are but good and true; So that the hon-est Christ-ian heart
Exp.
Hap - pier and light may be, For all the darts that the sly one sends To
Rit.
all on land and sea. Then welcome the god, The sly lit - tle
primo tempo.
8va loco.
god, If the heart be but pure and true; Yes, welcome the darts of this sly



RENUNCIATION.

CHOPIN'S NOCTURNES. OPUS 9, 1, OPUS 48, 1.

1 Will you play me the songs that you played long ago,
When beside us were others who listened and dreamed,
While the summer night sank as a soul sinks with woe,
And as tears, the pale stars in her drapery gleamed?

2 No less fair the hour present than hours past and gone,
For the silence is sacred, the wind-gushes, balm;
And the moon, like a golden rose, blooming floats on
Through the gardens of God and their infinite calm!

3 And the windows to welcome the glory are wide,
And the room is a temple of perfume and peace,
And my once-aching heart, thro' its loss purified,
Seems a hush of content, which shall never-more cease.

4 Very strong,—having put away all that is vain,—
I may listen and marvel the tune is so pure;
Very quiet at last,—having measured great pain,—
I may follow each delicate, fanciful lure.

5 All the feverish dreams of a desperate soul
Are renounced,—all the passionate pride of my youth,
All the aims and desires that long baffled control—
Deep deceits and slow snares bearing semblance of truth!

6 And the tender old songs, with a quaint burthen filled,
Will awaken no flush of disquiet in me;
For my soul is enlightened and strengthened and stilled
By the love that has been and the peace that shall be!

LILY M. CURRY

THE TOUCH OF LIFE.

1 Our little life is small indeed,
If but for self we live;
If other lives take naught from us,
And naught to us can give.

2 But in and out our lives are wrought,
Love—hate—and joy and pain,
Time's fateful shuttle moves along,
Tho' we protest in vain.

3 If we but knew, who tread this earth—
Our fearful artist-power
To mould each other into form
Through every day and hour;—

4 The wife, the husband, dearest names,
Since Eden heard them first,
When the Lord walk'd and talk'd with them,
Ere sin their home had curst,—

5 The children, whose unwritten brows,
And spotless souls, declare
How delicate should be the hand
That dares to venture there.

6 The little touch may hurt the most,—
A harsh or kind word spoken
May light another's darken'd way
Or pierce a spirit broken.

7 Through time and space our influence runs,
Tho' small it seem to be,
And Time's strange waves shall roll at last
To God's eternity.

8 When Moses stood on Sinai's height,
When David struck his lyre,
When Mars Hill sent the echoes back
Of Paul's God-kindled fire—

9 They touch'd all lives in differing keys;
And, circling on and on,
We hear Isaiah's prophet-tones,
The burning words of John.

10 But more that blest Life touches ours,
The human, the Divine—
Who liv'd to teach us how to live—
The Prince of Judah's line.

11 The mighty sympathy of Christ
Reach'd every human life,
Thrill'd from the Cross of Calvary
With wondrous meaning rife.

12 It touch'd us from the manger-bed,
Where wise men knelt in awe
Before the fairest baby-form
That mortals ever saw.

13 It touch'd us from the stormy wave
Where Peter's faith grew dim;
He show'd that we could walk unharm'd,
If we would walk with Him.

14 It touch'd us from Mount Olive's brow,
And from that Garden's shade,
Where flow'rs shrank back to see their God
By a lip's touch betrayed.

15 And many a lip has kissed to death
The best of earth since then—
The brightest pearls of womanhood,
The truest, noblest men.

16 The earth is waiting pliant now
For some remoulding touch;
What master voice shall teach us right,
Who teaching need so much?

17 Young men, the cry appeals to you,
Because your hands are strong,
Because your hearts in God are firm;
Why wait ye then so long?

18 Parents, the voice appeals to you,
To whom so much is given;
Ye hold within your hearts and hands
The power to mould for Heaven.

19 It lies with you to give to God
This fair earth bright and strong
And pure as when the morning stars
Woke their exultant song;

20 And woman, your quick sense must heed
The sounds that thrill you so;
No other hearts like yours can bleed,
No lives such anguish know.

21 And when earth's King, in clouds and fire,
Shall come to claim His throne,
The life whose touch was truest here,
Shall quickest touch His own.

MRS. J. C. FIELD.
In "Gems of Poetry."
Igo, Shasta Co., Cal. 1884.

WHAT THE MUSIC SAID.

CHOPIN'S NOCTURNE IN B FLAT MINOR. OP. XV. 3.

1 I mourn my vanished years!
Oft in the twilight, when the summer air
Is full of fragrance rare,
And dew drops fall, like tears,
I sit and dream of the twilights long ago,
When not alone I sate,
When, not unblessed of fate,
The softly drooping dew, the unseen flowers,
Breathing sweet odors after summer showers,
Only of gladness spoke, and not of woe.

2 The love I lost, the love I might have had,
The love I might have given,
Like angels stand around me, silent, sad,
Grieving for one shut out from heaven.
Lifting their drooping wings, these float apart;
But others round me throng;
The sorrowing ones I might have comforted
With pitying tears I never shed;
The weak and faint of heart
My loving sympathy had rendered strong;
The fears I might have stilled;
The hopes that perished unfulfilled;
High aspirations cherished and betrayed;

Kindnesses planned and then delayed
In carelessness, or else postponed too long;
These hover round me, sad and silent too,
All good I might have done, all good I did not do.

3 O shadows of the Past, that might have been
The Present, will ye never me forsake?
Can vain regret but make
Your haunting wings more clearly seen,
Your mute reproach more potent? Can I be,
Never again, the gladsome child of yore,
The youth so full of hope and glee,
The strong man glorying in conscious power?
Is life so nearly past, with all its dower,
That Love and Joy return to me no more?
Your pitying eyes and dumb lips answer me:
"No more, alas! no more."

4 What can I hold, of all that I have now?
What still is mine of good beneath the sun?
Even while I grasped at Pleasure, she was fled;
My hands were empty as the child's that hold,
Crushed in their clasp, a moth with shining wings—
The fingers open, dusty with the gold,
Where is the treasure? Lo! a shapeless thing,
Its little life exhaled, its beauty dead.
Chasing our moths, the summer day we spend;
Worn with pursuit, we win the race at last,
To find our goal is nothing but the end,—
The end, and nothing more,—and life is past.

5 Soon kindly hands these hands of mine shall fold,
As still as stone, upon a breast as cold;
O haunting hopes and shadows of unrest,
Will ye beset me still,
Or in that silence shall I find relief?
Endless existence as a living Will,
With deathless memory, unavailing grief,—
Or, closing up the path we tread no more,
And breaking in the fog upon the shore,
Oblivion's dark waters,—which were best?
I hear the reapers singing on the heights,
Joyous, though weary, for their toil is o'er;
Do sheaves remain for gleaners, even yet?
Too late! Life's day is over. Lo! the night's
Dark shadows close around me, and regret
Shall deepen to remorse, forevermore.

6 And yet it was not in my heart to sow
Ill seeds, nor yet to live a selfish life;
Only I lacked the stern resolve, to throw
Man's fullest energy into the strife.
Nor lacked alone the earnest will,
Perhaps as well the kindly thought,
Which leads some gentle souls unconsciously to fill
Life with sweet charities and noble deeds.
Now, like a garden full of barren weeds,
My heart lies desolate; I know
That ill is wrought
By not intending good, through weakness of the will.

7 Still do ye haunt me, Spirits of the Past;
But now your gentle sighings seem to say:
"We come as friends, and not as enemies;
Accept our warnings, and, though late, arise!
Do one right act, even if it be thy last.
No longer tarry, when thy Lord says, Come
Into the vineyard? Leave to Him thy pay;
Assured that in the world's great Harvest Home,
The Master's dealings shall be seen aright;
And, though thy life has been a cloudy day,
Perchance at evening time there shall be light."

ESTHER THORNE.

MAXIMUS.

1 I hold him great, who, for love's sake,
Can give with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake
I think I hold more generous still.

2 I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven
Who bears that burden well and lives.

3 It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.

4 Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose luster is not less.

5 Great may be he who can command
And rule with just and tender sway;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

6 Blesséd are they who die for God
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in his sight.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

THE OLD STORY.

1 Alas for the head with the crown of gold!
The tempter came as he came of old.
Alas for the heart that was glad and light!
Alas for the soul that was pure and white!

2 Censure who may—condemn who must;
It was perfect faith—it was utter trust
That asked her promise; nor pledge nor sign.
He was hers—she was his by law divine.

3 He was lifted up; he was set apart;
He filled her thoughts; he filled her heart;
She called him great; she believed him true,
As women will, as women do.

4 Oh! to betray such tender trust!
(God will repay, and He is just)—
Through wrong and ill she loves him still,
As women do, as women will.

5 Giving little and taking much,
Fickle and false—there are many such—
Selfish and cruel!—you know the rest—
He broke the heart that loved him best.

MARY F. TUCKER.
In "Chicago Herald."

Mrs. Amelia Opie.

Amelia Alderson was born at Norwich December, 12, 1769. Her father was a physician. In May, 1798, she married Mr. Opie, a celebrated artist, who died in 1807. Mrs. Opie returned to Norwich to reside with her father, until his death, after which she became a Quakeress. She had hitherto published several successful works of fiction and poems, but after this change her writings were more serious. She spent much of her time in visiting the sick and poor. She died December, 2, 1853.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

1 Above, lo! cloud to cloud succeeds;
Below, the waves in surges roll,
Bounding and white, as Grecian steeds
That bore their monarch to the goal.

2 Now his swift wings the sea-bird lowers,
For well he reads the angry skies;
And ere the storm its fury pours,
For shelter to the rock he flies.

3 Bird of the wave, when dangers threat,
When life looks dark, and all is drear,
Should deep remorse and vain regret
Rouse in my heart desponding fear,

4 May I for shelter seek, like thee—
Shelter which can all fears remove,
And to my Rock of refuge flee—
A dying Saviour's pardoning love.

5 Such wanderers, Lord, from things impure
Let Thy awakening Spirit call;
By hope of smiling mercy lure
By fear of frowning wrath appall.

6 For though the missioned wanderer go
O'er desert wilds and trackless tides,
To regions of eternal snow,
Or wheresoever man abides—

7 More dangerous, wretched, rugged, wide,
The best, the brightest path must be
Of him, allur'd from virtue's side,
Who wanders, gracious God, from Thee.

AMELIA OPIE.

AT EVENING.

1 When last night's sun went down,
O'er wood and field and town,
A mantle full of quivering, rosy light;
The darting birds made glad the airy height;
Along the crystal sky,
Cloud-banners floated high,
Crimson and gold against the tender blue;
And where, 'mid jewels piled,
Day, passing, paused and smiled,
With keen, bright, trembling ray, one star shone through.
Watching on every side,
"Oh! stay!" the children cried;
"Sweet glory, leave us not to shadowy night!"

2 But even while they spoke,
A purer radiance broke;
Across the rose-bloom fell a snow-white ray.
The moon passed up the shining heavenly way.
Serene and fair and still,
She looked on vale and hill;
The earth grew calm before her angel face,
Veiled with a silver mist,
In tender amethyst;
The sky seemed hushed to watch her silent grace.
So, all the solemn night,
She blessed the world with light,
Till, with fresh roses, dawned another day.

3 Ah! many an earthly sun
Goes down when joy is done,
Leaving its trail along the flushing skies,
In dying bloom, before our longing eyes.
"Fairer than e'er before,"
We cry, when day is o'er;
"Oh! linger with us yet, dear passing glory!"
Yet, let the brightness fade,
If through the deepening shade,
God's blessing gleam athwart our graver story;
His moonlight calm and still,
His strong and tender will,
Shall make our shadows sweet till morning rise.

ALICE M. EDDY.
Detroit, Mich. 1883.

"LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAY, EVEN UNTO THE END OF THE WORLD."

1 Lo! I am with you, when the world
Hath grieved thy trusting heart,
And thy pure efforts are condemned
And thou rejected art.
When foes are near, and hope expires,
And friends are cold and few,
Remember the despised of men;
Lo! I am there with you.

2 And in the hour of chastened mirth
And innocent delight,
When every care is lulled to rest
'Mid cheering visions bright;
When ye exult with hearts of joy,
In gentle friendship true,
And loving smiles and words abound,
Lo! I am then with you.

3 And in the dreary hour of woe,
When happiness has fled,
When some beloved and gentle form
Lies pale and cold and dead;
When thy once glad and smiling home
Resounds with grief and care,
And every joy seems crushed in tears,
Lo! I am with you there.

4 And in the sad and erring hour
When passion wild may reign,
And thou from some forbidden sin
Alas! may not refrain;
Ah! when 'mid dark, unhallowed paths,
Thy Saviour is forgot,
And thou griev'st Him who died to save,
E'en then I leave you not.

5 And when the years, the sober years,
Of feeble age draw nigh,
And a faint mist is gathering fast
O'er earth and sea and sky;
When soon the silver cord may loose,
The golden bowl may break;
When fears arise and cares dismay,
Lo! I do not forsake.

6 And in that last and solemn hour
When icy death is near,
When the immortal soul must quit
Its earthly temple here;
When darker, darker is the light,
More faint the voice of friend,
Lo! I am there to soothe and bless,
I'm with you to the end.

MARY CUTTS.

Caroline Dana Howe.

From a series of sketches of "Portland Poets," published in the "Transcript" of that city, we gather that Caroline Dana Howe was born in Fryeburg, Me., but having since infancy lived in Portland, the birthplace of Longfellow and Willis, of Neal and Mellen, this home of the poets may well claim her as its own. A large number of her songs have been set to music, for which they are admirably adapted, and are to be found in sheet music and in church collections.

The not uncommon fate of lyrical writers has been her's, for her celebrated song, "Leaf by Leaf the Roses fall," has been claimed and used by several different authors, until now, the publishers have appended her name to all latest editions.

She is also well known as a writer of short serial stories, juvenile sketches, essays, &c., and the Mass. Sunday School Society has published a book of about 200 pages of her's, carried successfully through several editions.

Mrs Howe's poems have a dignity and purity, united with a depth of thought and feeling, that commend them at once to all readers of cultivated literary taste; and it may be said with truth, that no living writer in her native State is more favorably known in the department of song, than Mrs Caroline Dana Howe.

Her songs have been gathered into at least twenty-six collections.

THE ONE LIFE.

"And India's mystics sang aright
Of the One Life pervading all."

Thine are the rivers: Thine, O God, the power
That bids them bear their waters to the sea;
No cloud is mirrored there at morning hour,
No wave uplifts its surging anthem free,
Until the great command is heard from Thee.

2 Thine are the mountains. To the thunders nigh,
Sounding their echo through the length of days,
Unawed they stand, like giants towering high,
In monumental state to speak Thy praise,
Unshaken still, though lightnings are ablaze.

3 Thine are the forests, circling mile on mile,
Where labyrinthine paths untrodden wind,
Until our souls, all doubts to reconcile,
Turn from these widening realms to Thee, to find
The mighty purpose of Thy mightier mind.

4 Thine are all worlds, and Thine all realms of space,
Whereon the stars mark out their shining course;
Whate'er the sunlight clasps in its embrace,
Bears impress of the Love, whose tender force
Kindles the soul and traces out its source.

5 Thine are the heavens; the wondrous arch of blue
Up which the monarch sun shall proudly climb,
And Thine the clouds of gold and purple hue,
With planets laughing at the march of Time,
And shadowing forth Thy mysteries sublime.

6 Thine are our souls! Our beings blend with Thine,
Upreaching toward Thee through these longings high,
Stamped with Thy seal, and bearing countersign
Of that One Life in us, that grows divine,
By Love illumed, as we to Thee draw nigh.

CAROLINE DANA HOWE.

Portland, Me., 1885.

NATIVE WORTH.

FOR AN ALBUM.

As sunlight warms the darkened room,
As petalled cups drink crystal dew;
So hearts will turn to native worth,
On which to build a friendship true.

CASSIE ST. GEORGE.

I WOULD NEVER KNEEL.

1 I would never kneel at a gilded shrine,
To worship the idol gold;
I would never fetter this heart of mine,
As a thing for fortune sold.

2 There are haughty steps that would walk the globe
O'er necks of humbler ones;
I would scorn to bow to their jewelled robe,
Or the beam of their coin-lit suns.

3 But I'd bow to the light that God has given,
The nobler light of mind,
The only light, save that of Heaven,
That should free-will homage find.

SARAH LOUISE P. SMITH.

Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson,

Whose maiden name was Wheeler, and who was termed "The Forest Minstrel," was born at Middletown, Conn. Her parents were educated, refined and pious, and allowed their daughter every facility for culture that those days afforded.

Her poetical tastes were fondly encouraged by her father who was himself passionately fond of poetry, flowers, music, and all that makes life beautiful. Some of her earliest recollections are of singing her own rhymes to wild little airs of her own extemporaneous composition. When she was sixteen years old her family moved to Canandaigua, N. Y., where she married a year or two later, and soon made her home at what is now Liberty, Tioga Co., Pa., where she endured the hardships of pioneer life. For a long time her dwelling was a log cabin, five miles from any human habitation, and twenty miles from a store or church. But like a caged bird she poured out her soul in song, and to use her own words,—"converse with poetry, wild flowers and birds, was nearly all that made life bearable." About this time there was, in a portion of the State where it was more thickly peopled, much agitation about promoting the cause of education. A powerful production in verse, on this topic, appeared in one of the most widely circulated papers of the day. Judge Lewis, a distinguished and able jurist, made inquiries as to the writer. Learning of her pecuniary condition, he soon enlisted Thaddeus Stevens, then a wealthy bachelor and already quite an eminent statesman in the House of Representatives, who ordered the finest farm in that section to be purchased for her, she herself selecting it upon his earnest solicitation by letter through the Judge, neither of whom had seen her, and she was soon settled in the comfortable home she so richly deserved. (Would there were more of the benevolent Thaddeus Stevens' in the present day. In 1845 she published a volume of poems called "Forest Leaves," and soon another—"The Forest Minstrel." She used to be a constant contributor to "Graham's Magazine." She wrote from the heart, with an intensity of feeling and strength of expression which show that she had suffered much. Those who are informed say that she was disciplined in the school of sorrow, many of her pieces having been written at midnight with a weary hand and yet more weary heart.

SING ON.

"Sing on!—You will win the wreath of Fame: if not in life, it will bloom gloriously over your tomb."—*Friendly Correspondence.*

'T is not for Fame: I know I may not win
A wreath from high Parnassus, for my name
Is written on the page of humble life,
From which the awarders of the laurel wreath
Avert their eyes with scorning.
I have felt
The mildew of affliction, the last wind
Of withering contempt, the pelting storms
Of care, and toil, and bitterness and woe,
In almost every form. I too have known
The darkness of bereavement, and keen pangs
Which woman may not utter, though her heart
Consume amid their fierceness, and her brain
Burn to a living cinder; though the wound
Which is so hard to bear, lie festering deep
Within her outraged spirit; though her sighs
Disturb the quiet of the blesséd night,
While the sweet dews cool and soothe the fever'd
breast
Of every other mourner; though she pour
The flood of life's sweet fountain out in tears
Along her desert pathway; while the blooms
Of health, and hope, and joy, that should have fed
Upon its gushing waters and rich dew,
Lie withered in her bosom, breathing forth
The odors of a crush'd and wasted heart,
That cannot hope for soothing or redress,
Save in the quiet bosom of the grave,
And in the heaven beyond.
'T is not for Fame
That I awaken with my simple lay
The echoes of the forest. I but sing
As sings the bird, that pours her native strain,
Because her soul is made of melody;
And lingering in the bowers, her warblings seem
To gather round her all the tuneful forms,
Whose bright wings shook rich incense from the
flowers,
And balmy verdure of the sweet young spring,
O'er which the glad day shed his brightest smile,
And night her purest tears. I do not sing
Like that sad bird, who in her loneliness
Pours out in song the treasures of her soul,
Which else would burst her bosom, which has naught
On which to lavish the warm streams that gush
Up from her trembling heart, and pours them forth
Upon the sighing winds in fitful strains.
Perchance one pensive spirit loves the song,
And lingers in the twilight near the wood
To list her plaintive sonnet, which unlocks
The sealed fountain of a hidden grief.
That pensive listener, or some playful child,
May miss the lone bird's song, what time her wings
Are folded in the calm and silent sleep,
Above her broken heart. Then, though they weep
In her deserted bower, and hang rich wreaths
Of ever-living flowers upon her grave,
What will it profit her who would have slept
As deep and sweet without them?
Oh! how vain
With promised garlands for the sepulchre,
To think to cheer the soul, whose daily prayer
Is but for bread and peace! Whose trembling hopes
For immortality ask one green leaf
From off the healing trees that grow beside
The pure bright river of Eternal Life.

LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

OPINIONS.

1 Inside a window, by a public way,
A little diamond lay exposed to view;
Its rays were small, but its light was true,
Few saw it as they hurried by that day.

2 One, looking, cried: "Oh! what a brilliant gem!
No fairer one is there in all the land!
See how it flashes out on every hand!
'T is fit to deck a royal diadem!"

3 "A gem no doubt," another said, "but small;
And roughly cut. Its setting, too, is poor.
Then see where it is kept—a third-class store!
Don't look at it; it cannot please at all."

4 "Mere paste!" a third remarked, with careless glance,
"The world is full of such. Their mocking glare
Meets us on every hand. Diamonds are rare.
To think all true displays great ignorance."

5 "How lovely!" said a fourth. "What may this be?
I am not wise in gem and treasure lore,
This may be true or false. I know no more
Than that it is a pleasant thing to see."

6 The little diamond, with a steady light,
Beamed from its cushion all that sunny day;
No bitter comment dimmed a single ray;
No flattering words brought out a gleam more bright.

7 O heart of mine—I said—can you not read
A needed lesson, though in senseless stone?
Leap not at praise. Sink not at censure's tone.
Words cannot change your worth. Why give them heed?

LAURA GARLAND CARR, 1882

Miss Rand,

Who was the daughter of a well-known teacher of penmanship in Philadelphia years ago, was born in that city in 1824. When only eight years old she began to prove her love for poetry, and her embryo talent for writing it. At the age of fourteen, some of her verses were published in "The Young People's Book" edited by John Frost. In after years she contributed able articles to the popular periodicals of that day, which were pronounced tender and poetical in feeling and expression. She died at Grahamville, South Carolina, in 1849.

SYMPATHY.

1 Hide not thy secret grief
In the dark chambers of the soul,
Where sombre thoughts and fancies roll,
Bringing thee no relief.
Gloomy and cold the spirit grows,
While brooding over fancied woes!
The lightest care while yet concealed,
Lies like a mountain on the breast;
The heaviest grief, when once revealed,
Is lulled by sympathy to rest.

2 Relieve a bursting heart,
And pour into some loving ear
Each bitter thought, each chilling fear;
How soon will all depart!
And words of love like healing balm,
Will gently soothe and sweetly calm,
Till reason's almost fading ray
Resumes its firm and wonted sway,
And though thy burden be not less,
Thou wilt not still be comfortless.

3 Hast thou no human friend
To whom in hours like these to turn
When thine o'erburdened soul will yearn
Its bitterness to end?
Oh! still despair not—there is One
To whom sad hearts have often gone—
Though rich the gifts for which they pray,
None ever came unblest away:
Then though all earthly ties be riven,
Smile, for thou hast a friend in heaven.

MARION H. RAND.

VICTOR HUGO,
OR
MONARCH 'MONGST THE LIVING.

1 They tell us Victor Hugo's dead. How can it be?
His toiling, loving, suffering, sympathizing self he gave away
To France, the world, to you and me.

2 Victor Hugo dead! How can it be, the world is full of him;
'T was but his bones a million sorrowing, loving hearts,
In solid phalanx, followed to the grave and dropped their tears upon.

3 There is no home so high or low or tightly closed
He may not open wide the door and give the thought
That fires the brain by quickened sense.
By subtle force of mighty men,
Who learn the power to wield the pen,
Proclaiming, toil from morn till night
Brings with it genius and its might.
His works proclaim him monarch 'mongst the living dead,
And here within our very midst his spirit is.

SARAH WILDER PRATT
Chicago, July, 1885

HANDS,
OR
HUMAN AGENCIES.

1 Hands I've clasped along life's journey,
Loving hands and true;
Of life's fullest, richest treasures
Much I owe to you.

2 Loving hands whose touches thrill me
When my own they grasp,
Bearing pledge of truth and friendship
In their warm, firm clasp.

3 Gentle hands that from my forehead
Drove the mad'ning pain,
Brushed away the tears of sorrow,
Bringing peace again.

4 Little hands, brown, dimpled fingers,
That in Summer hours
From the hills, the fields, the woodlands
Brought me sweet wild flowers.

5 Years have passed, and some lie folded
In that last long rest;
Turned to clay, once warm and thrilling,
As mine own they pressed.

6 Some to other palms are clinging;
Some I clasped of old,
Tho' life's warm tide through them course
To me have grown cold.

7 In the fondest and the truest
Of all hands I pressed,
Mine own palm through all the future
Trustfully shall rest.

8 Hands I've clasped along life's journey,
Through the roar and din
Of the world's broad field of battle,
Lead me on to win!

MINA B. SPEAR,
In "Gems of Poetry."
Dell Rapids, Dakota, 1884.

THE UNFINISHED CATHEDRAL.

1 Trace the foundations, see how vast the plan
For this cathedral! Here the transept ran,
And yonder stretched the nave. It might have been
As grand a structure as the world has seen,
If the sublime ideal in the thought
Of its first architects had been outwrought
By patient after-ages. See, the choir
Was built, scarce dwarfed from that first high desire.
Lo! where it stands the city's heritage!
From earnest spirits of that earlier age!

2 But when zeal cooled, and faith and hope decayed;
Within the hallowed ground intruded trade;
Grew noisy streets, where sacred aisles were traced,
And markets sprang among the towers ungraced.
Yet here and there, amid the bustling streets,
A hint of what was meant to be, one meets:
A column's base, a flight of steps, a stone,
A bit of wall, a buttress ivy-grown;
Like surpliced choir boys, lost amid the crowd
Of motley revelers, profane and loud.

3 Ah! soul that mourn'st this wreck of aspiration,
Hast thou lived up to thy self-dedication?
Hath greedy Mammon built no noisy mart
Within the sacred places of thy heart?
Hath selfishness nor folly come to dwell
Where God's house beautiful was planned so well?
Recall thy aims; see what foundations lay
Where mean and sordid buildings stand to-day;
What fair ideals of a noble life
Have shrunk and vanished in the world's low strife.

4 This fair Italian town will never chase
The money-changers from her holy place,
Nor re-assert her first resolve to raise
A glorious house for endless prayer and praise.
The busy shops and squalid hovels still
Will crowd upon her consecrated hill.
Enchained by them, no will is left, or power
To build cathedral walls and lofty tower,
Or on pure altars light the sacred fires,
Or lift to Heaven the beauty of her spires.

5 And can the soul arise and build anew
By those great plans her holier longings drew?
Can she drive forth beyond her sacred gate
The vain, intruding world, unconsecrate?
Will wakening zeal avail, alas! so late,
The soil profaned, anew to dedicate,
All the once hoped-for structure to complete
In faultless beauty? Ah! the years are fleet
And youth is spent. O Saviour Christ, reclaim
Thy temple for the honor of Thy name!

MARY E. ATKINSON,
Saugatuck, Conn., 1883.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

If God sees best, I ask it not
By word of mouth. My heart breathes out
Its wish to Him who knows it well.
The longing is so full of bliss,
That if he granted it, I fear
'T would make a heaven on earth for me;
And so I leave it all unsaid,
Just asking Him to give me still
What He thinks best of joy or grief;
Then, if He grants me this, I know
He will take care that it brings not
The sin of caring less for Him,
Of loving earth so much that I
Yearn not to live with Him on high.

NELLIE G. RICE.
Belvidere, Ill., 1878.

GOD KEEP US ALL FROM ENVY.

1 "God keep us all from envy!" thus he prayed,
A gray-haired saint, long since to glory gone,
Whose earthly life knew more of sun than shade,
Since in his heart the love of heaven shone.

2 He knew not riches, for he burdens bore
That bade him plod along in barren ways;
He was not poor, since full and running o'er
Did peace fill up the measure of his days.

3 He had no gold, nor gear, nor acres broad,
Nor sweet-breathed cattle, nor spice-laden fleets;
Nor sat he crowned and dowered like a god,
With brimming beaker cooling savory meats.

4 But when he spake the greatest paused to hear,
And as he walked the loftiest head was bowed;
The little children ran as he drew near,
And clapped their little hands, and laughed aloud.

5 And when he died, around his lowly bier
The proudest did him reverence; who died
To show how great a thing is godly fear,
To show how mean a thing is human pride.

6 For there, calm-browed and lips wreathed with smiles,
He lay, who had borne sorrows with such grace
That beauty came, that had withdrawn erst-while,
And shed an awesome glory o'er his face.

7 So that men said, above the beauteous clay,
"It is the ransomed spirit hovering o'er,
To cast a passing radiance ere away
On joyous pinions it shall upward soar."

8 God keep us all from envy! so they say
Who love all beauteous things below, above!
God keep us all from envy! thus we pray;
We know that "Love is heaven, and heaven is love!"

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

GOD'S ANGELS.

When a slave's child lay dying, parched with thirst,
Till o'er the arid waste a fountain burst:
When Abraham's mournful hand upheld the knife
To smite the silver cord of Isaac's life;
When faithful Peter in his prison slept;
When lions to the feet of Daniel crept;
When the tried three walked through the furnace glare,
Believing God was with them even there;
When to Bethesda's sunrise-smitten wave
Poor trembling cripples crawled, their limbs to lave;
In all the various forms of human trial,
Brimming that cup, filled from a bitter vial,
Which e'en the suffering Christ, with fainting cry,
Under God's will, had shudderingly past by—
To hunger, pain, and thirst, and human dread,
Imprisonment, sharp sorrow for the dead,
Deformed contractions, burdensome disease,
Humbling and fleshly ills; to all of these
The shining messengers of comfort came,
God's angels, healing in God's holy name.
And when the crowning pity sent to earth
The Man of Sorrows, in mysterious birth,
And the angelic tones with one accord
Made loving chorus to proclaim the Lord,
Was Isaac's guardian there, and He who gave
Hagar the sight of that cool gushing wave?
Did the defender of the youthful three,
And Peter's usher, join that psalmody,
With Him who at the dawn made healing sure,
Troubling the waters with a fresh'ning cure?
And those, the elect, to whom the task was given
To offer solace to the Son of Heaven,
When—mortal tremors by the Immortal felt—
Pale, 'neath the Syrian olives Jesus knelt
Alone, with God's compassion and His pain!
* * * * * * * *
All that our wisdom knows, or ever can,
Is this, that God hath pity upon man;
And where His Spirit shines in holy writ,
The great word Comforter, comes after it.

THE HON. MRS. NORTON
London, England.

MAY DAY 1884.

This little gem of poetry is pronounced by good critics to be the best of all the May day poems of 1884

1 Exultant as a bird
Whose first spring note is heard
Melodiously sweet,
I shun the busy street
To revel 'mid the springing
Of buds and blossoms, flinging
Refreshing odors round,
With fragrance from the ground.

2 O resurrected friends,
My grateful homage bends
In wondrous love and awe,
For Nature's vigorous law,
Running through sun and rain,
Calls back my flowers again,
Lily's cream and violet's blue,
The rose-blush, sweet and new.

3 I lovingly caress
And call them friend, who bless
And tell me stories sweet;
And oft with reverent feet
Glide flowery paths adown,
Thinking of flower-gemmed crown
Our darlings gone before
Wear,—fadeless evermore.

4 May brings us birds and bloom,
Gone winter's grey, dim gloom,
Earth-tombs asunder burst
Dry seeds and bulbs athirst
Towards light and life come forth
In the Southland and the North;
Exult, O soul of mine
In sweetest faith sublime.

CARRIE L. INST.

THE SUMMER NIGHT.

1 The night is here, the peaceful summer night,
Of lulling waves and soft entrancing rays,
When mortals lift unto the Source of Light
Their weary hearts surcharged with prayer and praise.

2 The night has come! the "calm, still, holy night,"
When soothed to rest the day's engrossing sounds,
When households have their seasons of delight,
And friends unite on Love's enchanted grounds.

3 The night has come! the air is full of balm,
Like that which came from Eden's spicy grove,
Ah! woe to those whose hearts know not the calm,
Of pray'rful thoughts infused by grace and love.

4 The night has come! O ye whose feet astray
Have found the paths that lead unto despair,
'Mid scenes that tempt the careless and the gay,
Is there no voice to call a mother's prayer?

5 The night has come! Return, O wand'rer, home,
To kneel repentant by that mother's side,
And lift your eyes to heaven's starry dome,
To pray to God for strength and grace to guide.

6 The night has come! Ah! with its welcome hush,
How many hearts unite in song and pray'r,
Which opes the way for mem'ry's mighty rush
To enter in and wake the echoes there.

7 The night has come! Oh! may existence close
Like unto thee, thou calm, sweet summer night;
May peaceful hours attend my last repose,
And blend into the perfect morning light.

HELEN A. RAINS.

A SUNSET PROPHECY.

"Jerusalem the Golden!
I languish for one gleam
Of all thy beauty, folden
In distance and in dream.
My thoughts like palms in exile,
Climb up to look and pray
For a glimpse of that dear country
That lies so far away!"

Up to my window thrills the fresh young voice.
I drag me from my bed of pain,
Where through the heartless sheen of sunny hours
I and my old, old grief have lain.
All the heat has passed from the western sky—
(Pale-green, and barred with sunset glow)—
'Mid the burnished leaves of the maple-boughs
A girl swings lightly to and fro.

"Jerusalem the Golden!
When sunset's in the West,
It seems the gate of glory,
Thou city of the blest!"

Ah! but the way is long, the gate is high,
The shining stair is hard to win;
Glory is there—my load of care is here,
Present my sorrow. Is it sin
That voices spent with weeping cannot shout?
Remember, Lord, the finger laid
Upon Thy garment's hem, and turn to me
With—"Daughter! peace! be not afraid!"

"Jerusalem the Golden!
Where loftily they sing,
O'er pain and sorrow olden,
Forever triumphing!"

I think, were I this very hour to stand
In that dear land, unbound and free,
I should not even hear the echoing psalms
That tell the singers' mastery.
With sacred hands crossed, with tired lids folded down
On eyes that could know tears no more,
I'd lie—a battered shallop, moored at last,
In some calm inlet of the Shore.

"Jerusalem the Golden!
There all our birds that flew,
Our flowers are half-unfolden,
Our pearls that turned to dew!"

Our birds, that fled from frost and bitter skies;
Our buds, that perished on the stalk;
Dew-pearls, that slid between our careful hands,
And wasted on Life's dusty walk!
We weep, by day, the priceless, scattered gems,
In deathless love, our withered flowers,
And for the vanished songsters of our homes,
Mourn sore in midnight's silent hours.

"Jerusalem the Golden!
I toil on, day by day;
Heart-sore each night with longing
I stretch my hands and pray
That 'midst thy leaves of healing
My soul may find her nest
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
The weary are at rest!"

How long? how long, O Healer! Thou dost know
It is not in me to "hold still"
In meekness, like Thy saintly ones to wait
Th' unfolding of Thy gracious will.
Yet, weak and restless, with blurred eyes I gaze
Upward to Thine, and kiss the rod
Which shows my chastened soul the steps that lead
O'er heights Thy blessèd feet have trod.

Still swings the girl 'mid scarlet maple-leaves,
And chants her sunset prophecy.
Sun-gleam and blossom, tree and singing-bird,
Rapture to her, and soothing unto me.
Down steadfast lines of light, set ladder-wise,
To both, God's viewless angels come;
"Jerusalem the Golden!" still she sings,
And I—"Jerusalem my Home!"

MARION HARLAND.
In "Sunday Magazine."

ON THE HEIGHTS.

1 To-night in the purple twilight,
As I folded my hands to rest,
The care and fret of the work-day
Have died all out of my breast,
As the royal splendor of sunset
Is dying out of the West.

2 I seem in the softened gloaming
To stand on a breezy height,
Below lie the vales of Habit,
And the fields of the daily fight,
Where the men on their arms are sleeping,
In the evening's dreamy light.

3 From the Heights of Life, how distant
Are the plains of Every-day;
How the cares and hopes are shrunken
That fill up the weary way;
How the joys lose their thrill of transport
And the terrors their dismay.

4 On the Heights we are near to heaven;
It is far from the plains below;
So far it is dim and hazy,
And loses its glory and glow,
Until a mirage we deem it,
Between the Above and Below.

5 But if once to the Heights we've risen,
And breathed their inspiring air,
It is easier then to battle
In the depths with doubt and care;
Though gone is the beautiful vision—
To recall it, is a prayer.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD, 1863.

THE SINGER'S APOLOGY.

1 If I may not, like the skylark,
Soar with glorious bursts of song;
Nor, like pensive nightingale,
Strains most ravishing prolong;

2 Nor, a little timid linnet,
Sweetly gush in hawthorn-tree;
If a warbler to entrance you
I may never, never be;

3 If to wake the distant echoes
I have two notes,—or but one,—
Be it murmuring dove's or cuckoo's,—
With full soul I will sing on.

4 God has room for all His creatures,
And the varied tone of each
Fills the air with richer music
Than the single silv'rest speech.

5 Monotones may be full royal;
Monotones the heart can move;
And the note I'd sing in dying
Is the golden note of Love.

6 Mother-love,—of all most tender,
Never dying, ever free;
Lover's love,—the most ecstatic;
Filial love,—so sweet to me;

7 Love of angels hovering o'er us,—
Guiding, guarding us from harm;
Father-love,—the great All-Father's,
Filling us with heavenly calm!

8 Souls distraught by angry voices,
Faint with toil, and care-opprest,
Loves of Earth, or loves of Heaven,
Softly sung, may give you rest.

9 Love shall bring surcease of sorrow,
Heal the wounds of man's untruth;
Love shall sing of brighter morrow,
Or recall the days of Youth,—
Ring the silver bells of youth!

MARIA S. HOLYOKE.

GETHSEMANE.

1 In golden youth, when seems the earth
A summer land for singing mirth,
When souls are glad and hearts are light,
And not a shadow lurks in sight,
Somewhere veiled under evening skies,
A garden all must sometime see,
Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
Somewhere his own Gethsemane.

2 With joyous steps we go our ways,
Love lends a halo to the days,
Light sorrows sail like clouds afar,
We laugh and say how strong we are
We hurry on, and hurrying go
Close to the border land of woe
That waits for you and waits for me,
Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
Forever waits Gethsemane.

3 Down shadowed lanes, across strange streams
Bridged over by our broken dreams,
Behind the misty cape of years,
Close to the great salt fount of tears,
The garden lies; strive as you may
You cannot miss it in your way.
All paths that have been or shall be,
Pass somewhere through Gethsemane!

4 All those who journey, soon or late
Must pass within the garden's gate;
Must kneel alone in darkness there
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who cannot say—
"Not mine, but Thine;" who only pray,
"Let this cup pass," and cannot see
The purpose in Gethsemane.
Gethsemane, Gethsemane,
God help us through Gethsemane.

ELLA WHEELER.

THE STORM KING'S LESSON.

1 Orchards bloomed gaily with promise,
Nature seemed laughing right out,
When peach tree and plum shook their censers,
Flinging sweetness and odor about.

2 We looked, and behold the blossoms,
Pink with the white and the red,
Lay strewn all soiled and shrivelled,
All their beauty and fragrance dead.

3 Night had brought storm and slaughter,
While pitiless hailstones fell,
And the wind made wreck of the petals;
Ah! how could we help but rebel?

4 What waste of fair things; we murmured,
Scarce daring to think it was true,
That the tender young fruit had perished
Past sunbeams' power to renew.

5 Rude storm! it unravelled the fringes
That gracefully swung from the oak,
And nicely notched leaves of the elm tree
From lightest limbs fiercely broke.

6 All reckless of life that was human,
The Storm King flew, beating his way
Like two-edged swords, cutting keenly
In the strength and force of its play.

7 But sun rays came, cheerily warming
Our faith so frozen and cold,
And we sought an early assurance
That the fierce-winged robber so bold

8 Had left unharmed the dear babies
Of plum tree, cherry and peach;
Yes, Nature, with kindliest wrapping,
Warm blankets hast thrown over each.

9 Oh! precious and wise are thy lessons;
We know our sweet blossoms must fall,
But the robe of a Saviour's completeness
Will cover and shelter them all.

CARRIE L. POST.
Springfield, Ill., April 26, 1880.

UNDERTONES.

1 I hear earth's master-songs, sublimely sweet:
The morning larks, to unknown glories springing,
Pour out upon the twilight world below
The vision of their eyes in raptured singing;
And nightingales, in moon-enchanted groves,
Wide to the night their passioned hearts are flinging.

2 Yet sparrow-songs along the wayside path,
Whose simple notes small outward grace can borrow,
Bring also sunlit messages from heaven,
And weary passers, burdened with the morrow,
Glean from the joyful accents hope and cheer,
And half forget the heavy care and sorrow.

3 I know the world is full of vivid bloom,—
That purple passion-flowers with mystic story
Mount ever towards the sky; that roses burn
Red with the glow of Love's swift oratory,
And tall white lilies stand up in the sun
Pale prophets in the strength of stainless glory.

4 But are no violets clasped with tender hands
Where gold and ruby cups the tulip raises?
When all the June-kissed roses light the earth
Is there no room for buttercups and daisies?
May God not hearken 'mid the grander notes
To hear the wood-anemone's low praises?

5 Oh! grant another brown bird leave to sing!
Although no azure flight of tireless winging
Uplift the notes nor darkness wrap them round,
Its deeper tones of grief-born sweetness bringing;
Springtime and Morning may not hide their joy.
How shall I still my eager heart from singing?

6 I pray you, friendly ones, for room to grow,
Though small the beauty there may be for showing
And if no simple child or burdened soul
May find the floweret fair beyond my knowing,
Perchance the Lord who planteth every seed
May smile to see the folded blossoms growing.

MINNIE D. BATEHAM.
Painesville, O. 1884.

VEILED.

1 Our fragile hearts would break with joy
If we should gain a glimpse of Heaven—
We could not linger at our tasks;
We could not wait to be forgiven.

2 If we could know each dear surprise
Which God is keeping, day by day,
How could we bear earth's sullen gloom?
How could we tread our rugged way?

3 The shining form of Truth is veiled—
We cannot face its wondrous white.
God knows we should be stricken blind
Before its full, effulgent light;

4 And so He draws a gracious mist,
Just softened with the hues we know,
Across the glare, and shrouds away
The glory of its dazzling snow.

5 O blessèd plan, that wisely holds
Our hearts intent upon Thy will!
We praise Thee that we cannot know
The mysteries Thou keepest still!

JULIA H. THAYER.
Chicago, 1882.

Mrs. Mary E. Balch, nee Van Juzon,

Was born in Sullivan Co., New York, Dec. 12, 1837, and moved to Illinois in June, 1859. She has written to quite an extent, and is an earnest worker in many Christian causes. She is prominently connected with the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union," and is one of its most valued members.

CASTLE AND COT

1 Castle and Cot, in this beautiful land—
Castle and Cot, side by side there they stand;
Rich man and poor man, how different their lot,
Bless'd by one Father, and neither forgot.

2 Strange sounding words, we believe in amaze,
How God in His justice, can equal these ways;
The one, having all that life hath to give,
The other, hath barely enough to live.

3 Toiling and hoping, enduring in pain
Burdens too heavy, yet borne on again;
Struggles, privations and hardships to breast,
Ending alone in the grave and its rest.

4 While the old earth grows wrinkled and gray
And generations are dying each day;
With God's love over them there they will stand,
Castle and Cot, in this beautiful land.

MARY E. BALCH.
Elpaso, Ill., March 8, 1871.

Lady Caroline Nairne

Was born in 1766, and died in 1845. She was formerly a Miss Oliphant, and the place of her nativity was Perth, Scotland. She married Major Nairne, who was afterward promoted to the Peerage, which gave her the title of Baroness. "The Land of the Leal," and the following poem, are among her best productions, and give her a rank among the best English poets. Her poems have often been published anonymously, or credited to other Scottish poets. They can be found in her collection and memoirs, edited by Dr. Charles Rogers, and published in 1868.

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN,

1 Would you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

2 If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away.

3 Where, then, are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me.
Fly time, fly speedily:
Come life and light.

LADY NAIRNE.

HIDDEN PATHS.

"What thou doest I know not now, but I shall know hereafter."

1 Sad-eyed Madonnas walk the earth in every land—
Pure mother-hearts whose secret e'en to them is hid
In deeps of love and pain, deeps by bright promise spanned,
But all unbridged of those fulfillments, that amid

2 Earth's pressing needs, make solid ground for mortal feet.
It is so hard to walk by faith when years go by,
And bring no added sight, or proof wherewith to greet
And strengthen failing power, or still reproachful cry.

3 So walk the seers and sages of all lands and times,
A true apostles' true succession from the old
First days, when God first set His seal in ancient climes
Upon devoted priestly souls, through all the fold.

4 Down to the hour when the last priestess-mother bore
Some child of promise for some waiting nation's need,
All true reformers, teachers, leaders, evermore
Must come in forms prepared, despite all seeming need.

5 In forms prepared, and through their one appointed lot
Though none in all the era see and recognize
The worker, as in grooves of royal law, forgot
By those for whom they toil, to mounts of sacrifice

6 Called irresistibly—and for all reason why
The toll, toll, toll, throughout their soul the era-bell
By which God calls His chosen—Ah! Beloved, to die
Were so much easier; yet "He doeth all things well."

7 The far event and purpose justifies, explains,
No God-appointed work may ever "haste" or "rest,"
The pruned away, the shorn, unblossoming years have gains
Of late rich fruit that proves a hand divine hath drest.

8 It shall be given these to walk in paradise.
God's priests and priestesses co-workers are with Him.
'T is not too much to pay for such pearl of great price,
That many passing earthly years be shorn and dim.

ISAIDORE G. GILBERT.
Chicago, 1875.

LIFE THREADS.

1 Out of life's tangled skein
Draw here and there a thread,
And one is black with pain
And one with grief is red
To show a heart hath bled.

2 And one is white as youth.
It marks its perfect time,
When life, untouched of ruth,
Mounted toward Summer prime
Through love, romance and rhyme.

3 Beside Love's glowing threads,
Here one is cool and gray,
Where passionate morning weds
A neutral-tinted day
And Peace comes down to stay.

4 Imperial purple this
To tyrannize and prey,
With hint of loftier bliss
Set in its royal ray,
Yet calm to hurt or slay.

5 Pallid and paling lines
Of youth forever fled.
Signs! They are only signs
Of the living joy long dead;
Wraiths for the eyes bespread.

6 Yet, touching them, they glow—
Again the young, warm thrill,
The tones all sweet and low,
The hushed heart waiting still,
As eyes with love o'erfill.

7 Memory her trophy yields
To the Present's happier real;
We pace the Summer fields,
We move to Hope's ideal,
And Faith and Love are leal.

8 We seat us down some day,
And from life's tangled skein,
That Memory holds alway,
We smooth out lines of pain,
And love-threads hold pure gain.

9 O myriad-tinted threads!
We gather you all at last.
You mark our whit'ning heads,
You bind us to our past,
And we hold you close and fast.

MARY CLEMMER,
New York "Independent." 1883.

TINY TOKENS.

The murmur of a waterfall
A mile away,
The rustle when a robin lights
Upon a spray;
The lapping of a lowland stream
On dripping boughs,
The sound of grazing from a herd
Of gentle cows.
The echo from a wooded hill
Of cuckoo's call,
The quiver through the meadow grass
At evening fall:
Too subtile are these harmonies
For pen and rule;
Such music is not understood
By any school.
But when the brain is overwrought
It hath a spell,
Beyond all skill and human power,
To make it well.
The memory of a kindly word
For long gone by,
The fragrance of a fading flower
Sent lovingly;
The gleaming of a sudden smile
Or sudden tear,
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The tone of cheer;
The hush that means I cannot speak,
But I have heard!
The note that only bears a verse
From God's own Word;
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry;
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy;
But, when the heart is overwrought,
Oh! who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

The Hon. Mrs. Norton.

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan was born in 1808. She is the granddaughter of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan. When very young she lost her father, but the loss was supplied by her estimable mother, who devoted herself to her children, and personally conducted their education, as every mother ought to do who has time and capacity for the task. Miss Sheridan began to write poetry at a very early age, and appeared before the public as an author while still in her teens. At the age of nineteen she married the Hon. George C. Norton, brother of Lord Grantley. She was most unfortunate in her choice, and in 1836 a separation took place by mutual consent. Her afflictions very probably enhanced the depth of her poetry, which is also remarkable for its strength of feeling. (Eng. Col.)

In his Cyclopedia of Female Poets, the Editor, Frederic Rowton, says of Mrs. Norton, that while agreeing with the "Quarterly Review" in calling her "The Byron" of her day, in style and intensity of expression, she is yet essentially unlike in spirit; that whereas he scoffs and sneers at the best and happiest ties of life, she does her utmost to strengthen and extend their influence, and that while he with a proud skepticism flings from him the consolations and delights of religion, she clasps them closely to her heart, and finds in them a balm for the bitterest wounds of her spirit.

The same gentleman, in his preface to the above-named meritorious and extensive volume, remarks in regard to woman:—"In these enlightened days it may certainly be taken for granted that women have souls, and further, that their souls have no small influence upon the world of thought and action. This admission made, it will follow that the mental efforts of woman have as good a claim as man's to be recorded; and that we should be deeply ashamed of ourselves for so long withholding from them that prominent place in the world's esteem which is so undoubtedly their due."

Near the close he adds:—"The author confidently hopes that the work which he here presents to the reader will justify the position which he has assumed and at least prove that the poetical faculty is not confined to one of the sexes. If it should only serve to direct critical attention to the subject, he will be fully satisfied: for he well knows that, in such case, our female poets will soon be as honorably appreciated as they deserve to be."

TO THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

1 Once more, my harp! once more, although I thought
Never to wake thy silent strings again,
A wandering dream thy gentle chords have wrought,
And my sad heart, which long had dwelt in pain,
Soars like a wild bird from a cypress bough,
Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below.

2 And unto thee, the beautiful, and pure,
Whose lot is cast amid the busy world
Where only sluggish dullness dwells secure,
And Fancy's generous wing is faintly furl'd;
To thee—whose friendship kept its equal truth
Through the most dreary hour of my embitter'd youth—

3 I dedicate the lay. Oh! never bard
In days when poverty was twin with song;
Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill-starr'd,
Cheer'd by some castle's chief, and harbor'd long;
Nor Scott's Last Minstrel, in his trembling lays,
Woke with a warmer heart the earnest meed
of praise!

4 For easy are the alms the rich man spares
To sons of Genius, by misfortune bent;
But thou gav'st me, what woman seldom dares,
Belief—in spite of many a cold dissent—
When slander'd and malign'd I stood apart
From those whose bounded power hath wrung,
not crushed, my heart.

5 Thou, then, when cowards lied away my name
And scoff'd to see me feebly stem the tide;
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,
And some forsook on whom my love relied,
And some who might have battled for my sake
Stood off in doubt to see what turn the world
would take,—

6 Thou gav'st me that the poor do give the poor,
Kind words and holy wishes and true tears:
The lov'd, the man of kin could do no more,
Who changed not with the gloom of varying
years.
But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
And blunted Slander's dart with their indignant
scorn.

7 For they who credit crime, are they who feel
Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin;
Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts
which steal
O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win;
And tales of broken truth are still believed
Most readily by those who have themselves
deceived.

8 But like a white swan down a troubled stream,
Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling
Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam
And mar the freshness of her snowy wing,—
So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,
Along the world's dark waves in purity dost glide.

9 Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made
To crimson with a faint false-hearted shame;
Thou didst not shrink—of bitter tongues afraid,
Who hunt in packs the object of their blame;
To thee the sad denial still held true,
For from thine own good thoughts its mercy drew.

10 And though my faint and tributary rhymes
Add nothing to the glory of thy day,
Yet every poet hopes that after-times
Shall set some value on his votive lay;
And I would fain one gentle deed record,
Among the many such with which thy life is
stored.

MRS. NORTON,
London, Eng. 1830.

NAOMI.

The ripened harvest smiled on Moab's plain,
As with a faltering step Naomi passed
Towards Bethlehem, her native land,
For it was told her there was bread in Israel.
Yet passed she not alone; Orpha and Ruth,
The youthful widows of her buried sons,
Forsaking home and kindred for her sake,
Clave to her side, even as the ivy clings
To the scathed oak, clothing the leafless trunk
With verdure not its own.
Pausing to rest
Beneath a wayside palm, Naomi's grief
Burst forth in all the self-abandonment
Of sad despair: "My daughters, go, return
Each to her mother's house! It is not meet
That ye should further link your destinies
With mine. One draught from my life-cup
Of sorrow may suffice for thee, alone
I'll drain the dregs, nor murmur at my lot.
Within your breasts the germs of happiness
May yet put forth their tender shoots, and in
Their native soil produce abundant fruit.
God deal with you as ye have kindly dealt
With me, and with the dead. Farewell."
So Orpha kissed her mother, and returned.
But steadfast Ruth, twining her arms around
Naomi's neck, in plaintive accents thus
Her suit preferred:
"Ah me, my mother: by that sacred love
Which thrilled my soul when thy maternal
Lips kissed the flushed cheek of Mahlos's bride,
And called her daughter;
Oh! by the mem'ry
Of that fatal blow which left thee childless,
And myself a widow; by all my hopes
Of happiness beyond this vale of tears,
Entreat me not to leave thee. Wherever
Thou goest I will go, thy people shall be mine;
Thy God my God; and where thou diest,
There will I be buried."
One long embrace,
Baptized in tears, the holy compact sealed,
So hand in hand their journey they pursued,
And as the sun's departing rays lingered
On Judah's hills, they entered Bethlehem.
With hearts cast down, but not forsaken,
The weary pilgrims turned aside their feet
Far from the crowded street,

And with their faith in Israel's God unshaken,
In a lonely dwelling laid them down to rest,
With God's protection blest.
Say, was it fancy, or did angels, stealing
On noiseless wings around that widow'd bed,
Bring tidings from the dead,
Their blissful home in Paradise revealing?
And with a prophet's ken did she foresee
Ruth's glorious destiny?
At first in Boaz's fields a humble gleaner,
Then at the altar, standing by his side,
A lovely, blushing bride;
And by that revelation, hath she seen her
The joyful mother of a race of kings,
From whence Messiah springs.
Yes, in that hour methinks her unsealed vision,
Peering the mist of ages, hailed afar
That bright and Morning Star,
The Star of Bethlehem; and from the elysian
Burst on her ear that sweet, seraphic strain,
A Saviour's come to reign!

MRS. E. S. KELLOGG.
Janesville, Wis.

TWELVE YEARS OF SILENCE.

1 Father, who in love unerring
Hast my life in silence veiled,
Hushed be every faithless murmur,
For that love has never failed;
Twelve long years a spell unbroken
Hath o'er ear and voice been thrown,
Yet the Saviour's voice has spoken
To my heart with clearer tone.

2 Eight bright years their course had numbered,
All undimmed by care or pain;
Though those sounds so long have slumbered,
Yet their echoes still remain.
In my fancy still I hear them,
And a gleam of light they throw
O'er a path whose lonely sorrow
Only "silent ones" can know.

3 As the bird at midnight singeth
In its purest, clearest strain,
Music sweet our Father bringeth
From the discipline of pain;
On my heart Him peace bestowing,
Better far than earthly bliss,
Soul and mind and heart are growing
As they might not, but for this.

4 What of life to me remaineth,
Lord, I consecrate to Thee;
Silent still but working ever,
Like the light, my life shall be,
Till, the shadow from it lifted,
Sound once more shall God bestow,
In that world whose ceaseless music
Pause and discord ne'er shall know.

ALICE C. JENNINGS.

HE HATH BORNE OUR GRIEFS.

1 He came into this world of sin, and bore the weight of woe and grief,
That we who call upon His name, might have His joy and find relief;
And so we journey to the light, because He struggled in the night.

2 We bear His blessings in our hands, and pass along the pleasant way
With buoyant steps and happy hearts, and glad eyes looking to the day;
While He, amid contempt and loss, carried our sorrows to the Cross.

3 We dwell beside a lighted hearth, with household joys and kindly mirth;
We find the shelter of our home the fairest corner of the earth:
He by no friend was comforted—He had not where to lay His head.

4 Love weaves a crown about our brows, and, lest a sorrow should remain,
It smooths away the marks of care, and, with its kisses, steals the pain;
The cruel thorns men planted there made all the crown He had to wear.

4 The wine of life is poured for us, and rivers flow and fountains gush;
We close our eyes in happy dreams; He gives us sleep amid the hush.
No copious draught, no rest He knew: He thirsted and was weary too.

5 We shall not meet alone and sad the white-robed messenger of death;
Dear friends shall bless us as we go, dim eyes shall watch the parting breath;
The people, in His hour of dread, forsook their dying Lord and fled.

7 O base, ungrateful heart of men, that love not Jesus even yet!
O wondrous, loving heart of God, that even now cannot forget!
O Saviour, love us as before! O Master, make us love Thee more!

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM, 1878.

STILLNESS.

"Be quiet: fear not."—Isa. vii: 4.

1 Thou layest Thine hand on the fluttering heart,
And sayest "Be still!"
The shadow and silence are only a part
Of Thy sweet will:
Thy presence is with me, and where Thou art,
I fear no ill.

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

Sara J. Clark Lippincott,

The well-known author of numerous poems, travels, stories, sketches, &c., under the *nom de plume* of Grace Greenwood, was born in New York in 1823. She is one of the most acceptable lecturers living, on temperance and other social reforms. During her several European tours, she has delighted and interested thousands with her correspondence published in the most prominent journals of our Eastern cities. She is considered one of the leading poets of to-day, and her prose articles are not excelled by any.

THE STORY OF SOME BELLS.

TOLD FOR A POET.

1 A little legend, dear and gracious friend,
Has strangely wrought upon my heart to-day;
Let me the story to thy heart commend,
And tell it to thee in my simple way.

2 Long years agone, a Southern artisan,
Dowered with the tender genius of his clime,
A dreamy-eyed, devout, and sad-voiced man,
Cast with rare skill, a wondrous, tuneful chime,

3 Whose very sound might draw the pagan Turk
To bow in rapture on the minster floor;
And, it was said, this founder seemed to pour
His deep Italian soul into his work,
Like molten music; and when first high hung
A triumph-peal the bells harmonious rung.
And made a Sabbath on the golden air,
He stood with clasped hands, and brow all bare,
And murmured liquid syllables of prayer.

4 Against the cliff, beneath the convent tower,
He built the rude nest of his peasant home,
Nor wandering sail, nor hope of gain, had power
To tempt him from the spot blessed by his bells to roam.

5 At last there came to curse that lovely land,
The woe and waste of war; the legend tells
How one wild night a sacrilegious band
Despoiled the convent even of its bells.

6 The founder, seizing his rude arms, in vain
Strove that fierce tide of blood and fire to stay,
He saw his home in flames, his brave sons slain,
And then a dungeon's walls shut out the day.

7 Long years wore on; at last, the artisan,
A weary, bowed, gray-haired, and lonely man,
Joyless beheld again the sea, the sky,
And pined to hear his bells once more—then die.

8 Somewhere, he knew, those bells at morn and even
Made sweetest music in the ear of Heaven;
Voiced human worship, called to praise and prayer
Censers of sound, high swinging in the air.

9 The legend telleth how, from town to town
Where'er a minster cross stood up to bless
God's praying souls, where'er a spire looked down,
He through strange lands and weary ways did press
His mournful pilgrimage, companionless.

10 The Norman carillons, so sweet and clear,
The chimes of Amsterdam and gray old Ghent,
But alien music rang they to his ear,
No faintest thrill of joy to his sad heart they sent.

11 Before full many an English tower he stood
And vainly listened, then pursued his quest;
At last a noble lady, fair and good,
The sad-eyed pilgrim pointed to the west,
And said, "At Limerick is a chime of bells
Fit to ring in the coming of the Lord,
So solemn sweet the melody that swells
From their bronze throats all pealing in accord.

12 Soft shades foretold the coming of the night;
Yet goldenly on Shannon's emerald shores,
As charmed, or fallen asleep, the sunset light
Still lingered,—or as there sweet Day
Had dropped her mantle, ere she took her flight.
Up Shannon's tide a boat slow held its way;
All silent bent the boatmen to their oars
For at their feet a dying stranger lay.

13 In broken accents of a foreign tongue
He breathed fond names and murmured words of prayer,
And yearningly his wasted arms outflung,
Grasped viewless hand and kissed the empty air.

14 Sudden upon the breeze came floating down
The sound of vesper bells from Limerick town,
So sweet 't would seem that holiest of chimes
Stored up new notes amid it silent times,—
Some wandering melodies from heavenly climes;
Or gathered music from the summer hours,
As bees draw sweets from tributary flowers.
Peal followed peal, till all the air around
Trembled in waves of undulating sound.

15 The dying stranger, where he gasping lay,
Heard the sweet chime and knew it ringing nigh.
Quick from his side the phantoms fled away,
And the last soul-light kindled in his eye!
His cold hands reaching to the shadowy shore,
"Madonna, thanks!" he cried, "I hear my bells once more!"

16 Nearer they drew to Limerick, where the bells
Were raining music from the church-tower high;
The pilgrim listened till their latest swells
Shook from his heart the faintest echoing sigh.

17 With their sweet ceasing, ceased his mortal breath,
So like a conqueror to the better land
Passed the worn artisan,—such music grand
Uprolled before him on the heavenly path.

18 From the west heavens went out the sunset gold,
And Hesperus his silver lamp upclung;
To countless pious hearts those bells had rung
The vesper chime that summoneth to pray;
But to that stranger, weary, lone and old,
They pealed the matins of immortal day.

Thus thou, my poet, from thy soul hast wrought
In tuneful song sweet chimes of deep-toned thought,
To sound toward heaven, high hung on massive towers
That overlook the world; in silent hours,
Even in darkness, gathering, note by note,
God's deepest melodies, that ever float
Above the toiling or the sleeping earth;
To answer grief with grief, and mirth with mirth,
To fling sweet strains upon the path of day,
As flowers are flung upon the victor's way;
To cheerily peal out amid the storm
Beneath the rolling of the thunder cars;
Ring in the calm eves, with sunset glories warm,
And sound before the coming of the stars.

And from thy bells we deem each latest time
We hear a clearer and a grander chime,
That fall their faintest notes with sweetness rare,
Like birds that sing in death soft dropping down the air;
And when thou floatest o'er that solemn river
That for its shade the mournful cypress hath,
Along whose shore the peaceful aspens shiver
That stream of dread, the icy floods of death,
Parting our mortal life from God's forever,
Then from the shore thou leavest, ah! mayst thou
Know thy true thoughts yet chiming clear and high;
Then may the joylight kindle in thine eye
And smile the cold death shadow from thy brow,
Hearing that chime sound o'er the stream's sad flowing,
And echoed from the land to which thou'rt going!
Not smiting sharply on the air above
And not in thunder bolts of sound down hurled;
But ringing soft God's peace and pitying love,
And pealing His redemption o'er the world.

SARA J. LIPPINCOTT.
In "Atlantic Monthly."
New York, 1872.

Miss Ophelia G. Browning

Is the author of many hymns, and has published a book of poems. She frequently writes under the *nom de plume* of "Phelie," "Felie."

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

Unanswered yet the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail, is hope declining,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father has not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? tho' when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne,
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So anxious was your heart to have it done:
If years have passed since then, do not despair,
For God will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? But you are not unheeded;
The promises of God forever stand;
To Him our days and years alike are equal;
Have faith in God! It is your Lord's command.
Hold on to Jacob's angel, and your prayer
Shall bring a blessing down sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say unanswered
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done,
The work began when first your prayer was uttered;
And God will finish what He has begun.
Keep incense burning at the shrine of prayer,
And glory shall descend sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered;
Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries "It shall be done" sometime, somewhere.

MISS OPHELIA GUYON BROWNING.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

From her book of poems "Singing with Grace," Pub., by Willard Tract Repository, Boston and New York, 1882.

AMEN.

I cannot say,
Beneath the pressure of life's cares today,
I joy in these;
But I can say
That I had rather walk this rugged way
If Him it please.

I cannot feel
That all is well when darkening clouds conceal
The shining sun;
But then, I know
God lives and loves; and say, since it is so,
Thy will be done.

I cannot speak
In happy tones; the tear-drops on my cheek
Show I am sad;
But I can speak
Of grace to suffer with submission meek,
Until made glad.

I do not see
Why God should e'en permit some things to be,
When He is love;
But I can see,
Though often dimly, through the mystery,
His hand above!

I do not know
Where falls the seed, that I have tried to sow
With greatest care;
But I shall know
The meaning of each waiting hour below,
Sometime, somewhere!

6 I do not look
Upon the present, nor in Nature's book,
To read my fate,
But I do look
For promised blessings in God's Holy Book;
And I can wait.

8 I may not try
To keep the hot tears back; but hush that sigh,
"It might have been;"
And try to still
Each rising murmur, and to God's sweet will
Respond "Amen."

OPHELIA G. BROWNING.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y., 1884.
From 'Singing with Grace."

Lydia Maria Child

Was born in Medford, Mass. in 1802. Her ancestors emigrated from England to this country in 1636. In 1825 Miss Frances (for that was her maiden name) opened a private school in Watertown. Two years later she established "The Juvenile Miscellany" the pioneer children's Magazine. She married David Lee Child, a Boston lawyer, in 1828. The following year she published "The Frugal Housewife," which soon reached its fortieth edition. This was succeeded by "The Mother's Book," "The Girl's Own Book," "The History of Women," "The Biographies of Good Wives," &c. The most eminent periodical of that day said of her: "We are not sure that any woman of our country could out rank Mrs. Child." Few, if any writers, had done more or better things for literature at that time. That she was brave and fearless, when knowing herself to be in the right, is shown in the preface to her "Appeal in behalf of that class of Americans called Africans." She wrote: "I am fully aware of the unpopularity of the task I have undertaken; but though I expect ridicule and censure, I do not fear them. A few years hence, the opinions of the world will be a matter in which I have not the most transient interest. But this book will be abroad on its mission of humanity, long after the hand that wrote it is mingling with the dust."

The poet Whittier once said of her: - "It is not exaggeration to say that no nobler woman, of that period rendered more substantial service to the cause of freedom, or made such a great renunciation to do it." Of her domestic cares, which at times weighed heavily upon her, she remarked: - "It is not I who drudge, it is merely the case containing me. I defy all the powers of earth and hell to make me scrub floors or feed pigs, if I choose to be off conversing with the angels," yet her willing hand was always read, for any needed service.

For eight years she and her husband edited a New York paper. His ill health compelled her to manage it entirely alone for two years, but with great success, though at serious toil. Her husband was a most congenial companion, and in old age was the same lover as in youth. One day in their old age he said to her: - "I wish for your sake I was as rich as Croesus" to which she replied: "You are Croesus for you are King of Lydia." Her husband was fond of quoting the reply. This incident is mentioned simply as another case of engaged action in the homes of literary people. A wrong impression prevails in this matter at last but is now being righted. As a rule, our literary women are the best home keepers and make the best wives. An occasional exception only serves the rule, and in these instances would have been so, if not engaged in literary pursuits. For twenty-two years Mr. and Mrs. Child lived on their native soil without any domestic assistance, and in the same house, and under the most happy circumstances.

She was very benevolent and was constantly doing something to lend the unfortunate and raise the fallen. During her last years she remarked that she had never experienced any happiness to be compared with the consciousness of having a human soul out of the mire. This was in reference to the reformation of a drunkard, after many months of diligent effort on her part to assist him.

In her will a provision was made to have fifty dollars a year paid to him in monthly instalments, [illegible] one referred to from time to time. This is but one of the many acts of a woman who deserved to be canonized. Many a fallen woman and young girl met her ready aid to help her own, home and counselled and was cheered over them month by month. Prison doors were no barrier, when the fact that she could render any assistance or comfort to those behind them. [illegible] She was one [illegible] possessed actual art in her every day, and in [illegible] home by home. With no exception of her own, she was a [illegible] to many. Her husband lived to the [illegible] seventy-eight. Her last work, "Aspirations of the World," was published in 1878. Wendell Phillips said [illegible] one would choose to represent what a noble woman should be. Modest, womanly, sincere, serious, and [illegible] to be trusted equal to affairs, and yet [illegible] lung out into the infinite and [illegible] so that life was lifted to romance, to heroism and [illegible]."

Her poems, while [illegible] as her prose works, are of a high order and much admired and sought after, containing as they ever do thoughts elevating to their contributors. Her grave in Wayland Centre, Mass., is marked only by a plain white marble slab bearing her name, age, date of death, and the words—"You call us dead. We are not dead, but truly living now."

THE STREAM OF LIFE

1 In morning hours,
Full of flowers,
Our swift boats glide
O'er life's bright tide;
And every time the oars we raise,
The falling drops like diamonds blaze.

2 From earth and sky
Comes melody;
And every voice
Singeth, "Rejoice!"
While echoes all around prolong
The cadence of that wondrous song.

3 Above each boat
Bright fairies float,
Mounting on air
To castles there,
The earth is full of glorious things,
All tinged with light from rainbow wings.

4 Dear friendship's smile,
And love's sweet will,
Make life all bright
With genial light.
And seem to shine with steady ray,
That ne'er can change, or fade away.

* * * * * * *

5 More slowly glides life's evening boat,
And withered flowers around it float.
The drops fall dark from many oars,
And dismal fogs shroud all the shores.

6 Like a widowed bird that mourns alone,
Sings Music, in her minor tone,
Of flowers that blossom but to die;
And echoes answer plaintively.

7 Bright fairies change to limping hags;
Their rainbow wings to draggy rags;
Dark heavy clouds sail through the air,
Where golden castles shone so fair.

8 Strong hearts grow faint, and young ones old;
Friendships decline, and Love is cold;
Dim twilight changes morn's ideal
To flick'ring shadows, all unreal.

9 But joy remains, if we have thrown
Fresh flowers to boats around our own,
Though currents part us far and wide,
Sweet perfumes live from flowers that died.

10 Or if our blossoms formed good seeds,
Such as the growing future needs,
Those little gems perchance may yield
Rich waving crops in Time's ripe fields.

11 Though dark the tide we're drifting o'er,
It brings us near that brighter shore,
Where longing souls at length will know
The use of this world's changing show.

12 Meanwhile, though sunlight has gone down,
Life's ev'ning wears a starry crown,
Where weary ones, who look above,
May read the letters, "God is love."

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

FALLOW GROUND.

Like to an upturned field, all brown and bare,
From which are gathered all the scanty sheaves,
Still scattered o'er with broken grassy leaves,
Or stock of stubble standing here and there,
Lying exposed unto the sun and air,
Drinking the rain in, and the blesséd dew,
Until 't is ready for the harvest new,
And turned, and mellowed by the deep plow-share;
So I lie, broken, wearied by the toil
Which yielded harvest of such scanty grain,
The plow of thought drives deep within the soil
Of barren soul; and still I wait the dew
And fruitful sun of heaven to renew,
And make me bud and blossom once again.

CAROLINE HAZARD.
Peace Dale, R. I. 1885.

AWAKENING.

RECOGNIZING THE HOLY SPIRIT'S PRESENCE.

1 With careless feet and dim unseeing eyes
We plod along the weary ways of life.
Closed are our ears to angel-harmonies,
Hidden from sight, the deeper mysteries
With which the spirit-world is ever rife.

2 One touch of the Enchanter's hand, and lo!
We waken up to a new heaven and earth!
O balmy air,— O golden sunset glow!
O wondrous fragrance of the flowers, that blow
In the glad sunshine of the heart's new birth.

3 O soul of mine, that trembles to the touch
Of fairy fingers never felt before,
A viewless Presence broodeth like a dove,
Fills and enfolds thee with a perfect love
Unknown, undreamed-of in the days of yore.

4 'T is the sweet token of the great "To Come"
Thro' gates ajar soft falling on thee, now,
Then, ever as now, one earthly part must die
Before we bask in immortality
Or catch the radiance from Jehovah's brow.

ELIZABETH PALMER MATHEWS.

THE LAST HYMN.

1 The Sabbath day was ending
In a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction
Touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset
In the glowing, lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings,
For God's blesséd boon of rest.

2 But they looked across the waters,
And a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them,
The wild spirit of the air.
And it lashed and shook and tore them,
Till they thundered, groaned, and boomed,
And alas! for any vessel
In their yawning gulfs entombed.

3 Very anxious were the people
On that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawn of coming morrow
Should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion
And should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims,
As it had done heretofore.

4 With the rough winds blowing round her,
A brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows
A large vessel fall and rise.
Oh! it did not need a prophet
To tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety
Near the shore on such a sea.

5 Then pitying people hurried
From their homes and thronged the beach.
Oh! for power to cross the water
And the perishing to reach.
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow,
Tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest,
To the fatal rock-shore sped.

6 "She has parted in the middle;
Oh! the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Oh! is Heaven
Far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces
Looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure
On the spar was seen to be.

7 And near the trembling watchers
Came the wreck, tossed by the wave;
And the man still clung and floated,
Though no power on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message?"
Here's a trumpet. Shout away!
'T was the preacher's hand that took it,
And he wondered what to say.

8 Any memory of his sermon—
Firstly, secondly? Ah! no!
There was but one thing to utter
In the awful hour of woe.
So he shouted through the trumpet:
"Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"
And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer
O'er the waters, loud and clear.

9 Then they listened. He is singing
"Jesus, lover of my soul!"
And the winds brought back the echo,
"While the nearer waters roll."
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him,
"Till the storm of life was past,"
Singing bravely from the waters,
"Oh! receive my soul at last!"

10 He could have no other refuge,
"Hangs my helpless soul on Thee";
"Leave, ah! leave me not"—The singer
Dropped at last into the sea;
And the watchers, looking homeward
Through their eyes, with tears made dim,
Said: "He passed to be with Jesus
In the singing of that hymn."

MARIANNA FARNINGHAM.

THE WIND-SWEPT HARP.

1 A huge Æolian harp was still,
While gentle breezes played;
But when rude storms and tempests rose,
They woke the mighty wire's repose,
And music, such as Gabriel knows,
Startled each listening ear.

2 How like that harp the human soul,
Whose deep vibrations sleep
Till tribulation sweeps the strings,
And anguish ope's the hidden springs,
And from its depths such music brings
As angels love to hear!

3 Thou Great Musician, here am I,
A poor, discordant harp;—
My trembling strings await Thy blow;
Strike as Thou wilt, for well I know,
Tho' minor, yet shall music flow,
Touched by the Master hand.

MRS. J. M. SADD, 1884.
In "Woman at Work."

For 18 years, MRS. SADD was the city missionary at Louisville, Ky.

THE ROCK.

"There are storms on life's dark waters."
"And the Rock was Christ." 1 Cor. x. 4.

1 I looked on the surface of life's clear river
And on its fair bosom a barque gilded on;
Ah! methought, 't would remain as unruffled forever
So soft were the zephyrs, so bright was the sun.

2 Within the light barque I beheld there were seated
Forms that were youthful, light-hearted and free,
Strangers to sorrow, with warm hearts united
And hands intertwined as they sailed o'er life's sea.

3 And a bright bud of beauty was bound to each heart
Whose unfolding charms were like witchery's spell;
They dreamed not of change that should wither and part
Dear forms and sweet faces, they loved each so well.

4 But the calm stream was ruffled, and tempests swept o'er,
The ice-blast and billows lashed furiously on,
The wild waves and blasts took them far from the shore,
They were on the dark waters, all helpless and lone.

5 Then the angry waves lifted their white crests on high,
The tempest-tost, storm-beaten barque was in twain;
And listening—I heard 'mid the moaning a cry,—
Oh! give me the "Peace be still" calmness again.

6 But the cruel storm severed the strong golden chain
Which bound the loved "oak" and the "ivy" and "bud,"
And the "oak" and the "bud" to some far shoreless main
Were swept from my sight by the pitiless flood.

7 Ah! where's the lone "ivy" so trusting and clinging?
Alone on dark waters, with tendrils all torn,
But blasts sweep on to a "Rock" that is flinging
Its strong arms a refuge from billow and storm.

8 And the "ivy" twined around it and hushing her fears
Whispered softly, yet meekly, "Here will I bring
My bruised heart and bleeding, my crushed hopes and fears;
Simply and truly to this 'Rock' will I cling."

CARRIE E. POST.
In "The Advance."
Springfield, Ill.

A PICTURE.

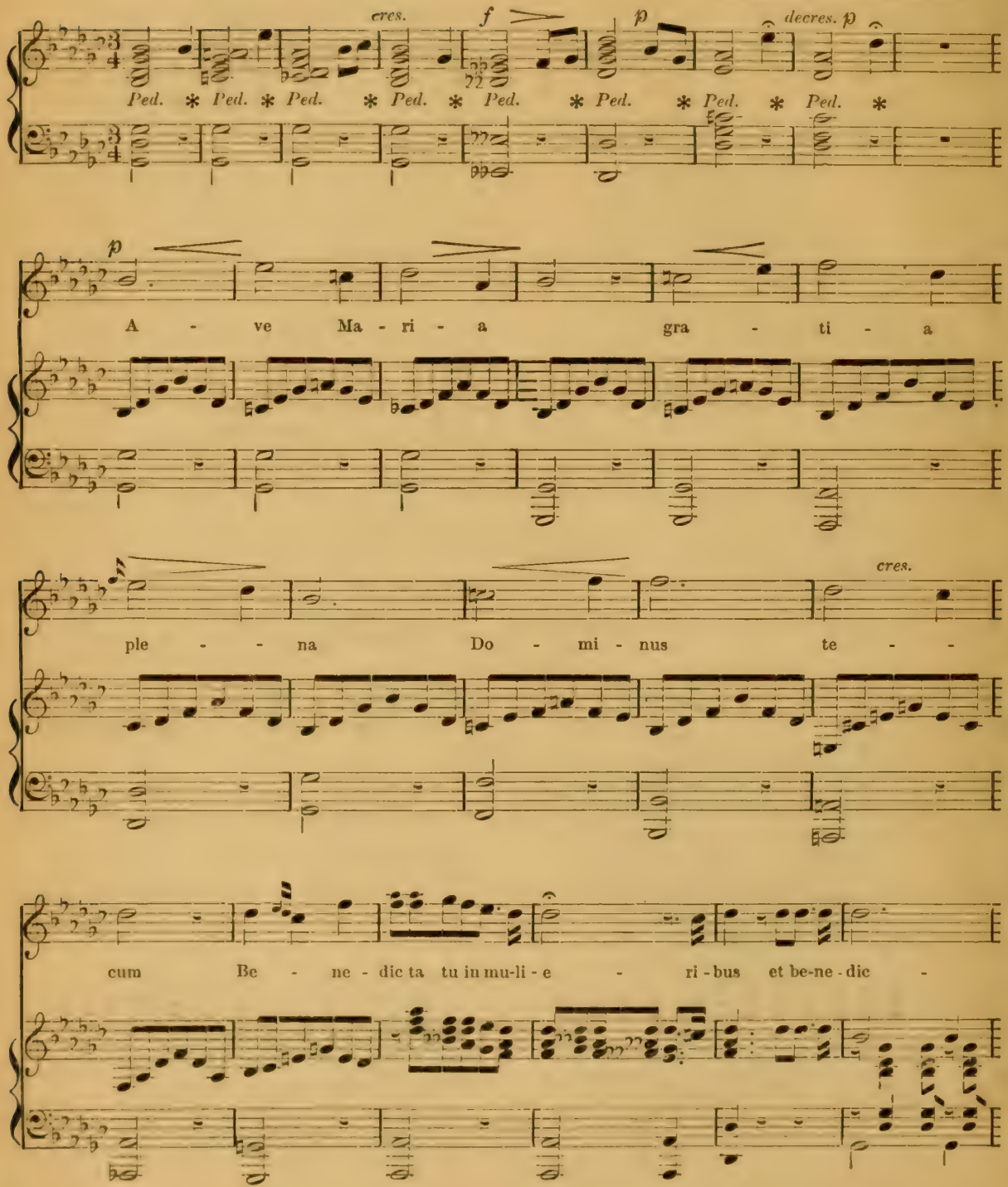
1 I strayed last eve across the lonely down,
One solitary picture struck my eye—
A distant plow boy stood against the sky;
How far he seemed above the noisy town!

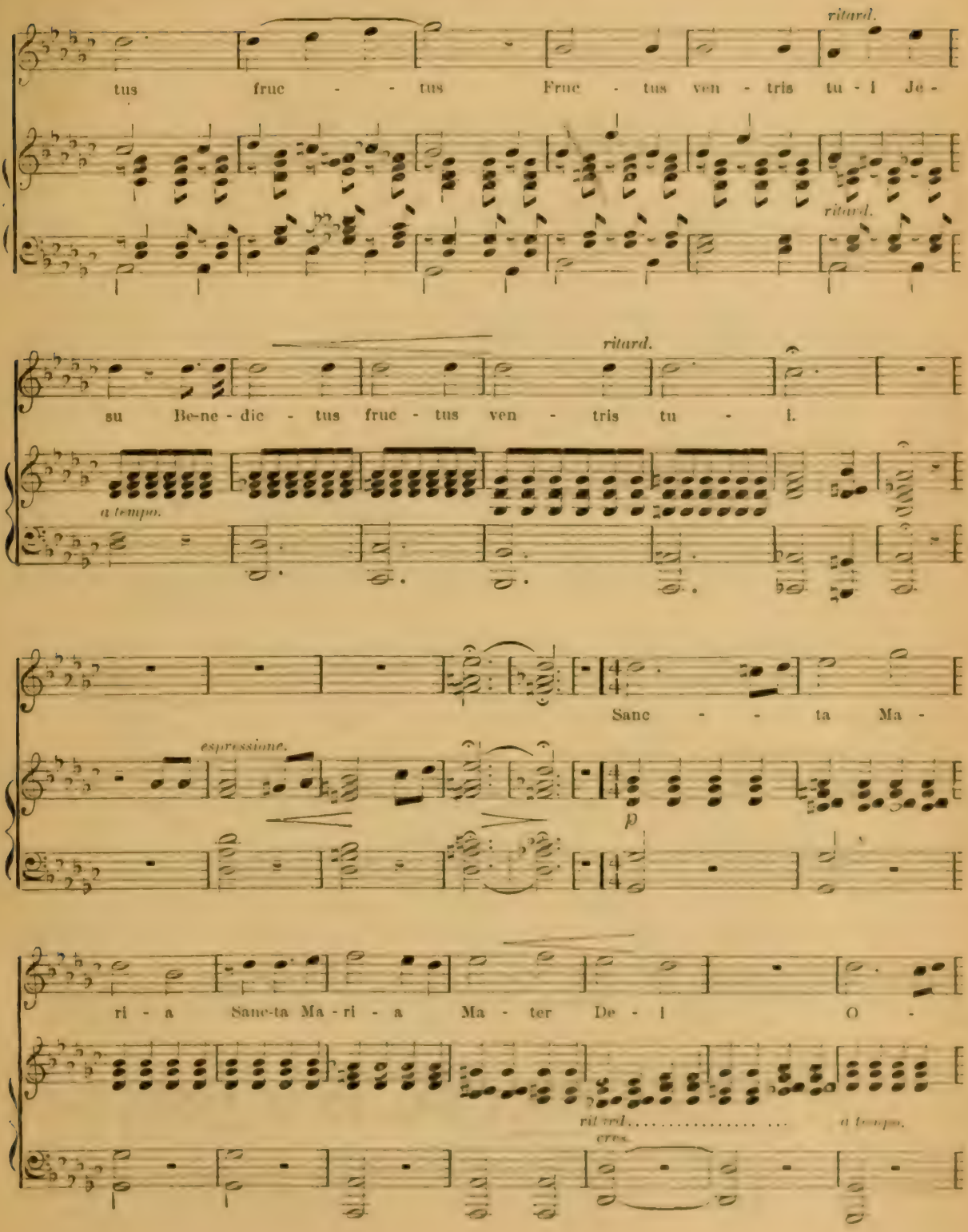
2 Upon the bosom of a cloud, the sod
Laid its bruised cheek as he moved slowly by,
And, watching him, I asked my soul if I
In very truth stood half as near to God.

ELLA WHEELER.

AVE MARIA.

By HELEN DOUGLAS. Nov. 1884.

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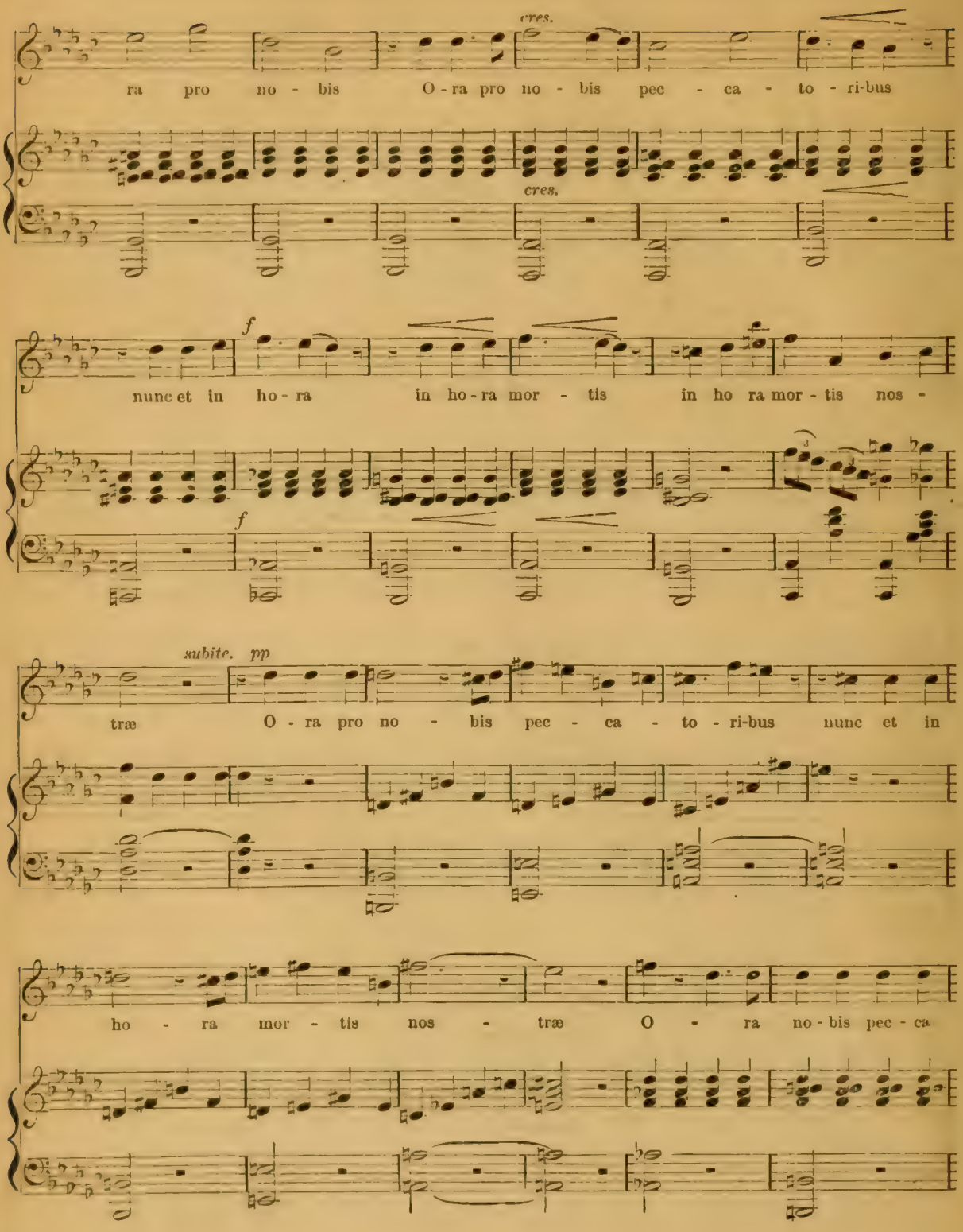
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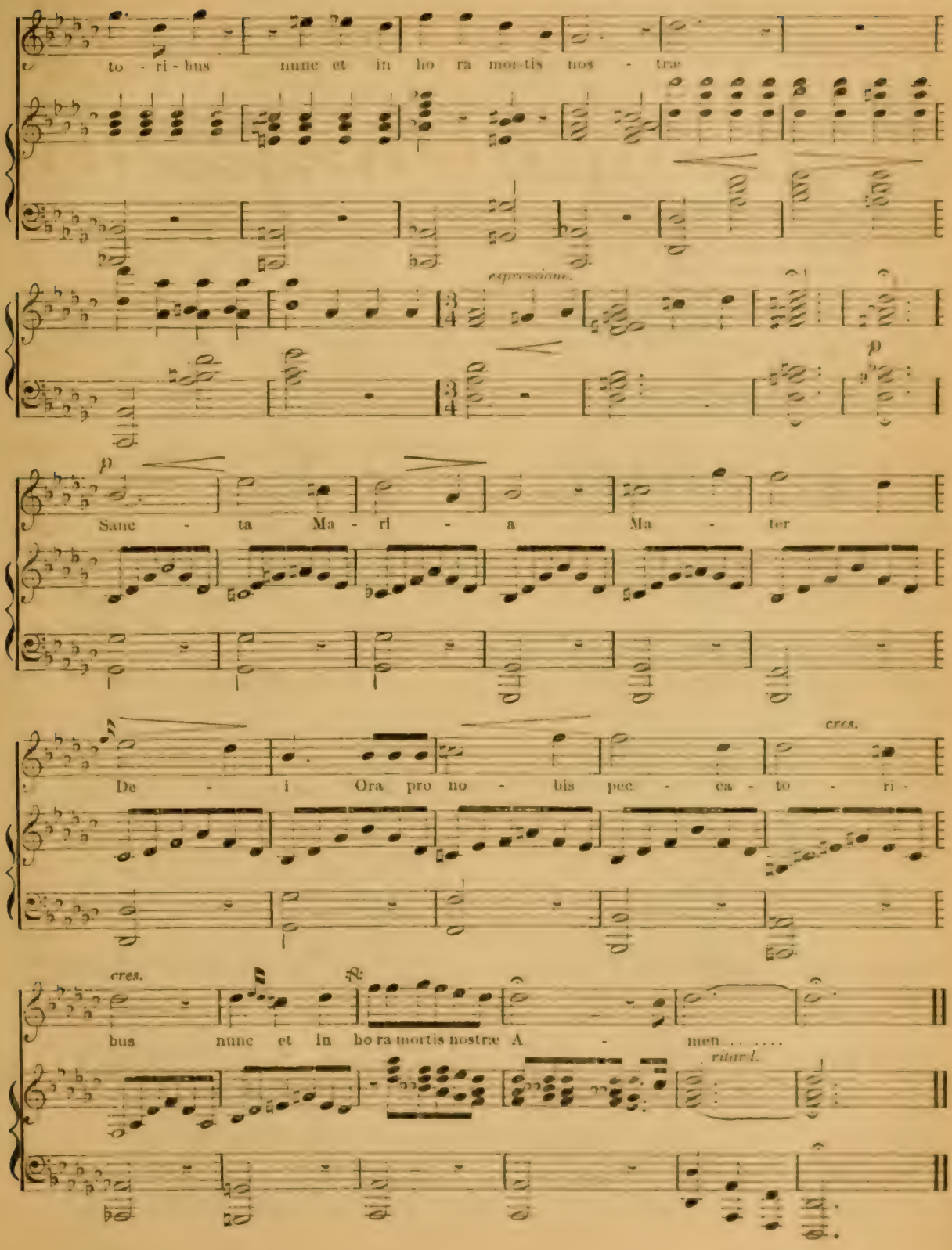
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Mrs. Canfield,

Formerly Miss Hulme, is a native of Burlington, N. J., but resided for years in Ohio. She published a number of juvenile works and was a regular contributor to the "Episcopal Recorder" and other periodicals. She wrote with ease and spirit, marked by pure and exalted sentiment, and usually anonymously, or with the simple signature "C." The following was written near the year 1847.

THE ELECTOR OF SAXONY AT AUGSBURG.

1 The first faint light of early day
Rested on vale and hill,
Touched the old towers and turrets gray,
But Augsburg slumber'd still.

2 Its silent streets gave back no sound
Save some lone passer's tread,
Some peasant to his labor bound,
Some watcher o'er the dead.

3 Courtier and prince in deep repose
Forgot each toil and care,
Yet from one quiet chamber rose
The voice of early prayer.

4 His princely robes aside were thrown
His sword unsheathéd lay,
Where an old warrior bent him down
In solitude to pray.

5 The long, thin locks of hoary years
Hung round his noble brow,
While from his agéd eyes the tears
Fell all unheeded now.

6 Not for his threatened state and crown
Did they in silence flow,
No selfish fear that spirit bound
Of royal crafty foe;

7 'T was for the holy ark of God
He wept and wrestled there,
Beseeching that his gracious Lord
Would guard it from each snare.

8 The rosy light fell on his form,
The soft breeze stirred his hair,
And peace from heaven was gently borne
In answer to that prayer.

9 His soul grew calm with faith and love,
His eye with fervor bright:
The strength that cometh from above
Had nerved him for the fight.

10 He sat amid that little band
Of noble Christian men,
And seized with eager, joyful hand
The truth-confessing pen.

11 "Nay; stop me not!" he quickly cried,
"I would confess my Lord!
Take, take from me these marks of pride,
My ermine, hat and sword.

12 "To me the Cross of Christ is more
Than all those toys of kings;
They pass with life—it rises o'er
The wreck of earthly things.

13 "My Master's Cross! I'll bear it high
While life and breath remain;
Christ, Christ alone! I'll dying cry
When other hopes are vain!

14 "Then let me humbly place my name
Upon this speaking scroll—
Ye men of God, be mine your shame,
Your conflict, and your goal!"

15 Thou brave old man! where'er thou art,
'Mid courts at princely board,
How beautiful, how true in heart,
Thou servant of the Lord!

16 Thou veteran in the glorious fight
For Christ, for heaven, for truth,
Faith gave thine agéd arm the might
Of strong undaunted youth.

17 First in that band, the noble few,
Thou stood'st with bearing high,
"I must confess my Saviour too!"
Thy watchword and thy cry.

18 No wish for honor, praise, or fame
Glow'd in thine agéd breast,
Yet never shone more honor'd name
On proud, imperial crest.

19 And long when his who triumph'd there
Has passed from mortal sight,
Thine yet shall live more radiant far,
Engraved with heaven's own light.

MRS. M. C. CANFIELD.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

1 O Thou, who fling'st so fair a robe
Of clouds around the hills untrod;
Those mountain-pillars of the globe,
Whose peaks sustain Thy throne, O God!
All glittering round the sunset skies,
Their trembling folds are lightly furl'd,
As if to shade from mortal eyes
The glories of yon upper world;
There, while the evening star upholds
In one bright spot their purple folds,
My spirit lifts its silent prayer,
For Thou the God of love art there.

2 The summer flowers, the fair, the sweet,
Upspringing freely from the sod,
In whose soft looks we seem to meet
At every step, Thy smiles, O God!
The humblest soul their sweetness shares,
They bloom in palace-hall or cot—
Give me, O Lord! a heart like theirs,
Contented with my lowly lot!
Within their pure ambrosial bells
In odors sweet Thy spirit dwells;
Their breath may seem to scent the air,
'T is Thine, O God! for Thou art there.

3 The spirit oft oppressed with doubt,
May strive to cast Thee from its thought,
But who can shut Thy presence out,
Thou mighty Guest that com'st unsought!
In spite of all our cold resolves,
Whate'er our thoughts, where'er we go,
Still magnet-like the heart revolves,
And points, all trembling, up to Thee.
We cannot shield a troubled breast
Beneath the confines of the bless'd,
Above, below, on earth, in air,
For Thou, the living God, art there.

4 Yet, far beyond the cloud outspread,
Where soaring fancy oft hath been,
There is a land where Thou hast said
The pure in heart shall enter in;
In those fair realms, so calmly bright,
How many a loved and gentle one
Bathes its soft plumes in loving light
That sparkles from Thy radiant throne.
There souls, once soft and sad as ours,
Look up and sing 'mid fadeless flowers;
They dream no more of grief and care,
For Thou, the God of peace, art there.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

1 Thou art the Way!
All ways are thorny mazes without Thee;
When hearts are pierced, and thoughts all aimless stray,
In Thee the heart stands firm, the life moves free:
Thou art the Way!

2 Thou art the Truth!
Questions the ages break against in vain
Confront the spirit in its untried youth;
It starves while learning poison from the grave:
Thou art the Truth!

3 Thou art the Truth!
Truth for the mind, grand, glorious, infinite;
A heaven still boundless o'er its highest growth;
Bread for the heart its daily need to meet:
Thou art the Truth.

4 Thou art the Light!
Earth beyond earth no faintest ray can give;
Heaven's shadeless noontide blinds our mortal sight;
In Thee we look on God, and love and live;
Thou art our Light!

5 Thou art the Rock!
Doubts none can solve heave wild on every side,
Wave meeting wave of thought in ceaseless shock;
On Thee the soul rests calm amidst the tide:
Thou art the Rock!

6 Thou art the Life!
All ways without Thee, paths that end in death;
All life without Thee, with death's harvest rife;
All truth's dry bones, disjoined and void of breath:
Thou art our Life!

7 For Thou art Love!
Our Way and End! the way is rest with Thee!
O living Truth! the truth is life in Thee!
O life essential! life is bliss with Thee!
For Thou art Love!

MRS. CHARLES.

THE LARK.

1 The lark's voice dies when fall the leaves,
And where were heaped the harvest sheaves
The crickets chirp the whole night long;
The morning of the chilly day
Through boding clouds breaks dim and gray,
And wakes no burst of matin song.

2 But in a myriad lowly nests
Beneath a myriad plushing breasts,
Through noontide heat and twilight dew
Life out of shapeless void took form,
That voices still through shine and storm
Might sing the mother-song anew.

3 What matter if we hear them not,
But lie in some still place forgot,
Dust crumbling into older dust?
The song shall still make glad the earth,
Life triumph over Death through birth,
And doubt be satisfied in trust.

MARY H. KROUT.
In "The Current."
Indianapolis, Ind. 1885.

THE SLIGHTED GUEST.

1 My friend, one morning, knocking at my door,
Found me, like Martha, cumbered with much care;
And though my lips a smile of welcome wore,
Scant time for friendly converse could I spare.

2 And so, ere long, on needless tasks intent,
I left to silent walls my gentle guest;
Nor rested from my toil till day was spent,
And shadows weird crept up the darkening west.

3 Remembering, then, I turned with grief unfeigned,
And cried, "Forgive me," through the boding gloom;
But, lo! my guest was gone, and silence reigned,—
A mocking spectre in the empty room.

4 O Heavenly Guest, forgotten all the day,
Wouldst thou but grant again Thy presence sweet,
Fain would I put my hindering cares away
And sit, like Mary, at Thy sacred feet!

MARY B. SLEIGHT.
In "Good Cheer."

CORONAT.

1 All day the wind with bitter breath had with the trees been plying,
Had rocked and tossed them to and fro and filled the air with sighing.
The pallid earth lay cold and still, the heavens were gray and lowering;
Between there hung a shifting veil of snow-flakes softly showering.

2 It was a day that seemed to moan of earth's dull weight of anguish;
Of joys that die and love that pales and hopes that slowly languish;
Of all that causes jarring notes where should be sweetest singing;
Of discords in the music that the hand of God set ringing.

3 But as the hidden sun went down, the snow-flakes ceased descending,
And golden beams like lances flashed, the clouds in shivers rending,
While through the rifts a flood of light burst on the tree-tops hoary,
And set the white earth in a blaze of radiant sunset glory.

4 Then in the golden sheen the load of weary thoughts was lightened—
The Hand is one that sent earth's pain, and darkest storm-clouds brightened
He lets the mist -scure His sun, and lives be dimmed with sadness,
But in His own mysterious way, doth crown the end with gladness.

5 We know not how discordant notes can roll to Him in sweetness,
Nor life's poor tangled, broken reeds, be gathered in completeness.
We only know its purpose is with Him in beauty breaking,
And on eternal shores, earth's strains are sweetest echoes waking.

LUCY L. WARD. 1883.

HOPE.

1 'T is the sunshine of life's troubled ocean,
The perfume of each budding flower;
'T is the zephyr that wafts to devotion
The spirit in grief's darkened hour.

2 'T is the breeze that wakes from its slumbers,
The lyre of the heart long unstrung;
'T is the soft breath that bringeth sweet numbers,
From the harp on the willow boughs hung.

3 'T is the radiant sunbeam of morning,
The dew-drop that sparkles at even,
'T is the joy of life's earliest dawning—
The angel that guideth to Heaven.

ELLEN C. BARNETT.
New Haven, Conn., April, 1883.

O BEAUTIFUL FRIEND.

1 There are poems unwritten and songs unsung,
Sweeter than any that ever were heard;
Poems that wait for an angel tongue,
Songs that but long for a Paradise bird.

CHORUS—Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest—
Read me the poem that never was penned,
The wonderful idyl of life that thou givest,
Fresh from thy spirit, O beautiful friend.

2 Poems that ripple through lowliest lives
Poems unnoted and hidden away
Down in the soul, where the beautiful thrives,
Sweetly as flowers in the airs of May.

3 Poems that only the angels above us,
Looking down deep in our hearts may behold;
Felt though unseen, by the beings above us,
Written on lives and in letters of gold.

MARY M. C. BOOTH.

HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S.

1 So you ask for a story, my darling, my brown-eyed Leopold,
And you, Alice, with your face like morning, and curling locks of gold;
Then come if you will, and listen,—stand close beside my knee—
To a tale of the Southern city, proud Charleston by the sea.

2 It was long ago, my children, ere even the signal gun
That blazed above Fort Sumpter had wakened the North as one:
Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle-cloud and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to their heart's desire.

3 On the roofs, and glittering turrets, that night when the sun went down,
The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jewelled crown;
And bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their eyes,
They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St. Michael's rise.

4 High over the lesser steeples, tipped with a golden ball,
That hung like radiant planet caught in its earthly fall,—
First glimpse of home to the sailor who made to harbor round,
And last slow fading vision dear to the outward bound.

5 The gently gathering shadows shut out the waning light;
The children prayed at their bedsides as you will pray to-night;
The noise of buyer and seller from their busy mart was gone;
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow the city slumbered on.

6 But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street,
For a cry was heard at midnight and the rush of tramping feet;
Men stared in each other's faces through mingled fire and smoke
While the frantic bells went clashing clamorous stroke on stroke.

7 By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the homeless mother fled,
With the babe she pressed to her bosom shivering in nameless dread,
While the fire-king's wild battalion scaled wall and capstone high,
And planted their flaming banners against an inky sky.

8 From the death that raged behind them, and the crash of ruin loud,
To the great square of the city, were driven the surging crowd;
When yet firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery flood,
With its heavenward pointing finger the Church of St. Michael stood.

9 But e'en as they gazed upon it there rose a sudden wail—
A cry of horror blended with the roaring of the gale,
On whose scorching wings up-driven a single flaming brand
Aloft on the lowering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

10 "Will it fade?" the whisper trembled from a thousand whitened lips;
Far out on the lurid harbor, they watched it from the ships,
A baleful gleam that brighter and ever brighter shone
Like a flickering, trembling will-o'-wisp to a steady beacon grown.

11 "Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave right hand,
For the love of the periled city, plucks down yon burning brand!"
So cried the mayor of Charleston that all the people heard;
But they looked each one at his fellow; and no man spoke a word.

12 But whose is it leans from the belfry with face upturned to the sky,
Clings to a column and measures the dizzy spire with his eye?
Will he dare it, the hero undaunted, that terrible sickening height?
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at the sight?

13 But see! he has stepped on the railing; he climbs with his feet and hands,
And firm on a narrow projection, with the belfry beneath him he stands;
Now once, and once only, they cheer him,—a single tempestuous breath,—
And there falls on the multitude gazing, a hush like the stillness of death.

14 Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of fire,
Still higher, and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of the spire.
He stops! will he fall? lo! for answer, a gleam like a meteor's track,
And hurled on the stones of the pavement the red brand lies shattered and black.

15 Once more the shouts of the people have rent the quivering air;
At the church-door mayor and council wait with their feet on the stair;
And the eager throng behind them press for a touch of his hand,—
The unknown saviour whose daring could compass a deed so grand.

16 But why does a sudden tremor seize on them as I gaze?
And what meaneth that stifled murmur of wonder and amaze?
He stood in the gate of the temple he had periled his life to save,
And the face of the hero, my children, was the sable face of a slave!

17 With folded arms he was speaking in tones that were clear not loud,
And his eyes ablaze in their sockets, burnt into the eyes of the crowd:—
"You may keep your gold: I scorn it! but answer me, ye who can,
If the deed I have done before you be not the deed of a man?"

18 He stepped but a short space backward; and from all the women and men
There were only sobs for answer; and the mayor called for a pen,
And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran;
And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out from its door a man.

MARY A. P. STANSBURY
Appleton, Wis.

COMFORTED.

Isaiah lxvi: 13.

1 A weary man with toilsome hands
And locks adrift with wintry snow,
I've led the van for many a year,
And still with onward step must go.

2 Yet coming as my feet do now,
When life's front ranks have faced the grave,
I have a longing, even here,
For joys that little children have;

3 Those little ones whose trusting hearts
Find shelter 'neath such drooping wings,
Who cannot question love's defence,
Or think of any care it brings;—

4 And sometimes tossed and beaten back
With much to do and more to bear,
With many hearts to lean on mine,
When mine sinks overborne with care.

5 I long for some love-strengthened hand
To take the helm and trim the sail,
And through my safe, unburdened rest,
Guide my frail vessel through the gale,

6 While the sweet strains of holy cheer
That bore my soul on dreamy wings
Floats on, though none but angels hear
The song my faithful Pilot sings.

7 Sweet dream of peace. Though but a dream
Too often born of needless pain,
Yet even this my Lord hath used
To bring me to His breast again:

8 For oft in such unwearied hours,
When faith gives way to memory,
The sweetness of a mother's love
Comes with the name He giveth me.

9 Come, wandering one, by doubt beguiled,
By earth's vain estimates oppressed;
I know that as a little child
That I must cradle in my breast!

10 Mine own! once purchased by my blood,
Shall I not still thy meekness keep,
And bear thee on 'till Love Divine
Shall give to my belovéd sleep?"

11 Dear Lord! that love which sought for me
O'er ocean waste and desert wild,
Finds, as of old, its precious sum
When Thou dost bless Thy "little child."

12 And such, in weakness, Lord am I,—
Such in my faith I'd ever be—
Though sorrow be Thy messenger
To call me to my rest in Thee!

HANNAH MORE JOHNSON.*
Philadelphia, Pa., Nov., 1885.

A SPRING SONG.

"And we know that to them that love God all things work together for good, even to them that are called according to his purpose. — Romans viii. 28.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else."—Isaiah xlv: 22.

1 What limitless comfort, my Father, to me
Breathes soft in this "all things;" nor billow, nor sea,
Nor sorrow, nor suffering, foeman can be,
While this promise stands!
Though my ship strands,
The rock were thy touch,
Earth has no such,
'T would come as thy kiss,
And only be bliss.

2 The long darkness flieth, the true light now shines;
To-day's in God's Canaan, how pleasant the lines;
The false prophet's dying, the true now divines;
Hark, sin is at rout,
And evil dies out;
Hush, angels, and hear
What now saith the seer;
'T is, man shout and sing,
For God is earth's King.

3 Join, soul, in heav'n's vernal song, end famine's moan;
Fast follows the harvest long ages have sown,
To song of heav'n's reapers attune now thine own.
Quick, work with thy might,
Work, motion makes light;
See, leaps e'en the clod
To bloom love of God.
Shall thy being shine
Aught less his divine?

4 O sing for earth's almond rod bursteth to bloom,
Its fragrant breath filleth God's holiest room;
Life triumphs o'er dying, disaster and doom.
The promise falls due,
"I create all anew,"
And, "sighing shall cease,"
"Descend Salem's peace."
Sing, soul, work and sing;
Shout, soul, God is King.

MRS. AMELIA SWANSON QUINTON.
Philadelphia, Nov., 1885.
General Secretary Woman's National Indian Association.

DELAYED.

1 Idly I mused beside the mountain stream,
Watching all dreamily the light and shade
That through the wind-stirred leaves upon it played
In a wild revelry of gloom and gleam.

2 Noting with half-shut eyes the shifting tints
Of pearl and opal, emerald, amethyst,
That through the diamond spray and gilded mist
Shot like winged arrows—giving wondrous hints.

3 Of the rich treasure, prisoned in a ray
Of silver light, until, with noiseless shock,
Some strange prismatic touch its walls unlock,
Flinging its jewels recklessly away.

4 So wearied was I—body, mind, and soul,
It seemed almost an effort when I tossed
A rose leaf on the brook. A moment lost
In a foam-crested whirlpool, then it stole

5 Silently, swiftly, down the streamlet's course,
Shooting the rapids, backward hurled by shocks
Of sudden contact with imbedded rocks,
But onward still, borne by resistless force.

6 Till, drifting shoreward, straightway it was caught
In a rude tangle of dead twigs hard by.
"Stranded!" I murmured with a gentle sigh,
"So like to mine, thy course," sadly I thought.

* Hannah More Johnson is a zealous worker in behalf of foreign missions, especially among young ladies. Her hardest literary work has been done since 1873. She has recently finished her eighth book. Subject, "Mexico" (1886.)

7 "Snatched without warning from a life-work planned;
Destined, like thee, poor leaf, idly to lie
And watch the crafts that were behind sail by,
Scorning my impotence. I understand

8 "It not, dear Lord; the work I planned was Thine,
And prospered in my hands. Then why, I pray?"
Lo! while I mused, the leaflet broke away
And sailed from sight, bathed in the glad sunshine.

9 Then sang the brook: "Not stranded, but delayed."
"Delayed, delayed!" echoed a bird o'erhead,
And in my heart Hope softly stirred and said,
"Mayhap thy course, likewise, is only stayed."

Colorado Springs, Col. Nov 1885.
ELLA BEECHER GETTINGS.

A SUNSET THOUGHT

1 O radiance mine when day is o'er!
O sunset reach of thought to dwell
On ling'ring joys the landscape wore!
And calm the introspective view
Of what was given me to do,
For, if I failed, with purpose true,
God knoweth all, and it is well.

2 And be it mine at close of life;
This rapture giv'n, whate'er befell,
Of yesterdays unfilled with strife,—
This gleam of the Unlived to lend
Foreglory. Truth the Godward trend,
Were imperfected life's great end.
God knoweth all, and it is well.

FANNIE H. RUNNELS
Sanbornton, N. H., 1884.

OLD.

1 I wondered, counting the years,
Over the childish thought
Of "when I am a woman—!"
Ah, me! what time has wrought!
Faded and pale and gray—
See what care will do!
I cannot be old to-day,
The years are so short and few.

2 I wondered over again,
Another childish dream—
The prince I once expected,
And never yet have seen!
A nervous, ancient maiden—
Do the children call me so?
I laid away my playthings
Not so very long ago.

3 I have been startled lately,
The children are so tall;
Sister Alice is younger
Than I, but when Maudie called
"Measure with me, Aunty,"
She had half an inch or more—
That baby I rocked and cuddled,—
Well, fifteen years before!

4 Alas, but there's but one comfort—
It isn't wrong to grow old,
Spring and youth are eternal
Somewhere, I have been told.
The oldest thing I see
Is Earth, as fair and strong
To-day, as when the starry choir
Began their morning song.

5 What of the wrinkled brow?
What of the silvered hair?
The blesséd sunlight falling
Mirrors its gladness there,
Nearer eternal youth—
Beauty that will not fade—
I am glad to-day so much
Of the journey of life is made.

CHARLOTTE M. WEDGEWOOD
Waukon, Iowa 1876

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

1 Along the streets one day with that swift tread
He walked, a living king—then "He is dead,"
The whisper flew from lip to lip, while still
Sounding within our ears, the echoing thrill
Of his magician's voice we seemed to hear
In notes of melody ring near and clear.

2 So near, so clear, men cried, "It cannot be!
It was but yesterday he spoke to me!
But yesterday we saw him move along,
His head above the crowd, swift-paced and strong,
But yesterday his plan and purpose sped;
It cannot be to-day that he is dead."

3 A moment thus, half dazed, men met and spoke,
When first the sudden news upon them broke;
A moment more, with sad acceptance turned
To face the bitter truth that they had spurned.
Friends said through tears, "How empty seems the town!"
And warring critics laid their weapons down.

4 He had his faults, they said, but they were faults
Of head and not of heart—his sharp assaults,
Flung seeming heedless from his quivering bow,
And heedless striking either friend or foe,
Were launched with eyes that saw not foe or friend,
But only, shining far, some goal or end.

5 That, compassed once, should bring God's saving grace
To purge and purify the human race.
The measure that he meted out he took,
And blow for blow received without a look,
Without a sign of conscious hurt or hate,
To stir the tranquil calmness of his State.

6 Born on the heights and in the purple bred,
He chose to walk the lowly ways instead,
That he might lift the wretched and defend
The rights of those who languished for a friend.
So, many years he spent in listening
To these sad cries of wrong and suffering,

7 It was not strange, perhaps, he thought the right
Could never live upon the easeful height,
Nor strange, indeed, that slow suspicion grew
Against the class whose tyrannies he knew.
But, bitter and unsparing as his speech,
He meant alone the evil deed to reach.

8 No hate of persons winged his fiery shaft,
He had no hatred but for cruel craft
And selfish measurements, where human Might
Bore down upon the immemorial Right.
Ev'n while he dwelt his bitterest blows at power,
No bitterness that high heart could devour.

9 How at the last his great heart conqurered all,
We know who watched above his sacred pall—
One day, a living king, he faced a crowd
Of critic foes; over the dead king bowed
A throng of friends who yesterday were those
Who thought themselves, and whom the world thought, foes.

NORA PERRY, 1884.
In "Congregationalist."

Miss Jean Ingelow,

An English poet, born at Ipswich, is now about 50 years old, (1885). She has written much prose and verse. "The high tide on the coast of Lincolnshire" is considered by many as her best poem. "Songs of Seven," ranks next, perhaps.

COMFORT IN THE NIGHT.

She thought by Heaven's high wall that she did stray
Till she beheld the everlasting gate;
And she climbed up to it, to long and wait,
Feel with her hands (for it was night), and lay
Her lips to it with kisses; thus to pray
That it might open to her desolate.
And lo! it trembled, lo! her passionate
Crying prevailed. A little, little way
It opened: there fell out a thread of light,
And she saw wingéd wonders move within;
Also she heard sweet talking as they meant
To comfort her. They said, "Who comes to-night
Shall one day certainly an entrance win;"
Then the gate closed and she awoke content.

JEAN INGELOW.

REST.

1 Go search through Nature, you will find no rest.
The ocean has no respite day or night.
The calm that lies upon the mountain-height
Is but respose of action at the best;
Below the sun-touched beauty of its crest
Volcanic forces labor. Out of sight,
Shut from the curious world by blinds of white,
Through the long Winter, with increasing zest,
The Earth toils in her lab'ratory.

2 Death
To the enlarged requirements of the soul
Will yield employment in new realms alway,
We need not think with our expiring breath
To sink to rest; rest in an unknown goal,
For even the deserted body must decay.

ELLA WHEELER.
In "The Chicago Tribune."

THE POET'S CROWN.

Once echoing down the shores of time
My spirit heard th' Immortals' chime,
Beneath the silent, priestly Palms,
It trilled my soul like Martyrs' Psalms:
"O fields and flowers immortal,

From realms of upper air,
Give to the poet mortal
The buds ye well can spare.
Give Laurels green and shining,
The Myrtle boughs, the Rose
And Lily intertwining
With fragrant Heather-blows.
Give Passion-flowers for sorrow,
And Palms for victory's gain;
And something let us borrow,
Type of the Poet's pain."

Then came from far-off flowery slope,
Fragrant with purpling Heliotrope,
Voices that sounded most like knells
Ringing from Eden's asphodels,

"O Poet love! O Poet story!
O poet life, O poet glory!
Alas! Alas!"

Here, take Love's Myrtle, bind his brow,
So much that's sweet and fair allow;
But take, entwined with myrtle leaf,
Willows for grief— willows for grief.
Roses for beauty— Lilies, too,
For purity— and Violets blue
For friendship: and the Passion-flower,
For Love's self-abnegating hour;
Yet, ere the wreath his brow adorns,
Bind on his head the crown of thorns.
This shall remain, this shall remain,
Forever type of Poet's pain.
For he, who souls of men may touch,
Must in himself have suffered much.

"O Poet life! O Poet story!
O Poet love, O Poet glory!
Alas! Alas!"

Fell then a hush of holy calms—
Yet echoing 'neath the priestly Palms,
The Immortals' chime the mortal warns;
For poets' crowns are crowns of thorns.

MARY E. C. WYETH.
St. Louis, 1880.

MORNING AND NIGHT.

1 How beautiful is morn, when glad and new
All nature wakes to greet another day!
The sweet mysterious chrism of the dew
Has washed all signs of weariness away;
The flow'rs that drooped at yestere'en, now lift
Once more their sparkling faces up. We too,
With heart and brain refreshed, receive the gift
Of a new day, on whose fair page, as yet,
No character of good or ill is set.
So, joyously and eagerly, with hope and courage high,
We seek to trace a record grand before the day goes by.

2 How beautiful is night, when darkness falls
Softly, like some dear loving hand, upon
The finished page of day! The heart recalls,
With helpless grief, the duties left undone—
The bright hours wasted, we had thought to fill
With helpful words and noble deeds, until
The vision which at morn we craved, appalls,
And gladly, as a weary child creeps to its mother's breast,
We creep into the silent night for comfort and for rest.

MARY K. BUCK.
Traverse City, Mich. 1884.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

1 O souls that struggle to express
The truths ye cannot now repress,
Of inward life for outward good!
In this earth language do ye own
A word of sadder, keener tone
Than this slow uttered word— misunderstood?

2 Earth crucified her Lord, and still
Cries crucify, when human will
Sets Godward strong above her bid;
And friends, vexed sore, with kindly ruth,
Cry out "Enough," because forsooth,
Truth's Shechinah from their dim eyes is hid.

3 What wonder if the human lips,
Trembling with dread apocalypse,
Grow white with silent pain, and keep
God's truth within, until His voice
Break through them like their own with choice
Of their poor words to utter meaning deep?

4 What wonder if the spirit faint
And wearily, with tired plaint,
Pray for its own deliverance.
Too weak, indeed, alone to rise
To its fore-seeing destinies,
Too great to float on life's smooth stream of chance.

5 As individual stars are we
Set out in God's infinity,
With cyclic ways about His throne;
What if the mystic, spheric course,
Drawn by this silent, unseen force,
Swerve out beyond thy ken in the unknown?

6 Why therefore cry Alas! and scorn
That gravitation, heaven born,
Which draws us mutely to His will?
Who shall God's secret tell?
Who move in His own parallel?
One purpose deep all destinies fulfill.

7 Dear friends, whose patient love we know
Why say ye "Move ye thus and so,
For flesh is weak, and heart is strong."
Say rather, "Move ye straight and true
To God's great pulse beat, moving through
Thy own frail life to tune of His new song."

8 Still sounds from shore of Galilee
That voice resistless, "Follow me."
Meek Sufferer, we take Thy chrism:
Through earthly loss we seek Thy gain,
And knowing thus Thy crownéd pain
Bear patiently the waves of this baptism.

MRS. MARIA UPHAM OAKES. 1884.

IN PATIENCE.

1 What if thou livest evermore alone,
Poor and forgotten and in thy silent place?
What if for bread thou gettest but a stone,
And in thy garden no rose lends a grace?
Still in thy soul the souls of all the flowers
Will fill with perfume all thy dreaming hours.

2 What if the stars are far away and cold,
And love hath no last kisses for thy lips—
If thou hast found misfortune overtold,
And joy's sweet sun hid 'neath a cloud's eclipse?
Still, some stray gleams must keep thy desert fair,
And wandering breezes lift thy heavy hair.

3 No soul but hath some sun, or star, or moon,
That keeps itself a sacred thing of light;
As brooks go rambling through the rose-rapt June,
Some joy will seek thee in thy darkest night;
Some hallowed dream will be fulfilled and sweet,
Some buds will open at thy patient feet.

4 Seek not to wrench from Fate the hoarded prize:
Seek not to bend grim Fortune to thy need,
Save by the upturned glance of loyal eyes,
Save by the heart that can in silence bleed;
Stand in thy God-appointed place, upright,
And thou shalt yet be victor in the fight.

FANNY DRISCOLL.

AS THY DAYS.

1 Not for some future years,
Within whose misty length
May lie a shadow of great woe and fears,
A burden sore of care and fears,
He stores His promised strength.

2 Not till my weary feet
Dark billows stem,
Or from my life have fled my treasures sweet,
And the days come when sadly I repeat,
"I have no joy in them."

3 But as the manna fell
Each day from heaven,
And for the host of waiting Israel
Did the fierce hunger quell,
So, too, is freely given.

4 Strength for the daily life,
A blessed store,
For the small worries, and the petty strife,
With which each hour is rife,
Some less, or more.

5 He hath His great supplies
For all our ways;
For tempest drear, or for the sunny skies,
Whether we weep, or songs of joy arise,
Strength for our days.

LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

Woodstock, Va. 1881.

THE PEACE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

"The mountains shall bring peace to the people."—Psalms lxxii: 2.

1 To him who, dwelling by the restless deep,
Has shared its wild commotion day by day,
And felt its moaning voice, though midnight sleep
O'er his wrapt soul had sway;

2 When he shall seek the purple heights again,
And find from vexing thoughts a sweet surcease,
How softly on his spirit falls that strain,—
"The mountains shall bring peace!"

3 "The covenant of God's peace doth still remain,"
He saith, recalling some dear word of hope,
When golden sunbeams after chilling rain
Brighten the mountain slope.

4 Clearly against the azure sky they trace
The finest spray; they pierce the darksome grot;
Whilst airy footsteps of the rainbow grace
Some unfrequented spot.

5 How can he cherish an unworthy thought
In presence of these everlasting hills?
Calmness and strength unto his soul are brought,
And God the silence fills.

6 Be still, my soul! offer thine incense too,
When vapor-wreaths from these grand altars rise,
Reflect thy God, as mountain meres the blue
Of the o'erbending skies.

7 He is so near and earth so far away,
I bid all lesser aspirations cease;
My God! Thy word of promise* is my stay;
Thy mountains bring me peace.

ANNA L. SMITH.

* "As the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever."

Louise Chandler Moulton

Has a beautiful home opposite that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, on Beacon street, Boston. Mrs. Moulton says she wrote her best verses in the beginning of her literary career, her later productions not being half so simple and full of beauty." It generally works the other way, — the more experience one has with the pen, the more does the beauty of real simplicity grow upon one. Brevity and simplicity are strong points, but it requires greater mental power to concentrate ideas into small compass than to diffuse them all over the sheet. Carlyle once wrote to Emerson that he should on that particular day be obliged to write him a long letter, as he had not the time to write a short one." Mrs. Moulton is at present in England, and spends much of her time abroad. (1885). She is everywhere acknowledged to be one of the best poets of the day.

WE LAY US DOWN TO SLEEP.

1 We lay us down to sleep,
And leave to God the rest,
Whether to wake and weep
Or wake no more be best.

2 Why vex our souls with care?
The grave is cool and low,—
Had we found life so fair
That we should dread to go?

3 We've kissed Love's sweet, red lips,
And left them sweet and red;
The rose the wild bee sips
Blooms on when he is dead.

4 Some faithful friends we've found,
But they who love us best,
When we are under ground,
Will laugh on with the rest.

5 No task have we begun
But other hands can take;
No work beneath the sun
For which we need to wake.

6 Then hold us fast, sweet death,
If so it seemeth best
To Him who gives us breath
That we should go to rest.

7 We lay us down to sleep,
Our weary eyes we close;
Whether to wake and weep
Or wake no more, He knows.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

London, Eng., 1883.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

1 My thoughts go home to that old brown house,
With its low roof sloping down to the east,
And its garden fragrant with roses and thyme,
That blossom no longer, except in rhyme,
Where the honey bees used to feast.

2 Afar in the west the great hills rose,
Silent and steadfast and gloomy and gray;
I thought they were giants, and doomed to keep
Their watch, while the world should wake or sleep,
Till the trumpet should sound on the judgment day.

3 I used to wonder of what they dreamed
As they brooded there in their silent might,
While March winds smote them, or June rains fell,
Or the snows of Winter with their ghostly spell
Wrought in the long and lonesome night.

4 They remembered a younger world than ours,
Before the trees on their top were born,
When the old brown house was itself a tree,
And waste were the fields where now you see
The winds astir in the tasseled corn.

5 And I was as young as the hills were old,
And the world was warm with the breath of Spring,
And the roses red and the lilies white
Budding and bloomed for my heart's delight,
And the birds in my heart began to sing.

6 But calm in the distance the great hills rose,
Deaf unto raptures and dumb unto pain,
Since they knew that Joy is the mother of Grief,
And remembered a butterfly's life is brief,
And the sun sets only to rise again.

7 They will brood, and dream, and be silent, as now,
When the youngest children alive to-day
Have grown to be women and men, grown old,
And gone from the world like a tale that is told,
And even whose echo forgets to stay.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

In "Harper's Magazine." 1885.

PETER'S DREAM.

1 In happier days of old, when still
Earth felt the mighty thrill
Of heavenly presences in mortal guise,
When angels walked with man,
Nor yet had fallen the ban
That drives far off the once close-girdling skies,
In some rapt hour of prayer there came
To Peter's heart God's word of arrowed flame.

2 "Whate'er the Perfect Mind hath planned,
Whate'er the Master-hand
Hath formed to bear new witness to its power,
And on the same sweet earth
That gave thy being birth
Hath set to share with thee thy little hour,
Howe'er so outcast or so mean,
That shalt not thou call common or unclean."

3 Long years have fled since that stern word
The dreamer's bosom stirred,
And slew with fire the abject fiend of scorn;
Yet down the listening age
(Our noblest heritage)
Clear rings the mandate of the Manger-born,
The shunned and branded Nazarene:
"What God hath cleansed, that call not thou unclean."

4 About us still the Gentile dwells,
And still the vain heart swells,
With base thanksgiving for its larger light;
The pharisaic cry
Blaspheming mounts on high:
"I thank Thee, Lord, for I am pure and white,
And not as these, Thy castaways,
But walk in steadfast wisdom all my days."

5 Hard by our gates squats Caliban,
Misshaped, inchoate man,
The disowned brother of our lordly breed;
The great Unkept, Untaught,
Whose birthright we have bought
With doles of pottage stinted to his need,
While on his brow our trampling heel
Stamps deep and deeper yet the bestial seal.

6 And thus, with higher knowledge filled,
Our house of fools we build,
Nor fear the writhing brute we deem accurst.
A little while we hold
The chain so strong of old,
Worn now so thin, the rusty links must burst,
And leave us face to face at last
With all the garnered vengeance of the past.

7 Grim truth the hoary legend spake
Of that Titanic snake
That coils its fettered spirals round the world—
How yet shall snap the chain
The old gods forged in vain,
When evil Loki's flag of woe unfurled
Leads Death and Chaos to the fray,
Where, side by side, sink murderer and prey.

8 Lo! we, the little gods who sit
Above the seething pit
Where our cooped giant twists his tortured length,
With hoarse and beast-like cries
Threatening our sacred skies—
Calmly we smile, at rest in conscious strength,
Nor see that still the monster grows,
And Ragnarök its coming shadow throws.

9 Yet well for us, we fools and blind,
We can no longer bind!
For we may loose, though late, the bonds of shame,
And with sweet light and air
Make pure and stifling lair
Where crouch the sharers of our shape and name
And clasp the brute hand in our own,
Which, spurned, shall crush to dust our flimsy throne.

10 O brethren of the stunted brain,
Sunk in that darkest pain
Which knows no better hope through sense of loss!
With inarticulate speech,
Bruised arms to us you reach
Up from the shadow of the selfsame Cross
Where He who died for every man
Wiped out in blood the ancient, man-made ban.

11 There is no soul too wrecked to bless,
No hand too foul to press,
No grovelling wretch too loathsome for our love;
No tainted touch he fears
Who still, like Peter, hears
The Crucified, low whispering from above;
"God, who all secret things hath seen,
Calls naught that liveth common and unclean."

FANNY PARNELL.
In "The Independent." 1883.
Died 1884.

Miss Angeline Ashby Fuller

Was born at Savanna, Ill., in 1841. At the age of thirteen she became perfectly deaf through congestive chills. The same complaint afflicted her eyes, so that much of the time she has been almost totally blind. While a pupil in a Deaf and Dumb Institute at Jacksonville, Ill., Dr. Gilbert procured books with raised letters, for her. No medical treatment has been able to do more than allay the suffering. She is pronounced the most voluminous writer among deaf mutes, now living. Her contributions both in prose and blank verse appear in many papers, and nearly all the deaf mute papers published in America, are indebted to her for many valuable contributions. In 1883 she published a volume of poems called "The Venture," which has received just tributes of praise from Oliver Wendell Holmes, Whittier, Ella Wheeler and others. Several of the poems in this volume are from "The Venture," by her permission, and were composed during seasons of illness, or blindness, or in the night time while others slept, and were committed to paper by her weeks or months afterwards, when strength and leisure would permit. Her father is an Englishman, her mother French, of Canadian extraction, and she is the eldest of nine children — six brothers, two of whom are dead, and three sisters. Every reader can but sympathize with the tender heart and cheerful activity of the authoress, to say nothing of her poetic talent, which coupled to her sad impediments commands the highest esteem and admiration. As the poet Whittier says, there seems to be a touch of inspiration in many of her poems, and their religious fervor, faith and trust, are especially characteristic.

A STRANGE HALF-CENTURY.

Suggested by the remark of Laura D. Bridgman, in a letter written September 15, 1879, while she was visiting her mother at the old homestead in Hanover, N. H.

"My birthday is on the 21st of December—fifty years old!"

1 Almost fifty years of darkness,
Darkness deep as ever fell
O'er the world at day's declining,
With its wierd and waking spell;
Darkness so intense, no glimmer,
Were all Nature's lights combined
With all lights of man's inventing,
E'er could reach the imprisoned mind.
Yet she wails no question "why?"
Satisfied that by and bye
Time with emphasis will tell:
"Though so trying, it was well."

2 Almost fifty years of silence,
Silence utter and profound,
As if Nature had grown powerless
To produce a single sound,
As if all the air was muffled
Or had lost resounding force,
Lost all power to carry echoes
Or reveal their primal source.
Yet she wails no question, "why?"
Satisfied that by and bye
Time with emphasis will tell:
"Though so lonely, it was well."

3 Almost fifty years unable
Rightly to articulate
Exclamations, questions, answers,
Which would show the spirit's state,
Would reveal its joy or sorrow,
Show its cause for hope and fear,
Tell why mirth gives place to sadness,
Or why falls the pearly tear.
Yet she wails no question, "why?"
Satisfied that by and bye
Time with emphasis will tell:
"Though so grievous, it was well."

4 Almost fifty years of toiling,
Toiling patiently to gain
Word by word, the common knowledge
Others rapidly attain;
Word by word, the truth that reason
Holds and will forever hold
Far more precious than earth's treasures,
Multiplied to countless fold.
Yet she wails no question, "why?"
Satisfied that by and bye
Time with emphasis will tell:
"Though so tedious, it was well."

5 Almost fifty years of groping,
Groping cautiously about,
Pausing oftentimes in terror,
Oftener still in dread or doubt,
Wondering if the sun is shining,
Or if clouds the sky obscure,
If the evening lamp is lighted,
Or the food and drink are pure.
Yet she wails no question, "why?"
Satisfied that by and bye
Time with emphasis will tell:
"Though so wearying, it was well."

6 Almost fifty years of striving
To win victory from defeat,
Make a prosy fate a poem
Millions proudly shall repeat;
Make for scholars and for skeptics
Theories and questions strange,
Arguments and views perplexing
When from God they dare to range.
Yet she wails no question, "why?"
Satisfied that by and bye
Time with emphasis will tell:
"Though so mysterious, it was well."

7 Almost fifty years attesting
We are not the work of chance,
But the heirs of One who ever
Bids us rise, achieve, advance;
Bids us show by wise improval
Of our talents, small or great,

We may not one jot nor tittle
Of our Maker's praise abate.
Yet she wails no question, "why?"
Satisfied that by and bye
Time with emphasis will tell:
"Though so onerous, it was well."

8 Almost fifty years declaring
Mind is mighty and will rise
From the wreck of sense and venture
Boldly after crown and prize,
Venture, strive, aspire and struggle
Conquer, persevere and stand
On the lofty heights of triumph,
Known and praised in many a land.
Yet she wails no question, "why?"
Satisfied that by and bye
Time with emphasis will tell:
"God decreed all, it was well."

9 Almost fifty years of hoping
For the morning that shall end
The protracted night of trials
Which so clearly, strangely blend;
End the slow and cautious groping
End the isolation sore,
End the wondering and the longing,
End them all forevermore.
Yet she wails no question, "why?"
Satisfied that by and bye
Time with emphasis will tell:
"All that God decrees is well."

ANGIE FULLER.

A SOLILOQUY.

1 No sound, no sound! no loudly chiming bell,
Nor cannon's boom nor wind's intensest roar,
Nor thunder peal, nor ocean's loudest swell,
Nor music, such as high-toned organs pour,
Or best strung harps yield from their secret store.

2 No sound, no sound! Silence on every side,
A silence so profound no words can show
Its solemn perfectness, how like a tide
Of cold, dead waters, without ebb or flow,
It holds, engulfs and wears by tortures slow.

3 No sound, no sound! An alien, though at home,
An exile, even in my native land,
A prisoner, too, for though at will I roam,
Yet chained and manacled I oft must stand,
Unmoved, though sounds vibrate on every hand.

4 No pleasant sound, yet I am well content
To wait until the Master deigns to say
In tones by sympathy made eloquent,
"It is enough, lo! thy deliverance day
Is dawning, weary prisoner, come away.

ANGIE FULLER.

THE BLIND DEAF-MUTE

1 Deaf, dumb and blind! It seems so hard, so hard,
No sound, no sound, silence on every side;
Silence, as perfect, utter and profound
As reigned when chaos yawned, deep, dark and wide.

2 Deaf, dumb and blind! It seems so hard, so hard,
Dumb, though the mind be all ablaze with thought,
Dumb, though the spirit's tenderest depths and height
Are into ecstacy or frenzy wrought.

3 Deaf, dumb and blind! It seems so strange, so strange,
No light, no light, forever in the dark,
Darkness most dense, wide as the world is wide,
With no relieving glimmer, ray or spark.

4 Deaf, dumb and blind! Alone, wholly alone,
Shut up in the small prison of herself,
Resembling much a book firm closed and clasped
And tossed as useless upon Mystery's shelf.

5 And yet, perchance, she dwells not quite alone,
Angels may be her visitants and friends,
Or at the dear Lord's pitying commands
Often the Comforter to her descends.

6 And it may be her spirit senses, all
Keener than ours, pierce the celestial spheres,
And while we pitying say, "Deaf, dumb and blind,"
Rare sights delight her eyes, rare sounds her mind.

ANGIE FULLER.

ASHES.

1 I saw the gardener bring and strew
Gray ashes where blush roses grew,
The fair still roses bent them low,
Their pink cheeks dimpled all with dew,
And seemed to view with pitying air
The dim gray atoms lying there.
Ah! bonny rose, all fragrancies,
And life and hope and quick desires,
What can you need or gain from these
Poor ghosts of long forgotten fires?
The rose tree leans, the rose tree sighs,
And wafts this answer subtly wise:
"All death, all life are mixed and blent,
Out of dead lives fresh life is sent;
Sorrow to these is growth for me,
And who shall question God's decree?"

2 Ah! dreary life, whose glad-come spark
No longer leaps in song and fire,
But lies in ashes gray and stark,
Destroyed hopes and dead desire,
Useless and dull and all bereft—
Take courage, still one thing is left,
Some happier life may use thee so,
Some flower bloom fairer on its tree,
Some sweet or tender thing may grow

To stronger life because of thee.
Content to play an humble part,
Give of the ashes of thy heart,
And haply God, whose dear decrees
Taketh from those to give to these,
Who draws the snow-drop from the snows,
May from those ashes find a rose.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE

1 I ask not for the streams, but for the fount;
I ask not for the river, but the sea:—
When my feet stand on the eternal mount,
Whom shall I seek, O! Lord, but only Thee?

2 With new surprise, each day Thy hand I trace
In all Thy works, so varied, grand and sweet;
Let me behold the mighty Master's face,
Oh! let me fall adoring at His feet.

3 The ocean's caverns, crags that pierce the sky,
Majestic trees, the human form erect,
The worlds on worlds that round about us lie,
Oh! let me look upon their Architect.

4 The prophets and apostles,— I have read
Their words, more precious far than pearl or gold;
But when the holy city I shall tread,
Their great Inspirer I would there behold.

5 The Testaments will both be folded up
When the Divine Testator shall appear;
We shall not need the sacramental cup
When our beloved Lord himself is near.

6 In all the devious paths that I have trod,
A Guide invisible has led the way,
And when I reach the city of my God
And this great Friend shall cast His veil away,—

7 This Friend, that has been all in all to me,
Safe leading me through forests lone and dim,
'Midst clouds and darkness, where I could not see,
Can any other sight compare with Him?

8 A soul redeemed!— I was the slave of sin;
To ransom me the Prince of Life has died;
And, when the golden gates shall take me in,
Shall I not press through throngs to reach His side;

9 Through squadrons of bright angels and sweet saints
Yes, past the dear home faces, pined for long,
To meet the Lord, for whom my spirit faints,
And pour into his ear a grateful song,—

10 Unmindful of the crowns and harps of gold,
All sights and sounds that there in glory meet,
My soul's Redeemer only to behold,
And, prostrate, kiss the nail-prints on his feet.

MISS S. A. WOODBRIDGE.
Trenton, N. J., Jan. 10. 1871.
In "New York Observer."

DAYBREAK.

1 As, in dim woodlands, ere one rosy ray
Calls forth the birdling from its mossy nest,
Some fine, foregoing influence of the day
Allures sweet music from the songster's breast,
And in the dusk it murmurs dreamily;
Thus, oft, ere morning cometh, murmur we
Snatches of song we warble in unrest,
Snatches of olden hymns, whose music quaint
Some martyr fired, or cheered some dying saint—
Lyrics which haunt the universal heart,
Whatever creeds of intellect divide,
Whatever joys elate or ills betide;
So through our lives let the dear music glide,
Till discords die, till shadows shall depart!

ANNIE LENTHAL SMITH.
Stonington, Conn. 1878.
From "The Scarlet Oak."

Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

Cumberland, near Portland, Me., was the birth-place of Miss Prince, who married Seba Smith, the well-known author of the humorous "Jack Downing Letters." When Mrs. Smith first wrote, she did so at the bidding of an impulse within. Afterward, it is said financial embarrassment necessitated her doing so. In 1842 she published "The Sinless Child and other Poems," a much praised and widely circulated volume, in those days. "The Roman Tribute," "The April Rain," and "The Acorn," are among her best productions. Her *nom-de-plume* was formerly Ernest Helfenstein. At present (1883) she is reported in the New York "Home Journal," as pastor of the Independent Church of Canestoga, N. Y., in which position she gives eminent satisfaction, and is doing much good.

CHARITY, IN DESPAIR OF JUSTICE.

Out-wearied with the littleness and spite,
The falsehood and the treachery of men,
I cried, give me but justice, thinking then
I meekly craved a common boon which might
Most easily be granted; soon the light
Of deeper truth grew on my wondering ken,
(Escaped baneful damps of stagnant fen,)
And then I saw, that in my pride bedight
I claim'd from erring man the gift of Heaven—
God's own great vested right; and I grew calm,
With folded hands like stone to patience given,
And pityings of pure love-distilling balm,
And now I wait in quiet trust to be
All known to God,—and ask of men, sweet Charity.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH, 1840.

MARY'S CHARM

1 'T was not the features, not the form—
The eyes' celestial blue;
'T was not the blushes soft and warm,
The lips' vermilion hue,
The waving of her golden hair,
The beauty of her face,
Though her's, in sooth, was very fair,
Nor e'en her matchless grace!

2 He gazed upon her speaking eye,
But 't was the soul to see;
He mark'd the glance, the smile, the sigh,
That spake of Purity;
He sought the charms that long endure,
That beauteous make the mind;
He only loved the jewel pure
That this fair casket shrined.

ANNA CORA MOWATT.

ARTIST AND MAN.

1 Make thy life better than thy work. Too oft
Our artists spend their skill in rounding soft,
Fair curves upon their statues, while the rough
And ragged edges of the unhewn stuff
In their own natures, startle and offend
The eye of critic and the heart of friend.

2 If in the too brief day thou must neglect
Thy labor or thy life, let men detect
Flaws in thy work; while their most searching gaze
Can fall on nothing which they may not praise
In thy well-chiselled character. The man
Should not be shadowed by the artisan.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, 1884.

The following little gem from "Wheat and Field Flowers," is addressed to the wife of one of Chicago's most eminent divines. The poems of its author, Mrs. Williams, are very much admired. During the holidays of '83 and '84, the book from which it is taken came out under another name — "Treasures New and Old" gotten out in elegant style suitable for a holiday gift.

SENT FROM GOD.

TO L. P. N.

1 I asked the Sun,
Canst tell me what love is?
He answered only a smile
Of golden light.

2 I prayed the flowers:
Oh! tell me what is love!
Only a fragrant sigh was wafted
Through the night.

3 Is love the soul's true life?
Or is it but the sport
Of idle summer hours? I asked
Of Heaven above.

4 In answer, God sent thee,
Dear heart, to me;
And I no longer question
What is love.

MRS. ALICE L. WILLIAMS.
Chicago, Ill.

I CANNOT LOSE.

1 Now summer finds her perfect prime,
Sweet blows the wind from western calms,
On every bower red roses climb,
The meadows sleep in mingled balms.
Nor stream, nor bank the wayside by,
But lilies float, and daisies throng,
Nor space of blue and sunny sky
That is not cleft with soaring song.
O flowery morns, O tuneful eyes,
Fly swift, my soul ye cannot fill!
Bring the ripe fruit, the garnered sheaves,
The drifting snows on plain and hill,
Alike to me falls frosts and dews;
But heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose.

2 Warm hands to-day are clasped in mine;
Fond hearts my mirth or mourning share;
And over hope's horizon line,
The future dawns serenely fair.
Yet still, though fervent vow denies,
I know the rapture will not stay;
Some wind of grief or doubt will rise
And turn my rosy sky to gray.
I shall awake in rainy morn
To find my hearth left lone and drear;
Thus, half in sadness, half in scorn,
I let my life burn on as clear,
Though friends grow cold, or fond love woos;
But heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose.

3 In golden hours, the angel Peace
Comes down and broods me with her wings,
I gain from sorrow, sweet release,
I mate me with divinest things;
When shapes of guilt and gloom arise,
And far the radiant angel flees,
My song is lost in mournful sighs,
My wine of triumph left but lees.
In vain for me her pinions shine,
And pure, celestial days begin;
Earth's passion-flowers I still must twine,
Nor braid one beauteous lily in.
Ah, is it good or ill I choose!
But heaven, O Lord, I cannot lose.

4 So wait I. Every day that dies
With flush and fragrance born of June,
I know shall more resplendent rise,
Where is no need of sun nor moon.
And every bud on love's low tree
Whose mocking crimson flames and falls,
In fullest life, I yet shall see
High blooming by the jasper walls.
Nay, every sin that dims my days,
And wild regrets that veil the sun,
Shall fade before those dazzling rays,
And my long glory be begun.
Let the years come to bless or bruise,
Thy heaven, O Lord, I shall not lose.

[illegible]

DRAXY'S HYMN.

1 I cannot think but God must know
About the thing I long for so;
I know He is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but He will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

2 I stretch my hand — it lies so near,
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear,
"Dear Lord," I pray, "Oh! let me know
If it is wrong to want it so!"
He only smiles, He does not speak;
My heart grows weaker and more weak
With looking at the thing so dear,
Which lies so far and yet so near.

3 Now, Lord, I leave at Thy loved feet
This thing which looks so near, so sweet;
I will not seek, I will not long —
I almost fear I have done wrong.
I'll go, and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word
Thou callest me to Thy loved feet
To take the thing so dear, so sweet.

"SAXE HOLM."

In Scribner.

A SONG OF TRUST.

1 My wondering eyes see a city rise,
Fair on the Jordan banks,
The sky above it is clear and blue,
The air is sweet with the breath of morn:
Its walls are strong and its guards are true,
The siege or attack it laughs to scorn.
I see its army's glittering ranks.
I hear its warders' challenge cries.

2 And at break of day a strange array
Unfolds to my wondering ken;
A long procession passes by,—
I see in its midst the ark of God,
I know that this host with courage high
Through the waves of Jordan in safety trod.
I hear the tramp of arméd men,
And the trumpets' call to the deadly fray,
But never a voice through all the way.

* * * * * *

3 The cycle rounds with the circling year,
The days of old are the new and here.
Beset with foes on every side,
Still the hosts of God sweep their mystic march,
By buttress and tower, and postern arch,
Of many a Jericho's walls of pride;
And still behind the rallying ranks
The Jordan flows over all its banks.
Retreat is death!—and the work we do,
Seems an idle march, as in days of yore,
No victory won, no conflict through,
But timing footsteps, o'er and o'er.

4 But courage, hearts! be brave and strong,
Ye bear in your midst the Ark of God,
The path that your feet have travelled long,
The bleeding feet of the martyrs trod.
Soon shall be ended God's week of years,
The spell of silence shall soon be riven,
The victor-cry banish all your fears,
"Shout, for the city to you is given!"
From the sunset shore comes the rallying word,
The Father of Waters has caught the cry.
New England's hills have the challenge heard,
And in answering echoes made reply.
The world moves on,—our God is true,
Without Him never a sparrow falls,
The triumph-hours of the past review,
Count the Jericho's fallen walls.

ALICE M GUERNSEY.

Brattleboro, Vt. 1885.

THE WOMAN OF CANAAN.

"And Jesus answered and said, 'O woman, great is thy faith, be it unto thee even as thou wilt.'"

1 Outlined against the eastern skies
The cedar-crowned hills of Lebanon rise,
And away in the distant west,
The Mediterranean blends its blue
In the amber red of the sunset's hue
That glows on its placid breast.

2 Bathed in the light of the sunset's fire,
They stood on the coast of sea-swept Tyre,
Christ and His chosen band,
When a woman came with a humble plea,
"O thou Son of David! pity me,"
And she knelt on the dripping sand.

3 "Send her away!" the people cried,
As she closer pressed to the Master's side,
"She has vexed us with her cries;"
But her simple prayer the Saviour heard,
And the light of a loving pity stirred
In the depths of His tender eyes.

4 "O woman! great is thy faith," spake He,
"Even as thou wilt, be it unto thee;"
And she went on her joyful way.
Down through the centuries dim and slow
Those sweet words spoken so long ago
Seem echoing to-day.

5 Ages have passed since the splendor bright
Of the Tyrian sunset's amber light
Fell on that group by the sea;
But the simple sentence that woman heard,
The lesson of faith in the Master's word,
Still liveth for you and me.

6 O woman of Canaan! thy simple trust
Springs like a flower from the buried dust
Of the centuries dead and gone,
And we feel in this dawning of woman's hour,
That by woman's faith, and woman's power,
The victory shall be won.

JULIA MILES DUNN.
Moline, Ill., Aug. 1885.

Mrs. Harriet Warner Le Qua

Has just published a volume of poems entitled "Stones for the Temple," from which the following verses are selected. The author is evidently one who has suffered much, and thus learned valuable lessons in life, obtained in no other way. In the language of the "Christian Herald" "The consolation which she received of the Master, she distributes in turn for the encouragement of her fellow believers, and we think no Christian and especially none who are passing the same trial, can read her work without thankfulness and profit, as well as pleasure." Nov. 20, 1885.

FROM THE POEM

"IN HIS FOOTSTEPS."

1 Sometimes the snow of a drifting cloud
Comes sifted among the flowers,
But my dearest treasures it cannot enshroud,
And the sun-rays stoop to the heads that are bowed,
Till snow turns to freshening showers.

2 The way is rough, is often rough,
And over the mountains high;
But I sing as I climb o'er each frowning bluff,
The shining summit I'm sure enough,
Is nearer the throne-lit sky.

3 And it may be there, it may be there,
I shall catch a passing gleam
Of the garnished towers of the city fair;
Or the sapphire arch of the gateway where
The glorified go in.

MRS. H. E. QUA.

In a poem on the late General Gordon are these graceful lines:

Oh! it was wonderful that he should choose
To dwell among the poor, and vile, and lost,
All things repulsive; where was all to lose,
And naught to gain; save, at extremest cost,
A few dark souls;—jewels the Lord might see—
Whose sight is not as ours: whose love is broad—
Which, purged from ignorance and infamy,
Might glorify the living Father, God.

MRS. H. E. QUA.
Aurora, Ill. Nov. 1885.

SUNSET.

1 The setting sun
Fills all the sky
With sweet good-bye
When day is done.

2 But sunset here
Is sunrise where
The day has gone.
So time rolls on!

3 Oh! when the snow
Of sunset years
Shall come,
And life—like wing
Of birds that sing
And fly—
Soft folded lie
Awaiting doom
Of night and gloom,
May we abide
Content
That beauty lent,
The other side,
Beyond the tide
Of doubt and tears,
Shall show
In sunrise glow!

ESTHER T. HOUGH.
In "The Woman's Century."